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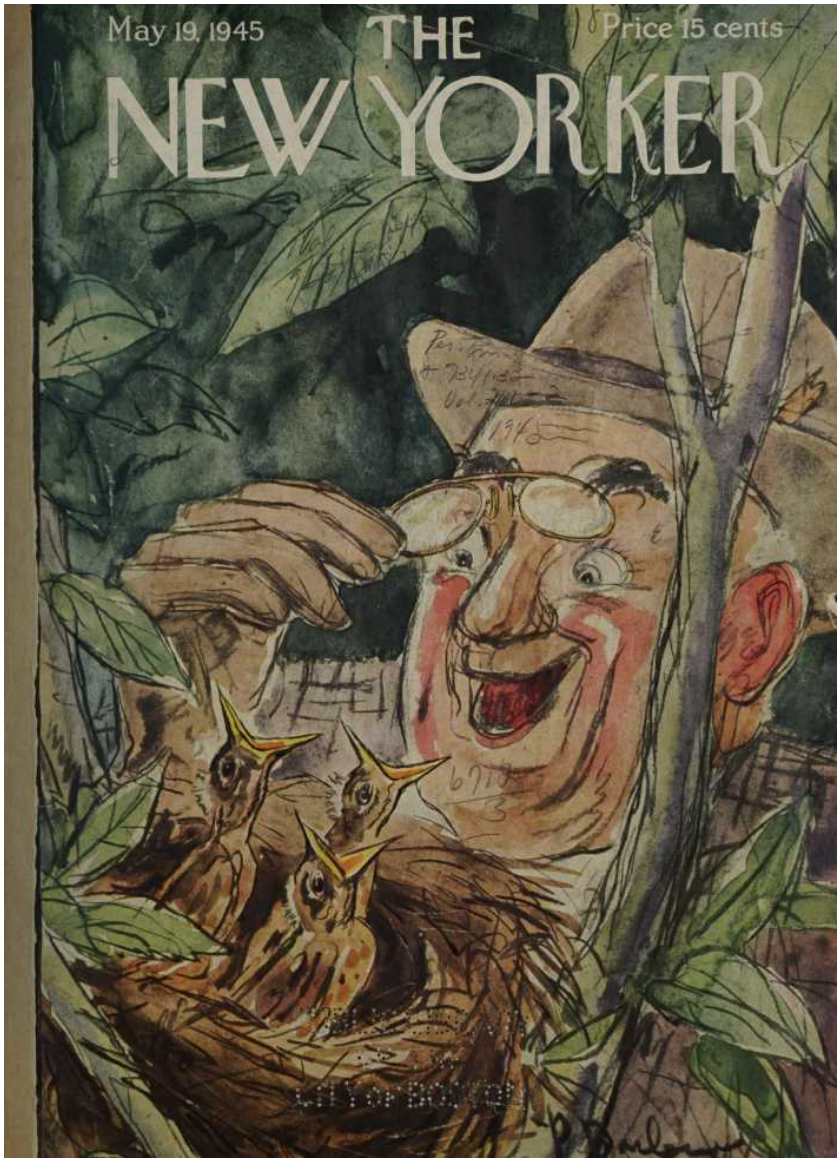
May 19, 1945
THE
NEW YORKER
Price 15 cents

PM
DE LUXE
Blended Whiskey
for Pleasant Moments
Some things just naturally go together! A little table, a friendly lamp, the night-blooming perfection of the gardenia... And, of course, warm friends to enjoy the Particularly Mellow flavor of PM de Luxe in Manhattan, Old-Fashioned or Highball! What's to prevent a Pleasant Moment from becoming a Perfect Memory?
National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.

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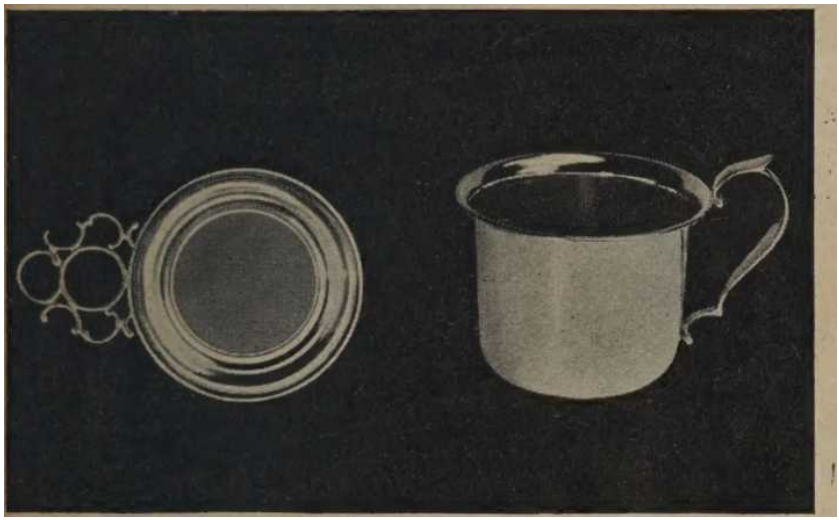
iot Pleasant foments

Some things just naturally go together! h little table, a friendly lamp, the night-blooming perfection of the gardenia... Knd, of course, warm friends to enjoy the Particularly Mellow flavor of PM de Luxe in Manhattan, Old-Vashioned or Highball! What’s to prerent a Pleasant Moment from becoming a Perfect Memory?

Matching Tole Necessities

Antique ivory or black, bright with hand-painted flowers and scintillating-mother of pearl splashes.

Waste basket, 11^" high, in ivory, $24; in black, $21.50 Silent butler in ivory, $9.50; in black, $8 Cigarette box in ivory, $9.50; in black, $8



For His (or Her) Royal Highness

Sterling silver milk cup. $20.40 including 20% Federal excise tax. Companion piece-sterling silver porridge bowl. $21 including 20% Federal excise tax. Engraved initials, $1.50

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Beautiful to Have and to Hold Beauty Hand-painted china dressing table accessories, in bloom with roses and forget-me-nots, gold border. 3-piece set, cologne and lotion bottles (6' high) and powder bowl, $45 Bath powder bowl, $25. Paste rouge shell, $18.50

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For the Heir-Apparent

k Padded rayon satin frame in blue (or

| pink for the heiress). Script and border of seed pearl beads. 8 ' x 10", $40

STH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

Fourth Floor

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLATS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield. 47, W. Ct 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne in a revival of the 1931 hit. Directed by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A Bell for Adano—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46. A CI 66075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her elder sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. Virginia Gilmore heads the cast. (Henry Miller, 43. E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Deep Mrs. Sykes—George Kelly turns up after a long time with a play about a vain and foolish woman who nearly wrecks several lives. In spite of the valuable presence of Catherine Willard, Neil Hamilton, and Jean Dixon, it is a little disappointing. (Booth, 45, W Cl 6-5969. Nightly at 8:45. Mat. Sat. at 2:45. Closes Sat., May *9-)

. . .

Foolish Notion—Tallulah Bankhead in Philip Barry's not quite satisfactory play about the return of a soldier and the reactions of a lot of people who had thought he was dead. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.) „

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who

just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally very effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading role is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, F. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8 :40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Hasty Heart—A beautiful nurse (Anne Burr) and some sympathetic comrades humanize a crusty Scot practically on his deathbed. As written by John Patrick (and played by Richard Basehart), he doesn't seem quite worth the bother. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Hope for the Best—A good deal of first-class comedy bogged down in a rather heavy-handed piece about a columnist's struggle with his artistic conscience. Franchot Tone and Jane Wyatt head the cast. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40. May- close Sat., May 19.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:3S-)

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Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple 4>t adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss Them for Me—This stage version of "Shore Leave," about three

aviators who couldn't quite adapt themselves to civilian life, starts out very well but trails away badly somewhere in the middle. With Richard Widmark, Dennis King, Jr.,

A CON5CIENTIOLU CALENDAR.

OF EVENT5 OF INTEREH

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 26

and Richard Davis. (Fulton, 46. W. CT 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 140.)

The Late George Apley—An adaptation of the Mar quand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll in the title role is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year.

With Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman. (Empire, B’way at '40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Othello—A brief return engagement of the Margaret Webster production. With Paul Robeson, Uta Hagen, and Jose Ferrer. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, beginning Tues., May 22, at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Overtons—Familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis, Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—In Agatha Christie’s book everybody got killed, but in the play there are two survivors. Not terribly exciting, but still well above the general level of mystery shows. Among th < doomed are Estelle Winwood and Halliwell Hobbes. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, with a small, expert cast consisting of

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THE NEV YORKER 25 VE IT 43RD JTREET TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING I JUKFCaiPTIONJ, BRYANT 9-6300 EDITORIAL OH ICI I. BRYANT 9-4200

Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco. 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

WITH MUSIC

Bioomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Shubert. 44, W. CT 65990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carmen Jones—A return engagement of the Oscar Hammerstein II version of Bizet's opera. (New York City Center, 131 W. 5 5. CI 6 8989. Nightly at 8:15. Mat. Sat. at 2:15. Closes Sat., May 19.) Carousel-—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with very agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!- This is the third Olsen and Johnson exhibit, and the boys seem to be running out of ideas, not to mention taste. With Frank Libuse and Betty Garrett. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oh the Town -A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun. at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. ("Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8.30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park -Romberg songs, cheerful dances arranged by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7 3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 130.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.) T Blue Holiday—Ethel Waters and Josh White heading an all-Negro vaudeville revue, with songs by Duke Ellington and Al Moritz and dances staged by Katherine Dunham. Directed by Moe Hack and produced by Irvin Shapiro and Doris Cole. Opens Fri., May 18. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:40.)

Foxhole in the Parlor—A play by Elsa Shelley, with a cast including Montgomery' Clift and Russell Hardie. Directed by John Haggot and produced by Harry Bloomfield. Opens Wed., May 23. (Booth, 45, W CI 6-5969. Schedule of performances to be announced.)

Memphis Bound— A musical comedy based on "H.M S. Pinafore," with lyrics and score by Don Walker and Clay Warnick, book by Albert Barker and Sally Benson, and an all-Negro cast headed by Bill Robinson, Avon Long, and Thelma Carpenter. Anton Dolin staged the ballet, Robert Ross and Eva- Jessye directed, and the producers are John Wildberg and Vinton Freedley. Opens Thurs., May 24. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting the annual big show. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Daily at

2:15 and 8:30 P.M. Closes Sun., May 20.)

Martha Graham—With her company: “Mysterious Adventure,” “Herodiade,” and “Letter to the World,” Thurs. Eve., May 17. . . . “John Brown,”

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18. N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXI, No. 14, May 19, 1945. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1945, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of 'his periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, 58.00.

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NEW YORK

“Appalachian Spring,” and “Deaths and Entrances,” Fri. Eve., May 18. . . . "Mysterious Adventure,” “Appalachian Spring,” and "Every Soul Is a Circus,” Sat. Aft., May 19. . . . “Letter to the World,” “Herodiade,” and “Appalachian Spring,” Sat. Eve., May 19- (National, 41/W. PE 6-8220. Eves, at 8:20. Mat. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music and/or other entertainment, once more until 3 or 4 a.m., except in the hotels, which are closing between midnight and one a.m. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you’d better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes’ notice or less.) Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules

Lande’s orchestra playing its polite dance music in this cool and subterranean summerhouse.

Cafe Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)— Grade-A merriment by Jimmy Savo, dances by Beatrice Kraft, and slightly overwrought music by Phil Moore’s orchestra.

Cafe Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737) —This timeless cavern has Imogene Coca and her cantankerous comedy, Josh White and his guitar, jazz piano by Mary Lou Williams and Clif Jack-son, and fervent music by Edmond Hall’s orchestra.

Ei Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Here the dress-for-dinner contingent is making its last, desperate stand. Chauncey Gray’s

orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For an ornate but pleasant dinner or supper to the chipper dance music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and most luxurious tropics, fitted out mostly with a chromium-plated clientele. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band play nonstop music.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Wally Boag, the skillful balloon man, is in the elegant Cotillion Room along with some dancers and a magician. Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Cafe Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room. Hildegarde acting very Hildegarde, with Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's bands alternating on the stand. ... For people with fond memories, tea dancing to Mark Monte's music every afternoon in the Palm Court Lounge.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—This pretty pink penthouse has Paul Sparr's subdued dance orchestra and the handsomest view in town.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The elaborate Cafe Lounge presents a lot of vocal choruses accompanied by the sweet music of London's Roy Fox and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every day.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band are on hand all evening. Tea dancing for those who can't wait.

Suffer Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—blue angel, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): comic monologues by Eddie Mayehoff and all sorts of nice music by Mildred Bailey and the Herman Chittison Trio. ... Ruban bleu, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): brightsome singing by Monica Boyar and the Deep River Boys; a prodigious variety of good piano

playing by Garland Wilson, Jose Meilis, and Julius Monk. . . . sfivy's roof, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy, still talking those songs about what shouldn't happen to a dog, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof, evidently in the market for the kiddies, has a magician and some acrobats; Nat Brandwynne's orchestra provides better than usual dance music, with Mischa Borr's orchestra alternating at supper. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the coo rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing. . . . Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Jane Pickens, back in harness, along with a show full of delectable young ladies who sometimes seem tired of it all; dance music, rumba and otherwise. . . . 1-2-3 club, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet, broken only mildly by Roger Stearns* piano. . . . casino russe, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is— well —Russian entertainment; Cornelius Codol-ban's orchestra. . . . Zanzibar, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380) : one of those paralyzing Broadway shows, redeemed considerably by Lionel Hampton's band and Maurice Rocco's piano (through Mon., May 21). ... el chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): good Spanish dishes and even better Spanish music. . . . <00 club, i E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Benny Goodman and his brand-new band,

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 26.

which includes Slam Stewart, Red Norvo, and Teddy Wilson at work in very odd surroundings. . . . cofacabana, io E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Xavier Cugat's orchestra' and a show of sorts in which the biggest noise is Georgie Price. Upstairs in the Cabana Room, Joel Herron's orchestra. . . . astor roof, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large, cool, and full of helter-skelter young people, egged on by Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920) : Ray Benson's orchestra. .. . essex house, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500) : Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. . . . madison, 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Jerry Lloyd's orchestra (to be replaced by Bob Knight's on Sat., May 19). .

. . new Yorker hotel, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000) : Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . Roosevelt, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's and Walter Per-ner's orchestras.

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At nick's, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): classic welkin ringing by Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots. .. . village vanguard, 178 7 Ave. S., at II (CH 2-9355): just a small hole in the ground, nicely fitted out with Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . downbeat, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Sidney Catlett and his new band, Al Casey and his new trio; dancing. . . . onyx, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith and Ben Webster now collaborating in a new band; also, Hot Lips Page huffing, puffing, and occasionally blowing the house down. . . .jimmy ryan's, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio which includes Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. ..'. three deuces, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

ART

Arnold Blanch—Introducing a wholly new style, in the artist's first show here in four years: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 26.

Sara Berman-Beach—Recent oils: Artist Associates, 138 W. 15. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 3 to 6 p.m.; through May 31.

Jean de Botton—Decorative paintings and a mural, "America at War": Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., May 19.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The development of the water color in America, with emphasis on the work of Winslow Homer. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 17.

Arthur G. Dove—The. artist's work from 1922 to the present: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.;

Sun., 3 to 6 p.m.; through June 17.

Max Ernst—Sculpture, in his first real try at this medium; and some paintings: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 4.

European—Utrillo and Vlaminck: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through May 30.

Josef Foshko—Landscapes, portraits, and Biblical subjects: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Thurs., May 17, from 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

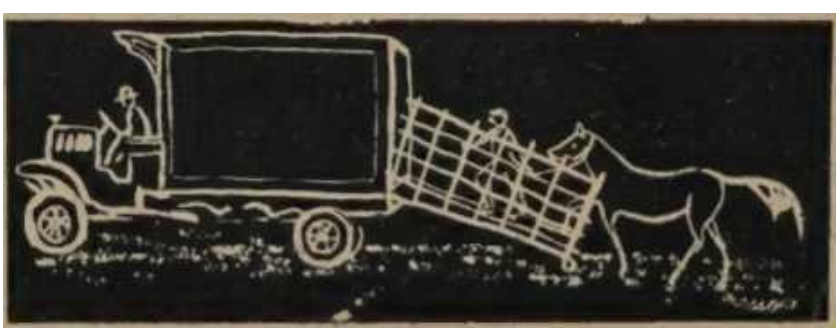
Frick Collection, i E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been in safekeeping since the beginning of the war are now back in the Museum. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.

Oronzo Gasparo—Pseudo-naive paintings with firm and intricate patterns: Levitt, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 26.

Paul Gauguin—Woodcuts and a few paintings: Klee-mann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through May 31.

Glarner—A Mondrian follower's first one-man show: Kootz, 601 Madison, at 57. Daily 10 a.m. to 6 P.M.; through Sat,, May 19.

Groups—At the riverside museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: oils, watercolors, and sculpture by members of the Artists League of America, an outgrowth of the United American Artists, C.I.O. Tues, through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 27.



. . . durlacher, ii E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Weekdays io a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through July 31. ... downtown, 43 E. 51: new painting and sculpture by John Marin, Bernard Karfiol, William Zorach, and others. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., May 26.... salmagundi club, 47 5 Ave., at i2i the seventyfifth anniversary show. Weekdays 12:30 to 6 p.m. (also Tues, through Thurs. Eves., 8 to 10); Sun., 2:30 to 6 P.M.; through May 29. . . . Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 P.M.; through June 2. . . . passedoit, 121 E. 57: paintings and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, Jose de Creeft, and others of this group. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 30. . . . brandt, 15 E. 57: Hedda Sterne, John Graham, David Hill, and Theodoros Stamos. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through May 29. ... international print society, 38 W. 57: a spring show of American painting and sculpture, with Adolph Dehn, Hugo Robus, and others. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., May 26. ... milch, 108 W. 57: Americans of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, including Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 15. . . . macbeth, ii E. 57: oils and water colors by contemporary American artists. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 29-

Randolph Johnston—Sculpture: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 p.m.; Sat., 2 to 5 p.m.; through May 31.

Earl Kerkam—New oils: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., May 26.

Bernard Lamotte—Water colors and drawings of France: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., May 19.

Max Liebermann—A large private collection of graphic art by the German Impressionist: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Sat., May 19.

Guy Maccoy and Bernard Steffen—Gouaches, water colors, and serigraphs: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 2.

Luis Martinez-Pedro—Drawings, concerned mainly with West

Indian myths, by the Cuban artist: Peris, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., May 26.

Molla—Water colors and gouaches, blending the archaic with the abstract: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Wed., May 23-

Museum of Modern Art, ii W. 53—A retrospective show of Georges Rouault. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m.; through June 3.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A Kandinsky memorial show, containing over two hundred of his paintings. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 p.m.; through May 31.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89— The annual show of the National Association of Women Artists. Daily I to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 19.

Photography—At the American museum of natural history, Central Pk. W. at 79: the annual show of the Pictorial Photographers of America. Weekdays. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.; through Sun., May 20. ... museum of modern art, ii W. 53: prints by Paul Strand, from his early abstractions and candid photographs to his recent series on Vermont. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m.; through June 10.

Edmund Quincy—French and American city scenes: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 p.m.; through May 28.

Doris Rosenthal—Paintings of Guatemala: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., May 19.

Josef Scharl—Recent oils, gouaches, and drawings: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., May 19.

The Steigs—Paintings, sculpture, and drawings by seven members of the family, including William, and photographs by an eighth: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat.,

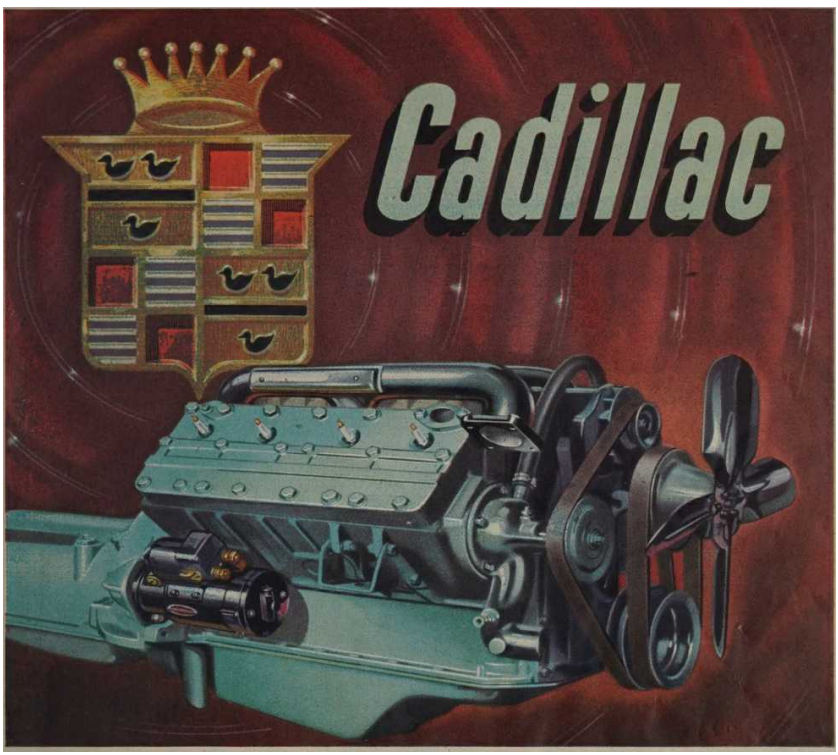
May 19.

Yves Tanguy—Sixteen new paintings: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 2.

MUSIC

American Youth Orchestra—Conducted by Dean Dixon; soloist, Regina Resnik, soprano. Fri., May 18, at 8:45 p.m. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

San Carlo Opera Company—"Rigoletto," Thurs. Eve., May 17. . . . "Aida," Fri. Eve., May 18. . . . "Faust," Sat. Aft., May 19. . . . "Il Trova-tore," Sat. Eve., May 19. . . . "La Boheme," Sun. Aft., May 20. . . . "La Traviata," Sun. Eve., May 20. . . . "Lucia di Lammermoor," Mon. Eve., May 21. . . . "Lohengrin," Tues. Eve., May 22. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Wed. Eve., May 23. . .. ''Carmen," Thurs. Eve., May 24. . . . "Rigoletto," Fri. Eve., May 25. . . .



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power unit for use in light tanks—they found the Cadillac engine and transmission ideally suitable.

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TELEVISION • RADIO • PHONOGRAPHS

THE

FARNSWORTH

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

“La Traviata.” Sat. Aft., May 26. . . . “Aida,” Sat. Eve., May 26. (Center Theatre, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Eves, at 8:20. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 2:45.)

Gina Pinnera—Soprano. Thurs., May 17, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

French Concerts—Romolo de Spirito, tenor; Yvonne de Casa Fuerte, violin; and others; in a program of old and contemporary chamber music. Tues.. May 22, at 8:30 p.m. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.) . . . Robert and Gaby Casadesus, piano; Zino Francescatti, violin; Martial Singher, baritone; and the Guilet String Quartet; in a program for the benefit of American Relief for France.’Fri., May 25, at 9 p.m. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 'V. 53, For tickets, call PL 3-4571.)

SPORTS

Reo Cross Benefit—Joe McCarthy, Byron Nelson, aiid other sports celebrities, as well as stage and screen stars, in a three-hour variety show. Fri., May 25, at 8 p.m. (Waldorf-Astoria. For tickets, call BR 9-2104.)

Baseball—At the polo grounds: Giants vs. Chicago, Thurs., May 17, at 2:30 p.m.; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Fri. and Sat., May 18-19, at 2:30 p.m., and Sun., May 20, at 2 p.m. . . . Yankee stadium: Yankees vs. Chicago, Wed. through Sat., May 23-26, at 2:30 p.m. . . . ebbets field: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs., May 17, at 2:30 p.m.; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Fri., May 18, at 8:30 p.m., Sat., May 19, at 2:30 p.m., and Sun., May 20 (doubleheader), at 2:05 p.m.; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Mon., May 21, at 8:30 p.m.

Racing—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 1 130 P.M., through June 2. (Paumonok Handicap, May 24; The Excelsior, May 26.) Frequent

trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:25 a.m. and 1:20 p.m., and Sat. between 10:45 A.m. and 1:25 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the Chrysler bldg., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. ... museum of science ano industry, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 a.m. to to p.m.; through May 31.... new YORK historical society, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.m.; through July 31.

Flower Shows—At the new york botanical garden, Bronx Pk.: twenty acres of azaleas, hawthorns, and other spring blooms, with, through Sun., May 20, a miniature railway to take you around. . . , horticultural society, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor): rock gardens and cut spring flowers. Thurs., May 17, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Circus—The history of the circus in America since t797, shown in posters and handbills: New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 76. Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 p.m,; through May 30.

Costumes—At the metropolitan museum, 5 Ave. at 82: a large exhibition of imperial robes from the Man-chu court of China; also, fabrics by modern designers, inspired by art objects in the Museum. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.; through June 10. ... costume institute, 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 30.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Inscriptions, texts, ami i'luminated manuscr·pts, from 2600 b. c. to the fifteenth century. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through May 29.

Auctions—At the parke-bernet galleries, 30 E. 57— Chinese objects of art owned by Mrs. Goodhue Livingston and others: Thurs., May 17, at 2 p.m. . . . Modern paintings, including work bv Via-minck, Pissarro, and Degas, from the collection of Stanley N. Barbee anil others: Thurs., May 17, at 8 p.m. ... French furniture, genre paintings, and Oriental objects of art. owned by the late William H. and Cornelius Vanderbilt, and others: Fri. and Sat., .May 18-19, at 2 p.m.... English porcelain, French eighteenth-century furniture, and objects of art, owned by the late Vernon C. Brown: Wed. and Thurs., May 23-24, at 2 p.m.

AMERICAN LABOR party, 28 Greenwich Ave.— Paintings by five hundred contemporary American artists, including Raphael Soyer, Philip Evergood,

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 17, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 26.

Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and Rockwell Kent, in a sale sponsored by the Artists League of America: Wed., May 23, at 7:30 p.m.

Note—The annual flower sale sponsored by the Outdoor Cleanliness Association will be held on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Wed., May 23 (or, in case of rain, on the following day), from 10 a.m. to 6 P.M.

ON THE AIR

State Department—Archibald MacLeish, James C. Dunn, and Hamilton Fish Armstrong, in the thirteenth in a series of discussions of our international policy; broadcast from San Francisco, Sat., May 19, at 7 p.m., WEAF.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sun., May 20, at 3 p.m., WABC. . . . Rochester Symphony Orchestra, Howard Hanson conducting, Sat., May 19 and 26, at 3 p.m., WEAF. ... A symphony orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Sat.,

May 19. at 4 p.m., WJZ, . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., May 19 and 26, at 5 p.m., WJZ. . . . San Carlo Opera Company: “La Traviata,” Sun., May 20, at 8:30 p.m.; “Cavalleria Rusticana” and “Pag-liacci,” Wed., May 23, at 8:40 p.m.; WNYC. . . . Budapest String Quartet, Sun., May 20, at 6:05 p.m., WQXR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 p.m., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues, at 4:30 p.M., WJZ. ... George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 p.m., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 p.m., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues, through Sat. at 10:30 p.m., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 p.m., WOR. . . . Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Sun. at 7:30 p.m., WMCA. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 p.m., WABC. ... Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 p.m., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerch-inger, Sun. at 11:15 P-M., WEAF. ... Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 p.m., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 p.m., WABC. ...Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 p.m., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 p.m., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 p.m., WJZ. ... Dorothy Thompson (from Europe), Sun. at 9:45 p.m., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

Colonel Blimp—Very touching and quite dramatic story about the life of a professional British soldier. Roger Livesey represents the spirit of the Empire. (Gotham, B’way at 47; through Thurs., May 24.)

The Corn Is Green—Bette Davis in the part once performed by Ethel Barrymore on Broadway. Miss Davis seems slightly implausible and so does the picture. (Hollywood, B’way at 51.)

Double Indemnity—Violent and fairly relentless murder story, with Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. Based on the novel by James Cain. (Thalia, B’way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., May 18-24.)

Guest in the House—A very sensible adaption of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (State, B’way at 45; through Wed., May 23.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—An adaptation of Sally Benson's stories of her childhood that could hardly be better. Judy Garland is very grownup and decorative in the principal part, and the songs are nice, too. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., May 17-)

The Silver Fleet—First-class British film about a Dutch patriot who sabotaged his own shipyard when it fell into Nazi hands. With Ralph Richardson. (World, 153 W. 49; through Thurs., May 24.)

The Three Caballeros—Walt Disney's strange com

bination of Donald Duck, Fantasia, and the Ziegfeld Follies. One of the great man's mistakes. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., May 18. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Fri. through Sun., May 18-20. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., May 18-21. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues, through Thurs., May 22-24.)

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer (1938)—Tommy Kelly and May Robson as Tom and Aunt Polly. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Wed., May 23.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues, and Wed., May 22-23.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., May 22.)

Desire (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., May 21-22.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the first World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., May 22.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., May 25.)

Kitty Foyle (1941)—Ginger Rogers as Christopher Morley's white-collar girl. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 17.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews pretty deeply involved in murder. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., May 18-24.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., May 19. ... Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., May 21-22. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Mon. through Wed., May 21-23. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Mon. through Thurs., May 21-24. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Sat., May 23-26.)

The Prisoner of Zenda (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Wed., May 23-)

Sahara (1943)—Humphrey Bogart in an all-male movie about the

North African campaign. (Greenwich; Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., May 17. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. and Mon., May 20-21.)

Shall We Dance? (1937)—One of the Astaire-Rogers series, this time with Gershwin music. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., May 25.)

Standing Room Only (1944)—The housing shortage in Washington. Paulette Goddard and Fred Mac-Murray. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., May 17.)

They Were Five (1938)—About a lottery and a country inn. In French, with Jean Gabin. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Wed., May 18-23. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues, through Thurs., May 22-24.)

Topper (1937)—Thorne Smith's novel. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 17.) True to Life (1943)—A comedy about love and radio. With Mary Martin, Franchot Tone, and Dick Powell. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., May 23-24.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films on the following schedule. Un-less otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 p.m. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30. and 5:30 p.m.—thurs., may it: "The Salvation Hunters" (1925), directed by Josef von Sternberg. . . . fri. through sun., may ib-20: "Metropolis" (1926), German film, directed by Fritz Lang. . . . mon. through thurs., may Ji-24: "Chess Fever" (1925); and "Mother" (1926), Russian films. . . . from fri., may 25: "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927). directed by Rene Clair.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Service Men—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee. Hotel Commodore,

Lexington at 42 (MG 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment . At the civilian defense volunteer office, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and

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There is so much to be said for the bathing suits of the season. Against the background of sun, sea and sky, they are bright, colorful notes—so practical yet so charming.

In our collection there is variety enough for the most daring and the more conservative. All are invitations to the sun and the sea for a

rendezvous with pleasure.

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ABOUT TOWN

women to work as much time as they can spare as sorters or canvassers for the United National Clothing Collection; men and women to work for the wastepaper drive, acting as liaison agents between tenants and managers of apartment buildings and hotels. ... Red cross, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work four daytime hours a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050) : women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for service men's clubs; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply at 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.) . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150) : men to work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and diet kitchens, or as receptionists from 7 to 8:45 a.m. ... American women's hospitals reserve corps, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

Note—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL

4-8500).

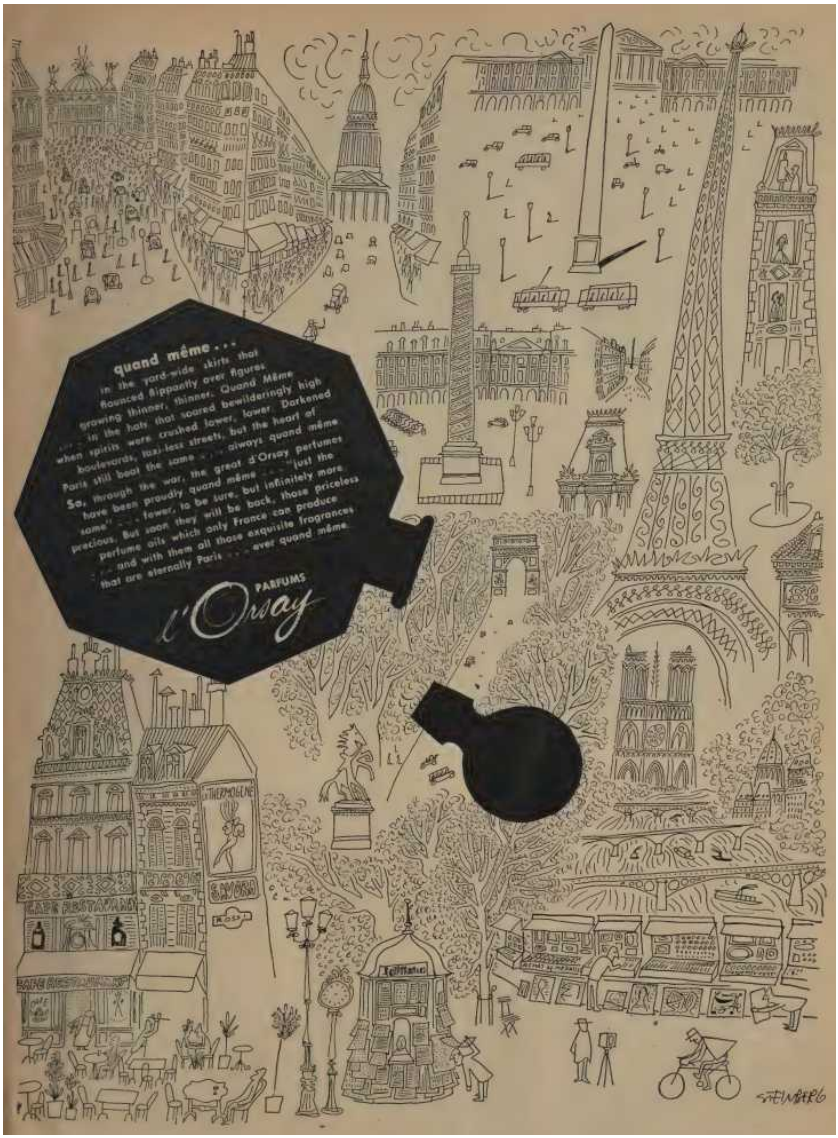
Seventh War Loan Drive—The War Bond campaign is on, and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), and the C.D.V.O., x E. 44 (MU 2-4310), are recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

Salvage—Wastepaper, which is vitally needed, and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles.. . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute, Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The United National Clothing Collection wants to accumulate, during May, a hundred and fifty million pounds of practical clothing, shoes, bedding, and linens for destitute families overseas. Drivers of laundry trucks will pick up contributions on their regular routes, or, for the location of the nearest depot, call CI 5-. 735°- • • • The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church, New York 7 (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a

particular demand for small furniture, small games, radios, records, floor lamps, and playing cards. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050). . .. Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220.


quand même . . .
in the yard-wide skirts that flounced flippantly over figures growing thinner, thinner. Quand Même . . . in the hats that soared bewilderingly high when spirits were crushed lower, lower. Darkened boulevards, taxi-less streets, but the heart of Paris still beat the same . . . always quand même
So, through the war, the great d'Orsay perfumes have been proudly quand même . . . just the same' . . . fewer, to be sure, but infinitely more precious. But soon they will be back, those priceless perfume oils which only France can produce . . . and with them all those exquisite fragrances that are eternally Paris . . . ever quand même.
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MILORD

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45 (CT 6-4642)-—"The Enchanted Cottage," Robert

Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—Through Wed., May 23: "The Clock," Judy Garland, Robert Walker.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—"Counter-Attack," Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman.

Globe, B'way at 46 (Cl 6-0800)-—"The Unseen," Joel McCrea, Gail Russell, Herbert Marshall.

Gotham, B'way at 47 (CI 5-9516)—colonel blimp, Roger Livesey, Anton Walbrook, Deborah Kerr.

Hollywood, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—THE corn ls green, Bette Davis, John Dall.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Wed., May 23: "It's a Pleasure!," Sonja Henie, Michael O'Shea.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—"Salty O'Rourke," Alan Ladd, Gail Russell.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-^600) — "The Valley of Decision," Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Donald Crisp.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—Through Tues., May 22: "The Affairs of Susan," Joan Fontaine, George Brent, Dennis O'Keefe. . . . From Wed., Slay 23: "A Medal for Benny," Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—-"Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe," Betty Grable, Dick Haynies.

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., May 23: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—"Escape in the Desert," Philip Dorn, Helmut Dantine.

Victoria, B'way at 46 (CI 6-7429)—"Dillinger," Edmund Lowe, Lawrence Tierney.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL. ETC.

Alden, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Revivals— Through Sat., May 19: "What a Woman!," Rosalind Russell. Brian Aherne; also "Janie," Joyce Reynolds, Robert Benchley, Ann Harding. . . . Sun. and Mon., May 20-21: "He Stayed for Breakfast," Loretta Young, Melvyn Douglas; also "Lady for a Night," Joan Blondel!. John Wayne. . . . Tues, and Wed., May 22-23: bringing up baby, Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant; also "Second Fiddle," Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power, Adolphe Menjou.

Belmont, 121 W. 48 (BR 9-0378)—Spanish films, no English titles—Thurs., May 17: "Como Todas las Madres." . . . From Fri., May 18: "La Guerra Gaucha."

Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50 (EL 5-8790)—Through Sat., May 19: naughty marietta, revival, Jeanette MacDonald. Nelson Eddy; also "They All Kissed the Bride," revival, Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas. . . . Sun. and Mon., May 20-21: samara, revival, Humphrey Bogart; also "More Than a Secretary," revival, Jean Arthur, George Brent. . . . From Tues., May 22: thunder rock, revival, Michael Redgrave, Barbara Mullen; also the three Caballeros, Walt Disney full-length film.

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (GR 5-9738)— French films—Through Tues., May 22: grand illusion, revival, Erich von Stroheim. Jean Gabin; also carnival in fianoers, revival. Louis Jouvet. . . . From Wed., May 23: "Ces Dames aux Chapeaux Verts," Marguerite Moreno; also "Hotel du Nord," revival, Annabella, Louis Jouvet.

55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-9438)— Revivals—they were five (in French!. Jean Gabin; also "Dreaming Lips," Elisabeth Bergner, Raymond Massey.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)—Revivals— the informer, Victor McLaglen; also shall we dance?, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire.

Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—"Zoya" (in Russian).

Thalia, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Thurs., May 17: kitty foyle, revival, Ginger Rogers; also topper, revival, Constance Bennett,

Cary Grant, Roland Young. . . . From Fri., May 18: double indemnity, Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray; also laura, revival. Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb.

World, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—the silver fleet, Ralph Richardson.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)-—Through Sat., May 19: “Tomorrow the World,” Fredric March, Betty Field, Skippy Homeier. . . . Sun. through Tues., May 20-22: “The Yellow Canary,” revival, Anna Neagle, Richard Greene. . . . From Wed., May 23: “Summer Storm,” Linda Darnell, George Sanders.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—-Through Fri., May 18: the three Caballeros, Walt Disney full-length film; also “Two O’Clock Courage,” Tom Conway, Ann Rutherford. . . . Sat. through Tues., May 19-22: “Tonight and Every Night,” Rita Hayworth, Lee* Bowman. Janet Blair; also “The Power of the Whistler.” Richard Dix. . . . From Wed., May 23: . “A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,” Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, Peggy Ann Garner.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865) — Through Sat, May 19: “The Picture of Dorian Gray,” Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders; also “Boston Blackie Booked on Suspicion,” Chester Morris, Lynn Merrick. . . . Sun. and Mon., May 20-21: “Hotel Berlin,” Faye Emerson, Helmut Dantine, Raymond Massey; also "Having Wonderful Crime,” Carole Landis. Pat O’Brien. . . . Tues, and Wed., May 22-23: “Rough, Tough, and Ready,” Chester Morris, Victor McLaglen; also “Swing Hostess,” Martha Tilton.

AT THE

MOVIE HOUSE5

THURSDAY, MAY 17. THROUGH WEDNESDAY, MAY 23

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 7, UNDER “MOTION PICTURES.”

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Wed., May 23; “I’ll Be Seeing You,”’Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple; also “Escape in the Fog,” Otto Kruger, Nina Foch.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)--Thurs., May 17: “Objective, Burma!” Errol Flynn. . . , Fri. through Sun., May 18-20: “Keep Your Powder Dry,” Lana Turner. Laraine Day. Susan Peters. . . . Mon. through Wed., May 21-23: naughty marietta, revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Through Fri., May 18: “Tomorrow the World,” Fredric March, Betty Field, Skippy Homeier. . . . Sat. and Sun., May 19-20: “The Keys of the Kingdom,” Gregory Peck, Rosa Stradner, Thomas Mitchell. . . . Mon. and Tues., May 21-22: “Hangover Square,” Laird Cregar, Linda Darnell, George Sanders. . . . From Wed., May 23: true to life, revival, Mary Martin, Franchot Tone, Dick Powell.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs., May 17: meet me in st. louis, Judy Garland, Margaret O’Brien, Mary Astor. . . . Fri. through Wed., May 18-23: thunder rock, revival, Michael Redgrave, Barbara

Mullen.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577) — Through Wed., May 23: “Roughly Speaking.” Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson; also “The House of Fear,” Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Sat., May 19: “Tonight and Every Night,” Rita Hayworth, Lee Bowman, Janet Blair. . . . Sun. through Tues., May 20-22: “Hotel Berlin,” Faye Emerson, Helmut Dantine, Raymond Massey. . . . From Wed., May 23: “Between Two Women.” Van Johnson, Gloria De Haven, Lionel Barrymore.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302) — Through Wed., May 23 : “A Song to Remember,” Merle Oberon, Paul Muni.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)— Through Wed., May 23: “I’ll Be Seeing You,” Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten. Shirley Temple; also “Escape in the Fog,” Otto Kruger, Nina Foch.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., May 17: "The Keys of the Kingdom,” Gregory Peck, Rosa Stradner, Thomas Mitchell; also “I’ll Remember April,” Gloria Jean, Kirby Grant. . . . Fri. through Sun., May 18-20: “Patrick the Great,” Donald O’Connor, Peggy Ryan; also “Frisco Sal,” Susanna Foster, Turhan Bey. . . . From Mon., May 21: naughty marietta, revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; also “Waterloo Bridge,” revival, Vivien Leigh, Robert Taylor.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180) — Thurs., May 17: “Patrick the Great,” Donald O’Connor, Peggy Ryan. ... Fri. and Sat., May 18-19: “More Than a Secretary,” revival, Jean Arthur, George Brent. . . . Sun. through Tues., May 20-22: “A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,” Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, Peggy Ann Garner. . . . From Wed., May 23: naughty marietta, revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900) —Through Wed., May 23: “Roughly Speaking,” Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson; also “The House of Fear,” Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5 566)— Through Fri., May 18: “Hotel Berlin,” Faye Emerson, Helmut Dantine, Raymond Massey; also “Having Wonderful Crime,” Carole Landis, Pat O’Brien. . . . Sat. through Tues., May 19-22: “Between Two Women,” Van Johnson, Gloria De Haven, Lionel Barrymore; also “Nothing but Trouble,” Laurel and Hardy. . . . From Wed., May 23: “Fog Island,” George Zucco, Lionel Atwill; also “A Guy, a Gal, and a Pal,” Lynn Merrick, Ross Hunter.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., May 21: “The Picture of Dorian Gray,” Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders; also “Boston Blackie Booked on Suspicion,” Chester Morris, Lynn Merrick. . . . Tues, and Wed., May 22-23: "Rough, Tough, and Ready,” Chester Morris,

Victor McLaglen; also “Swing Hostess,” Martha Tilton.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3 (CH 3-9019)—Thurs., May 17: "Tonight and Every Night,” Rita Hayworth. Lee Bowman, Janet Blair; also “The Power of the Whistler,” Richard Dix. . . . Fri. through Sun., May 18-20: the three Caballeros, Walt Disney full-length film; also “Two O’Clock Courage,” Tom Conway, Ann Rutherford. . . . Mon. and Tues., May 21-22: naughty marietta, revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; also disire, revival, Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper. . . . From Wed., May 23: “A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,” Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, Peggy Ann Garner.

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs., May 17: “Tonight and Every Night,” Rita Hayworth, Lee Bowman, Janet Blair. . . . Fri. through Mon., May 18-21: "Hotel Berlin,” Faye Emerson, Helmut Dantine, Raymond Massey[1]. . . . From Tues., May 22: “Between Two Women,” Van Johnson, Gloria De Haven, Lionel Barry-niore.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166);—Through Mon., May 21: “The Picture of Dorian Gray,” _ Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders; also “Boston ' Blackie Booked on Suspicion,” Chester Morris, Lynn Merrick. ... Tues, and Wed., May 22-23: “Rough, Tough, and

Ready," Chester Morris, Victor McLaglen; also "Swing Hostess," Martha Tilton.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)-— I Thurs., May 17: Sahara, revival, Humphrey Bo- I gart; also standing room only, revival, Paulette 1 Goddard, Fred MacMurray. . . . Fri. through I Mon., May 18-21: the three caballeros, Walt Dis- I ney full-length film; also "Two O'Clock Cour- I age," Tom Conway, Ann Rutherford. ... From I Tues., May 22: "Hudson's Bay," revival, Paul Muni; also "Springtime in the Rockies," revival, I Betty Grable, John Payne, Carmen Miranda.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 2 3 (CH 2-3440)—- I Through Mon., May 21: "Roughly Speaking," I Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson; also "The House I of Fear," Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. . . . Tues, and Wed., May 22-23: "The Big Show-Off," I Arthur Lake, Dale Evans; also "I'm from Arkan- I sas," Slim Summerville, El Brendel.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)-—Through Sat., I May 19: "Tonight and Every Night," Rita Hay- I worth, Lee Bowman, Janet Blair; also "The Pow- I er of the Whistler," Richard Dix. . . . Sun. and I Mon., May 20-21: "Eve Knew Her Apples," I Ann Miller, William Wright; also "Utah," I Roy Rogers. . . . From Tues., May 22: "Between 1 Two Women," Van Johnson, Gloria De Haven. I Lionel Barrymore; also "Nothing but Trouble," I Laurel and Hardy.

77th Street, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Wed., May 23: "Hotel Berlin," Faye Emerson, Helmut Dantine, Raymond Massey; also "Hav-fl ing Wonderful Crime," Carole Landis, Pat . O'Brien.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)— j Through Wed., May 23: "Roughly Speaking," I Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson; also "The House I of Fear," Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce.

Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)— I Through Wed., May 23: "I'll Be Seeing You," I Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple; I also "Escape in the Fog," Otto Kruger, Nina Foch.

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)— I Through Fri., May 18: "The Climax." Boris I Karloff, Susanna Foster, Turhan Bey; also "The Suspect," Charles Laughton, Ella Raines. . . . Sat. through

Tues., May 19-22: “The Keys of the Kingdom,” Gregory Peck. Rosa Stradner., Thomas Mitchell; also “I’ll Remember April.” ; Gloria Jean, Kirby Grant. . . . From Wed., May I 23: “Tomorrow the World,” Fredric March, Bet- I ty Field, Skippy Homeier; also “Blonde Fever,” I Mary Astor, Philip Dorn.

Stoddard, B’way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Wed., I May 23: “Between Two Women,” Van Johnson, I Gloria De Haven. Lionel Barrymore; also “Noth- I ing but Trouble,” Laurel and Hardy.

Riverside, B’way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Wed., I May 23: “Roughly Speaking,” Rosalind Rus- j sell, Jack Carson; also “The House of Fear,” Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce.

Carlton, B’way at 100 (AC 2-3862)—Through Mon., May 21: “A Song to Remember,” Merle Oberon, Paul Muni; also “Crime Doctor’s Courage,” Warner Baxter Hillary Brooke. . . . From Tues., May 22: “Keep Your Powder Dry,” Lana Turner, Laraine Day, Susan Peters; also “I Love a Mystery,” Jim Bannon, Nina Foch.

Olympia, B’way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through ! Wed., May 23: “I’ll Be Seeing You,” Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple; also “Escape in the Fog,” Otto Kruger, Nina Foch.

Nemo, B’way at no (AC 2-9406)—Through Wed., May 23: “Roughly Speaking,” Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson; also “The House of Fear,” Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce.

Loew's 175th Street, B’way at 175 (WA 7-5200)— Through Tues., May 22: “I’ll Be Seeing You,” Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple; also “Escape in the Fog,” Otto Kruger, Nina Foch. . . . Wed., May 23: the prisoner op zenda, revival, Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman: also THE adventures op tom sawver, revival, Tommy Kelly, May Robson.

Coliseum, B’way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Wed., May 23: “Roughly Speaking,” Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson; also “The House of Fear,” Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce.

ONE-QUARTER CARAT

^ $85 to $150

ONE-HALF CARAT

PORTRAIT OF JANET, PAINTED FOR THE DE BEERS COLLECTION BY LILY CUSHING

Until the dawn when he at last comes home, the

engagement diamond on her finger is as a magic, never-setting sun, reflecting the image and the memory of her dear one. For him its steadfast light, his pledge of constancy, focuses his hopes and dreams from across the earth. ... In after, days, the memory of its endearing testimony of their love will make it seem to them more precious, more glorious through the years.

ONE CARAT

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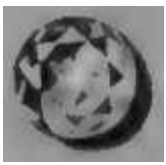

$1375 to $2300

Facts About Diamonds: These are average current prices for unmounted quality diamonds. Add 20% for federal tax. (The exact weights shown occur infrequently.) Size alone does not determine diamond values. Color, cutting, brilliance and clarity have an equally important bearing. You should have a trusted jeweler's best advice at all times when buying diamonds.

Industrial Diamonds—a key priority for highspeed war production — come from the same mines as gem stones. Millions of carats are used in United States industries today. The occasional gem diamonds found among them help defray production costs for all these fierce little "fighting" diamonds. Thus, there are no restrictions on the sale of diamond gems.

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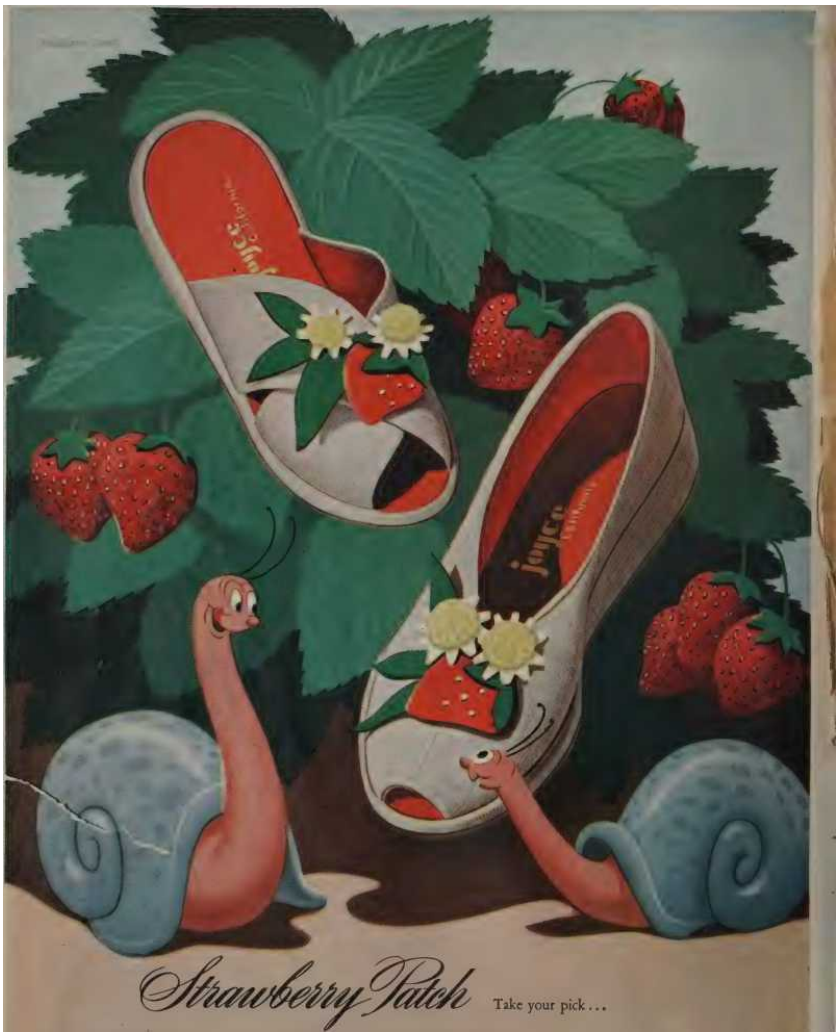

a summertime scuff or slipper in Hayseed Cotton adorned with bright felt berries and blossoms. Scuff, about

$2.50, slipper, about $5.00. Unrationed. No mail orders please... but we'll tell you

If it doesn't say "Joyce"... it isn't a Joyce.

where to find them.

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MUDINt, CAllFOKN IA

TOMORROW

YOU'LL OVERTAKE

THE EAR HORIZONS

Tuolumne Meadows, Yosemite National Park

PEACE will put an end to your stay-at-home days. The gypsy in you

will call out. And a smart new I incoln motorcar will be ready to help you go a-roarning through town and country . . . Then up gusty cloud-ways to the rim of the world. And down again along quiet lanes where the grouse are drumming. Here will be travel on a grand scale . . . This new Lincoln will be advanced in style. And it will be engineered to world-famous standards of precision. In comfort, elegance and distinguished transportation it will be the finest Lincoln ever to bear the name.

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LUCIEN LELONG'S

LIQUID MAKEUP

complexion when your makeup is Lucien Lelong s Quick Change. This creamy liquid, stroked on with your fingertips, warms your skin to radiance in seconds . . . keeps it softly luminous through the day. Artfully natural, never drying, Quick Change gives you the envied look of o woman whose skin is so flawless she needs no makeup. $2 plus tax

LUCIEN LELONG

(Advertisement)

"Gee, I might have known

it was fatal to give her

KAYSER Stockings!"

Matletex*
Magic
Shown in "Spellbound," Belding's new rayon fabric, spun and woven by Ponemah.
Make Sure it has This Label—Your Proof it's a Cole Original
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Copr., 1945, by Cole of California, Inc., Los Angeles 11
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ReLIin£s new ;n by Ponemah.

bhown in bpel J bo rayon fabric, spun an <

Make Sure it has This Label—Your Proof it's a Cole Original

BAIN DE SOLEIL
Antoine's famous sun cream. Helps you bronze in comfort from face to toes. Created by Antoine to filter out the burning rays of the sun, help protect and lubricate the skin — invite an enviable bronze. Unaffected by salt water. A special formula by Antoine, creator of beauty for the loveliest women of the world. At fine department stores.
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BAIN DE SOLEIL

Antoine, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N Y

Antoine's famous sun cream. Helps, you bronze in comfort from

face to toes. Created: by Antoine to filter

Unaffected by salt water A special formula by Antoine, creator of beauty for the loveliest women of

the world. At fine department stores,

out the burning rays of the sun, help protect and lubricate the skin - invite an enviable bronze

Monteil's new lipstick color . . . lighter, brighter, more feminine . . . beautiful with resort wear, from clearest pastels to deepest burnt

orange. Wonderful against sun-bronzed skin. Two Coral Reef shades, one for day, one for evening. Wear it with Coral Reef Cream Rouge and the new Moss Green Eye Shadow.

>€4*hA4M£/

NEW YOIWEIV

THE TALK OF THE TOW

Notes and Comment

Nineteenth-Century Note: On a wall in Barrow Street, some child has chalked, “The vicar is a very nice man.”

WE laid over in Hollywood one night last week between trains, to pay a call on a former Easterner in his new setting. It was our first visit to the place, and we came away with no very distinct impression. Except for its air of impermanence, and the complete breakdown of its transportation facilities, Hollywood seemed indistinguishable from any other wealthy backwater. We remember arising early and standing on a zebra skin while shaving. We recall that the writers we encountered seemed in good health but that they kept looking behind them, like girls crossing a pasture. One of them confided to us that he had been on the same page for three days and saw no way of getting off it. Writers were working in pairs, or groups, and they seemed more like conspirators than interpreters. On the whole, Hollywood struck us as a difficult place in which to pursue the literary life, with pretty stenographers lounging around in slacks and with a mocking bird outside the window shouting, “Flap-doodle, fol-deroo, fol-deroo, kill it, kill it, kill it.”

WE haven’t heard what, if anything, is being done about finding a

name for the new league of nations. The name “United Nations” will presumably have to be dropped, since the organization is to be an association, not a union, and it is unwise to lead people into believing that they are getting something they aren’t. One of the San 1 rancisco papers made an unconscious suggestion for a title the other day when its proofreader was dozing. The paper came out with a reference to “the Untied Nations,” a far more accurate

phrase than the one intended. The work of transposing the “t” and the “i” now begins in the composing room of time. It may take a long while, but it is worth doing, if only so that the preamble can eventually open with, “We, the people . . .” instead of “We, the high contracting powers . . .”

WE see that N.B.C. has ruled that no fifteen-minute news broadcast may be interrupted for the commercial. This is sensible, and will be fine for both listener and advertiser. We were thinking the other night that the radio-advertised product which has always seemed of the very highest quality to us is Johns-Manville’s materials, and the reason must be that, although we have been listening to the program fairly regularly for three or four years, we can’t recall ever having heard a word of the plug. To us, Tony Marvin, who speaks for Johns-Manville, is one of the truly influential radio voices, simply because he is never heard. The result, for Johns-Manville, is wonderful prestige. We wouldn’t hesitate a moment about specifying J.-M. building materials if we ever built anything—which is highly unlikely.

THE way doctoring is nowadays, there is usually an interval of a week be-

tween the time a person phones a doctor for an appointment and the time he shows up in the office to be healed. And of course almost anything can happen to a person in a week's time, things of an organic or psychical or merely routine nature. He can shave off his mustache. He can get drunk. He can receive a letter—a check, perhaps. He can bump into an old flame. He can be

asked to collaborate on'a play. He can win a prize in a lottery. His spirits can expand as his blood pressure relaxes. And when he finally presents himself to keep the appointment he made so long ago, he can recall only dimly the pain which racked him when he put in the call. Under the doctor's stern gaze, he fumbles for words and paints a thoroughly unconvincing picture of infirmity, all the time knowing perfectly well that his heart is steady as a clock, pressure normal, tongue clear, mind at ease. "Hmm," the doctoi'

thinks, “a hypochondriac.” ■

PROBABLY all of us are a little too matter-of-fact about our eight million neighbors. If we think about them at all, we suppose that the people we pass on the street are bound on errands as prosaic as our own—that they’re going to the bank to cash their salary checks, or to the St. James Theatre to see “Oklahoma!” One of them, however, wrote a note that a friend of ours found last Sunday under peculiar circumstances. It was neatly typed on a sheet of white paper, and a dollar bill was pinned to it. It said, “To George M----. Dear George, please come back. We want you to live with us. We have plenty of room. Take the bus . . .” and then followed detailed

directions for reaching an address in the Bronx. Our friend found the note, weighted down with a handful of pebbles, on top of a gravestone in Woodlawn Cemetery. The name on the headstone was George M----. We just want to suggest that the writer of this note was the lady beside you on the subway last night, or the little man who slipped onto the stool you left when you

bad finished your drink at the corner saloon. Quite a city, quite a city.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: When Molotov visited Stanford University during his stay in San Francisco, the “Internationale” was played in his honor on the Hoover Memorial dhimes. At the same time, here in New York, the hammer and sickle was Avina: over the Union League Club, along with the flags of the other United Nations.

Agloav

WE went to Douglas Leigh, the animated-electric-sign king, to learn the implications of the dimout when it was imposed in 1942, and we thought we’d better have another talk with him when the lights went on again, last week. When we found him, he’d just finished a broadcast over WOR from the Astor marquee, in the course of which he had pointed out that, “like the unquenched fires of democracy,” the lamps in his sixteen signs on Broadway were still in good working order after three years of darkness. The only Leigh

sign not in perfect shape was the animated cartoon over the I. Miller shoe store on the northeast corner of Fortysixth and Broadway. This was covered by a billboard, as it has been for most of the time we've been in the war. By a coincidence, the billboard's lease was within a couple of days of expiring, and Leigh said it wouldn't take long to get the billboard out of the way and then rig the electric sign beneath it for an animated reproduction of the Iwo Jima flag raising. The new cartoon will publicize the Bond drive and a beer that Leigh prefers to keep nameless until the sign is formally unveiled. He fore-handedly had a couple of maintenance crews working overtime along Broadway for a week or so before V-E Day on his fifteen other signs, six of which are animated. All these were hooked up to a control switch in his office, in Rockefeller Center, soon after Pearl Harbor, so that they could be quickly and simultaneously shut off in case of an air-raid alert. When they went on again for keeps, though, they were operated by individual switches, as Leigh had given up the leased wires that made the central control possible. The Pepsi-Cola offering at the north end of Times Square—the only big non-Leigh electric sign on Broadway—was as bright and cheerful as the master's own signs when we passed by it

last week, and Leigh generously remarked that it has been kept in good condition.

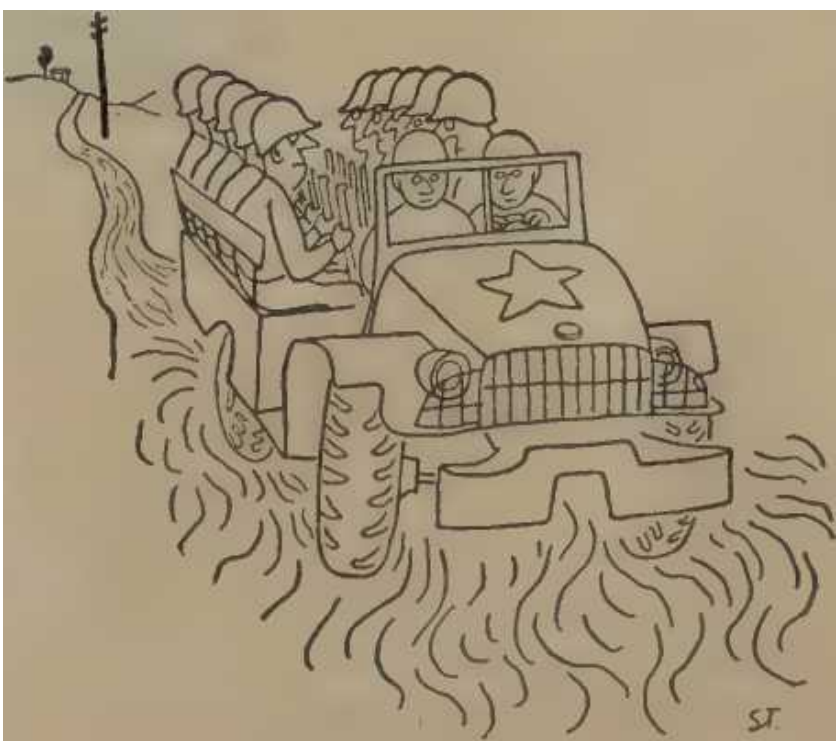
The restoration of bright lights to Broadway involved power for some sixty thousand bulbs, Leigh told us, and we were concerned about the sudden demand, so we decided to confer with Consolidated Edison. Edison said it had plenty of juice for all the signs in town and everything else. Then we consulted a man we know at City Hall and found him more interested in the retirement of his boss from public life than electric current. "Street lighting was already back to ninety per cent of the prewar level before V-E Day," he told us, "and restoring the other ten per cent was no trouble at all." He added that most of the darkness we'd been noticing on city streets was due to the brownout of commercial establishments, which was voluntary, and that increased brightness would result largely from the restoration of lighting in shop windows. He thought the merchants would loosen up quickly and that things would be pleasanter for all of us.

Nostalgia

THE Navy puts numbers on its landing craft, not having the time or the ingenuity to think up names for all of them. As soon as they reach the combat areas, however, the crews always give them unofficial names. There is one such craft, somewhere in the Pacific, which bears on her bows, in bold white letters, the name “civilian.”

Goop and Roe

ANY ex-wardens among our readers will probably remember that in the early days of their training the incendiary bomb was dismissed as just a rather useful adjunct to high-explosive bombing; it was sagely explained that any fires lighted by the incendiaries would serve as targets for the H-Es. It



turned out, though, that a vast percentage of the damage done by bombers was caused by the incendiaries and not by the H-Es. This

started a trend which resulted in the B-29s' using nothing but incendiaries in some of their raids on cities on the Japanese mainland. For instance, in a single raid on Nagoya this Monday, thirty-three hundred tons of them were used, laying waste an area of nine square miles. These incendiaries, however, were not the old-fashioned kind that an earnest warden could put out with a bucket of sand or the tail of his shirt. Quite a few improvements have been made.

When the United States entered the war, the Chemical Warfare Service had only two types of incendiary bomb, the M-50 and the M-54. The first is a four-pound magnesium bomb, an adaptation of a British model—a tube, twenty-one inches long and two inches in diameter, made of magnesium and filled with an incendiary mixture consisting mainly of thermate. Thermate is itself a mixture of powdered aluminum, barium nitrate, petroleum, and thermite. The bomb filling ignites when the bomb lands, creating for one minute a heat of three thousand degrees Centigrade; this touches off the magnesium casing, which flares up and scatters in molten blobs which burn for fifteen minutes. Ordinarily the M-50s are dropped in clusters, which are broken up by an explosive fuse tuned to go off when the cluster is about a hundred feet from the ground. As any warden knows, these bombs can be put out with water or sand. Not many of them could be made in the early days of the war, because magnesium was very scarce. We have enough magnesium now and are again using M-50s for certain types of bombing jobs. Doolittle's men, in the first Tokio raid, used a somewhat less satisfactory variant of the M-50—the M-54, which has a steel instead of a magnesium casing.

Spurred on by the magnesium shortage, our chemists came up with an inflammable jelly made by suspending rubber in gasoline. This was the first active agent used in the M-47, a hundred-pound bomb shaped somewhat like a panatela cigar. It has a casing of thin steel which shatters on impact, after which globs of flaming jelly fly as far as twenty yards. M-4 7s were used to start the Ploesti oil-field fires in August, 1943. Rubber being not much more plentiful than magnesium, the Chemical Warfare people kept right on and discovered Compound X, whose name conveys something of the secrecy which sur-

“The chah- will now entertain suggestions as to what we should do with the Emperor of Japan.”

rounds it. This compound, which turns gasoline into a whitish paste resembling cold cream, replaced the rubber jelly as a bomb filling early in 1942. It is based on an ingredient formerly used as a hair lacquer. In the meantime, something known as “fire roe” was developed. As you have probably read, this was discovered by a Harvard professor, Louis F. Fieser, who was merely looking for some way of burning the crab grass out of his lawn. As used in bombs, “fire roe” is a granular powder which looks enough like caviar to have earned its nickname. It is shipped in drums and is mixed into gasoline at the bomber bases. The result is a goo that looks like orange gelatine. Three pounds of this jelly, in a cheesecloth bag, are put into a nineteen-inch length of two-inch steel pipe. This is the power behind the M-69 bomb, which has received wide attention in the press of late. It has gauze streamers which slow its descent and break the fall so that it does not shatter on impact. What happens instead is that the bomb ticks for three seconds, then coughs out the sack of jelly, now burning furiously; it clings to whatever it hits, and, since it spurts up from the ground instead of falling from the air, may go in through

a window or under the eaves of a roof. It’s hard to put out, too,

though how hard is still a secret. Anyway, no local ex-warden could handle it with water or a bucket of sand.

The very newest note in incendiaries is the M-76, which weighs five hundred pounds. Army chemists call it the goop bomb because of the texture of the incendiary compound, which is a rubbery dough and is squeezed into the bomb casings with an apparatus that looks like a big cake-icing tube. Goop is a mixture of crude magnesium, liquid asphalt, gasoline jelly, and various other terrific inflammables. It burns with an even higher temperature than the M-69 jelly, splashes around into all sorts of hard-to-get-at corners, and cannot be extinguished by any means known to man. Maybe we'd just better not have any more wars.

Girded

N V-E Day, De Pinna, like many other stores, decided to shield its

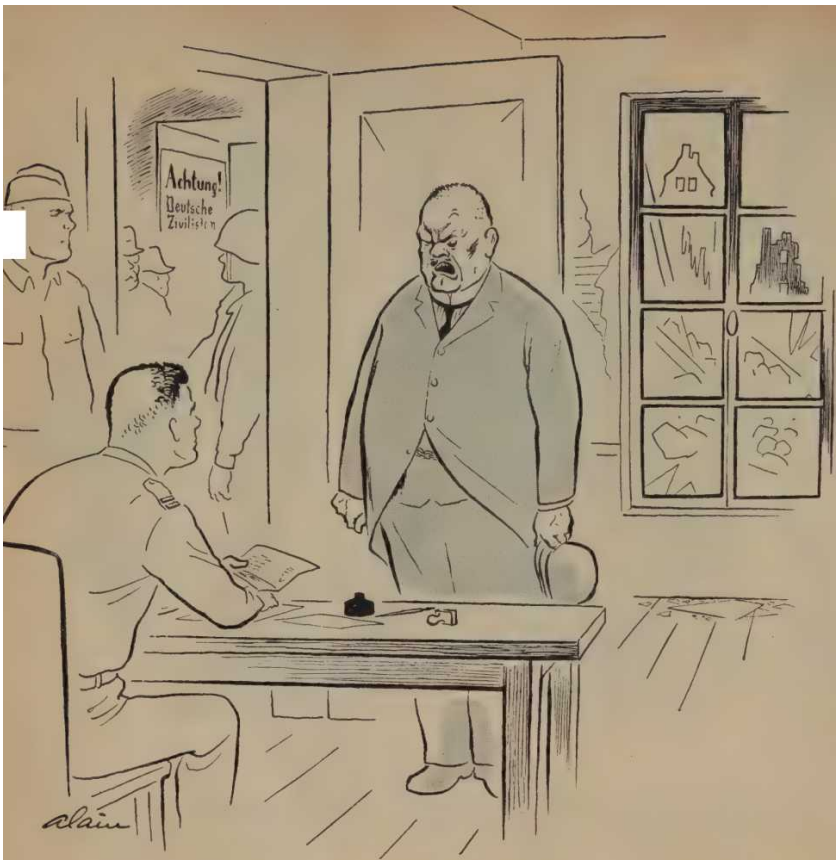
windows against the frenzy of the mob. Accordingly, a corrugated-pasteboard covering was put up, and to protect the covering, a number of "FRAGILE"

stickers were attached. Worked out all right, too.

Hark to the Trumpets Call

THERE were still a few bits of paper from the V-E Day celebration whirling around when we visited Local Board No. 31'last Thursday morning to see a group of presumably typical post-European-war candidates for induction preparing to set out for Grand Central Palace. When we arrived at the board, which has its offices on the third floor of the Delmonico Hotel, about twenty-five men were on hand, some with the down of nonage on their cheeks, others with the dewlaps of middle age. A few were pacing the corridors nervously; the rest were sitting uneasily in a couple of rooms adjoining the Board's main office. In one of these rooms, an older

candidate in a well-cut suit and Charvet tie was holding forth. “This fellow I know,” he was saying, “spent two years in camp right here in the U.S. and another in Hawaii. If we stick around some camp here for even six months, it’ll probably be over.” “Where’s your friend now?” somebody asked. “Okinawa,” said Charvet glum-



“Whoever said I’m a Nazi is a dirty Jewish democratic plutocrat!”

ly. “I’d like to have ten minutes alone with the files,” said a thin-featured man in glasses. “I’d make my record look like confetti.” A small, corpulent candidate, well along toward forty, cleared his throat and declared, “We might be finished with the whole thing in two or three hours. Last year, when they first had me up, it was over in no time.” His listeners looked pleased. “But then,” he went on, “they held me for four days. I had high blood pressure and they

wanted to see whether it would go down. They let me telephone and took me for walks around the place, but I never got outside for the whole damned four days. Made me get up at five-thirty, just like in the Army. The old blood pressure stayed right up there." "\ ou get any choice of service? " another candidate inquired. "Don't be silly," said the man with the high blood pressure. "They put you where they need you." "I'd have had a commission in the Navy," said one of the younger candidates, "only they found I had a little hernia." "You still got it?" a man near him asked. "I got it," he said,

"and I'm sure as hell going to keep it." In the other room there was no conversation. The candidates, most of them very young, just sat looking dead ahead. Not until the chairman of the hoard emerged from his office did they show any animation. "I'm going to call the roll," he said. "Answer 'Present' to your name and number." He droned through Rothschild, Small, Fuletti, Sheehan, Brown, Carter until he reached a Merandez, who did not respond. "He's a Porto Rican," the chairman said. "Probably still on his way up here from the island." The candidates smiled bleakly. The chairman finished calling the roll and said, "You probably all know what you're in for, but I'll tell you about it anyhow. You're going to meet a lot of doctors, who will examine you from the top of your head to the soles of your feet. If you've got anything wrong with you—mastoid, pains in the belly, asthma—bring it up. You're likely to know whether you're accepted or rejected todav, and if you're accepted, I'd advise you to do some studying. Be good to know German if you get sent

to guard the Nazis." The chairman laughed heartily, and appointed a Mr. Rodriguez as sergeant pro tern for the trip to the Palace.

The candidates went down Park Avenue in small groups, we with them. As they passed a dress shop at Fifty-fifth, a window cleaner paused in his work to shout, "I thought the war was over!" "A comedian," a candidate observed. We drifted from group to group and noticed that most of the conversation centered on the possibility that the Army and Navy wouldn't need replacements after all. "So you pass the physical," a man said. "Who knows they won't just stick you in some kind of pool and never call you?" "Funny thing," another man said. "I almost think I'd be

disappointed if they didn't call me." At Fifty-first, the candidates passed a clump of soldiers. "My favorite color," one of the boys remarked, "is anything but khaki." Throughout most of the walk, Mr. Rodriguez, the sergeant pro tern, walked alone. He was a stocky and dapper businessman and looked merely like a businessman on his way to work. By the time the head

of the procession had got to the Palace door, on Lexington Avenue, some of the men were still rounding the corner of Forty-seventh Street. As the last of the candidates finally went into the Palace, we heard one of them saying, "I wish it was raining. This is too nice a day to be cooped up indoors."

Device

A Part-Lime spy of ours in the District of Columbia was mooching past the Smithsonian Institution the other day when he saw emerging from the building an officer who was, he knew, attached to the Navy's Special Devices outfit. Presumably performing some mission in connection with his work, he was carrying a crossbow and a handful of arrows.

Respects

THE day before Mayor LaGuardia abandoned the citv's air-raidwarning system, the Fire Department, which has been in charge of such matters, gave us permission to go to the top of the R.C.A. Building and pay our

final, and personal, respects to the large, ugly, ear-splitting siren installed there. Part of the way up in the elevator, we rode with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., hut he was so busy thumbing through a paper folder marked "Mail" that we never got around to asking him if he had disliked the Saturday'-noon caterwauling on his roof as much as we did. 'I he elevator man directed us to a bleak little office on the sixty-seventh floor, and in it we found Fireman Harold Weisblut, a good-looking young man with curly brown hair, blue eyes, and a love of fine music. He had been listening, on his portable radio, to WQXR. "Keeps me from getting bored up here," he told us. "That and writing letters to friends in the service and

reading the papers and maybe thinking once in a while. That's the way I pass the time. I get this eight-hour tour once a week. I mean, I used to get it. This is my last tour, and I can't say I'm sorry. It's kind of a lonely place. You feel cut off from everybody else in the world. I'd rather be down with the gang at Engine Company 34, where I usually am. There's always cleaning and fixing up to be done there and people to talk to—what we call backroom lawyers, fellows who know all the answers and who could run the country single-handed if they only had a chance. Matter of fact, I'd rather be going to a good, hot fire than just sitting at this desk waiting for what's not going to happen."

The siren had been manned twenty-

four hours a day since several months after Pearl Harbor, we learned, and there had been almost no deviation in the routine of the job from the first day. "We just sit by the phone," Weisblut told us, "and check every hour with headquarters. At least once during a tour we go upstairs and start the siren's engine—give it a good warm-up to make sure everything's ready for what it's turned out never came. ']'his'll be my last chance to ride the big baby. Want to come up and watch?" We did, and Weisblut led us to a stairway. We walked up two floors, to the observation deck, and then climbed a

flight of stairs to the roof of the elevator shaft, and there was old bigmouth, looking like an outsized tractor with the wheels off. It even has a driver's seat and a rudimentary instrument panel. It is bolted to steel girders, the girders are bolted to sixteen-by-sixteen timbers, and the timbers are bolted to the roof. Looked to us as if Mr. Rockefeller would have a rough time getting the thing off his premises.

Weisblut climbed into the seat and pushed the starter button. "This is a regular eight-cylinder Chrysler industrial engine," he told us, as the engine spluttered and caught. "We go by r.p.m.s instead of miles per hour, and we use a clutch to engage and disengage the siren; that's how that wobbling tone got into the signals. We lug gas up here in cans, but we haven't used much—maybe a gallon or so a day. I mean we did lug it up. This siren was made in conjunction with the Bell Telephone people, and it's really pretty simple." It

sounded simple enough, as explained by Weisblut: the loudest, whiniest noise in the whole world, probably, issued forth when a six-bladed rotary chopper interrupted a flow of air delivered by a blower at a speed of something over three hundred and seventy miles an hour. “We never allowed anybody on the roof when it was turned on; afraid it might deafen them permanently,” Weisblut said. “We wore rubber plugs in our ears, but the noise wasn’t really as hard on us as it was on the people in some of the build

ings around here, because the horn always faced away from us. The siren swung around in a circle, to distribute the blast evenly. People often heard it ten miles away, and complained about it, too.”

Weisblut walked around and patted the wide-open mouth of the horn. “I’m not sorry, but it’s hard to realize I’m never going to get another crack at letting her roar,” he said. Then he hesitated. “How would you like to hear just one peep out of her, for old times’ sake:” We said we thought a very little peep would be all right but that we wouldn’t want the noise to get out of hand. Weisblut stepped up the r.p.m.s, engaged the clutch, and the siren started to hum. The first thing we knew, it was bleating in a faint but familiar way. Weisblut disengaged the clutch and the sound faded slowly, almost reluctantly, until it was a practically soundless pulse; then silence.

Little Accident

WE have heard of a lady who hailed a taxicab the other day, a taxicab seemingly in no worse repair than the average, and asked to be taken to Pennsylvania Station. When she arrived and started to open the taxi door, it fell off— just separated itself completely from the cab and lay there on the pavement. The driver accepted this humiliating accident with a certain jauntiness. “Nothing at all, Madam,” he said. “Can you lend me a hairpin?”

THE WRITING PUBLIC

“Dear Sir:—The confusion of your reviewer in dealing with my

‘Broken Stones' is only equalled by his manifest ignorance of the whole tradition in which it is forged. That he is probably incapable of coping with anything more esoteric than Edgar Guest is evident in his ‘floundering bafflement' over the poem entitled ‘If Ever Those Fierce Jewels' particularly the stanza beginning ‘The queen of mink who mocks the tortured calculus of Night,' by which I meant simply to stress that futile hunger for Woman persisting in the hash of dreams, which nevertheless have a certain order and logic of their own . . ."

LUGGAGE FOK THE 5OUTH

1AST January, I was in Shreveport, Louisiana, to give what my agent, -* with conscious humor, calls a lecture. I had been giving a great many lectures; that is, I had been giving this same one a great many times, though not always under the same title. I was, in fact, on a lecture tour—my first. I carried my itinerary in a leather case, -especially made for it and*given to me for Christmas by Margaret, one of my twin daughters. The outside flap of the case is stamped “Emily Kimbrough,” but on the inside the stamping gives my married name and address in a Philadelphia suburb. Evidently Margaret’s feeling was that a professional name was all right on the surface, but for genuine, practical identification, no such nonsense. The itinerary, which had been compiled by the lecture bureau, was bound in stiff blue paper, but by the time I was headed for Shreveport I had drawn it out of Margaret’s leather case so many times to check on my passage from town to town that the edges were curled up and the pages dirty. My consultations of the itinerary were perhaps made even more frequent by the circumstance of my having forgotten one lecture. As it happened, I had forgotten it because that same daughter Margaret had developed an acute attack of appendicitis and had been operated on at four o’clock in the morning of the day I, was to appear at the Newark Women’s Club. The lecture bureau was very kind about my dereliction once it heard the reason, because, it said, I had a reason made to order for women’s clubs. Nevertheless, it was not a reason that I felt I would be able to use often and the incident had made me jumpy.

To get to my Shreveport appointment, I came down from Flint,

Michio-an, on a night train, arriving at the Dearborn Street Station in Chicago at seven o'clock the following morning. I had pulled out my itinerary so many times that I knew even the place on the page where it said that I would leave Chicago from the Union Station at 8:15 a.m. That gave me an hour and a quarter in which to change stations—very little leeway if the train were late. The train was not late, but I was the first one off, scuttling along the platform beside the porter and urging him on with sharp cries, as if I were driving a dog team. The result was that I reached the Union Station with time to spare, and so I telephoned back to my home in Pennsylvania to give messages

and to hear once more the voices of my dear ones before I dropped down into the far-off -South. We clung to each other over the telephone until I had only five minutes left, and then I wrenched myself away, hurried through the gate and into the parlor car on the next lap of the trip, which was, so the itinerary said, Chicago to St. Louis.

A man was sitting where my ticket said I should be. The conductor, summoned, was apologetic. The man and I were both gracious about it. It was the kind of thing, we said, that happened frequently in wartime. It had, however, I interpolated gently, never before happened to me. I was on a rather extended trip, I told them, my accommodations had been reserved by an organization, and never before had there been an occasion of this sort. The man bowed himself away, saying that in that case the mistake obviously was in his ticket. I settled in, relinquished my ticket to the conductor, and expressed to him the polite hope that the gentleman would be able to find a seat.

In St. Louis I had a wait of three hours. I took a long walk and sent back to the twins some candy from a shop I came upon, which I recognized as one the St. Louis girls at my boarding school used to talk about.

When I got on the train for Shreveport, my porter put my bags in my Pullman car and I went straight to the diner so as to be sure of a seat. By the time I got back to my sleeper, I found my lower berth occupied by someone who had already gone to bed. When questioned by the conductor, the occupant turned out to be a man

who said he'd be right out. The conductor then told me he was very sorry but that such mixups did happen occasionally in these wartimes. Meantime,

«(<

the man in the berth was 1 struggling back into his clothes behind a curtain that bulged and writhed like the Laocodn, or like a man putting on his trousers in a lower berth. The conductor talked to him from our side of the curtain, explaining that my tickets had all been purchased through an agency for a long tour and therefore the chances were that my accommodations were correct and his single purchase was the one in error. When the man emerged, he agreed docilely and apologized for having usurped my place. He went off down the aisle, carrying a

shirt, collar, and tie over his left arm, his coat over his right shoulder, and wearing his hat uncertainly on his head, as if he had tossed it there instead of onto a hook, where it had barely caught. He carried a small valise and walked with his neck thrust out to prevent the hat's falling off. The porter followed with a large bag.

When the berth was made up again, I settled into it and had a comfortable night. The porter told me next morning that the conductor hadn't been able to find another place for the man, not even an upper. He had had to sit up the rest of the night in the men's room. I said it was a pity that inexperienced clerks these days were the cause of such things happening.

THE train pulled into Shreveport at half past eleven, three hours late; that was very good, the porter and the taxi driver said. The day was warm and sunny. I could see from the taxi that the streets were wide and that there were not very many of them, or any trees along them except for one row in front of the courthouse. In the Washington-Youree Hotel, a large crowd of people was waiting to register. I made no effort to push my way to the room desk. The lecture bureau always made my reservations well in advance and I had never had any difficulty. When my turn came, I simply said to the clerk, “You have a reservation,” and gave my name.

He smiled back at me. “Yes, Miss Kimbrough, indeed we have.” I felt a pleasant glow of contentment at being so well taken care of. The clerk poked his fingers in little pigeonholes, drew out scraps of paper, read them, and put them back. He paused over one and came back to where I was standing. “Miss Kimbrough,” he said, “we have a reservation for you for Monday.” “That’s quite right,” I told him. “I’m here.”

“Miss Kimbrough,” the clerk said, “this is Friday.”

All the other people waiting to register stopped talking among themselves and looked at us. So did the cashier and the telephone girl and the assistant clerk. There was nothing I could think of to say to the room clerk that would make any sense. If you have amnesia, I wanted to tell him, there would be days behind you which were obliterated in your mind. What kind of disease would it be when there were three days

ahead of you for which you could not account? It was, of course, nonsense to speak of the fourth dimension, but I couldn’t help thinking about it.

I said aloud, “My schedule says that I arrive in the morning and lecture that night at eight o’clock,” and I remembered that it also said, “Evening dress requested. Organization will call for you at the hotel and escort you to the club.” The itinerary was always rich in detail.

The clerk repeated, “That’s right, Miss Kimbrough, Monday. Today’s Friday. But,” he added with the pleased surprise of a child, “we can

give you a room just the same, where you can wait until Monday."

I wondered if he thought it would be better for everyone if I were locked up in it until then, but I only told him faintly that that would be very nice.

When I had got the bellboy out of the room, after an interminable fussing over how to open the window and showing me where the coat closet and bathroom were, I sat down in a rocking chair by the window. I sat there for a long time without doing anything at all, because I couldn't think what to do. First of all, I couldn't think how I could possibly be sitting there on a Friday when it was meant to be Monday. Then I couldn't figure out what the lecture bureau had done with those three days. I still had on my hat and coat; I'd thrown my bag on the bed. I got up from the rocking chair, went over to the

bed, pulled out the leather container once more, extricated the dog-eared itinerary, followed with my finger down the page to "Flint, Michigan—to Chicago." I had read it over a hundred times, except for the left-hand column, which had seemed repetitious. I read that

now in order not to leave a word unturned. The section read, “[left-hand column] Thursday, January 25th (night of 24th)—[middle column] leave Flint, Michigan, Grand Trunk #5—[right-hand column] 12:30 a.m. [left-hand column] Thursday, January 25th—[middle] arrive Chicago, Illinois, Dearborn Station—[r.-h. col.] 7 a.m.” And then my finger shook. The next line read, “[l.-h. col. | Sunday, January 28th— [middle col.] leave Chicago, Union Station, Alton Railroad #19—| r.-h. col.] 8:15 a.m. | middle] arrive St. Louis, Union Station—[r.-h. col.] 1 :45 P.M.” Then, “ [l.-h. col.] Sunday., January 28th—[middle col.] leave St. Louis, Missouri Pacific # 1 — [r.-h. col.] 5:50 p.m. [l.-h.col.] Monday, January 29th-—[middle col.] arrive Shreveport, Louisiana—[r.-h. col.] 8:30 a.m.”

Thursday, January 25th, arrive Chicago. Sunday, January 28th, leave Chicago.

Three days in Chicago. Three beautiful days in Chicago, where I used to live, where my parents live now, where my old friends are! Three days of idleness thoughtfully arranged by the lec

ture bureau to take place in the one spot where I would like to be, with time to see everyone and not a single job to do! Shreveport was lovely, so I had heard, but I didn’t want to spend three lonely days there and I couldn’t very well tell the woman in charge of the lecture that I was three days ahead of time. No chairman could be expected to cope with that disaster. Three days alone in Shreveport. Of course my seat was occupied* in the parlor car to St. Louis; of course a man had my berth on the train from St. Louis to Shreveport. Why hadn’t the conductor looked at the date on my ticket? Why hadn’t I looked at it, for that matter? But after all, that was part of a conductor’s training. I certainly needed training, too—in reading. Why hadn’t my loved ones at home, when I talked to them on the telephone in Chicago, known that I shouldn’t have been in such a hurry? They had a copy of the itinerary. I found later that they had known five minutes later, after hanging up the telephone, had had me paged in the Union Station in Chicago, and had then given up. The dolts. They know now about sending a telegram to a train. The name of the railroad and number of the train were right there before them on the itinerary. I could have

been snatched back at St. Louis and restored to Chicago. But I was not in St. Louis. I was in Shreveport, Louisiana. After I had sat a long while in the rocker by the

window, thinking about these things, I thought about lunch.

THE dining room was large and very decorated.

I ordered salad and a bottle of beer.

“We don’t serve beer in this dining room,” the head waiter told me.

Beer happens to be the only alcoholic drink I take. I do like beer, and if ever there was a time when I wanted it, it was then. I got up from the table.

“Never mind the lunch,” I told the head waiter. “I’ll try the other dining room.”

The other dining room was the coffee shop. I sat up at the counter and ordered a salad and a bottle of beer.

“We don’t serve beer here,” the waitress told me. “Only in the bar.”

“Never mind the salad, thank you,” I said, and got up.

The bar was alongside the

coffee shop. Over the doorway, a neon sign read, “Ladies not permitted in the bar without an escort.” I went back to the coffee shop and told the waitress about the sign.

“That’s right,” she said. “You have to have an escort.” I asked if she could get me one, but she didn’t answer. Then I asked if there were any way that I could get beer sent out of the bar. She suggested that I go to my room and try room service. I went up to my room. I ordered from room service a salad and a bottle of beer. Room service said the hotel carried only draught beer, which couldn’t be taken out of the bar. I said, “Never mind the salad,” and hung up.

WALKING down the street, five minutes later, I wondered if I was putting too much into getting a bottle of beer. I decided

“Did you ring, Nora?”

that, after all, it gave me a purpose and I had Friday to Monday to carry it out.

The first few places I tried had no beer. I think it was in the fifth place that the proprietor said that they did carry it, and even gave me a choice of brands. I ordered twelve bottles, in my relief and pleasure. The proprietor put them up on the counter, cold and wet.' “Got your empties? ” he asked genial-

I began to feel a little fourth-dimensional again. I told him that I did not have any empty bottles, if that was what he meant. He began putting the beer away again. He was sorry, he told me, but he was not allowed to sell beer unless he had empty bottles in return. It was all I could do to keep from leaning on my stomach across the counter and snatching the cold bottles. It was suddenly, too, all I could do to keep from crying. I told the proprietor that I had travelled all the way from Philadelphia and that I had not carried empty bottles as part of my luggage.

“That’s too bad,” he said, “because we can’t sell you beer without we get the empties.”

The last bottle was gone from the counter, back down into the ice below. I went out of the store and up the street. It was very hot and there were no shade trees. I had on the only coat I had brought, my best one, and that was mink.

Two or three blocks farther on I found a place that sold beer, but they wouldn’t sell it without the empties either. It was at the fourth place after that one .that the proprietor agreed to sell me a dozen empties. He couldn’t sell me the beer, too, he said, but he would sell me the empties and I could take them back somewhere else and exchange them for beer. He brought out twelve empty beer bottles and at that moment I felt I had never seen a prettier sight. I paid for them and then he said, “Where is your carrier?”

“My what?” I asked him.

“Your carrier,” he repeated impatiently. “Something to put these in. How can I sell beer bottles to you unless you have something to take ’em away in? I can sell you the bottles, but I’m not allowed to give you a carrier and you could never carry ’em loose.”

Again I was afraid I would cry. I explained that I had travelled from Philadelphia and had not brought a carrier with me. He was sorry, he said, but that’s the way it was. He couldn’t sell beer, or even empties, unless the customer provided a carrier, a basket, like. I asked if he knew of a place to buy a basket. He couldn’t think of any at the minute. I asked him tartly—I was so hot and tired— if he could give me the address of a weaver and I’d get one made. He ignored that. As I started out the door, he softened. I could try the market down the street, he called after me. “Might be they’d sell you a container. Gingerale carton or anything would do.”

I nodded, because I couldn’t speak, and went on down the street. By this time the heat was so intense that sweat began to trickle down the back of mv legs. When I got into the market, it was so crowded that I had to wait a long time before I could be served. I noticed a ginger-ale carton on the floor and asked a boy who came to wait on me if I could have it. The boy shook his head. I was by now

defeated beyond

of the carton to help balance it, so I could only mumble, “Thank you ” I was also too surprised to think of anything else to say.

Out on the street, the carton kept

my coat pushed back on either side, but

“Gosh, Sarge, I can’t seem to think of a thing to say.”

the sweat trickled down everywhere and itched. My hat was uncomfortable, too. It had slipped back and it felt the way the hat had looked on the man leaving the lower berth on the train; I had to stretch my neck out the way he had Stretched his to keep the millinery balanced at all.

The hotel was eight blocks away. I felt with my foot for each curb, because I couldn't see over the carton. When I came into the lobby, the mail clerk called out, "Have a nice walk? You look hot. How do you like our Southern climate?"

I relaxed the grip of my chin on the carton enough to smile, but I didn't say anything. It

wasn't much of a smile, either.

argument. I turned and started away. He called after me, "Not without you buy something to go in it."

I caught sight of a box of cheese crackers on a shelf, dropped it into the ginger-ale carton at my feet, and asked if that would do.

He said, "Sure," and charged me ten cents for the cheese crackers, twenty-five for the carton. I went back along the hot pavement, my hair wet and sticking to the back of my neck. The proprietor who had said he would sell me the empties was behind the counter, just as I had left him, his head leaning on an open hand, his elbow on the counter. He did not change his position, but he brought out from under the counter, with his free hand, twelve bottles, one by one. He packed them in with the cheese crackers and I went out on the street again. For the first time I began to have misgivings about the number I had ordered. Twelve empty bottle s seemed heavy.

I went on a quarter of a mile farther to the place that had offered me cold

beer if I could supply the empties. The man remembered me and pulled out the bottles as he saw me come in the door. He was fat, with white skin, little blue eyes puckered in at the tops of sagging pouches, and strands of black hair arranged like Venetian blinds over the glare of his shining bald head. I handed over the empties

and he replaced them, bottle for bottle. I put my handbag over one arm to have two hands for the carton, and inched the carton off the counter onto my front. I sagged under the weight and the sweat ran down my legs. A strand of wet hair tickled my nose. I couldn't let go the carton to push it back.

Until that moment, the proprietor had been almost without motion, but now he came round from behind the counter, swept open the door, and bowed with a flourish like someone out of a Margaret Webster Shakespeare play.

"Good day to you, Madam," he said. "I hope you Will enjoy to the fullest extent the cheer of the beer and the hospitality of our Southland."

My chin was hooked over the edge

Up in my room, I eased the carton onto the wash basin. I was afraid if I bent over to put it on the floor, I couldn't get up again. I sat in the rocking chair by the window until my legs had almost stopped shaking and then I went over to the telephone by the bed and called room service.

"I would like to order lunch," I said. "Just a bowl of green salad."

"I'm certainly sorry," the operator told me, "but the dining room is closed."

After a while I ate the box of cheese crackers, sitting in the rocking chair and drinking quite a lot of the beer as I reread my itinerary. I began planning, too, the best way to handle the increase in my luggage. Because 1 knew that I would never travel again without twelve empties and a carrier.

—Emily Kimbrough

.. . Sinclair Lewis was ranked as fourth and Thomas Wolfe as fifth. Willie Cather took sixth place.—From the Daily Observer, a service-men's paper.

Come on-n, Willie!

TOO LATE TO MARRY, TOO TOON TO DIE

THEY sat at a tabic in one corner of the bar. They always sat at the same table and ordered the same number of drinks and left the bar a few minutes before midnight. The man looked about forty. He was getting fat and his thin blond hair had faded to the color of tobacco stain. The girl was twenty-three or twenty-four, tall, white-cheeked, and pretty. She was a better-looking girl than, before the war, most men of forty would have been able to buy drinks for at a Greenwich Avenue bar.

The man linked his fingers on the soiled table top, studied his polished nails, and said, “Say something.”

The girl’s voice was low, and steadier than the man’s. It seemed to match her straight black hair and dark eyes. “You always tell me that,” she said.

“Well, then, say something.”

“Am I supposed to be funny? Am I supposed to make you laugh?”

“I don’t care. Just so you don’t sit there looking solemn.”

“I’m not looking solemn. I’m looking gay. I’m looking at the gay people at the bar. They’re so beautiful.”

“They’re rummies.”

“All right then, they’re rummies.” The man made an effort to match the forced liveliness of the girl’s voice. “I can’t say I approve of your language, Miss MacAleny. Miss Mulcahey.”

“I’m sorry, Father.”

“It’s not the kind of language we expect from our girls.”

“Forgive me, Father.”

“I can’t say I approve of your attitude toward the Church, either, Miss MacEldowney. Miss McGillicuddy’s Reeks. Remember, God is everywhere.”

In a child's singsong, repeating the words of the penny catechism, the girl said, " 'Who made the world? God made the world. Who is God? God is the creator of heaven and earth, and of all things.' "

"Let's not be blasphemous," the man said, and his voice had a sharp edge of disapproval.

"You're not serious!"

"Maybe I am. Maybe I don't think you're being especially witty."

"I'm not. I can't be."

They finished their drinks without saying anything more and, at a sign from the man, the waiter set two more drinks on the table in front of them The waiter's worn shoes went slap-slap over the sawdust-covered floor.

After a few minutes, the girl said, "What are you thinkingf"

"Nothing."

"You must be thinking something."

"I said, nothing. I'm not thinking at all."

"You're thinking of Carol."

The man made a gesture of impatience with his glass, sliding it back and forth between his hands. The girl said, "How is Carol ? "

"She's fine."

"And the children?"

"They're fine."

"And your house—r-your lovely, expensive house?".

"It's fine."

"With the silver and china your father-in-law gave you because his little girl likes nice things—isn't that it?—and the Sheraton side

chairs and the mandolin or whatever it's called clock—"

"All right, all right."

"You know what I wish?" The girl spoke deliberately. "I wish your silver would melt and your china would break and your house would burn down. I wish—" But she stopped speaking and the man leaned back, as if in relief, against the smoke-smudged wall. A young sailor left the bar and entered the men's room, directly across from their table.

"He's going to be sick," the man said. "Poor lamb. I've been watching him. He's all alone."

"Why don't you take him home with you? Why don't you tuck him in bed and make him some camomile tea ? "

"I wish I could."

"Why don't you?"

"For one thing, there's Ellen."

"Oh, for God's sake! " The man's voice sounded bored. "Why don't you heave her out?"

"We've been over and over that. It was Ellen who found the apartment. Where could

either of us go now?" They heard the sailor being sick back of the thin pine door. "Besides, he'd think I was just another tramp. He'd much rather have a cute little bobby-sock girl." She turned to face the man, her eyes mocking him. "Isn't it pitiful? Doesn't it wring your heart? I'm of no use to anybody. When they went off, all the well-brought-up, carefully scrubbed boys, I was too young for them; bv the time

they come back, if they do come back, I'll be too old." She traced a heart on the table. "Give me a nickel."

"You're not going to play that record."

"I want to."

“Then I won’t give you a nickel. ’ “I’ll ask the waiter for one.”

The man spilled some coins on the table, and the girl, picking up a nickel, walked to the juke box beside the bar. She chose a record, placed the nickel on the steel plunger, and thrust the plunger in and out. Then she returned to the table and sat down. She touched the man’s cheek. “Ah, it’s a lovely song,” she said. “ ‘Too late to marry, too soon to die.’ ”

THE record was loud and brassy; it seemed to go on and on. The sailor came out of the men’s room as the record ended. He looked pale under his tan, and surprised and offended by what had happened to him. The girl said, “Hello, sailor,” and her eyes welcomed him. “Want to come over and sit down?” The sailor looked uncertainly at the man. The man took a drink and said, “You’re sick. You’d better get back to your ship.”

The sailor said, “Hell, no, I got twenty-four hours.” He was still so young that he wanted to walk away without making trouble, but, being a sailor, he wanted to carry some memory of a risky and gallant shore incident to sea with him. He said, “Listen, it was her who started talking, not me. If you want to make anything out of it, I’ll be right up there at that bar.”

The man grinned and said, “O.K., sailor boy.” “And don’t call me sailor boy, hear?”

The man’s cheeks sagged when he grinned. “O.K., sailor.”

The sailor ducked his head, frowning with almost imperceptible brows.

“Excuse me,” he said to the girl, and walked slowly, with dignity, to the bar. The girl said, “God, you’re mean.” The man finished his drink. “I let the little lambikins thumb his nose at me, didn’t I?”

“Mean, mean, mean, mean. Why did you tell me to speak to him?”

“I wanted to see what you’d do. I wanted to see what you’ll be doing next month when Carol and the children

ADJUSTMENTS
1
2

3

4

come back from her father's and I can't sit holding your hand every night in the week."

"Please," the girl said. "Oh, please, please. You don't have to say that. You don't have to." The mascara she had brushed onto her lashes earlier in the evening had begun to print itself in straight wet lines against her upper lids. "I think I'll go home now," she said.

"Home to your neat little, narrow little bed?"

"Home to my neat little, narrow little bed."

"It's early yet. Ellen will think we've had a row."

"Ellen doesn't know anything about you.

"Don't be an idiot."

"She only knows there's someone. She thinks you're tall and lean and dark—the Cary Grant type. She thinks you're twenty-eight and that you've been deferred as an aircraft designer. Wry exciting."

They did not speak again until, not looking at him, the girl said, "Now we're even." She covered one of his hands with hers. "We mustn't do this. It's silly. No matter what, I want to see you. At least, I don't want not to see you."

"Finish your drink," the man said.

"Are you angry with me?"

"Finish your drink."

"You are angry. Well, I'm sorry." "Now you're being childish."

"All right, I'm being childish. I'm being anything you like. Only say you're not angry with me."

"I'm not angry with you."

"And you'll see me tomorrow night ? "

He nodded. "I'll see you tomorrow night."

The waiter came up to their table. His feet throbbed in his shoes and his eyes looked glazed back of his gold-rimmed glasses. “Want your check?” he said, and it was as if he had said,

“Why don’t you go home? For the love of God, why don’t you go home?”

The man said, “Bring us a couple of more drinks.”

“We’re going to drink to patience,” the girl said. “To all the patient virgins, wives, mothers, sisters, aunts, cousins, and second cousins in the world.” She smiled at the waiter, her dark eyes shining. “But we’ll drink our drinks fast,” she said.

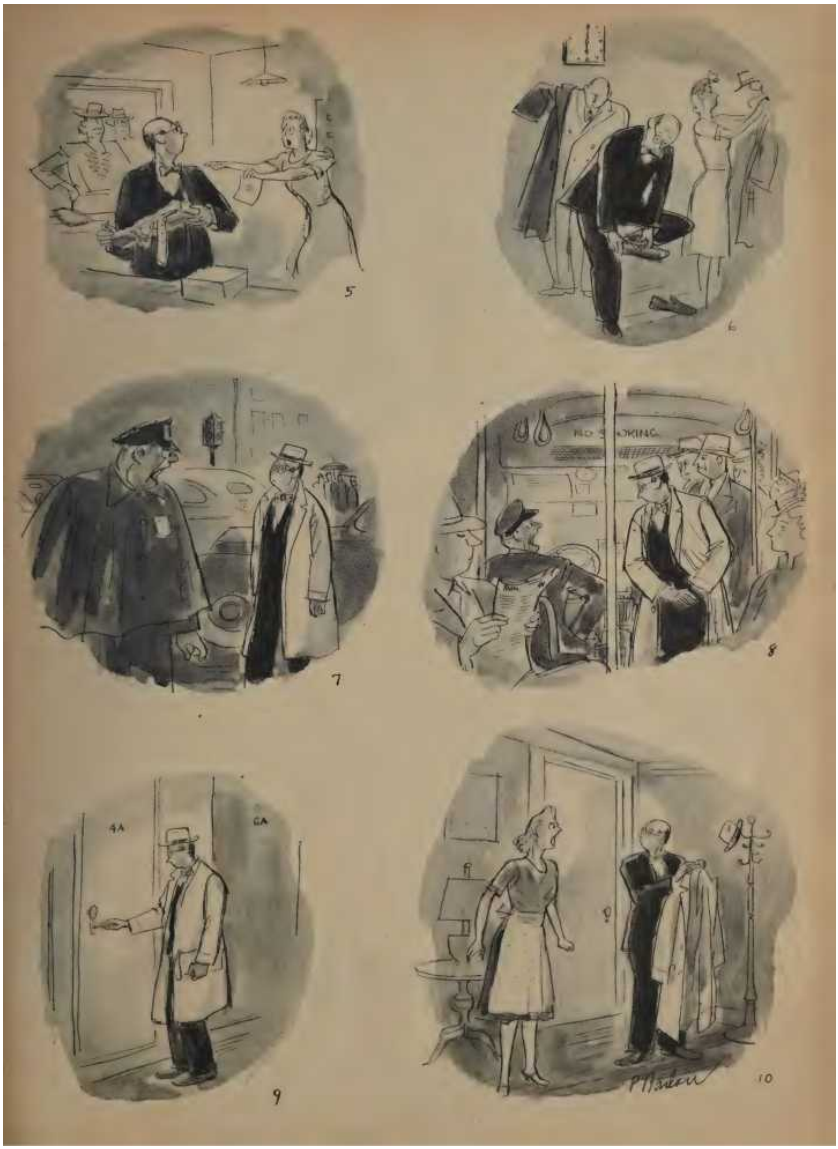
The waiter nodded and turned away, his shoes dragging through the darkened, two-day-old sawdust.

“Give me another nickel,” the girl said to the man. “Please. I’ll play a nice, cheerful record this time, a Crosby. I promise I will.” ,

—Brendan Gill

Reliable family wants to rent 314 bedroom house, convenient to transportation. DE 9-7444.—Adv. in the Times.

Sounds like reliability gone wild.



A KEPORTEK ON OKINAWA

SOMETHING of the wide, |~5UICIDEV AND BUJHVHACKER5 ture
˚f attack. Suicide boats are □ vaudeville range of Eu-
attack weapons in themselves,

ropean warfare was seen in the where the emotional quality under-
with explosives and rocket launchers, set

Pacific Theatre for the first time when American Army and Marine troops, supported by hordes of ships, boats, planes, amphibious vehicles, land vehicles, and technicians and specialists of every description, invaded Okinawa on April 1st, Easter Sunday. Most of the items of this particular variety show had been seen singly on the Pacific stage before. The Philippines, for instance, offered the spectacle and problem of a large civilian population—something unknown till then in our series of Pacific landings. In the Marianas there were small-scale collaborations of the Army and the Marines, and it should be understood that in many points of training, equipment, and mental attitude the difference between the Army and the Marines is sharper than the difference between the American and the British armies in Europe. At Iwo Jima we employed our first full-dress armada of naval and air support, and in two or three other places there occurred that true rarity of the Pacific war, an artillery duel. But Okinawa had them all and in most respects had them bigger. On this island, filled to capacity by four hundred and fifty thousand somewhat bemused natives and seventy thousand desperate Japanese troops, as the Marines indulged in wild and hazardous bushwhacking, the Army simultaneously fought a great pitched battle of artillery, and ships and planes threw thousands of tons of shells in all directions, I felt for the first time that every piece in the complicated pattern of European war was present. There were also several weird and gaudy patches that were thoroughly and uniquely Pacific.

There was a great deal of Japanese suicide—a branch of hysteria the Japs have developed highly in this war— in many forms, all ingenious. It's true that our enemies on both fronts have turned to suicide, but the Germans saved it for what seems to the Western

mind the logical time—the end— whereas there is no sure indication that the current Jap suicide trend means the finish of the Japanese war effort. The Japanese on Okinawa have used suicide as a battle tactic and an active defense measure. They had done so elsewhere, but never so extensively or earnestly. On land and sea, their arrangements for defense were both strong and emotional, and every-

mined and nullified the strength. A matter of two thousand Japanese planes, representing an enormous outlay of equipment and first-line pilot talent, were shot down in the Okinawa area in the period of slightly more than two weeks I watched the operation, and though they did some damage to our smaller craft, such as destroyers, minesweepers, and LCSs, and created tensions and minor wounds elsewhere in the huge regatta, the net effect of it all was disproportionately and pitifully weak. Similarly, ashore, the best defensive preparations, which included large ammunition supplies and very Strong built-up positions, were not used- against us until after we had a grip on the island fatal to its defense and had poured men and supplies in unmolested.

Of the planes shot down, the greater number were bent on suicide, under the terms df the Japanese Kamikaze, or special-attack-force, training, which calls for “death simultaneously with a mortal blow to the enemy.” There are swimmers and small-boat crews, as well as airmen and other strange operatives still unmentionable, for security reasons, in this force whose members “are not expected to return.” Okinawa was a headquarters for the training of suicide swimmers and suicide boatmen. One morning, I was in a ship off the west shore when daylight overtook fifteen suicide swimmers in a canoe and on a raft aboard which they were approaching a nearby destroyer, and to a man they killed themselves instantly with grenades. The suicide swimmers are so designated because they leave their small craft for the final, personal ges-

to fire upon impact, in the bow.

Our ships were attacked at Okinawa by suicide swimmers, suicide boats, suicide planes, ordinary homespun bombing planes which "expected to return" (though they seldom did), shore batteries, mortars, torpedoes, and even a submarine or two, and on top of that they faced the passive threat of mines. On the day of the first suicide-plane raids, the Navy vessels and transports in the fleet just off our supply beaches shot down some hundred and twenty planes. In addition, a hundred and sixty Japanese aircraft were intercepted and shot down farther out at sea. There was no question that the planes were ticketed for suicide by the Kamikaze formula. Those fliers who managed to penetrate our awesome curtain of flak dived straight and with finality at the ships of their choice, apparently

picked at random. None of them would ever have entered this abattoir at all if they had had any thought of escape. They all rammed, or tried to ram, and none got away from the area while I was watching, which I did from a bouncing seat that at times I would gladly have traded for any other, in spite of the grisly fascination of the scene. Planes were coming in at intervals, in small batches, as best they could, and there was no way of telling, when you stepped into a Higgins boat bound across the harbor, under a peaceful sky, what would happen before you got where you were going. I was in an Army messenger boat on its regular run be-tweeM the flagship and the beach, with its usual cargo of a dozen couriers and passengers, and it was slapping blithely through the waves beneath a hot afternoon sun. The first warning of sudden visitors was an arm of antiaircraft fire which shot up from a ship close by, to be joined immediately by other arms darting from every direction. Riding the apex of this cone of fire was a two-motored Japanese plane. Its purpose became obvious when the pilot went into a clean, deliberate dive instead of making for higher, freer spaces. Three ships loomed off our port bow—a white hospital ship, a gray transport, and an LST-—-and one of them was his target. They followed him, groping and clutching. I could see black slugs swarm around him, and red tracer bullets, and this made me realize how

close he was—able to look down our personal throats in our personal small boat, if he cared to, and read the linings of our stomachs. I grabbed my helmet, put it on, and ducked behind the bulkhead. The others did the same. The coxswain had given up purposeful steering by now, having no idea which way to run, and we bounced around aimlessly and watched the wild race between a man intent on his destiny and guns that tried to forestall him. In spite of the plane's speed, it was an unequal race. Halfway down, a trimming of fire suddenly crept over the fuselage, and a moment later the plane twitched in its course just enough to make us doubtful about what its target was. Then the plane hit the water, skipped once, like a flat

~ stone, and broke into pieces. We still couldn't tell which ship it was that the pilot had chosen for his altar of immolation. He crashed between the hospital ship and the transport, and a couple

of hundred yards from us, but we did not note such points specifically until after we had picked ourselves off the bottom of the boat, to which we had dived to avoid - the fragments of plane flying over our | heads.

I was telling this story a few days later to a young soldier embroiled in the infantry and artillery business over on the far side of Okinawa, out of siˆ't of the shipping, and he listened couite-ously. “Is that so?” he said, when I had ducked my final fragment of the suicide plane. “Listen, did you know I fell off a cliff once in Leyte? We were going along . . .”

THE fact is that with three highly specialized operations in progress all at once in Okinawa and vicinity, the active, but submerged, combatants in each branch were apt to lose sight of those in the two others, and of the instruments of synchronization, which were applied at Okinawa bn such a vast scale. The battle area was small enough

<(Is it patriotic yet to ask for a raise?”

so that wanderers from zone to zone, like myself and the other war correspondents, could watch all three, or parts of all three. But on another day, when a suicide-plane raid almost as big as the first one befell our shipping, I had little mind for anything but the shells from the Jap land guns that were dropping around an Army command post a dozen miles away from the anchorage. Down in Army territory, at the south end of the island, when they did speculate on life in other regions, they would ask, “What about those Marines? Are they making any headway?” Now, the Marines —Okinawa was invaded by one corps composed of two Marine divisions and one corps of four Army divisions—had turned north from the landing beaches into wild, thinly defended country, while the Army, turning south, had bumped square against prepared Japanese defenses and the main part of the Jap defense force. By the time I began to hear the Army’s question about the Marines’ whereabouts, the Marines had ranged northward, over hill and gully, for great distances—great island distances—and one light-footed battalion had reached

the north tip of Okinawa, nearly fifty miles from the landing point. Reports of this sort of thing were mystifying to Army troops, considering their own circumstances, but they were hardly more mystified than the Marines themselves had been at the start of the jaunt north. So far as the Marines were concerned, the Okinawa invasion was like a fierce, bold rush by cops, hunting gunmen, into a house that suddenly turned out to be only haunted. Here and there, the Marines did get fleeting glimpses of an evil presence. One platoon was ambushed in a ravine by a small party of Jap soldiers. The first night ashore some infiltrating Japs slipped into a camp and bayoneted thirteen Marines in their foxholes. But mainly there was just open island, green, fresh, cool, scenic, and empty—empty except for thousands of civilians, whom the Marines firmly ignored and tried to avoid shooting. In their fury of frustration and puzzlement, however, they shot a little of even thing else, including a horse that came down the road near an encampment one night sounding like fourteen Jap soldiers. It was mowed down by outposts of a company commanded by

an adventurous young Marine from Atlantic City.

The sense of anticlimax was especially acute among the Marines to whom I was assigned during the landing operation. They belonged to the Fourth Marine Regiment, famous even among Marine regiments for its hardihood and fighting record. Its nucleus was a group of semi-Commandos known, at the time they began fighting on Guadalcanal, as the Marine Raiders, and it was commanded now by an old Raider leader, Colonel Alan Shapley, a big, golden-colored fellow with a golden past as the Naval Academy's greatest athletic hero of the twenties. On the way to Okinawa, Shapley had been depreciating to me the idea of supermen or supertroops—Raiders, Rangers, Commandos, and such. He said any regulation regiment of Army or Marines could do as well. But he added, "These boys of mine are very good, and they love to kill Japs. This will be a very tough show, but the boys are full of shooting." On D Day at Okinawa, these boys full of shooting rode in to the beaches in the amtracks, erect and fierce as always in their white war paint and steeled against the withering fire they had been promised for weeks. They rushed up the beaches and before they knew it—in two hours, to be accurate—had crossed their D-plus-three (or fourth-day) objective, the big Yontan airport. The thwarted Marines stared at the Okinawans and the otherwise empty landscape with twitching fingers. It was at this unfortunate juncture that a Japanese fighter-plane pilot elected to make a landing on Yontan Field. Plainly ignorant that Yontan was in our hands, he brought his neat little green fighter down gracefully and taxied to a stop near what had been the Japanese operations office. In five seconds his plane was full of holes of every calibre from every gun around the airstrip. Appreciating that the situation was unfavorable, the pilot got out of the plane with his revolver drawn and was immediately full of holes himself. "I'm sorry the boys were so damn impulsive," said Shapley later. "He would have been a good prisoner."

BY dawn of the third day ashore,

[1] the Marines I was with were ready to jump off in the final move of forty-five hundred yards, which would bring them to the eastern shore of Ishikawa Isthmus, on the opposite side of the island from where they had landed.

FONG FOR A BEFT-FELLER

INSPIRED BY A RUMOR THAT THE GOVERNMENT IS PREPARING RATION BOOK NO. 5 FOR FALL DISTRIBUTION

With eagerness akin to love,

With pulse and spirit pounding equal,

I wait the publication of

My favorite author's newest sequel—

Another opus in the series

Of which no housewife ever wearies.

I know its title—Number 5

War Ration Book, and thus and so on; Know 'twill prove timely, terse, alive,

But that is all I have to go on.

I palpitate in every sinew At how the story will continue.

Book Number 1 was brief and taut,

A prologue merely, understated.

Two had a somewhat meatier plot.

Three came profusely illustrated. But Volume 4, though starting duller, Wound up with action, interest, color.

In Four did all the passions rage—

Sorrow, delight, pain, disappointment.

What mysteries on every page!

What flies to match each pot of ointment! From thrill to breathless thrill progressing, It kept the reader madly guessing.

(In fact, there were but few, I think, .

Who really fathomed what it all meant.) So now I stand upon the brink

Of opening the next installment. Will it conclude the tale, or, hammily, Go on and on, like “One Man’s Family”?

What fate will overtake the Blue?

Will all the Reds remain unbending?

Whom will the Shortage still pursue?

Can we expect a happy ending?

And will Supply burst out of deadlock To join Demand in holy wedlock?

Ah, who can answer, who can say, Excepting God and O. P. A.?

Until the book at last is m”[1^].

I only wait, and wait in rc .

—Phyllis McGinley

Three battalions were going to take part in the attack. The night had been an eerie one in our dew-drenched camp on a pine-covered ridge dividing two ravines. There had not been time to flush all the ravines and caves, and we had by now heard the story of the

thirteen Marines who were bayoneted in their holes the night before. We watched the pink glow of a brush fire that exploding shells had started beyond the next hill. “By God, this is verv mysterious. Know what I mean?” said Lieutenant Colonel Fred Beans, executive officer of the regiment, as the boys looked around desperately for something to shoot. In the matter of civilians, they showed commendable restraint, especially considering that ev-

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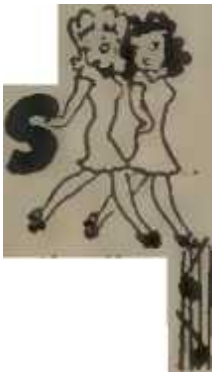

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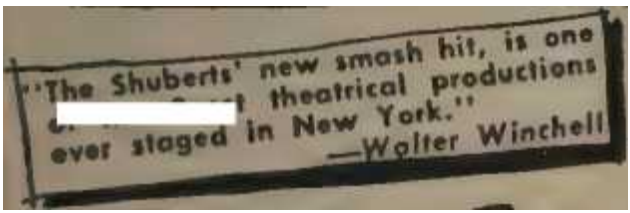

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prints for trading purposes. Bidding was brisk in our camp. One sailor gave a Marine twelve pictures for a little stained Japanese flag and an opium pipe. After a while everybody began to look around for a warm place to sleep.

Shapley's staff had lent me a cot and a blanket, and I spread the blanket and my poncho over me and lay thinking about infiltrators. The valleys and caves around the camp were mainly unflushed and unsearched. Pretty soon it was no longer necessary to imagine sounds or magnify little rustlings in the dark. I heard a good, substantial sound on my left, and it got closer and louder—it was something any lifetime subway passenger could immediately identify as a Jap soldier crawling on his hands and knees and making a slight added shuffling noise caused either bv asthma or a knife held between his teeth. I glanced at Colonel Beans' cot and saw that he was healthily comatose. .1 reached under my bed for my canteen to use defensively, and felt my hand being nosed and

then licked, in the slow, appreciative manner of a connoisseur, by something which gradually took shape in the darkness as a goat. I found in the morning that it was a white goat. It stayed with me all night, occasionally going under the cot and butting me morosely through the canvas. “It’s not a matter of this goat liking you better than anybody else,” said Beans when he woke up, apparently fearing that I might have derived some false vanity from the experience. “You’re in a Marine camp, and goats are naturally attracted to Marines. We’ve been having this kind of infiltration all over the Pacific. It’s a wonder more of them don’t get shot.”

HAVING crossed the island, the Marines now began a campaign of systematic bushwhacking through the wild and rugged northern two-thirds of Okinawa. The Fourth Regiment moved up the eastern coast in leapfrog style: the lead company of the lead bat-

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talion would turn left up the first road leading inland to search for Japs, while the next company went ahead to flush the next road, and so on till the first unit, its work done, moved up through the others to take the lead again. Warships cruised alongshore parallel to this advance, ready to lend support with their big guns in case of trouble. However, little game was found till the Marines began to scour the big Motobu Peninsula, on the west shore of the island. There—as on the tiny island of Ie, off Motobu, on which Ernie Pyle was killed, almost at the end of a quick and otherwise unnoteworthy little special campaign—Japs to the number of perhaps two regiments, scattered at the time of the landing, had reformed into tight defensive pockets, and it took some fighting to break these up. The Marines who had been baffled and gun-eager on landing day final-ly got their shooting on Motobu Peninsula. Some were killed and wou'nded, but not to the extent of really impressing their colleagues. One of my last memories of this phase of Okinawa is of a Marine six feet three in height running up to the field hospital carrying a dead snake, perhaps eighteen inches long, by the tail. "Look at this son of a bitch! " he yelled excitedly to the medical corpsmen who were tending the wounded on litters. "He almost got me! If I hadn't been expecting something like this ever since we landed, he would of got me!"

We had heard by now that the Army, at the other end of the island, had run into one of the greatest Jap defensive battles of the war, and since the story was now there and no longer among the Marines, I went south.

—John Lardner

(This is the first of two articles on the invasion of Okinawa.)

Personable Young Ensign wants to meet attractive girl, 18 to 24 years, with imagination, good sense of humor, who likes dancing and outdoor sports and does not smoke. Box M.F. 1532 Chronicle.

Any girl in trouble or distress apply to Brigadier May Wilmer, the Salvation Army headquarters, 115 Valencia st., San Francisco, MArket 5202.—San Francisco Chronicle.

And so it goes.

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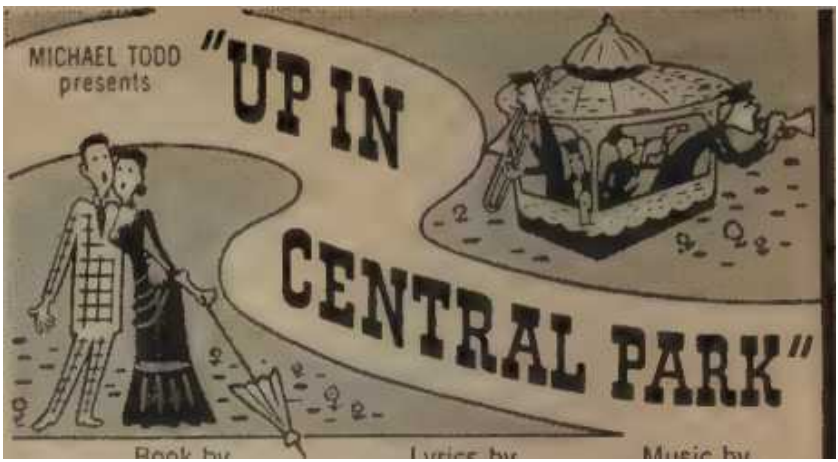

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THE RACE TRACK

They''re Off and Running

At midnight on V-E day, CBS listeners heard Molotov, in San Francisco, acknowledge the surrender of Germany and pledge his country to continue to fight for a free world. His words concluded the network's 150th broadcast of the day.

Between December 7, 1941 and May 8,1945, CBS broadcast a total of 52,834 war programs. Of these more than 20,000 reported the forward march toward victory. The balance —some 32,000 programs—urged the American people to back up their fighting men.

Columbia's unremitting efforts since Pearl Harbor to keep the American people clearly and fully informed were summed up by Paul W Kesten, executive vice-president:

‘Tn 1918, America was conscious of a mission successfully completed. Today, there is recognition of a responsibility that must be continued, if peace is to be assured. Today marks a pause only long enough to turn the full force of our attention westward—to San Francisco and to Tokyo.. .We at Columbia will devote no less energy tomorrow than we did yesterday to the further successful prosecution of the war, and securing of the peace!’ *

Last autumn when it became reasonably apparent that war in Germany might end within reasonable reach of some time or other, Norman Corwin was commissioned to do something about it. So he wrote a great and prophetic program called On A Note of Triumph. It went on CBS at 9 p.m. EWT, May 8. A torrent of approval poured in, and the program was repeated Sunday, May 13 at 11:00 p.m. EWT. Simon & Schuster brought the text of it out as a book on May 16. You will be well advised to read it, at least every May 30 —and (better) often between times.

★

Please remember to buy that War Bond

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BROADCASTING SYSTEM

IT may be premature to hum “Happy Days Are Here Again.” On the other hand, I’m afraid that I can’t agree with a horseplayer crony who, after noting that seven out of nine favorites were beaten at the Narragansett opening last Saturday, remarked that a lot of people must be wishing now that Vinson hadn’t lifted that ban. Well, all the favorites have been beaten many an afternoon at Narragansett and nobody minded too much. My possibly prejudiced opinion is that on Saturday the big crowd

simply wanted racing and that none of the spectators would have been any more pleased if Devil Diver had won both divisions of the Inaugural Purse—I fancy he could have easily, if he had been on hand that day—than they were over the triumphs of that pair of considerably less distinguished animals, Bar Willow and Castleman.

BY now everybody knows that the New York season will begin next Monday. There will be a fortnight of racing at Jamaica to start with, and Belmont, Aqueduct, and Empire City, which follow, will have three weeks apiece.. The Saratoga Association will have four weeks, from August 6th to September 1st. I regret to predict, as C. Knapp will regret to hear, that the meeting will be run at Belmont Park. The transportation situation will be the same as in 1944. The Long Island Railroad will run extra sections of regular trains, but, to discourage the holders of A cards, the track’s automobile parking lots will stay closed.

It's a little hard to understand why the start of the New York season is being delayed. Several tracks have already opened. Both Narragansett and Sportsman's Park, a gay little half-miler in Cicero, Illinois, opened last Saturday; California's Santa Anita, Baltimore's Pimlico, and the Keeneland meeting at Lexington, Kentucky, opened this week. Putting on a race meeting is a fairly complicated proceeding, but the Jamaica management wasn't caught entirely unawares. The stands and grounds have been kept swept and garnished for a month. The loose ends of the parimutuel department will be tied up at dress rehearsals of the sellers and cashiers this week. Right now, the major preoccupation of the management, and of Jack Campbell, the racing secretary, is

taking nominations for the stakes races to be run at the meeting. The Experimental Free Handicap, for which all the better three-year-old's are eligible, will be run next Monday. I'm sorry to say that I haven't the slightest notion who's going to win it, because Esteem, whom I admire, developed a cough the other morning. The Paumo-nok will be run on Thursday and the Excelsior on Saturday. Devil Diver, one of this department's pets, is training awfully well and may start in one of these two races. He is

also scheduled to run in the Grey Lag, on June 2nd. The Wood Memorial, which is the most important event of the meeting and which serves as a public trial for the classic races for three-year-olds, will be run on Memorial Day.

There are, by the way, three hundred and thirty colts and fillies of that age in training now at the Long Island tracks. Step right up and take your pick. Mine is Pavot. The Kentucky Derby, one of the classics I was just speaking about, which will be run at Louisville on June 9th, closed with a hundred and fifty-five nominations, an unusually large number.

Notes on a Salvaged Race Card :

A colt was foaled in Frenchy Rosen's barn at Aqueduct last week, the • first time such a thing has happened at a race track in ever so Ions. . . . The grooms and exercise boys at Belmont had what they called a Victory for Rac- -ing celebration after they heard over their radios that the ban had been lifted. . . . The first casualty of the

training season is By Jimminy, who went lame after a workout. . . . Colonel Martingale, who had been farmed out to Lend Lease or something during the shutdown, is back watching the morning gallops and preparing a list of Horses to Remember. —Audax Minor

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS [From “Passing Strange," by Richard Sale]

Two minutes later I seized the baby by its left foot and extracted it. Some baby. A nice plump boy. “Nine pounds if he goes an ounce,” 1 said cheerfully.—Page 42.

Then she came over and planted a wad of lipstick on my cheek. “That, my boy, is for the perfectly beautiful little daughter you gave me an assist on.”—Page 253, same mamma, same baby.

So the war's all over! So you're celebrating . . . taking a few days off . . . having fun! Wait a minute, brother! Know what it's like to lie in a foxhole and hear the unearthly scream of "Banzai" in the night? blow it feels to have your guts torn out by shrapnel? How you'd face the future with aluminum where a leg used to be? Or with your sight in the head of a dog? For God's sake, get back to work . . . buy more bonds . . . give more blood. Every little bit you do

is important. Remember, the shorter the war, the fewer American boys killed.

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LETTER. FROM LONDON

May 12 (by cable) HE big day started off here with a coincidence. In the last hours of peace, in September, 1939, a violent thunderstorm broke over the

city, making a lot of people think for a moment that the first air raid had begun. Early Tuesday morning, V-E Day, nature tidily brought the war to an end with an imitation of a blitz so realistic that many Londoners started awake and reached blurrily for the bedside torch. Then they remembered, and, sighing with relief, fell asleep again as the thunder rolled over the capital, already waiting with its flags.

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The decorations had blossomed on the streets Monday afternoon. By six that night, Piccadilly Circus and all the city's other focal points were jammed with a cheerful, expectant crowd waiting for an official statement from Downing Street. -Movie cameramen crouched patiently on the rooftops. When a brewer's van rattled by and the driver leaned out and yelled 'It's all over," the crowd cheered, then went on waiting. Presently word spread that the announcement would be delayed, and the day, which had started off like a rocket, began to fizzle slowly and damply out. Later in the evening, however, thousands of Londoners suddenly decided that even if it was not yet V-E Day, it was victory, all right, and something to celebrate. Thousands of others just went home quietly to wait some more.

When the day finally came, it was like no other day that anyone can remember. It had a flavor of its own, an extemporaneousness which gave it something of the quality of a vast, happy village fete as people wandered about, sat, sang, and slept against a summer background of trees, grass, flowers, and water. It was not, people said, like the 1918 Armistice Day, for at no time was the reaction hysterical. It was not like the Coronation, for the crowds were larger and their gaiety, which held up all through the night, was

obviously not picked up in a pub. The day also surprised the prophets who had said that only the young would be resilient enough to celebrate in a big way. Apparently the desire to assist in London's celebration combusted spontaneously in the bosom of every member of every family, from the smallest babies, with their hair done up in red-white-and-blue ribbons, to beaming elderly couples who, utterly without self-consciousness, strolled up and down the streets arm in arm in red-white-and-

blue paper hats. Even the dogs wore immense tricolored bows. Rosettes sprouted from the slabs of pork in the butcher shops, which, like other food stores, were open for a couple of hours in the morning. With their customary practicality, housewives put bread before circuses. They waited in the long bakery queues, the string bags of the common round in one hand and the Union Jack of the glad occasion in the other. Even queues seemed tolerable that morning. The bells had beˆun to peal and, after the night's storm, London was having that perfect, hot, English sum

mer's day which, one sometimes feels, is to be found only in the imaginations of the lyric poets.

THE girls in their thin, bright dresses heightened the impression that the city had been taken over by an enormous family picnic. The number of extraordinarily pretty young girls, who presumably are hidden on working days inside the factories and government offices, was astonishing. They streamed out into the parks and streets like flocks of twittering, gaily plumaged cockney birds. In their freshly curled hair were cornflowers and poppies, and they wore red-white-and-blue ribbons around their narrow waists. Some of them even tied ribbons around their bare ankles. Strolling with their uniformed boys, arms candidly about each other, they provided a constant, gay, simple marginal decoration to the big, solemn moments of the day. The crowds milled back and forth between the Palace, Westminster, Trafalgar Square, and Piccadilly Circus, and when they got tired they simply sat down wherever they happened to be—on the grass, on doorsteps, or on the curb—and watched the other people or spread handkerchiefs over their faces and took a nap Everybody appeared determined to see the King and Queen and Mr. Churchill at least once, and few could have

been disappointed. One small boy, holding onto his father's hand, wanted to see the trench shelters in Green Park too. "You don't want to see shelters today," his father said. "You'll never have to use them again, son." "Never?" the child asked doubtfully. "Never!" the man cried, almost angrily. "Never! Understand?" In the open space before the Palace, one of the places where the Prime Minister's speech was to be relayed by loudspeaker at three o'clock, the crowds

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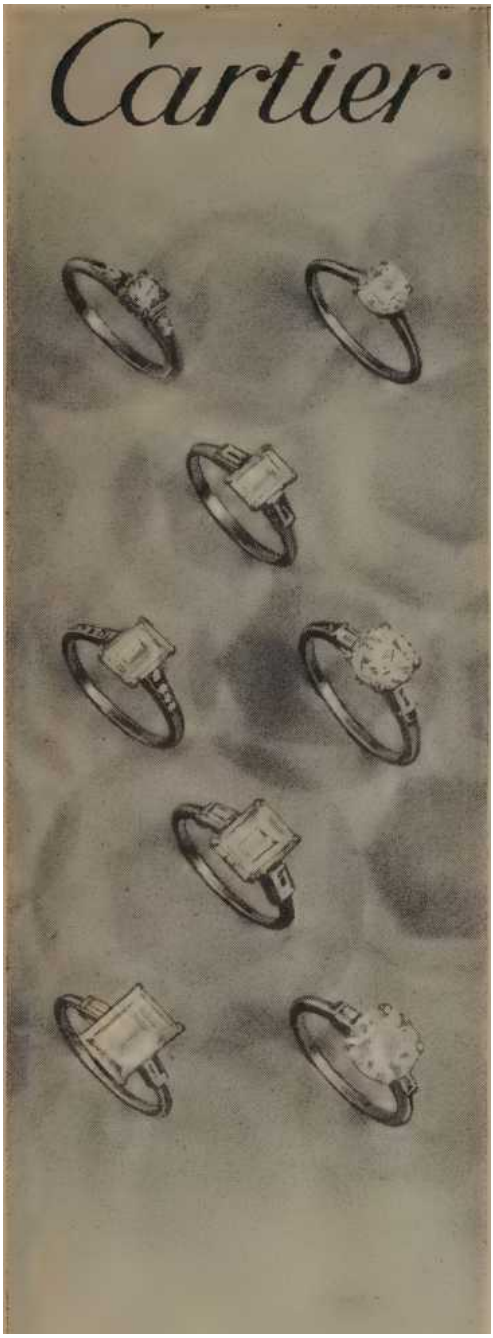

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seemed a little intimidated by the nearness of that symbolic block of gray stone. The people who chose to open their lunch baskets and munch sandwiches there among the flowerbeds of tulips were rather subdued. Piccadilly Circus attracted the more demonstrative spirits.

By lunchtime, in the Circus, the buses had to slow to a crawl in order to get through the tightly packed, laughing people. A lad in the black beret of the Tank Corps was the first to climb the little pyramidal Angkor Vat of scaffolding and sandbags which was erected early in the war to protect the pedestal of the Eros statue after the figure had been removed to safekeeping. The boy shinnied up to the top and took a tiptoe Eros pose, aiming an imaginary bow, while the crowd roared. He was followed by a paratrooper in a maroon beret, who, after getting up to the top, reached down and hauled up a blond young woman in a very tight pair of green slacks. When she got to the top, the Tank Corps soldier promptly grabbed her in his arms and, encouraged by ecstatic cheers from the whole Circus, seemed about to enact the classic role of Eros right on the top of the monument. Nothing came of it, because a moment later a couple of G.Ls joined them and before long the pyramid was covered with boys and girls. They sat jammed together in an affectionate mass, swinging their legs over the sides, wearing each other's uniform caps, and calling down wisecracks to the crowd. "My Go5," someone said, "think of a flying bomb coming down on this!" When a firecracker went off, a hawker with a tray of tin brooches of Monty's head happily yelled that comforting, sometimes fallacious phrase of the blitz nights, "All right, mates, it's one of ours! "

All day long, the deadly past was for most people only just under the surface of the beautiful, safe present, so much so that the government decided against sounding the sirens in a triumphant "all clear" for fear that the noise would revive too many painful memories. For the same reason, there were no salutes of guns—only the pealing of the bells, and the whistles of tugs on the Thames sounding the doot, doot, doot, dooooot of the V, and the roar of the planes, which swooped back and forth over the city, dropping red and green signals toward the blur of smiling, upturned faces.

, FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET

New York 22, N.Y. PLazaS-Olll

IT was without any doubt Churchill's day. Thousands of King George's subjects wedged themselves in front of

the Palace throughout the day, chanting ceaselessly "We want the King" and cheering themselves hoarse when he and the Queen and their daughters appeared, but when the crowd saw Churchill, there was a deep, full-throated, almost reverent roar. He was at the head of a procession of Members of Parliament, walking back to the House of Commons from the traditional St. Margaret's Thanksgiving Service. Instantly, he was surrounded by people —people running, standing on tiptoe, holding up babies so that they could be told later they had seen him, and shouting affectionately the absurd little nurserymaid name, "Winnie, Winnie! " One of two happily sozzled, very old, and incredibly dirty cockneys who had been engaged in a slow, shuffling dance, like a couple of Shakespearean clowns, bellowed, "That's 'im, that's 'is little old lovely bald 'ead! " The crowds saw Churchill again later, when he emerged from Commons and was driven off in the back of a small open car, rosy, smiling, and looking immensely happy. Ernest Bevin, following in another car, got a cheer too. One of the throng, an excited East Ender, in a dress with a bodice concocted of a Union Jack, shouted, "Gawd, fancy me cheering Bevin, the chap who makes us work!" Herbert Morrison, sitting un-, obtrusively in a corner of a.- third car, was hardly recognized, and the other Cabinet Ministers did no better. The crowd had ears, eyes, and throats for no one but Churchill, and for him everyone in it seemed to have the hearing, sight, and lungs of fifty men. His slightly formal official broadcast,

which was followed by buglers sounding the • “cease firing” call, did not strike A ˆe emotional note that had been : expected, but he hit it perfectly in his subsequent informal speech (“My dear friends, this is your victory . . .”) from a Whitehall balcony.

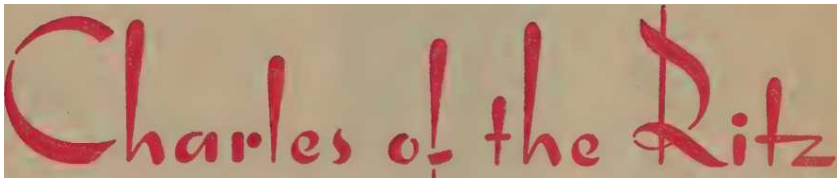
All day long, little extra celebrations started up. In the Mall, a model of a Gallic cock waltzed on a pole over the heads of the singing people. “It’s the Free French,” said someone. The Belgians in the crowd tagged along after a Belgian flag that marched by, its bearer invisible. A procession of students raced through Green Park, among exploding squibs, clashing dustbin lids like cymbals and waving an immense Jeyes Disinfectant poster as a banner. American sailors and laughing girls formed a conga line down the middle of Piccadilly and cockneys linked arms in the Lambeth Walk. It was a day and night of no fixed plan and no organized mer- x

riment. Each group danced its own dance, sang its own song, and went its own way as the spirit moved it. The most tolerant, self-effacing people in London on V-E Day were the police, who simply stood by, smiling benignly, while soldiers swung by one arm from lamp standards and laughing groups tore down hoardings to build the evening’s bonfires. Actually, the police were not unduly strained. The extraordinary thing about the crowds was that they were almost all sober. The number of drunks one saw in that whole day and night could have been counted on two'hands'—possibly because the pubs were sold out so early. The young service men and women who swung arm in arm down the middle of every street, singing and swarming over the few cars rash enough to come out, were simply happy with an immense holiday happiness. They were the liberated people who, like their counterparts in every celebrating capital that night, wereToung enough to outlive the past and to look forward to an unspoilt future. Their gaiety was very moving.

JUST before the King’s speech, at nine Tuesday night, the big lamps outside the Palace came on and there were cheers and ohs from children who had never seen anything of that kind in their short, blacked-out lives. As the evening wore on, most of the public buildings were floodlighted. The night was as warm as midsummer, and London, its shabbiness now hidden and its domes and

remaining Wren spires warmed by lights and bonfires, was suddenly magnificent."The handsomest building of all was the National Gallery, standing out honey-colored near a ghostly, blue-shadowed St. Martin's and the Charles I bit of Whitehall. The illuminated and floodlighted face of Big Ben loomed like a kind moon. Red and blue lights strung in the bushes around the lake in St. James's Park glimmered on the sleepy, bewildered pelicans that live there.

By midnight the crowds had thinned out some, but those who remained were as merry as ever. They went on calling for the King outside the Palace and watching the searchlights, which for once could be observed with pleasure and without apprehension. Tired couples sat down, holding hands, and watched livelier people dancing around the little bonfires that burned here and there in the parks. A Canadian boy said to his English girl, "I hope you never have to have another celebration like this in your lifetime, Pat, but if you do I'll be



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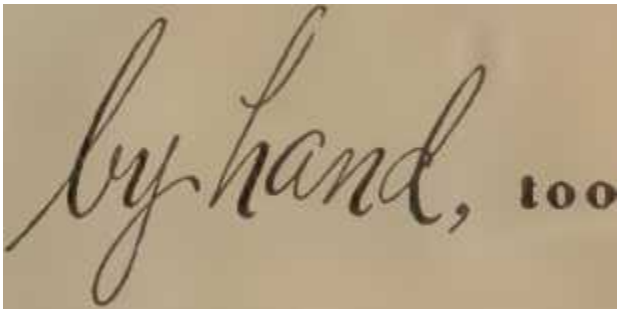

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At last, when the floodlights were turned oft, people began to straggle home, some of them still singing. For thousands of them, home that night had to be a sheltered doorway or the grass under a tree in the park, because the tubes and buses had stopped running hours before and taxi drivers, like everyone else, had taken the day off. The celebrating spirit continued through the next day, which was declared a holiday, and more crowds poured into the center of town to sing, cheer, wave their colors, and yell for Churchill. On V-E Day plus one, it seemed fitting that the first visit of the King and Queen should be to the East End, a section of town which had particularly good reason to celebrate. In Stepney, the visit was announced only at the last minute, by police who drove through the district in cars equipped with loudspeakers. Consequently, the narrow, dirty little streets were lined with hundreds of people instead of the thousands there would have been had there been more notice. In the crowd were three spectacled rabbis, some old ladies clutching shawls, lots of noisy, excited kids climbing up on walls, service men home on leave, and girls with frizzy, elaborate hairdos. At one point along the route, there was a huge crater where the last V-2 to fall on London had crashed down one March

morning among some large blocks of Council flats, destroying two of them and killing more than a hundred and thirty people, including the members of some family parties that had been celebrating the return of soldier sons. “As soon as ever I was told the King and Queen was coming, I knew they’d come to our incident,” one of the shawled old ladies said proudly. Dozens of little flags made a good show among the ruined houses and the excitement of the people was, if anything, wilder than it had been in the West End the night before. When the royal car turned up, the people broke through the cordon of good-humored policemen and stormed toward the visitors. It was evident that everybody in the battered street interpreted the royal visit as a personal compliment. A young man with a pale, intelligent face said, “ They’re feeling fine round here. You should have seen the bonfires last night. Every little street had one. Burning the bunks out of the shelters, they were. Well, they’ve had a bad time and now it’s over. They’ve got a right to feel fine if anybody has.”

—Mollie Panter-Downes

OF ALL THINGS

THE United Nations’management would like the Japanese to know that the apparent lack of interest in their affairs was caused by pressing engagements elsewhere. The Japs are assured that their case will now receive everyone’s undivided attention.

It can hardly be denied that the Nazis were consistent. They ended their war as they began it, by murdering the Czechs.

•

One of the most delightful reports of the week was that Montgomery had captured Heinrich Himmler. At last we had the makings of a really fascinating quiz program.

A million or more of our soldiers will be coming back before the year is out. They should be happy here once they get used to the American, or vegetarian, way of life.

•

Hermann Goering's attempts to whitewash himself were singularly unsuccessful. The War Crimes Commission has a list of his foul deeds as big as his waistline.

• -

Dr. Soong says that China has received bushels of worthless peace overtures from the Japanese government. At any rate, the stuff must have helped to relieve the paper shortage.

•

. The lack of harmony in the San Francisco opera house is distressing, but there is a silver lining. The Berlin propaganda bureau is in no position to enjoy the situation.

•

Eisenhower announces that soldiers who have fought on both the African and the European fronts will not be sent to the Pacific. The only other front these men will have to see is the home one.

•

The appointment of Robert Hanne-gan as Postmaster General is in accord with traditional American political practice. The man who manages a successful campaign is entitled to read everybody's postcards.

—Howard Brubaker

Marlboro
The Cigarette of Distinction
For Him or Her
PLAIN ENDS
IVORY TIPS
Specially for Her
BEAUTY TIPS
(red)
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC.
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS
DO SHARE your Marlboros with him! He too appreciates their superb blend of richer, rarer tobaccos. So much extra smoking pleasure . . . merely a penny or two more!

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. . . mint-cool Oxford rayon crepe with littlegirl neckline, in these heart-lifting shades... Surprise Red, Serene Green, Crocus Yellow.

See it in our spirited collection of bright young dresses, handpicked to flatter you. 10 to 16. 22.95. /

MIDSUMMERS DREAM

LETTER. FR.OM PARJ5

May 11 (by wireless) IN Paris the war ended the way it began—with marching. It began with the French soldiers marching off to the war and it ended with the French civilians marching around into the peace. A frenzied spirit of enlistment seemed to take hold of the people of Paris the moment peace ceased being a rumor and became a fact, and by the hundreds of thousands they settled into restless ranks and began their parade. They started marching on Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock, just after the voice of General de Gaulle announced the great news over the government's street loudspeaker system, and

Haeckel

10 EAST 57th STREET

Major H. F. Jaeckel • Walter F. Jaeckel

Tracy Jaeckel • Murray Jaeckel

thousands were still marching at dawn the next morning. The

crowds marched in the sunshine and on into the night with the collective, wandering rhythm of masses who are not going anywhere but are feeling something which their marching together expresses. V-E Day here was like an occupation of Paris by Parisians. They streamed out onto their city's avenues and boulevards and took possession of them, filling them from curb to curb. They paved the Champs-Elysees with their moving, serried bodies. Around the Arc de Triomphe the marchers, pouring in from the spokes of the Etoile, solidified into a dangerous, living, sculptural mass which was swayed and pushed by its own weight until the marchers, limping and dishevelled, disengaged themselves to march back down the avenues and boulevards, in the dusty, beautiful spring heat.

The babble and the shuffle of feet drowned out the sound of the stentorian church bells that clanged for peace, and even the cannon firing from the Invalides and from the precincts of the Louvre were audible on the Place de la Concorde only as rumbling explosions, muffled by the closer noise of feet and tongues that were never still. The people in the crowds seemed to draw nourishment from each other, and the strength to go on down one more street, up one more avenue. Except for whatever food they may have brought from home and carried in their pockets, the marching masses lived on air and emotion. Restaurants were closed, aperitifs were scarce, beer was feeble. Peace and spring found the Parisians as badly victualled as they had been during the war and the winter, but now no one thought or cared about being hungry. All any

one cared about was to keep moving, to keep shouting, to keep singing snatches of the "Marseillaise"—"Le jour de gloire est arrive . . . mar chons, march-ons."

By midnight, on side streets near the Rond Point, the crowds had thinned enough for long lines of boys and girls, arms high and holding hands, to run, to crack the whip, to curvet and stretch out in antics, like long lines of noctambulistic paper dolls. Youth dominated the day and the night. It was youth that shouted with delight at the occasional skyrockets which cometed through the night sky, and it was youth, earlier in the day, that had screamed

with joy at the giant American planes which roared above the tops

of the chestnut trees on the Champs-Elysees and flirted deafeningly around the Obelisk. It was young Paris that was on foot and underfoot. It was the new postwar generation, running free and mixed on the streets, celebrating peace with a fine freedom which their parents, young in 1918, had certainly not known. And those Frenchmen, with their old ribbons and medals, who had fought through the last war were the quietest, the least free-moving of the Parisians among the street crowds during this week's peace. As one of these tired, middle-aged French veterans said, "That great world insomnia which is war has come to an end once again?'

France and the rest of Europe are tired to death of death, and of destruction. Much of the comfort which should have arrived automatically with the peace has been lost in the news of the German concentration camps, which, arriving near the end of the war, suddenly became the most important news of all its nearly six years of conquests, defeats, campaigns, and final victories. The stench of human wreckage in which the Nazi regime finally sank down to defeat has been the most shocking fact of modern times. Only dreadful natural phenomena like the earthquake in Lisbon in the time of Voltaire or the gases and ashes of Pompeii in the time of Pliny the Younger seem to have so horrified the world. The shootins is over, but the concentration-camp prisoners are now returning, or are being advertised for by families still waiting in vain at railway stations with diminishing hope. In Le Monde, under the brief heading "RECHERCHE," an ad-

“I don't see how I

could wear it without my girdle showing!'*

Though we have consecrated ourselves to the task of tanning the populace this Summer, from stem to midriff to stern, we have also concocted play clothes and bathing suits for those who don’t hold with our hot weather fashion dictum:— “The briefer, the barer ... the barer, the browner ... the browner, the more beautiful.” Wags may quip about the beach togs in Macy’s-By-The-Sea, and flippantly claim—“What’s there, leaves you bare,” but we haven’t forgotten to prepare for our more amply upholstered clientele too. The fact is, we are downright soft on those good customers of ours who like the great open spaces, but feel their place is not between bra and short. So

devoted are we, that we have arranged and stocked a special section of Macy’s-By-The-Sea, on the Third Floor and tactfully

called it the “Women’s Casual Shop.”

If you are a fine figure of a woman and need, say, a size 42 play suit, don’t think for a minute that Macy’s is unaware that big girls like to play toO. We’re the World’s Largest Store, and we're playful at times, so why not you ? The substantial women of our town have made us what we are today, so it’s only natural that we would make a special effort in behalf of well-rounded womanhood. Nor have we lost sight of the fact that though hips may be plump, many wallets are not, so Macy prices

for generous sizes are as usual in line with that good old Macy custom of making 94 cents act like a buck.

Now more than ever, 5 it's smart to be thrifty. macy s

SOPHISTICATED

«ˆ

'Mˆ

Coffee-ets\

You can take them any place, for their good taste is their ready acceptance. You'll like the delicately blended homemade flavor that only pure cream, fresh butter and fine coffee can give. So for that quick-up pick-up ask for those little pepper-uppers..... Miss Saylor's Coffee-ets. Your dealer should have them soon.

MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES, INC.

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RONRICO is created by the skilled hands of a master distiller, Write for FREE booklet, "The Hands of Time"- —fascinating analysis, of human hands. Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida.

Ronrico Rum, 86 Proof, U. 5. Representa live: Import Div.,McKesson & Robbins,inc

‘Copyright 1945

‘Trade Marks

vertisement has just been run that said, “Any persons having known Mmes. Marie-Louise Roure and Adrienne Baumer, deportees at the camp of Ra-vensbriick, and Louis Baumer, deported from the camp at Compiegne in June, 1944, are begged to furnish their information to Monsieur Remy Roure.” The Nazi program of non-military destruction has not been affected by the peace;-it is still continuing in the bodies of the camp prisoners now home but still sick or still crazy or still mutilated or still stone-deaf from blows on the head or still malodorous with running sores.

The vigilant resistance newspaper Le Franc-Tireur has demanded that returned prisoners who are strong enough be selected to serve as jurymen in the still to come trials of collaborationists, of which the trial of Marshal Petain, in June, will be the climax. The same paper has also had the disagreeable courage to say what thousands of prisoners’ families know is the truth—that the Ministry of Prisoners and Deportees functions, as it has functioned from the start, with inefficiency and confusion. Many prisoners have arrived without being met by officials, or even by their unnotified families, at the railway stations; the Ministry has not provided trucks, or even ambulances, for transportation ; and the pitiful thousand francs each prisoner receives as a government gift on returning home is doled out by an office which sportily observes la semaine anglaise and so is closed Saturdays to penniless prisoners who for

years have lost all count of money, let alone time. Furthermore, the wretched Spanish Republican prisoners who were plucked out of prewar French concentration camps by the Nazis and sent off to Germany are, on their return to La Belle France, being popped back into the same old camps again.

Some of the best and most highly educated brains of France, after imprisonment in Germany, are now being returned, ripened by isolation, suffering, hope, and misinformation. When a questionnaire was submitted to a select group of such men a few days ago, three trenchant reactions turned up repeatedly: No. 1, since they, the prisoners, had been informed in Germany that France was overrun by famine, anarchy, and civil war, they were relieved to find France merely suffering as usual from political party wrangles at the expense of national unity; No. 2, it was their opinion, formed in prison camp, that fear and lack of faith are

what push any nation into self-destructive attitudes, such as Munich and Collaboration; and No. 3, it was their opinion, formed since leaving prison, that the post-liberation Frenchmen are "somewhat too inclined to easygoingness, immorality, and selfishness."

NONE of the Paris newspapers thought of the great and simple headline "VICTORY," which both the Paris Herald Tribune and the Stars & Stripes used on their front pages on the historic Tuesday, May 8th. Most of the French dailies described Germany rather than the Allies in the favorite headline, which proclaimed, "L'ALLE-MAGNE A CAPITULE." General de Gaulle's paper, Les Nouvelles du Matin, gave over its front page to a fancy drawing of a female figure symbolic of France, with wings, laurels, Allied flags, and the headline "LA GUERRE EST FINIE." France-SoiFs headline was a great white "JOUR-V" on a deep black band. The Socialist Populaire used as its headline "LE REICH NAZI ABBATU." The Communist Humanite had no Tuesday headline at all, since it ignored the victory that day but celebrated it Wednesday, Moscow's V Day, with a seven-tier headline—or more headlines than anyone in Paris had ever seen before—which declared (we translate), "VICTORY ! ACCLAIMED ALL DAY YESTERDAY BY THE PEOPLE OF PARIS IN CELEBRATING THE MILITARY TRIUMPH OF THE UNITED NATIONS OVER HITLERISM. IN INNUMERABLE PARADES, IN

IMPROVISED MASS MEETINGS. EVERYWHERE WAS DECLARED THE WISH TO CRUSH THE RESIDUE OF HITLERISM. FROM ONE END OF THE LAND TO THE OTHER.

BUT ONE UNANIMOUS CRY: PETAIN TO THE GALLOWS! VIVE LA FRANCE! VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE ! ” The incorrigible Canard Enchaine, Paris’s favorite satiric gazette, celebrated the victory by publishing a cartoon of Hitler, dead and gone to heaven, where he starts the New Order by pinning a Jewish star of David on God’s chest.

Ironically enough, it was the Germans who had the last, as well as the first, word of the war, since it was Admiral Doenitz’s “cease prowling” order to his submarines that provided the peace news here. The headline in an early-Monday-afternoon special edition of France-Soir let the cat out of the bag. France-SoiPs studied headline once more made French the language for disseminating diplomatic information all

■P3i

Treasure— immeasurable By Time Or Space

Rare 'Jewels of the 'World. . . . these Winston treasures are finding then way into families who will revere them as heirlooms for the generations ta come. Because WinstQn jewels translate the treasure of the universe, their value mounts as the world grows older.,

Winston Jewels have long been known to the world’s foremost jewelers.Yfiur request to see the various Winston collectionsat a private showing in your city will be honored by fine Retailers of Jewels.... All Winston Jewels are stamped in the mounting for authenticity.

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Backless dress to turn you into a sun-worshipper . . . jacket, gay as a toreador's.

Of spun rayon ... lime, turquoise, or grapefruit with black embroidery . . . natural with red.

Sizes 10 to 16.

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over Europe. This headline announced, in huge type, "FIN DE GUERRE," and in small type beneath, "Sous-Marine," since in French the adjective dutifully follows the noun it modifies. The headline sold the paper like hot cakes; trained by four years of food shortage, Parisians queued up to buy the paper as they would queue up to buy anything good to eat if they could find it. But no one on the streets showed much reaction to the news. Expectant but still incredulous, a small crowd gathered after dinner on the Place de 1'Opera. There, at eight-thirty, a voice from a street loudspeaker announced that the peace had been signed that morning at Reims. The Allied national anthems were played. Strolling American soldiers, who understood no French but knew anthems when they heard them, stood on the sidewalk at salute, then lounged on; the French on the Cafe de la Paix terrace continued sipping their beer in the balmy evening twilight.

At half-past-ten that night, in the Allied Servicemen's Club in the Grand Hotel, an orchestra leader whose men had just finished playing and singing "And the tears flowed like wine" suddenly shouted to the dancers that the war was over, that tomorrow was V Day in Europe. A wild groan of joy went up from the men in uniform. Then they began capering extravagantly, their girls in their arms, to the tune of "Hallelujah." Afterward, tumbling out onto the boulevards, they started spreading the news to all Joes and to anyone French who would listen. But that night it was only the Americans, the optimists from across the Atlantic, who believed the good news about Europe.

Next morning, though, the French papers announced that at 3 P.M. the great news would be officially true. All Paris was dressed in its not very fine best and standing on its handsome boulevards waiting in the sun for the “Marseillaise” and the pronouncement of its leader de Gaulle. And then his for once impassioned, excited voice proclaimed victory, which had come at last.

Europe’s Five and a Half Years’ War is all over but the peace. — Genet

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[From the bulletin of a church in Charleston, IF. Fa.ˆ

8 A.M.

THE HOLY COMMUNION

Each week at this service, we remember a group of our men and women who are absent from us in the armed services. Today, we remember those whose last names begin with the letters A through D.

Jet PROPULSION
Lockheed leads again. The sensational jet-propelled
Lockheed SHOOTING STAR is the fastest, highest-flying super-fighter in all
the world. Again proof that Lockheed is years ahead in the science of flight.
LOOK TO Lockheed FOR LEADERSHIP
LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION, BURBANK, CALIFORNIA

Lockheed leads again. The sensational jet-propelled

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the world. Again proof that Lockheed is years ahead in the science of flight

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DRY tells you WHY!

• Rheingold is light but hearty —not bitter, not sweet. Its quality of DRYNESS lets the clean, clear, real-beer flavor come through. .

Due to the ever-increasing demand for Rheingold, your dealer may not always have enough to supply you.

But to up the quantity, we'd have to cut the quality. And that is something we'll never do. You can be sure that Rheingold will always be beer i ^^ 9 as beer should taste.

Copr. 194 5. Liebmann Breweries, Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y*

THE MIGHTY 7th WAR LOAN

THE VAYVAKD PKE55

THE great row over Edward Kennedy's Associated Press story of the signing of the German surrender at Reims served to point up the truth that if you are smart enough you can kick yourself in the seat of the pants, grab yourself by the back of the collar, and throw yourself out on the sidewalk. This is an axiom that I hope will be taught to future students of journalism as Liebling's Law. The important aspect of the row, I am sure, is not that Kennedy got his dispatch out of Europe before the SHAEF Public Relations bosses wanted him to but that only three representatives of the American press were admitted to one of the memorable scenes in the history of man, and they only on condition that they promise not to tell about it until the brigadier general in charge of public relations gave them permission. No correspondent of a newspaper published in the United States was invited to the signing; besides Kennedy, Boyd Lewis of the United Press, and James Kilgallen of Hearst's International News Service, the official list included four radio men, an enlisted correspondent for Stars & Stripes, and a collection of French, Russian, Australian, and Canadian correspondents. Whether a promise extorted as this one was, in an airplane several thousand feet up, has any moral force is a question for theologians. The only parallel I can think of offhand is the case of Harold the .Saxon, who was shipwrecked in the territories of William of Normandy at a time when Edward the Confessor was getting on in years. William, taking Harold into protective custody, made him swear not to claim the English throne after Edward died, but when Harold got home he cocked a snoot at William. Anglo-Saxon historians ,

have since expressed a good "

deal of sympathy for Harold's point of view, but the Church ,

held with William. I suppose that Kennedy should have refused to promise anything and thus made sure of missing an event that no newspaperman in the world would want to miss, but I can't imagine any correspondent's doing it.

I do not think Kennedy imperilled the lives of any Allied soldiers by

sending the story, as some of his critics have charged. He probably saved a few, be-

cause by withholding the announcement of an armistice you prolong the shooting, and, conversely, by announcing it promptly you make the shooting stop. Moreover, the Germans had broadcast the news of the armistice several hours before Kennedy's story appeared on the streets of New York, and Absie, the O.W.I.'s American Broadcasting Station in Europe, broadcast it in twenty-four languages, including English, within an hour after. The thing that has caused the most hard feeling is that Kennedy broke a "combination," which means that he sent out a story after all the correspondents on the assignment had agreed not to. But the old-fashioned "combination" was an agreement freely reached among reporters and not a pledge imposed upon the whole group by somebody outside it. Incidentally, the Times used to make its reporters at Police Headquarters stay out of combinations. The willingness of the large American news organizations in the European Theatre of Operations to be herded into the new-style combination, in return for favors that independent

ˆAs near

figure it, I get fourteen miles, 956 feet to the

journalists didn’t get, had led directly to the kind of official contempt for the press that the Reims arrangements indicated, with the accompanying view that opportunity to report history was what SHAEF calls a “SHAEF privilege,” like a Shubert pass. The .Associated Press was a leader in establishing this form of organized subservience, and the jam it now finds itself in is therefore a good illustration of the workings of Liebling’s Law.

For many years before this war, the editorial end of the American newspaper business had been turning from news gathering to shopping for a packaged, mass-produced wordage sold by the press associations and syndicates. A few newspapers, such as the Times and Herald Tribune here and the Tribune and Daily News in Chicago, went into wholesaling in a modest way themselves by setting up their own syndicates, principally to peddle European news. The war, coupled with the excess-profits tax (which made many businessmen decide that they might as well pay their extra'

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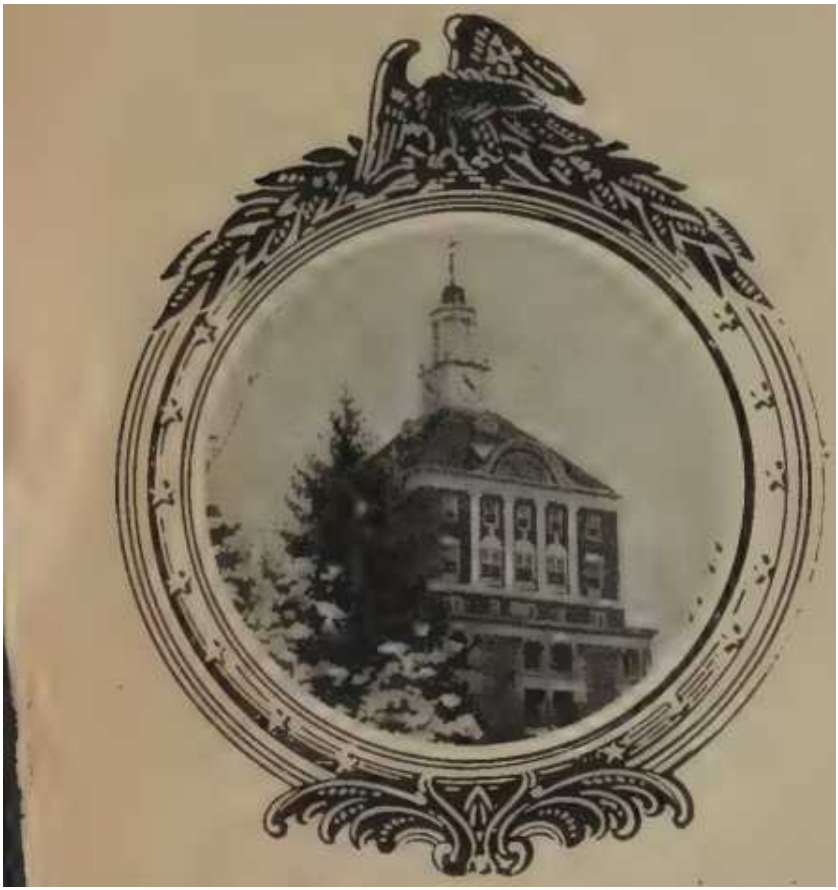

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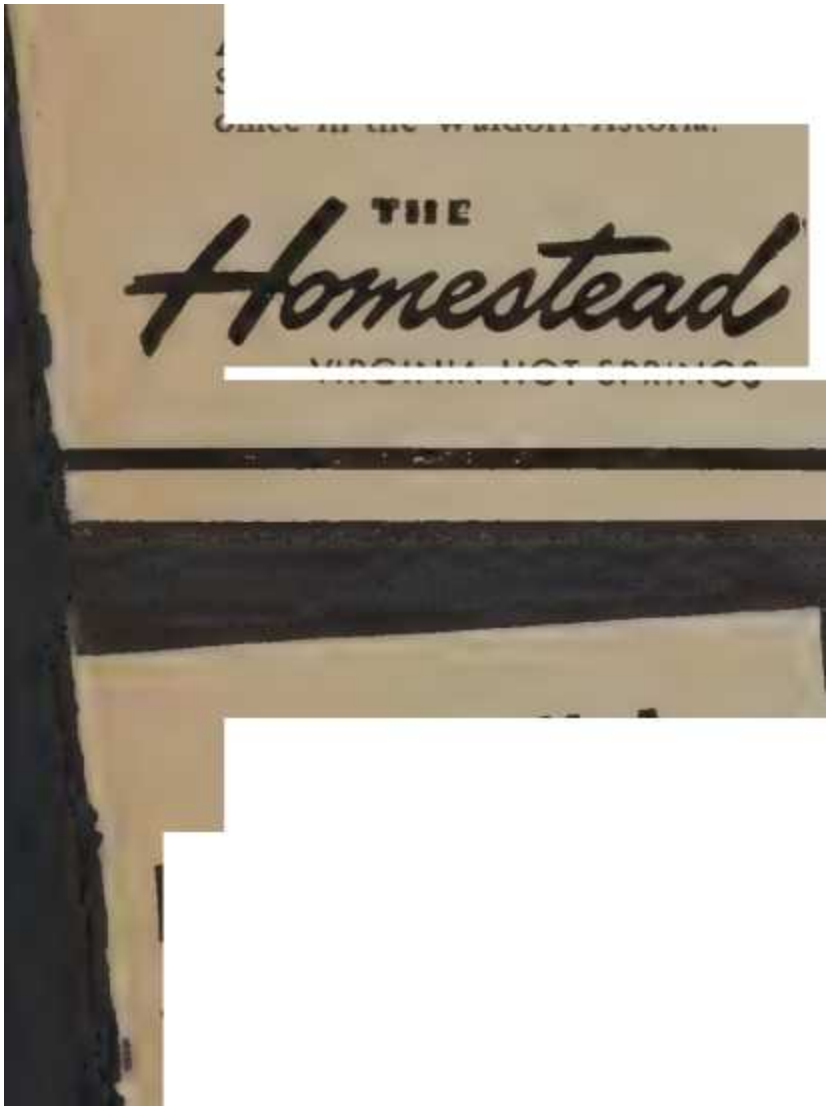


VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME when Hamiltons will ^^ ^

WAIT FOR

IMILTON

Ich Company—Makers of "The Watch oad Accuracy"—Lancaster, Pa.

money to employees as to the tax collector), put an end, in a number of cases, to the newspapers' depending entirely on this sort

of ready-made, or store, news, and scores of writers for magazines and newspapers began to arrive in the European Theatre of Operations. The large news organizations then faced the problem of proving that boughten coverage was not only cheaper but better than "original" reporting—say, Ernest Hemingway's. To accomplish this, they either suggested or accepted enthusiastically—it is not quite clear which—the Army's present principle of "limited facilities" for the coverage of news events. This meant that they concurred in the rear-area military maxim that there were never enough accommodations for the number of correspondents who wanted to see anything. The military, in return, conceded that the correspondents of the organizations which had large London bureaus should have first call on whatever accommodations there were. These bureaus established their importance with a SHAEF Public Relations personnel that seldom got out of London. The clearing house for the allotment of "facilities," which from then on assumed the character not of rights but of favors, was the Association of American Correspondents, whose headquarters were in London and which was dominated by the representatives of the large press organizations, and any facilities that were left over were distributed among the independent correspondents whom the members found most "reasonable." The key members of the Association further impressed the Public Relations soldiers with statistics about the number of readers each of their organizations served. The Associated Press claims to "fill the news needs of eight hundred million people," I.N.S. two hundred and twenty-five million, United Press (unaccountably modest) fifty-

five million “in the United States alone,” the Chicago Tribune syndicate a hundred and ten million, the Herald Trib-une syndicate ten million, the Times syndicate six million, and Time-Life, Inc., which managed to wedge its way into the Association at an early date, twenty-two million. Together with the major radio chains, which reach a good billion people each, these press associations and syndicates served about twice the population of the world. This total

does not even include the readers of the Chicago Daily News syndicate, figures for which arc not on hand at this writing. Having once accepted the principle of limitation (i.e., to members of the Correspondents’ Association) and having made a habit, for thirty

months, of shouting publicly, “Headquarters is always right!,” the dozen or so ruling members were hardly in a position to object when the Army decided on a further limitation of newspaper facilities—this time to zero.

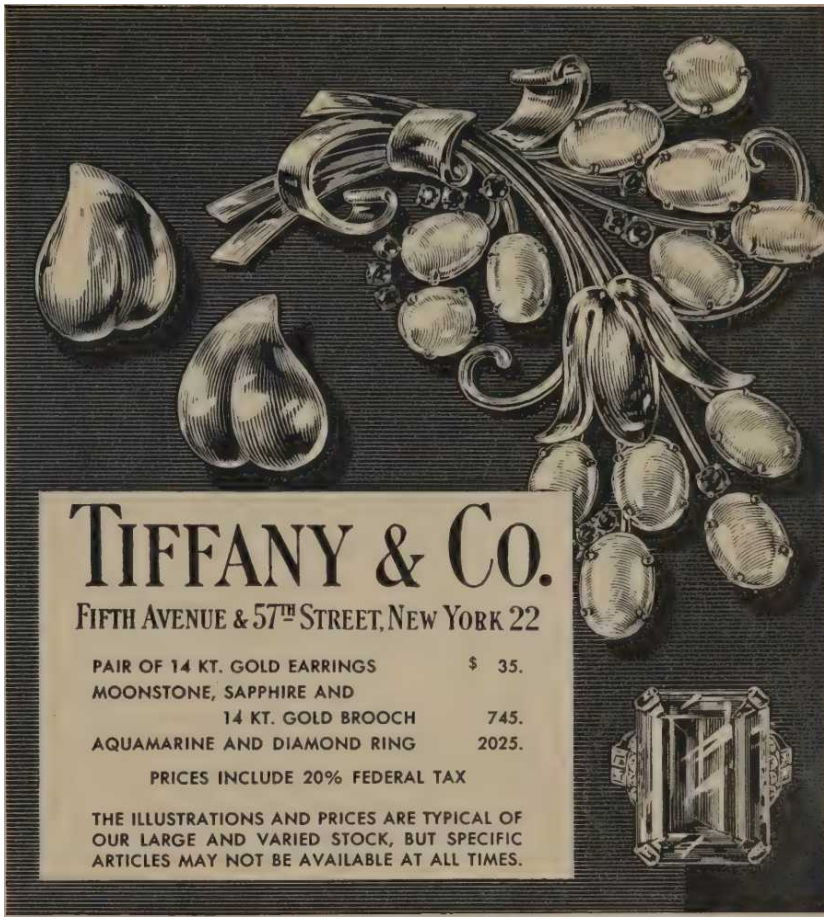
The story that amused me most during armistice week was the one that appeared in the Times of Wednesday, May 9th, under the headline “Fiasco by SHAEF at Reims Is Bared: Reporters Barred from Seeing Historic Signing of the German Surrender.” It was signed by Raymond Daniell, a sententious little man who, as chief of the Times’ London bureau, had been the chief promoter of the limitations scheme, back in 1942. “The correspondents never liked the Army’s plan, but they accepted it with reservations,” Daniell wrote. “What made them especially angry, however, was the fact that when the time came for the surrender, it was the Army’s plan for coverage in Berlin that was adopted, instead of an order of precedence drawn up at Dieppe by the newspaper representatives and followed ever since until last Sunday night by the Army where space was limited.” Daniell, as president of the Correspondents’ Association, had practically imposed the “order of precedence” on* the Army press-relations chief in London after the Dieppe what-was-it. His reason was that it turned out after the raid that Quentin Reynolds of Collier’s had been along without the sanction of the Association. It was never hinted that Reynolds’ presence had anything to do with the sanguinary unsuccess at Dieppe, but Daniell and his opposite numbers

in the other large news organizations nevertheless felt that magazine men should be discouraged. The bureau chiefs of the syndicates, conspicuously including Robert Bunnelle of the A.P., who is now involved in the Kennedy trouble, simply transferred to Europe the tendency of American district reporters to play ball with the police lieutenant on the desk. It is that which makes the rather splutter) rage of Brigadier General Frank Allen, the Supreme Headquar-

ters Press Relations chief, so comprehensible. The Brigadier feels like a keeper at the Zoo who has been butted in the behind by his favorite gazelle. What made Daniell especially angry, apparently, was that the military found room at the surrender ceremony for

twenty women friends of officers but left him standing outside. He seemed to feel that this was rubbing it in.

THE Kennedy explosion has, I imagine, done no harm, except possibly to Kennedy—one of my favorite reporters, I might add. The Russians have not declined to end the war because of it. Maybe, in the absence of opposition, the Russians would have had to stop anyway, although this does not seem to have occurred to Supreme Headquarters spokesmen. The Russians had their own surrender show in Berlin, and probably had a better publicity break on it than they would have had if the two surrenders had been announced simultaneously. (They could do with a public-relations counsel, anyway.) One unconditional surrender of the Reich a day is about as much as the public can absorb. Moreover, the row can do a lot of good if it brings into the clear the whole disturbing question of military censorship imposed for political, personal, or merely capricious reasons and reveals the history of the prodigious amount of pure poodle-faking that has gone on under the name of Army Public Relations. I remember the period in North Africa when, for reasons of "military security," no correspondent was allowed to say anything against Admiral Darlan even after he was dead, and when a dispatch of my own was censored because I said that anti-Fascist Frenchmen thought our indulgence of the Fascists silly (information which obviously would have been of great interest to the German General Staff). In France, last summer, another of my stories was held up a week because I wrote about the torture and execution of an American parachutist by Vichy militiamen. It was evidently important to military security that the American public shouldn't think hard of our enemies. "Horror stuff," by which the censors meant any mention of ugly wounds or indecorous deaths, was for a long time forbidden, but recently it has been found compatible with security. Somebody must have told whoever makes the rules that the Germans know about it. But the worst form of censorship was the preventive kind exercised by Public Relations, which, in any echelon higher than an army in the field, acted on the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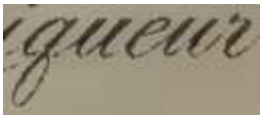

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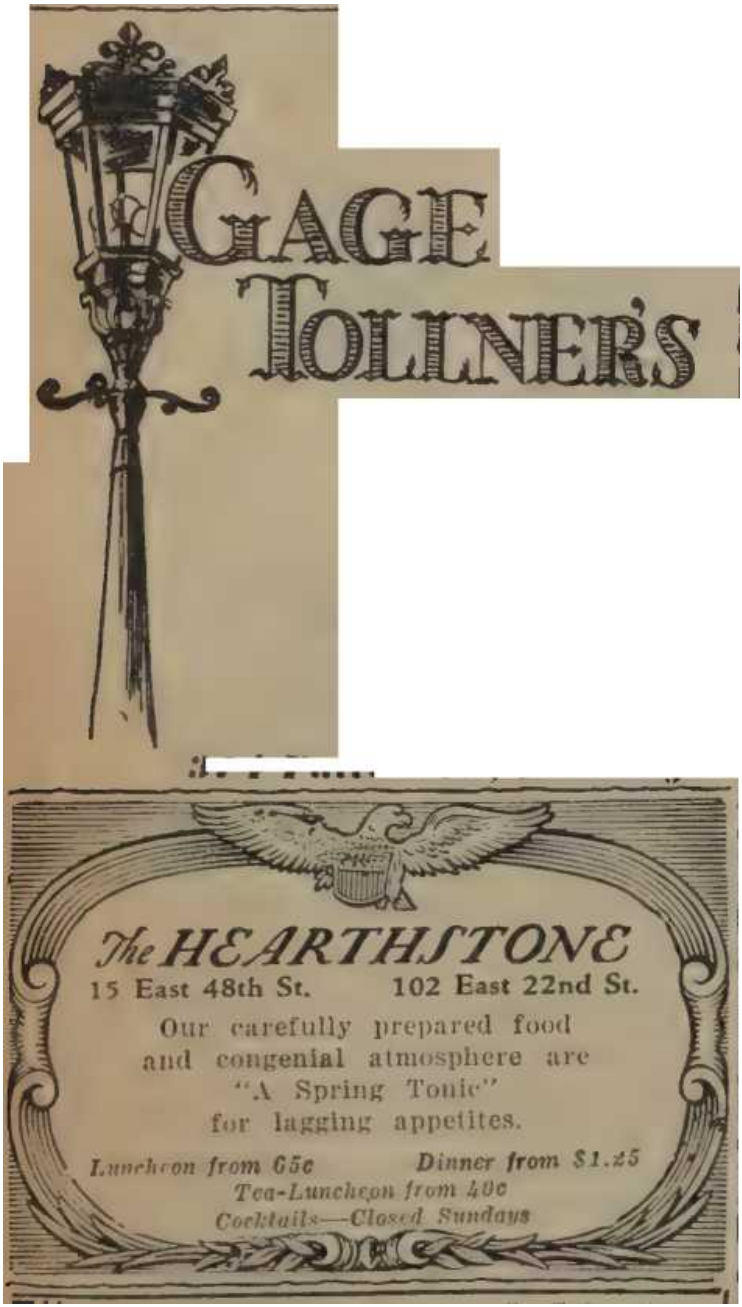
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principle that an inactive correspondent was potentially a source of less bother than a correspondent who was going somewhere. While the correspondent was in the United States, the object was to keep him from crossing to England, and once he got to England the game was to stop him from reaching Africa, Italy, France, or any other place he might find subject matter. If he arrived in any of those countries, there was one more line of defense— P.R.O. would try to hold him in Algiers, Naples, or Paris, as the case might be. Actually, he

was safe only when he got to a front. He had nothing to worry him there but shells, for the higher echelons of Public Relations left him alone. To give Army Public Relations the only credit due it, some of the younger officers in the field were helpful, hard-working, and at times even intelligent.

The Public Relations situation readied a high point in opera-buff a absurdity in London in the spring of a year ago, before the invasion of France. There were at one time nine separate echelons of Public Relations in London at once: P.R.O. SHAEF; P.R.O. Twenty-first Army Group (Montgomery's command); P.R.O. FUSAC (First Army Group, which later became Twelfth Army Group) ; P.R.O. First Army; P.R.O. E 1OUSA (European Theatre of Operations, U.S. Army), which handled the correspondents' mail, gave out ration cards, did publicity for Services of Supply, and tried to horn in on everything else; P.R.O. Eighth Air Force; P.R.O. Ninth Air Force; the P.R.O. for General Spaatz's highest echelon of the Air Forces command; and the Navy P.R.O. The Air Forces publicity people were unpretentious but aggressive; the Navy was helpful ; the five other echelons spent most of their time getting in each other's way.

The P.R.O.s, mostly colonels and lieutenant colonels (a major, in this branch of service, was considered a shameful object, to be exiled to an outer office), had for the most part been Hollywood press agents or Chicago rewrite men in civilian life. They looked as authentic in their uniforms as dress extras in a B picture, but they had learned to say "Army" with an unction that Stonewall Jackson could never have achieved. One rewrite lieutenant colonel used to predict casualties as high as eighty per cent in the first assault wave on D Day. He had never heard a shot fired in an-2er. Others would seriously tell correspondents, that they, the correspondents, couldn't go along on D Day because

there wouldn't be space enough on the landing craft to hold another

man. The P.R.O.s were perhaps under the impression that you load ships for an invasion the way you would ferry boats, without regard to the organization of combat units. 1 here was room for ninety more men on the Coast Guard LCI on which I finally crossed. The one point on which all the London officers were united was their detestation of the field army. One division commander who requested that a certain correspondent be allowed to accompany his outfit

into action stirred such resentment in the London army that he was reprimanded by the Chief of Staff of SHAEF. The London P.R.O.s felt that the division commander, being a mere major general rich in battle experience, was guilty of insubordination when he disagreed with non-combatant lieutenant colonels. Daniell, Bunnelle, and the rest of the news-agency men adapted themselves to this squalid milieu and flourished in it. They agreed with everything the dress extras said, especially with the thesis that on fifty miles of Norman coast there would be room for only about twenty correspondents, who would of course represent the larger news organizations. The habit of saying yes to people you don't respect is hard to break, which is one reason I think well of Edward Kennedy for breaking it. Also, I think that if any severe punishment is inflicted on the first journalist to disobey an unreasonable order, an era of conformity will set in that will end even the pretense of freedom of the press in any area where there is a brigadier general to agree with.

HAVING finished with what I consider the deeper implications of the Kennedy case, I would like to say that it has produced some delightful examples of journalism right here in this country. On the afternoon of Tuesday, May 8th, after most of the papers had played up Kennedy's story real big and the Army had then denounced it as "unauthorized," Roy W. Howard, president of the Scripps-Howard newspapers and overlord of the United Press, the A.P.'s chief rival, broke into print with a plea for the Associated Press. Howard said that he himself had been pilloried like Kennedy in November, 1918, when he had reported the armistice four days before it had happened. The two cases were an exact parallel except that Kennedy's report was right and Howard's was wron".

The Times, on that same Tuesday morning, carried Kennedy's story in

two columns on the right-hand side of the front page, in twelve-point type, under two cross-lines and two banks dropping from its four-line streamer headline. On Thursday it published an editorial saying Kennedy had done a "grave disservice to the newspaper profession." A Times man I met in a saloon that afternoon said they had run the story because it looked authentic but they had run the editorial because they didn't like the way the story had been sent out. On Tuesday they also carried a boxed dispatch from Drew Middleton, one of their own men in Paris, saying that all the correspondents except Kennedy had been caught in "the most colossal 'snafu' in the history of the war."

Wednesday morning brought Daniell's remarkable Times story, cited above (which read exactly the way a Nebelwerfer sounds) and a perfectly deadpan account of the Reims function by Drew Middleton, who presumably had not been there, since he wasn't on the list of correspondents invited by SHAEF. Middleton's story appeared twenty-four hours after the Times had carried the Kennedy story and was practically a duplicate of it. The Herald Tribune had an equally deadpan account by John O'Reilly, who presumably wasn't there either, and an editorial, better-tempered than the Times', chiding Kennedy. It also had on its front page an excellent eyewitness story about Berlin in the final days of the Russian attack upon it, written by its own correspondent Seymour Freidin, who was still under suspension by SHAEF for having gone to Berlin without Brigadier General Allen's permission. The story had been held up six days. The Times had a similar story by the equally excommunicated John Groth, but it wasn't so good. PM, that same P.M., had a long, involved "Letter from the Editor," by the Editor, toward the end of which it came out that the Editor was in favor of the decision Kennedy had made.

After that, the excitement seemed to be dying away, but Friday morning, Robert McLean, publisher of the Philadelphia Bulletin and president of the Associated Press, issued a statement censuring Kennedy. Friday afternoon brought an editorial in Editor & Publisher, the trade journal of the newspaper business, a

publication that usually reflects high-echelon newspaper sentiment. Editor & Publisher ma.de a magnificent grab for the best of both worlds simultaneously, just as if it were a newspaper. It said, “We agree with Kennedy that no military security was involved

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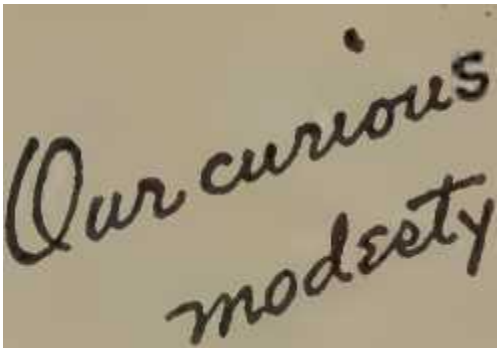

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and that it was political censorship. . . . The Paris correspondents also declare they have no degree of confidence in the Public Relations Division of SHAEF, and we don't blame them. [Actually, > when a motion of no confidence was proposed at a correspondents' meeting in Paris after the surrender incident, the correspondents tabled it, preferring to gang up on their colleague Kennedy.] We hope this will serve as a lesson to the military and political leaders of the Allied nations that a story of that magnitude cannot be kept secret." But the editorial also said, "Kennedy apparently violated one of the cardinal principles of good journalism—that of respecting a confidence. No amount of explanation ... is justification." Of course, the Allied leaders would not have learned the lesson if Kennedy had not repudiated the

confidence. Neither McLean nor Editor & Publisher challenged SHAEF's right to impose such a condition. The top side of the newspaper business obviously believes that freedom of the press goes no farther than the right to complain about corporation taxes.

To wind up, and illustrate, my morality tale, the Times, on Saturday morning, carried a story that SHAEF was going to retain control over correspondents in Europe even though fighting has ceased and that censors have been empowered to suppress anything they consider "unauthorized, inaccurate, or false reports, misleading statements and rumors, or reports likely to injure the morale of the Allied forces (or nations)." This-means that correspondents may send no news, even though it is verified and vital to American understanding of what is happening, unless it is "authorized" by some Army political adviser like Robert Murphy, who in 1942 gave a sample of his stuff by stopping all stories unfavorable to the State Department filed in North Africa. It also means that the censors—or rather, in the last analysis, the censors' Army superiors—will decide what is true and accurate or false and misleading, and what is calculated to injure the morale of Allied forces. For example, a correspondent might say there was a strong republican movement in Italy, but the censor might decide that such knowledge would diminish the Royal Italian Army's enthusiasm for the Royal i House the Allies insist on propping up. So he would stop the correspondent from sending the story to America. And so it might go—and will, if the press continues to truckle to the dress extras.

—A. J. Liebling

LETTER. FKOM MUNICH

May 13 (by wireless) F you ever knew Munich, you would recognize it, all right, but you would have trouble finding some of the places you knew. By the time the

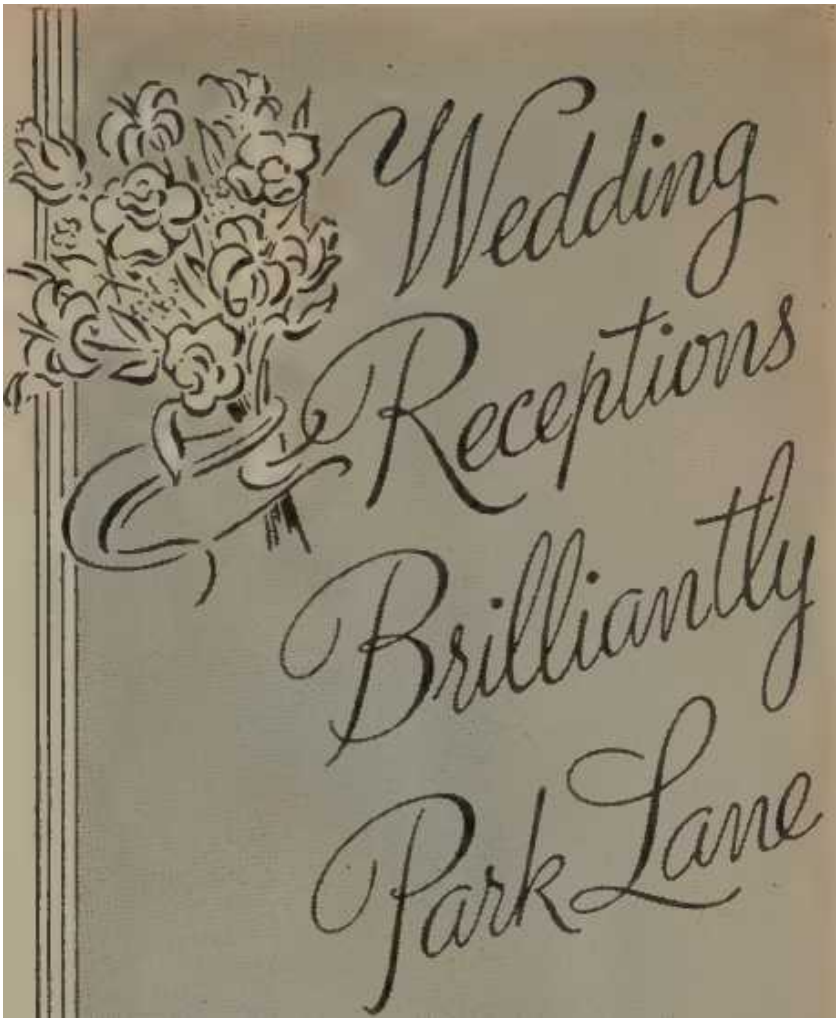
R.A.F. and our Eighth Air Force had finished with it, things were pretty well clobbered. When I arrived here, last Monday, I was put in touch, in a roundabout manner, with a certain young Bavarian wearing a beret. He looked the way a French aristocrat is supposed to look and he had once worked for Hoppe, whose photographs used to appear in Vanity Fair. The beret wearer drove me to the hideout of Captain Ruprecht Gerne-

gross, head of the Freiheits Aktion Bayern, or Bavarian Freedom Movement. It was the F. A.B. that, on the night of April 27th, put on the sensationally atypical Munich uprising. It seized radio stations, issued confusing orders to the Wehrmacht, cut communications between headquarters and all divisions in and around Munich, and so thoroughly paralyzed the Volkssturm, or Home Guard, that the city's defenses were extremely aufgelaust, or loused up. Their call to action that night was the word "Fasanenjagd" or "pheasant hunt," which referred to the big-shot Nazis whose light-brown uniforms, smothered in gold ropes, medals, and tassels, made them look quite a bit like golden pheasants. When our Seventh Army's Twelfth Armored and Third, Forty-fifth, and Forty-second Infantry Divisions rumbled along a few days later, the capital of world Fascism fell to

them quite easily.

Even though the Seventh Army was in the neighborhood, I had a moment of fright when the beret wearer and I reached the driveway of Captain Gerne-gross's house and found the grounds filled with scores of determined-looking men in civilian clothes. "Oh, oh," I »aid. "This is Himmler's Sicherheits-dienst. They have finished poor Gerne-gross off and now they will get us, too." The young Bavarian burst out laughing. They were not the Sicherheitsdienst, he said; they were members of the company of Wehrmacht interpreters that had spearheaded Gernegross's revolt. In civil life they had been writers, artists, teachers, language students, and musicians—all of them travelled men. For three years they had been plotting against the government. They had had nothing

to do with the attempt on Hitler's life on July 20th, but the dreadful heat Himmler put on the entire Wehrmacht after that incident had made it necessaiy to reorganize the F.A.B. from the ground up; they figure they had a close call. The Bavarians are the handsomest Germans, and these rebels look to me like the handsomest Bavarians. There was not a single Nazified face in the group. Someday I hope that I'll be able to write in detail about Captain Ruprecht Gernegrossand the Freiheits Aktion Bayern. In the meantime, I'll have to content myself with reporting the fairly incredible fact that somewhere in Germany I



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saw living Germans who had risked their lives fighting the Nazis.

THEN there's the other side of the picture. Late in the afternoon of the same day, I called on Trude Eip-perle, Nazi Munich's foremost opera singer, a substantially built blonde of the sort featured in Nazi art exhibitions. She is a soprano. Her husband, a man named Heinrich Simon, was a Stabsleit-er, only two rungs below a Gauleiter. The press camp I am living in is in Grunwald, a lovely wooded suburb of Munich that was favored by important Nazis.

Down the road from us is the house of Dr. Robert Ley, the Nazi labor boss, and Simon's house lies between Dr. Ley's and ours. Stabsleiter Simon was a kind of executive and finance officer for Ley, and he evidently did a tiptop job, for both of them obviously had it very lush at home. When I arrived, Frau Simon was standing in the courtyard with two men and three girls of the companion-secretary-housekeeper-practice-accompanist type that is standard equipment with opera singers. One of the men was a blond of about eighteen, dressed in a green huntsman's uniform. The other man, who almost immediately informed me that he was sixty-two years old and a gynecologist, was wearing a yodeller's hat and plus-fours and was carrying a little whip, the sort they sell at American circuses. He was a short, clean-shaven man with a huge, potato-shaped nose and an enormous paunch. His clothes were of expensive material but altogether wrong, like those of the heiress's father in the Newport scene in a burlesque show. Frau Simon, I soon learned, had been taking a pounding. All day long, be-

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fore her very eves, her beautiful house had been looted by displaced persons in the area, among them liberated political prisoners from the nearby Dachau, roaming the land in their blue-and-white awning-striped uniforms. Frau Simon was too exhausted to talk about it herself, but the little gynecologist was most voluble. "Zuchthausler" he said to me angrily, [11] es sind diese verdamm-ten Zuchthausler." Now, a Zuchthaus is a county jail, so to speak, so I pointed out that these displaced persons were not criminals but political prisoners. "Zuchthausler" he insisted. Two of them had tried to steal his bicycle that morning, but, Gott sei Dank, he had had his whip with him. He showed us what he had done with it.

I turned to Frau Simon and asked if' I might look around the house. She said of course. I didn't take long. Everything had been pulled up by the roots; you can inspect a plundered house in a few minutes. The youth in the huntsman's suit slyly asked me how we Americans were getting along with the Russians. We got along with them fabelhaft, I informed him happily, simply jabelhajt ■—why did he ask? We went into this for quite some time, and suddenly there was Frau Simon in front of me with an armload of pictures. I am now the owner of two cabinet- and four postcardsize autographed portraits of Trude Eipperle as Marguerite in "Faust," Eva in "Die Meistersinger," Maria in "The Bartered Bride," Elsa in "Lohengrin," Djuelor in "Eros the Rogue," and Daphne in "Daphne."

THAT night at nine o'clock, over the B.B.C., some other Americans and I heard the news of the surrender at Reims. We had some singing of our own, in which Trude Eipperle did not join. It is Boekbier season in Munich, and there were those who went into the kitchen and worked out until dawn on two victory odes called "Dear Old Girl" and 'Honey, Honey, Bless Your Heart." —
Joel Sayre

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WONDERFUL MISS MACOMBER.

THE house, a remodelled brownstone with gray shutters, was in the eighties near East End Avenue. A good-looking young man in evening clothes opened the door when Edith rang and smiled warmly at her. “Oh, you must be the girl,” he said, and stepped back into the hall. “You’ve saved our lives,” he said. “Here, let me have your coat and hat. We called everyone we knew. I was even prepared to send a taxi to Washington Heights to get this maiden we thought was willing, but who proved at the last minute not to be.” He took Edith’s hat and coat and went to hang them in the closet. “You go to high school?” he asked.

‘A es,” Edith said demurely, smoothing her collar, which her coat had wrinkled. “I’m a junior. I don’t often go out to sit with kids any more, but my mother said she knew your wife in the Red Cross and that I really should.” She looked beyond him at the living room, which had lamps here and there, a great, solid-colored rug, and flowers in white vases on the mantel.

“No,” the young man said. “I imagine you’re taken up with boy friends, eh? Too occupied at night for this sort of thing.” He laughed under-standingly as he shut the closet door. Then he looked up the stairway, the fingers of his right hand tugging at the cuff of

his left shirt sleeve. “Joan, the girl’s here!” he called. He glanced at Edith. “What was your name, now?” His smile was so boyish that Edith felt a little thrill run through her.

“Edith Macomber,” she sai'd.

“Edith Macomber is here, darling. Wonderful Edith Macomber, tlie eighth telephone call.” .

“Dan! ” The voice from above had a note of warning in it. In a minute a young woman appeared at the top of the stairs and descended them rapidly. She wore a black evening gown and was fastening a string of pearls about her neck. Her head was a mass of soft brown curls with a

great black-velvet bow on top. Edith stared at the young woman’s bright eyes and straight, powdered nose, her beautiful rouged mouth. The young woman hurried past her to the closet and took out a luxurious evening wrap. As her husband helped her into it, she sent a vague, quick smile at Edith and said breathlessly, “The children are in the room at the head of the stairs. You’ll

hear them if they wake up, but they probably won’t. I here’s nothing you have to do, really, but just be here.” She fastened the wrap at her throat, her eyes darting about the hall. “Where’s my purse? Oh.” She snatched it up and hurried to the door, her perfume lingering behind. Her husband winked at Edith as he

worked his way into a black overcoat.

“We’ll be home a little after midnight,” the young woman said as they went out the door. The young man called, “Good night!,” and closed the door heartily behind him.

Edith drew a deep breath and stood for a moment, her hands clasped, enjoying the sudden loneliness. The living room beckoned to her, a lovely, empty stageset. She moved slowly into it, looking about her. How different from the house she lived in! Here the furniture was fat, deep, and wide, covered with a cream-colored material on which great red poppies bloomed. There were brass andirons in the fireplace and a Mexican basket, on the hearth, holding neatly arranged birch logs. On the small, polished tables here and there were lamps and glass ashtrays.

There was a desk in the corner. Edith moved toward it and lit the small lamp, the base of which was an old-fashioned lantern. Her eye was attracted by letters tucked in the cubbyholes and she regarded them gravely for a while before she reached out a hand and pulled one out. She read it slowly. She read quite a few others.

Finally she turned, a dreamy, surfeited look on her face, and looked about the room again. She saw a cocktail shaker and two glasses on the coffee table. Crossing to it, she lifted the shaker, discovered that it was not empty, and poured herself a lukewarm drink. She sipped it fastidiously, her nose wrinkled. She didn’t know what it was, but it burned her throat and stomach pleasantly. She was sorry there was not more.

After this she walked into

the dining room and kitchen, inspecting each room with a bright, flat gaze. In the kitchen she discovered half a chocolate cake under a glass cover on the table and cut herself a generous slice. She found an apple in a fruit dish in the pantry, and, alternating her bites between apple and cake, she went upstairs.

She peeked into the nursery. By the

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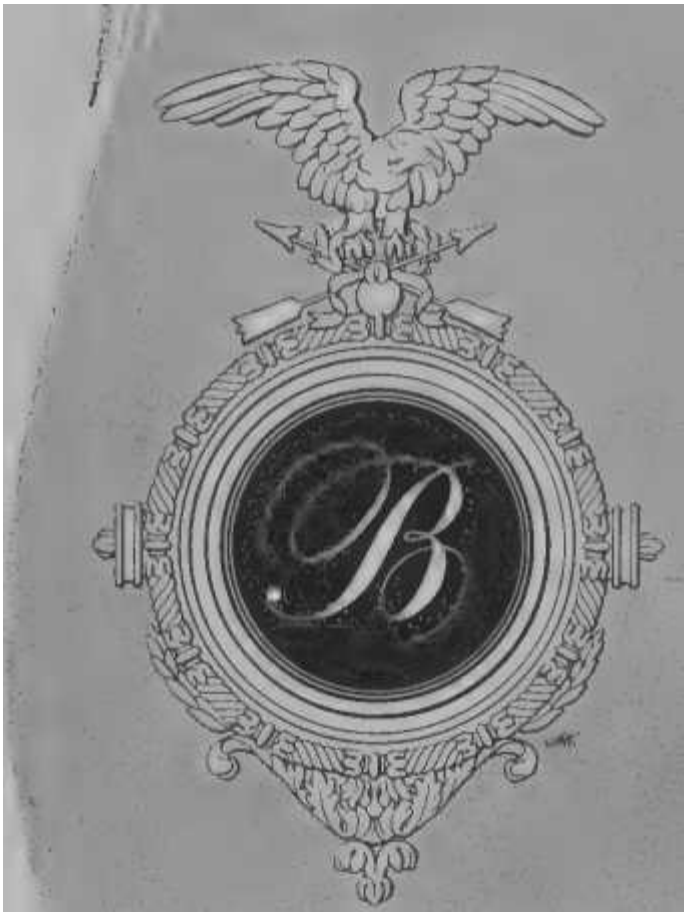

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dim light of a lamp, she made out two white cribs. She went and looked into them, staring at the sleeping children with an expression of mild disdain. The room smelled sweetly of talcum powder and fresh cotton clothing.

She went into the master's bedroom and put on the light. Her face tightened as she looked about the lovely room. She went over to the bed and put her hand on the rosy satin puff folded at the foot. Her

fingers clenched and unclenched a handful of the rich, smooth stuff. At the bureau she opened drawer after drawer, a dull, heavy look in her eyes as she stared at piles of scented handkerchiefs, tissue-thin underwear, layers of sport sweaters, socks, and stockings. “Oh! ” she moaned as she lifted a slip, the color and weight of a cloud, and held it against her. Then, glancing at the windows to see that the shades were drawn, she took off her plain, cheap dress and the faded, sleazy slip beneath it. She put on the other slip and stood looking at herself in the mirror, smoothing her hands down over her hips. Then she pulled on her dress, rolled her own slip up into a ball and went into the bathroom. There she buried it, at the bottom of the clothes hamper. She went slowly downstairs, feeling the slip against her thighs as she lifted and lowered her legs.

Edith was sitting primly in a corner of the sofa reading a magazine when the young man and his wife returned at twelve-thirty.

“Thank you so much, wonderful Miss Macomber!” the young man called to her as he entered the room. He was bright-eyed and his cheeks were flushed. His wife’s brown curls looked rather limp, but her eyes were happy and luminous and she smiled warmly at Edith.

“Thank you so much, dear,” she murmured, as she put a bill into Edith’s hand.

“Oh, that’s all right,” Edith said. “I didn’t do much.”

—Dorothy Hunt Schofield

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(YELLOW PRESS DIVISION)

[From the Honolulu Star-Bulletinˆ

Weary of perpetual changes in ships’ plans, bored with promises that are seldom fulfilled, at the mercy of the unions, forced to employ any human who has at least one hand and one leg; stuck with incompetents by the manpower freeze, management looks on postwar optimism with a jaundiced American Mercury.

LETTER. FROM ROME

HAVING lived for a year in a troubled semblance of peace, Rome has accepted the news of peace itself with the helpless and tired

shrug of the defeated. My guess is that few cities are sadder today. V-E Day has pointed up an unpleasant fact many people here had tried to forget: that Italy lost the war and can advance no

claims for the rewards of peace. To the Italians I've talked with, peace in Europe means at the moment little more than a dreary continuation of their present misery—fantastic prices, black markets, unemployment, the struggle to regain national pride, and the

even more difficult struggle to get people to think for themselves after two decades of stupefaction. The German surrender seems to have increased the Roman's capacity for introspection; his

comprehension of the situation his country is in is almost morbid, and his personal problems have suddenly loomed larger and become more pressing: how can a young man get to Turin to

discover whether his parents survived the German occupation; does the American know someone who will deliver a letter to a lady's husband, a Partisan, in Milan; please, will the United States permit Italians to leave home and settle in America; at the far end of town a wealthy friend has food enough for his friends tonight, but can the American arrange to get them there and back by jeep?

Today, Tuesday, is V-E Day, but the bars and restaurants are deserted, the streets practically empty. No more bells than usual have been rung. To be sure, some flags are out and the sirens have sounded, but something is lacking. Occasional noisy groups of young Italians parade the streets, trying with almost pathetic desperation to crash the gate of victory, but the victory is not theirs and the enthusiasm is hollow. One such procession—fifteen to twenty poorly dressed young men, a boy beating a drum, and another boy carrying a large red flag—straggled down the Via Sistina this afternoon and stopped before a British mess. Through the door they could see men laughing and drinking. "Finita, finitely la guerra e finita!" cried the paraders, and a British sergeant, glass in hand, stepped outside, bowed gracefully, and thanked the parade for stopping by. "Good of you to come," he said, and went inside.

The procession slowly moved down the street a few doors to a hotel where some Americans live. "Finitay finitay la guerra e finita!" the Italians cried. Several Americans stuck their heads out of windows and yelled "Hooray!," and one man with a camera leaned out and said, "Hold it till I get this!" Then everybody stuck his head back in again. The parade disappeared around

a corner, the drummer halfheartedly sounding a roll. Of all the troops in town, only the British seem to be in a rejoicing mood. Arm in arm and six or eight abreast, groups of them have been marching through the city, singing. Victory in Europe appears to have

accented only the homesickness of the American troops, and, knowing very well that for most of them the end of one war means simply the beginning of another, still farther from home,

they have shown little enthusiasm. Tonight I saw hundreds of them sitting alone on curbstones staring into space or ambling along the streets, hands in pockets, looking into shop windows.

Italy last week was Milan, and, unlike Rome, Milan had its victory, a victory all the more pleasant, perhaps, because it came from within rather than from without. Our troops were greeted there almost with hysteria, but this exhilaration had already been touched off, first by the Partisan uprising in the city and then by the execution of Mussolini and his most infamous henchmen. When the Germans in Italy finally surrendered, the news went almost unnoticed in Milan. The newspapers welcomed the capitulation in modest headlines but continued to devote their biggest ones to Partisan activities. On the whole, the efficiency and triumph of the Partisan tactics seemed to stun even the Partisans, and for the first three or four days after the liberation large groups of them—almost all of whom were dashing around town in captured German cars, rounding up or finishing off lingering Fascists—could be seen embracing one another in the streets.

Because Milan is in the plains and would have been difficult to defend against any reinforcements the Germans might send in to aid the garrison troops, the Committee of National Liberation had to move slowly. Nevertheless, from the beginning of the German occupation, in September, 1943, at least fifteen thousand copies of clandestine

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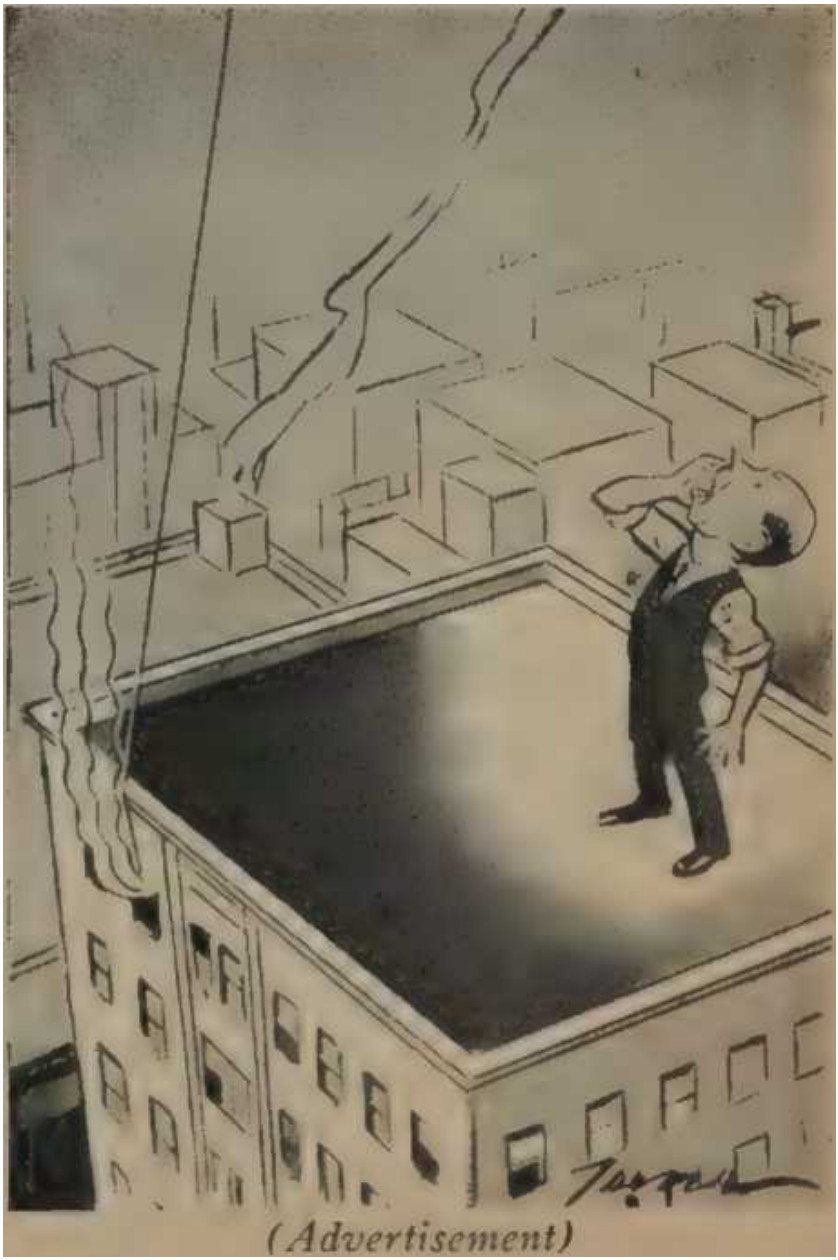

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newspapers were circulated every week. The newsprint for them was bought on the black market. In March, 1944, the Committee put on a successful eightday general strike in Milan. In September of that year the Partisans began to attack the Fascists and Germans in the mountains of northern Italy, but they knew that it would be futile to attempt a fight in Milan yet. “Justice and Liberty” squads—one squad to almost every block in the city—were formed and told to provide themselves with arms. The main source of weapons was

the garrison of twenty thousand Fascist troops, many of whom were willing to sell their arms if paid high enough prices. Many others were killed at night and robbed of their arms. The acquiring of arms was accelerated last December, when the Allies gave the Committee of National Liberation the task of leading the resistance movement in northern Italy. The Allies not only began to supply arms but also gave a lot of money to a trusted Partisan in Rome, a banker. By intricate financial maneuvering, he was able to transfer the money to the north.

Meanwhile, in Milan, the Partisans shifted their headquarters about once a week, settling now in the office of an obscure razor-blade distributor, now across town in a dismal restaurant. Mussolini, who had a villa on Lake Garda, north of Verona, appeared less and less frequently in Milan. When he did appear, he and his heavily armed cavalcade usually raced through the city, bound for somewhere beyond. By last January, work in the factories making supplies for the Germans had almost entirely stopped because Allied bombing of the Brenner Pass had cut the railway over which coal was sent into the country. In April, the Committee of National Liberation ordered railroad and tramway workers in Milan to strike, snubbed the Fascists when they suggested that everybody let bygones be bygones and that one big brotherly “sacred union” of all Italians might be created, formed a Committee of Revolt, mobilized the Justice and Liberty squads, and finally, on the twenty-fifth, told its ten thousand armed and ten thousand unarmed Partisans to start taking over the city. By noon the following day, a hundred Fascists had been killed and the Committee was in control of Milan. The Germans fought in the suburbs until the twenty-eighth, the day of Mussolini’s execution, but those inside the town barricaded themselves in several hotels and refused to come out and

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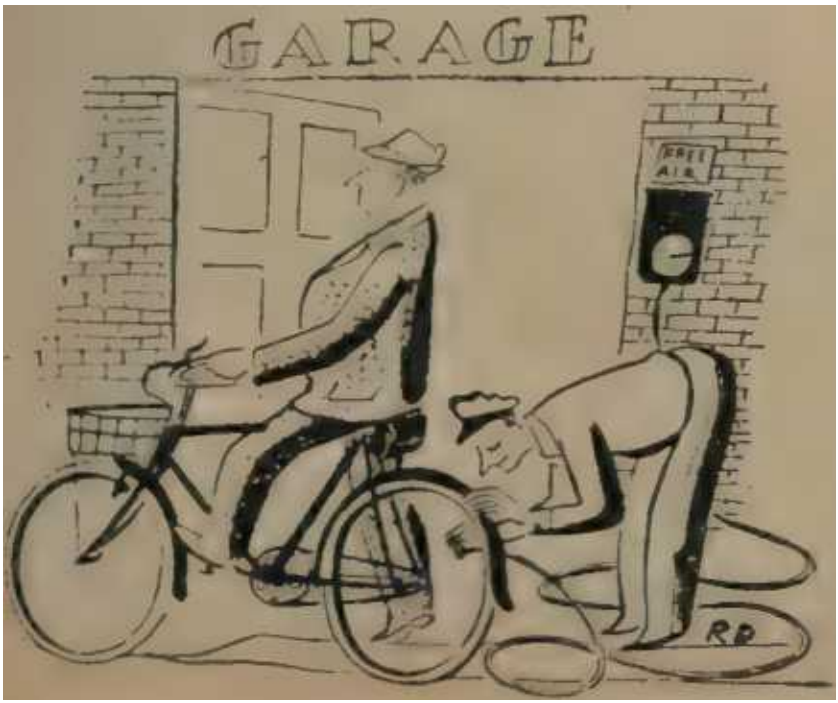
fight, preferring to await the arrival of the Allies and to surrender to them.

Although many Romans—and quite a few American correspondents —deplore what went on in the Piazza Loreto on the morning of Sunday, the twentyninth, to the Milanese these events will probably always be symbols of the north’s liberation. To an outsider like myself, who happened to be on hand to see Mussolini, Clara Petacci, Pavolini, Starace, and some of the other Fascists dangling by their heels from a rusty beam in front of a gas station, the breathless, bloody scene had an air of inevitability. You had the feeling, as you have at the final curtain of a good play, that events could not have been otherwise. In many people’s minds, I think, the embellishments of this upheaval—thousands of Partisans firing their machine guns into the air, Fascist bodies lying in a heap alongside the gas station, the enormous, pressing crowd— have been overemphasized and its essential dignity and purpose have been overlooked. This is best illustrated by the execution of Starace—the fanatical killer who was once secretary of the Fascist Party—who was brought into the square in an open truck at about ten-thirty in

the morning. The bodies of Mussolini and the others had been hanging for several hours. I had reached the square just before the truck arrived. As it moved slowly ahead, the crowd fell back and became silent. Surrounded by armed guards, Starace stood in the middle of the truck, hands in the air, a lithe, square-jawed, surly figure in a black shirt. The truck stopped for an instant close to the grotesque corpse of his old boss. Starace took one look and started to fall forward, perhaps in a faint, but was pushed back to a standing position by his guards. The truck drove ahead a few feet and stopped. Starace was taken out and placed near a white wall at the rear of the gas station. Beside him were baskets of spring flowers—pink, yellow, purple, and blue—placed there in honor of fifteen anti-Fascists who had been



IF YOUR BABY CATCHES COLD-

By Meredith Moulton Redhead, Ph. B.

Baby Food Counselor of Heinz Home Institute

TO A young baby, even a slight cold can be serious — and should therefore be treated with respect. So it's wise to consult your doctor at the first sign of illness. He will probably advise you to put the child to bed—give him plenty of liquids, including fruit juices — and follow similar routine precautions. Of course every mother knows that a well-balanced diet, rich in vitamins and minerals, is an important factor in keeping a baby well. That's why so many women depend on highly nutritive Heinz Baby Foods! New

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murdered in the same square six months before. A firing squad of Partisans shot Starace in the back, and another Partisan, perched on a beam some twenty feet above the ground, turned toward the crowd in the square and made a broad gesture of finality, much like a highly dramatic umpire calling a man out at the home plate. There were no roars or bloodcurdling yells; there was only silence, and then, suddenly, a sigh—a deep, moaning sound, seemingly expressive of release from something dark and fetid. The people in the square seemed to understand that this was a moment of both ending and beginning. Two minutes later, Starace had been strung up alongside Mussolini and the others. “Look at them now,” an old man beside me kept saying. “Just look at them now.”

NO city could long remain in the emotional fever of the first days of liberation in Milan, and by the middle of that week there were signs of weariness. Fewer Partisans roamed the streets, and they were less rambunctious. Only isolated shootings took place, and these at night. The slow process of rounding up the twenty-four hundred Fascists in the city continued; they were placed in San Vittoria Jail, in cells recently occupied by their captors. A good many Partisans dropped their clandestine names and resumed their own, which created some confusion among the Partisans themselves, who had never known one another’s real names. It suddenly became apparent that the days ahead, like any morning after, meant a slow and complicated readjustment.

As for the city itself, its population has, in a few years, jumped from a million to a million seven hundred thousand. A sixth of Milan’s buildings were bombed, a considerable number of them in the center of town. Tlie Duomo, however, has survived; only two of the hundreds of delicate statues along its sides were chipped by bomb fragments, although five of its seven organs were wrecked by the concussions of nearby explosions. On the first day of liberation, a crude sign over the door of La Scala (whose roof had been bombed out) said, “We Want Toscanini,” but someone took it down after the

entrance of the Allied troops and substituted the American, British, and Russian flags. Most of the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie and all of its cloisters are now rubble, but there are hopes that da Vinci's "Last Supper," in the refectory, is intact. Be-

wedding receptions and small, intimate parties are triumphs when staged in the vivid, dramatic Dorothy Draper setting of I he Cottage.

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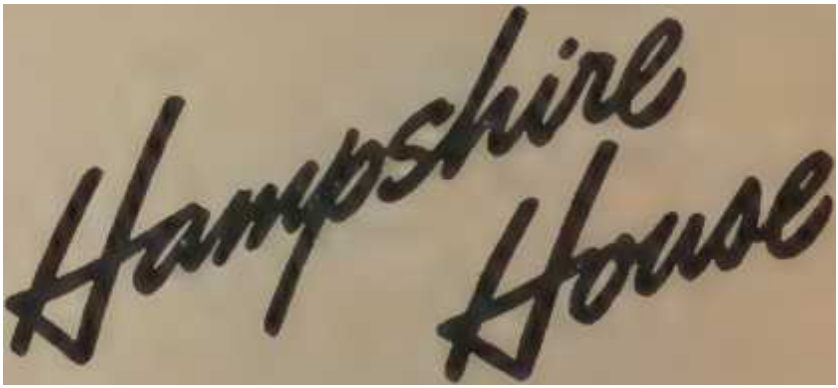

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fore the first bombings of the war, the fresco was lovingly buttressed with heavy wooden scaffolding and bags filled with stones. The framework withstood the bombings and looks sturdy

enough from the outside, amid the wreckage, but so far, understandably, no one has had time to begin the painstaking work of removing the wood and the bags of stones to find out whether da Vinci's masterpiece has survived the second World War.

—Philip Hamburger

ALL ACTION IS DIVIDED INTO TWO PARTS

[Interoffice memorandum received by some people in a branch of the If ar Production Board]

Subject: ACTION

Since I came to this type of work— this being my first venture as a Secretary —I have had to build myself and everybody else here up on this matter of action. This is primarily an action office.

May I suggest to each of you, and I mean every single person in this office, that we should examine each piece of paper we pick up with an eye to ACTION. Has the action been planned? If so, check it for weak spots. If not, how would you plan it? Put your notes down on it and then refer it to whoever should see it!

Action divides itself in this office into two parts—referring the project to someone else for action and bringing it to his attention solely for his information. In the first case, this means the matter is referred to a member of one of the Committees, to a group, or to one of the Committees. As I have so often said, we must get the work out of this office. We must initiate it rather than do it with few exceptions.

Should the action be put into writing for purposes of insuring its receipt, giving a satisfactory record, etc.,.etc.?

After that question has been decided and the action put in writing, who should get copies? This question of who should get copies is everlastingly with us. Check lists I find invaluable to meet this question of who should get copies. Please make check lists when feasible.

Now another phase of action here is; that we need to inform a lot of

people about various developments they don't have anything to do about. Therefore, it is not a matter of initiating any action by them.

To summarize, our action on projects here divides itself into two parts:

a) initiating action, and

b) informing certain parties.

There is also the question of follow-up. Insofar as we can, we need to have automatic follow-ups, so as to bring up actions which are not completed—a system which will enable us to check action items from time to time and to see that they are completed.

We are doing a good job on these lines; but can do better. I am more anxious to point up our action-attitude than anything else,—at this time. Thank you.

Colonel H---

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Repetition and Change

Yves Tanguy, the ex-naval officer who turned artist more or less in mid-career, has, for the past fifteen years or so, been painting an endless series of variations on a single subject, and he has been doing this with such assiduity that by now his oddly opalescent bone structures, set down gleaming on a cloudy, limitless plain, have acquired something of the value of a trademark. Like Chagall's floating brides-maids and Utrillo's white houses, Tanguy's subjects have become fixedly and irrevocably his. No one else dares touch them, for fear of being branded instantly as an imita

tor, and it has come to the point where if you see a picture of some bones on a misty plain in a show, you can be pretty sure it's a Tanguy, while, conversely, if you go to a Tanguy exhibition—as, for example, the one now at the Pierre Matisse—you can be pretty sure of seeing bones on a misty plain.

Now, this is unquestionably a fault, as far as Tanguy's development is concerned, as well as dangerously close to being restraint of trade. No artist should confine his talent to so narrow a range of expression, whatever the reason, and I think Tanguy has probably fallen short of his full development as an artist by not striving for a broader outlook. And yet, having said so much in apparent dispraise of his work, I should add that in spite of its surface monotony, there is something about it that makes it perennially delightful.

That something is hard to define, but there's no doubt that its prime components are taste and a feeling for textures and pattern that, though limited in scope, are little short of impeccable. I think, too, that this side of Tanguy's artistic equipment—his ability purely as a craftsman, let's say—has been often overlooked in considering his painting. It is too easy to say, as some do, that he has merely stumbled on a formula which he keeps repeating. That would be to say that the formula itself—clouds, distances, glittering fragments—is the important thing, and that any combination of these

ingredients must inevitably produce an attractive picture, a conclusion that on the face of it is ridiculous. There is more to his work than that—a kind of innocence, a bright, effortless evocation —and though these qualities may come from 1 anguy's

own mind, they would hardly be enough to give his painting value without the technical facility to back them up.

His work has little direct meaning, or even indirect suggestion, either. Philosophically, it is very hazy. But it seems to be almost a rule of modern painting (and it is one the Surrealists follow religiously) that the cloudier and more obscure the symbolism intended, the more exact and meticulously realistic its portrayal must be, and Tanguy has been wise indeed to develop his painting skills to this end in recent years. That he has done so with profit the current collection

testifies. Seen purely as painting, as the faithful rendition of surfaces and textures, this show offers the best work he has done to date. The bones that fill his foregrounds are quite palpably bones, white and chalky, and the parchmentlike covering in which he sometimes encloses them (see "La Tour Marine" and "Par Deux Fois") is dry and thin and brittle, as parchment should be. They may not mean much as symbols, and they may seem willful and arbitrary in their groupings, but they have at least the power of verisimilitude, and an uneasy and tremulous suggestion arises from them on account of it. It is this one thing, this quality of making the unreal seem real, so to speak, which lifts Tanguy's painting consistently above the level of pure decoration. There are times, as in "Les Couleurs Equivoques" and the large, rather intricately organized "Ma Vie Blanche et Noire," when it carries his work well up into the regions of true poetry.

IF Tanguy paints much the same subjects year after year, Max Ernst, a fellow-Surrealist, is at the opposite extreme, letting hardly a year go by without radically changing his style. Last year, for example, it was jungles that interested him—the jungles of the mind and the subconscious, to be sure, but green and steamy and fringe-fo-liaged, nonetheless. This year it is geometry that has taken his fancy, and his new exhibition, at the Julien Levy, from the portrait called "Euclide" on through the half dozen or so pieces of sculpture that

are on view with the paintings, is full of references to the triangle, the square, and the circle. The sculpture is a really new venture, since this is

his first showing of any size in this medium, and I found it, surprisingly, rather better than the painting— surer, solider, and, in such pieces as “Two in One” and “Nude in Exile,” endowed with a strong feeling for volume and balance.

AT the Midtown, they have some Guatemalan paintings by Doris Rosenthal, who till now has confined her attention rather closely to Mexico. There’s not much difference in the scenery of the two republics, however, and there’s a considerable similarity in the ways of life of their inhabitants, and Miss Rosenthal’s approach to the new locale is as simple and sympathetic as ever. The great value of her work, now as always, is that there is not an ounce of the patronizing in her attitude toward her subjects. There is no dressing up of the facts and no toning down of them either, no striving for quaintness. If it’s a poor little country inn she is depicting, as in “Comedor,” she shows the heat and the sprawling crowdedness of the place, but she shows it without emphasis and without comment, as something perfectly natural and agreeable to the people in it, and the effect of immediacy and intimacy that results is remarkable. I liked, too, “Plume Dance” and the somnolent “Pension Granada,” as well as the lovely green “Flowers and Fruit.”

—Robert M. Coates

Ned was exiled to the government leper colony on Culion Island off Manila. Here he lived like Crusoe for 30 years, kept sane by association with his 2,700 fellow patients.—From a book review in the Chicago Daily News.

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A BEAT-UP TVATTIKA AND FIFTY TEN

NE of the high-priority results of our victory over Germany will be the large-scale shifting of our combat forces to the Pacific, a migration to which the War Department has given the formal name of “redeployment.” From a lofty and strategic point of view, redeployment is an impersonal, quantitative matter: obviously, the quicker we can throw vast numbers of men and missiles against the Japanese, the quicker will be their defeat and the release of all soldiers from danger and hardship. From the somewhat narrower point of view of the soldier in Europe, whose geographical thoughts seldom encompass an area more than a few hundred yards in diameter, redeployment is a highly personal matter. Pretty soon it is going to be an accomplished fact. Large units of infantrymen, to whom redeployment will be of special concern, because they are the men who will have to explore new battlefields yard by yard and meet new enemies at hand-grenade range, will be transported from the one front to the other. It will be quite a change for them.

Most troops fighting in one theatre of operations have been understandably too busy to pay much attention to any other. A soldier in Germany had a legitimate excuse for knowing only vaguely the shape of things on Okinawa. A soldier’s interests are dominated by his own experiences, and, despite the length of this war, only a very small number of men have actually been in front-line ground combat against both the Germans and the Japs. Quite a few airmen have flown missions against both Germany and Japan, and there are many sailors, staff officers, and transport people, as well as such samplers of warfare as military observers, who are entitled to wear on their chests both the yellow ribbon of the Pacific-Asiatic Theatre and the brown-and-green one of the

EuropeanMiddle Eastern-African Theatre. But the doughboys who wear both, and who already know the answers to the questions a lot of rede-ployables will soon be asking,

are still a tiny group. Several days ago, out at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, first port of call for many men returning to this country from Europe, I ran into one such man and had a talk with him. He was Staff Sergeant Edward F. Allison, of Alameda, California, who had arrived in the United States from Europe a few hours earlier and was being processed before boarding a train for the West Coast to go on furlough. He is one of the few men who, in a sense, have already been through redeployment.

I met Sergeant Allison in an Army building called the Circus, the interior of which had been appropriately camouflaged with cages, stuffed animals, a brightly costumed band, and the like; it was the scene of a welcome-home party the camp was giving for a group

“Maitland residence.”

of men just back from Europe. Most of them had blue-and-silver Combat Infantryman Badges on their chests and infantry division insignia on their left shoulders. They looked tired and they looked tough, but they all made polite table talk with the batch of New Jersey young ladies who had been invited to act as hostesses at the party, and they were all grateful for the sandwiches, Coca-Cola, and beer being passed around by the officers and enlisted men permanently assigned to the camp. The hostesses asked them if American girls weren't prettier than English and French girls, and the soldiers said yes. The hostesses urged them to dance and asked them if American girls weren't better dancers than English and French girls, and the soldiers

said

yes again. Then the soldiers said how much they were looking forward to seeing their wives or girls at home, and the young ladies nodded and said they knew how the men felt. Sergeant Allison, a blond, ruddy, stocky man, was drinking beer with another soldier at one side of the room. Because of the golden acorn on a green background which they wore on their shoulders, I knew they belonged to the Eighty-seventh Infantry Division, which began fighting in Europe last December. They had Combat Infantryman Badges, and Allison was wearing the ribbon of the Silver Star, which is awarded for gallantry in action. I noticed, too, that he had the ribbons of the American, Pacific, and European Theatres, with stars denoting battle service in the last two. When I asked him how he had happened to get into action in both places, he told me to grab myself a beer and sit down beside him.

FTRST of all, the Sergeant explained that before going to Europe he had had two years' service in Alaska and the Aleutians and had fought the Japs on Attu. He had returned to the United States in the spring of 1944 and had, at his request, been assigned to a combat unit which was later shipped to France. He said

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Radio succeeded because it is practical: because advertisers learned to team up entertainment and selling, and to do it within a sound budget. This brought radio from a novelty into an important part of living in 33 million homes.

America's advertisers made presentday radio possible. Competition among sponsors for large audiences made radio increasingly better.

Advertisers and their agencies will play just as important a part in television. That's why we are not planning to "take over" the building of commercial television shows. And that's why we approach television from the standpoint of advertising economics. Our policy, we believe, will make it practical for advertisers to get in and create good video shows; to utilize television more quickly. And as it did in radio, this will speed the growth of this new industry.

The People and Critics Say, "It Works"

Blue has a regular television schedule. Our televised programs are adaptations of successful radio shows; thus, they have an assured audience interest. And we start out by taking advantage of what we have learned about listening audiences, rather than by trying to interest them in some experimental form of entertainment.

Costly experimental work will, we realize, play its part. But it is most important now to give television a commercially practical birth. And the televising of proven and economical radio shows is the best way to do it.

Our programs are televised on a regular weekly schedule—like radio programs •—because we know that this is the only way to build a television habit.

Every Sunday on General Electric's' WRGB in Schenectady, we are televising "Ladies, Be Seated." On Du Mont's WABD in New York we presented "Quiz

THIS is Kenneth C. Bardin and his family of Albany. They are listening to "Ladies, Be Seated." Says Mr. Bardin, "'Ladies, Be Seated' is a good radio program. Now that we can see as well as hear it, it's wonderful!"

VARIETY goes along: It says: "*Network (Blue) execs and its video department know whither they are going. Their carefully planned programming in television . . . was a success. From a commercial point of view, all signs point to peak returns . . . They use network shows which have the best chance of scoring strongly when televised.*"

Says **BILLBOARD:** "*It's funny, it's commercial and it's inexpensively produced. If we were a sponsor and the home video audience were quadrupled, we'd buy it fast.*"

rpBlS i« Kenneth ^^"^ listening family of ^lb" j'„ gays Mr. Bardin, toadies, Be^ed fysM^ pro. ^N^w^ can see as well as hear

VARIETY ˆfˆˆeo department know (Blue) execs ■ Their carefully

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Says BllLB®*®®;

ence were quadrupled.

Mr. & Mrs. W J. McLaughlin, family and friends of Troy, New York.

Kids,” “On Stage, Everybody,” and currently WJZ’s John David show, “Letter to Your Serviceman.”

After one month of “Ladies, 0e Seated,” Schenectady audiences gave this program the highest rating ever obtained by a television show.

After two weeks, “On Stage, Everybody” was the most viewed and most popular with Du Mont’s New York audiences.

We got those facts from these stations’ polls. But we checked up on them by talking, ourselves, to the people who have watched and heard our shows.

We have great confidence in our television plan. People like the programs, and they are economically sound.

That, we think, is the foundation of practical television development.

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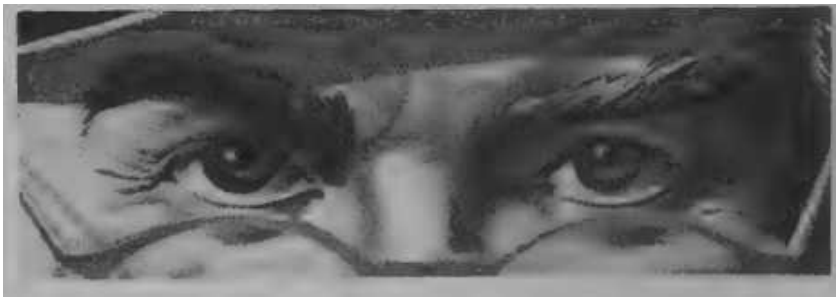
that he had never heard the word “redeployment” before but that

he got the idea. Allison is thirty-two. Uis military career began when he enlisted on December 3, 1941. I asked him how he had come to pick a date only four days before Pearl Harbor. “I just decided then to join up out of respect for my father,” he said. “He was killed in the last war. He was in the infantry, too.” Allison was sent to Dutch Harbor, Alaska, in March, 1942, where he was assigned to the Thirty-seventh Infantry, a Regular Army regiment. After training there for a year, he was made a sergeant and became leader of a squad of riflemen. He took his squad through eighteen days of battle on Attu, one of the first campaigns distinguished by the stubbornness of the Japs involved, an exceedingly small percentage of whom ended up as prisoners.

Allison returned to this country in the spring of 1944, he told me, and, as the result of rather strenuously celebrating his homecoming in Seattle, was reduced to the rank of private. “They called it misconduct,” he said. He was, however, permitted to keep the Good Conduct Medal, for which he had already qualified. Depressed by the monotonous pattern of the garrison duty to which he was assigned in this country, he asked to be put in a combat unit, was transferred to the Eightyseventh Division, went with it to Fort Jackson, South Carolina, for training, then began working his way back up through the non-commissioned grades. “I used to be a bad boy,” he said, “but the Army made a good boy out of me.” He took a long, appreciative swig of beer. “That European beer is no good,” he said. “Not even the English. You can drink that all night and never get high. At least sake can get you high. It’s made of rice and it tastes terrible.” He paused. “But then, I guess schnapps is just about as bad.” Such comparisons will probably be made thousands of times at future gatherings of veterans.

The Eighty-seventh sailed in October, stopped briefly in England, and then crossed the Channel and headed for the front. The division, which for the most part fought with the Third Army, was first committed to action at Metz, shortly after Thanksgiving, and later was rushed toward Bastogne at the time of the Nazi breakthrough. Allison’s regiment was fairly close to the 106th Infantry Division, which caught the full force of the German assault and was knocked to pieces. “When we saw what was done to them,” he said soberly, “our outfit really got together and



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started working as a team." They were still working, without having been relieved, in the middle of March, when the Sergeant was offered a furlough as an additional reward for the act that won him his decoration for gallantry.

I asked him about his Silver Star. 'It wasn't anything," he said. "It just happened to be that a general was looking at me through high-powered binoculars—that's all." What the general saw, I learned when Allison showed me a copy of his citation, was the Sergeant, all by himself, rushing a house containing a German machine-gun nest that had a platoon he was leading pinned to the ground. When he captured the house—he insists that his men deserved as much credit as he did—he bagged six German soldiers, two civilians, and a cache of radio equipment. Allison is inclined to depreciate his exploit. "It was a more or less simple thing to capture a German," he told me. "You went in after him and he yelled 'Kamerad!and there you were. But with a Jap it's different. He's not going to give up till he's really licked or he's dead. You can't just go up to him. The Germans didn't maintain a very good guard around their positions, either, like the Japs do and like we do. One time, in Europe, I had a boy on patrol with me who could speak German. We caught a whole enemy outpost sleeping in their foxholes. This fellow hit the first kraut he saw on the head with his rifle butt, and then, having some fun, bawled him out in German for being asleep and reminded him of the consequences of being caught sleeping on guard. Then he stopped kidding and told him to get his hands up and get the hell out of his hole quick, and that went for his buddies, too. You don't try that sort of stuff with a JaP-"

In Europe, Allison said, the Americans more often than not attacked after dark, having found the Germans relatively unskillful at night fighting, whereas on Attu, the Americans dug in at night and didn't budge from their holes, while the Japs prowled around, made confusing noises, and now and then put on one of their frantic banzai charges. "I remember one night they counter-attacked waving long sticks with bayonets tied to the ends of them," Allison said. "They overran a hospital and a command post and we fought them right in the middle of our position. The Germans stayed farther away. As a rule, there aren't many hand-to-hand encounters in war—I've never been in a bayonet fight myself—but I've seen both the Japs and the Germans in them,

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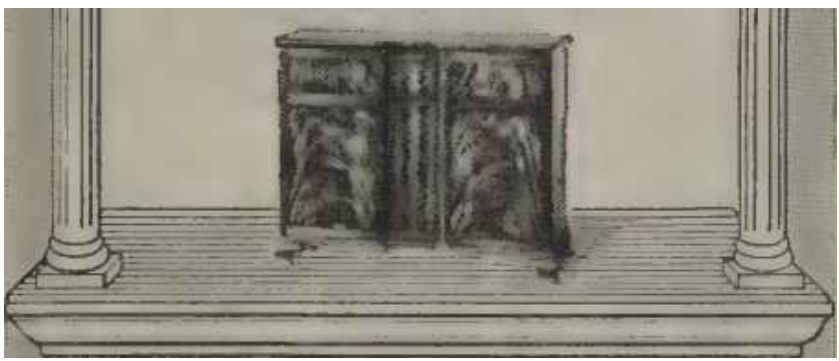

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and the Japs are better. The Germans didn't have the training for bayonet fitrhtino;. I never saw an American lose in a bayonet fight with a German.

“When you come right down to it, the Jap’s the better infantry fighter of the two and the German’s the better artillery fighter. The Jap works more by the book. The German has more tricks. He was liable to pull anything out of the hat. He’d shoot high with tracers, and when you came out of your hole to look around, he’d let you have grazing fire with a machine gun, using ball ammunition. Or, if he fired at you at night and you fired back, he’d put mortars or eighty-eights on you and make you wish you hadn’t said a word. Or, if you were new in the line, he’d shoot high, and while you were shivering down in your foxhole, his infantry would run in under their own fire and shoot into your hole. So when the overhead fire started, you had to raise your head and look around. It paid, if you didn’t raise too much of yourself for too lolig. The Germans are smarter, but they aren’t the fighters the Japs are. They don’t have the old gumption. They didn’t stick it out. American boys did. That’s why we won.” ’

A GIGGLING girl threw a peanut at our table and it glanced ofi Sergeant Allison’s ear. “Shrapnel,” he said, without looking up. “You know, it’s a funny thing, but I never got wounded once.” He rapped on the table. “Duds have landed within killing distance of me. Shell fragments and bullets have gone through my clothes. That’s close enough. When they gave me a chance to come home on this trip, I decided I’d better take it. You can’t duck ’em all. You’ve got to play your hunches. You know, I left a lot of good boys over there who’ll never come back. After three months in the line, about thirty of the hundred and eighty-seven in my company were still in action. The squad I started out with had a heavy turnover. Every time we went out on patrol, there’d be a new lineup. But we won the war because we didn’t run weak. We always had fresh blood to throw into the line. I think about the boys I left back there every day. That’s the least I can do for them.”

I asked Allison if he felt any satisfaction in having been close enough to German and Japanese soldiers to kil them with his own rifle. “Killing i: my business,” he said matter-of-factly. “Germans are

easier to kill, all in all, but I always figured mj real fight wa'

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and places to put toilet articles. And good lights."

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/th the Japs, because they were the rst ones I was up against. There were few of us in the Eighty-seventh who tad fought against both of them, includ-our division commander, Major general Frank Culin, who was a briga-lier with me on Attu. Most of us felt hat the Germans’ morale was weaker han the Japs’, but of course maybe we lidn’t fight the best Germans. Any way ou look at it, though, I preferred the European show. It was actually colder here than in the Aleutians, but you don’t jet that hard wind you get up north. You know, I’d like to fight in a nice warm jungle for a change. But I suppose ,ouM never satisfied with your terrain, ft was hilly and rocky on Attu. The inly time we had any good holes for cover or concealment was when we took them away from the Japs. In Europe, we had almost every kind of ground. It’s funny about terrain. When you’re on open ground, you wish you were in the woods, and when you’re in the woods, you wish you were on open ground. I guess I like the woods better, everything considered. There’s always the danger of a tree burst, but a tank or a sniper can’t get at you so easy.”

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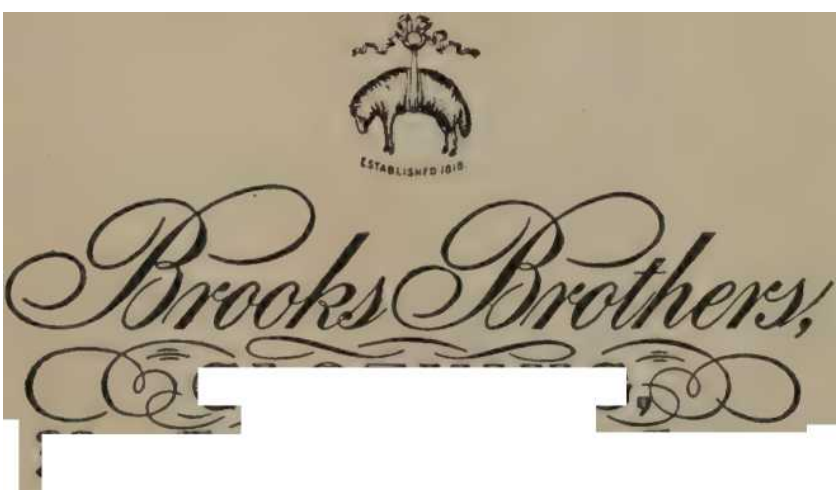
Infantryme/i are the only soldiers who, day in and day out, are obliged to perform their duties within range of enemy small arms, and I asked Allison how, as an experienced target, he felt about the marksmanship of Germans and Japs. “The German’s a better shot,” he said. “The Jap’s not much with a rifle. His rifle has a smaller calibre, and besides, he’s not trained to be the shot the German was. But his shooting habits are nastier. The German would always shoot for your head. That’s where I think he was wrong. It’s too easy to miss you. The Jap will shoot at your belly. Most of the boys I lost in Europe were shot in the head. In a way, that’s where I’d sooner be shot at. There was always a chance



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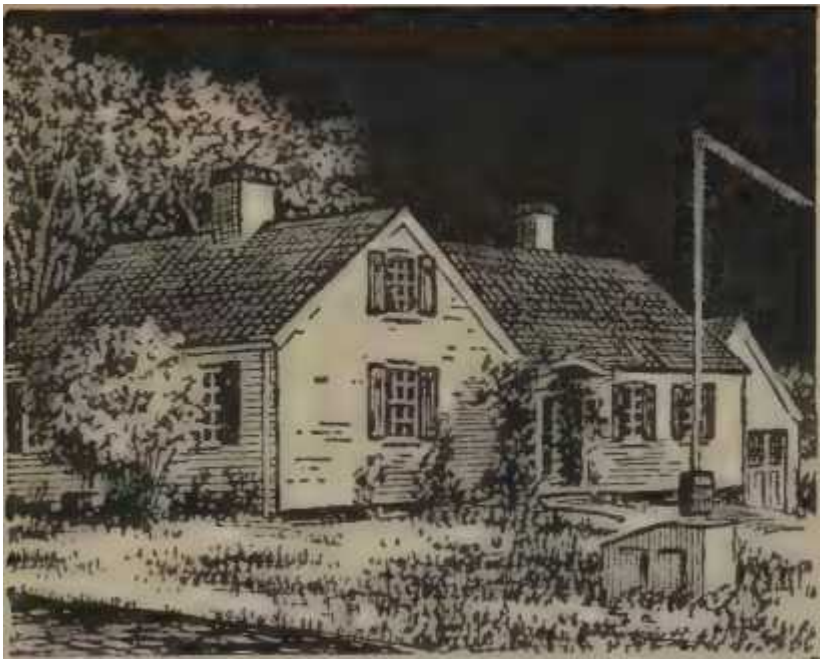

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the German would miss you—aim too high or hit your helmet without hurting you—and, if you got the business, you knew you'd get it quick. Of course," he added slowly, evaluating the problem from all angles, "with a stomach wound you usually have a fiftyfifty chance."

Sergeant Allison had only a little time left in which to check his belongings before leaving for California on his furlough, so we left the Circus and headed toward his barracks. On the way, I asked if he had many souvenirs. "The usual stuff," he said. "A Mauser rifle, a couple of helmets, a beat-up old swastika flag, a cigarette lighter, and a pistol. I got the pistol on the boat coming home off a

lieutenant who said he took it off that mad colonel of St. Malo. And then I've got a fistful of foreign money, naturally—German, French, Belgian, and some Italian I traded for." I asked how he had made out with Jap souvenirs, and he said he had some Jap money, too—fifty sen—along with a rifle and a helmet, out in California, at the home of a friend. He had no family, he explained, to send them to. He isn't married and he has no relatives that he knows of. A few years after he was born, in Batavia, Illinois, just outside of Chicago, his mother died, and, since his father was also dead, he was sent to an orphanage. After having had various odd jobs, he went to the West Coast in 1935 and when he enlisted, he was a bellhop at the California Club, in Los Angeles. He was planning to spend his furlough in Alameda, at the home of a lady with whom he boarded before he joined up. She is his official Army next of kin and is also listed as the beneficiary of his government insurance policy. "When I think back," he said, "I'm surprised she hasn't collected on it."

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

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The objection to making Mr. Stettinius the sole permanent chairman is, of course, not a personal matter at all. Nor is it a matter of jealousy and national prestige. The Soviets have a very clear idea of how great is the power in our political life of the chairman of a national convention, or of a presiding officer like the Speaker of the House.—If alter Lippmann in the Los Angeles Timesj May 1, 1945.

No one can believe, what is more, that Russia really cares who is the chairman of the San Francisco conference. The job is largely ornamental.—Raymond Moley, in the same paper, same day.

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MU5ICAL EVENTS

Further Arrivals

1 ALTHOUGH the music season is ’ almost over, premieres of vari-£'A ous kinds keep coming along. ■Last week, a new opera was introduced | it Brander Matthews Hall, up on 111 7th Street, by the Columbia Theater I Associates in cooperation with ■the Columbia University De-; partment' of Music. It was ■ “The Scarecrow,” a two-Facter based on Percy Mac-f Kaye’s play, with libretto by (Dorothy Lockwood and music by Normand Lockwood.

cle for

The new opera made a good impres-!sion, but further work on it may be necessary before all its possibilities can be realized.

f Mrs. Lockwood's libretto had clarity, ■ movement, and sense—three elements ■ you don't always encounter in opera ■ books. Mr. Lockwood's music was ■ melodious, singable, and always related Ito the words—three elements you don't f always encounter in opera scores.

Nevertheless, it seemed to me that Mr. Lockwood didn't give the lyrical and 'dramatic high spots enough time to develop. More breadth and sweep here and there would have made "The

Scarecrow" into a more compelling ■ creation. It shouldn't take much re-' vision to give the opera the extra momentum it seems to need, because Mr. Lockwood has shown that he knows how to write effectively for the stage. The singing and acting were for the most part competent and well coached, but the romantic and fantastic moods of the opera were not always captured. Otto Luening conducted expertly, and the stage settings by Richard Bernstein

I were both picturesque and practical.

The Scarecrow" was one of the attractions in Columbia University's first Festival of Contemporary American Music, sponsored by the Alice M. Ditson Fund. Among the other offerings was an orchestral matinee by the N. B. C. Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Howard Hanson, who conducted four works, one of them his own, that hadn't yet had concert performances hereabouts. Mr. Hanson was a helpful guide to the new music, taking charge of it with stylistic sensitivity and forceful, enthusiastic conducting. His own fourth symphony, elegiac in its general tone, was persuasive music if not consistently distinctive. David Diamond's "Rounds for Strings" was

attractive and well wrought, but the finale didn't seem to have the directness and conciseness of the first two movements. A concerto for saxophone by Henry Brant proved to be a viable vehi-

the remarkable saxophone of Sigurd Rascher, but most of its musical interest was concentrated in the mockery and brilliance of

its closing movement. J he fourth of the offerings, Walter Piston's second symphony, was best, I thought, in its gayer episodes. All of it

was skillfully and thoughtfully written, but the quiet passages were not especially absorbing.

TO the list of recent American premieres, I should add Norman Dello Joio's "Western Star," a symphony for voices and orchestra, which, under the direction of Robert Shaw, was introduced at Fred Waring's Carnegie Hall concert late in April. Mr. Dello Joio based his work on a poem by Stephen Vincent Benet and he succeeded admirably in conveying the sturdy eloquence of the text. Sometimes the words were handed over to a nar-

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rator. Sometimes they were sung in recitative fashion. Sometimes they were built into rousing ensembles. And occasionally singers and orchestra were blended into a composite tone that projected the spirit of the poem rather than the words themselves. There were spots in which the Benet lines were somewhat over-elaborated in the music, but that may be ascribed to the perennial difficulty in making music fit words. All told, "'Western Star" was a strong, vital addition to our choral literature, and the performance by the Collegiate Chorale, soloists, and orchestra was superbly directed by Mr. Shaw. Mr. Waring's presentation of many popular airs and folk songs was equally outstanding. —Robert A. Simon

•

The district of Wilmersdorf was seized up to Berliner strasse, while another 12,000 German troops surrendered En Masse in the city.—Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer.

A nice district, too, as we remember it.

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FULLER EXPLANATION DE PI

\Frotn the masthead of JForld Magazineˆ World is published monthly, except for the months of January, February, May, July and October.

BOOK5

The Aesthetic Man

Gaunt's "The Aesthetic Adventure" (Harcourt, Brace), is quoted as saying of Whistler, a rather small man, that if he had weighed a few

pounds more he would have been the equal of Velasquez. After reading Mr. Gaunt's book, a comprehensive study of the writers and painters who figured in the so-called art-for-art's-sake movement in England, with references to its cross-fertilization by the similar movement in France, I wonder if, by revising Moore's judgment slightly, we might not cover that whole chapter in English letters (forgetting, for the moment, the painters involved) by saying that with a little more weight it would have been

one of the great periods in literature, each had a part, major or

minor, in the

The fact that it wasn't, and that all its alarms and excursions seem a bit old-fashioned now, doesn't keep it from being a very interesting one. It also had an importance that is probably far greater than that of the literature it produced. The authors who participated in the art-for-art's-sake adventure in England— Swinburne, Pater, Oscar Wilde, and the rest—were not the best writers in the world, but, as Mr. Gaunt shows, they marked the emergence of a new kind of artist, using the word in the sense in which it generally has quotation marks around it, and they represented the crystallization of a special point of view. Just as the economists of the early- and middle-nineteenth century turned their subject into what it pleased them to call a science and invented the "economic man," so did the cult and cultivation of art for art's sake, as the author points out, produce the "aesthetic man." These two fellows may not look alike, but nobody need be fooled ; they are the nineteenth century's

unidentical twins.

The real theme Gaunt's book, and interest, is the rise

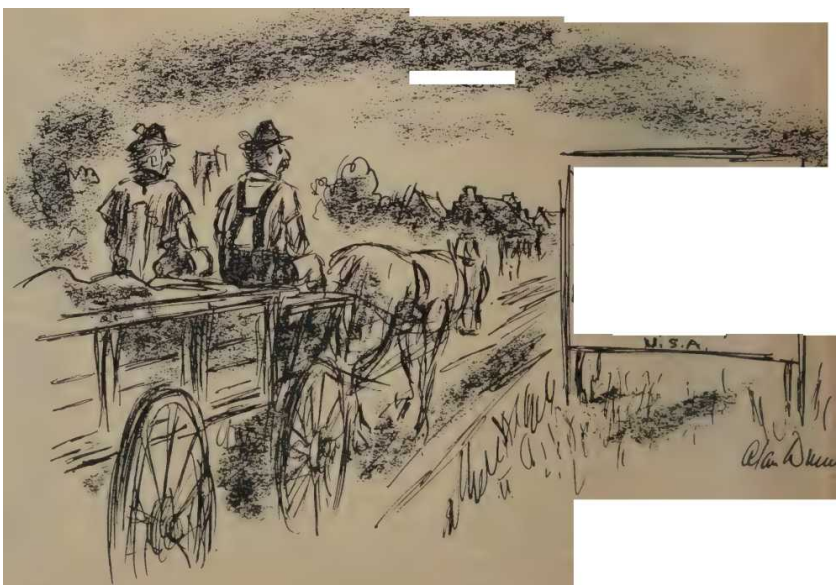
of Mr. its real of the

"aesthetic man." However, since he is shrewd enough to understand that few people would care much about

this particular piece of genealogy, he has made it part of a larger design and written a social, literary, and artistic history of the period covered by the art-for-art's-sake experiment—quite a good history, too. It is not nearly so comprehensive as it might be, but it contains all the essential information about the somewhat enfant-terrible movement that began, roughly speaking, with the publication of Theophile Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin" in 1835 and ended, still roughly speaking, with the trial of Oscar Wilde on a morals charge in 1895. Many persons appeared on the art-for-art's-sake stage in those sixty years—Gautier, Rimbaud, Verlaine, Mallarme, Baudelaire, Manet, Monet, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cezanne, van Gogh, Whistler, Swinburne, Pater, Beardsley, the Rossettis, and so on. Each played a role, major or minor, in the movement;

fathering of the “aesthetic man.”

It’s about time, I suppose, to point out this man, and the movement he represented, for what they were, or, rather, for what Mr. Gaunt, who brought the whole thing up, says they were. “The ‘aesthetic man,’ ” the author says, “recognized no duties, pursued no interests, save those of art. . . . He was indifferent to religion, morality, education, political principle, or social improvement. . . . The aesthetic movement was fundamentally selfish. . . .



Only, it seemed, by a determined egotism could the precious grain of beauty be separated from the common substance in which it lay concealed. . . . The movement was never popular in Britain. . . . Though it had a profound . effect in a limited circle it was uneasily placed between the prejudice of idealist and Philistine alike. .'. . The denial of moral purpose, the compression of what has to be said into an exact form . . . s' were alien to its [Britain’s] complex i and romantic genius.” 1

There are two things about this sum- d ming up that bother me. The first is t that I think Mr. Gaunt is making a mistake in presuming that the “aesthetic i man” passed away with the nineteenth century (he is still very much with us, I’m afraid), and the second is that I

feel that the failure of the art-for-art's-sake movement in England, as measured by the quality of the work that came out of it, had deeper causes than : those Mr. Gaunt gives. We get near the root of the matter if we measure the work done in France, under the impetus of the same set of drives, against that turned out in England. The literary and artistic work produced by the art-for-art's-sake movement in England was not, as Mr. Gaunt says, altogether negligible, but certainly nobody is going to argue that this work was on the same high level as that in France— ; that Swinburne is the equal of Baude- "

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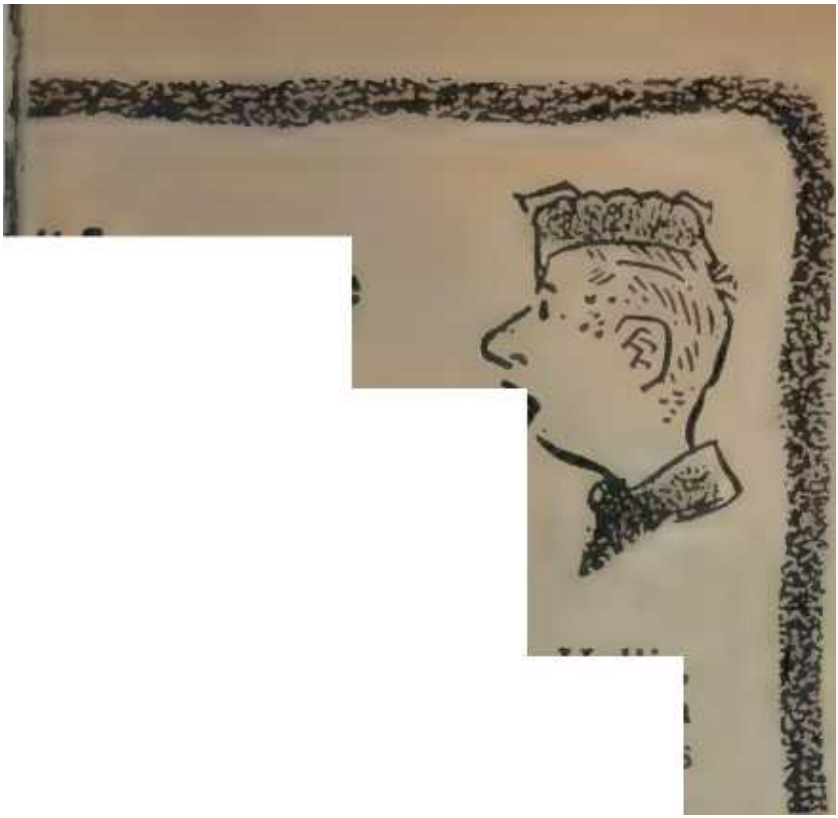

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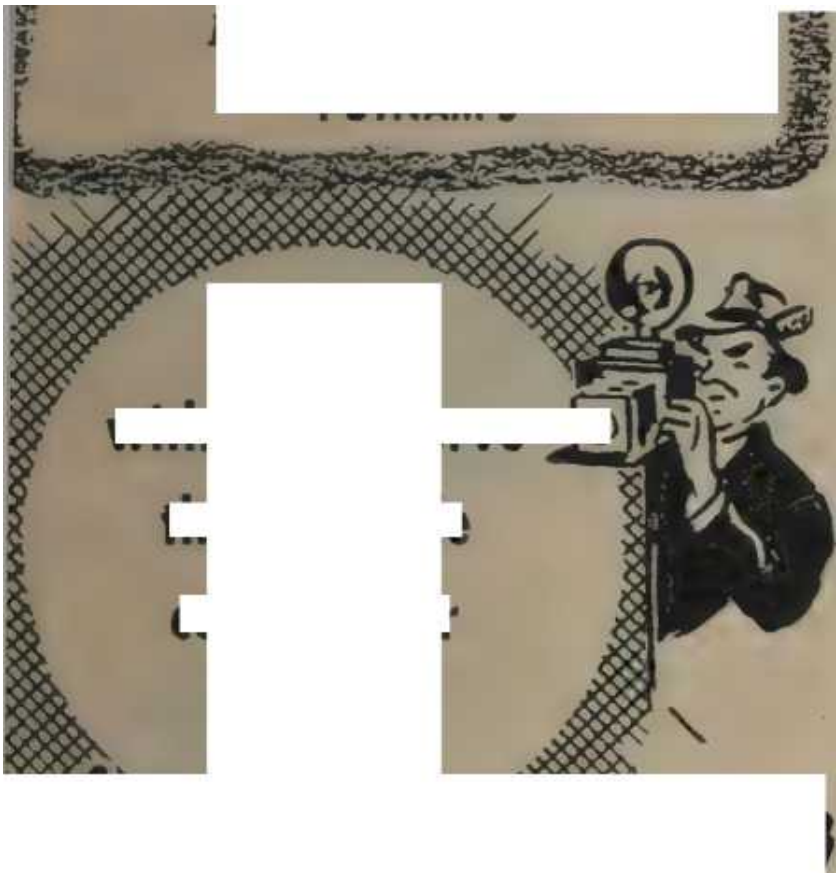

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lairc, for instance, or that Whistler, for all his merit, belongs in the company of van Gogh and Cezanne. More is involved here, it seems to me, than differences of talent and ability. What is strongly suggested is that whereas the Frenchmen of the time were following a natural and perhaps inevitable pattern of development, the Englishmen of the art-for-art's-sake group, as well as Whistler, that tumbleweed of an American, were moving outside the orbit of their own social frame and culture. They represented a rebellion against the standards and values of Victorian England, and they were a crowd of cultivated, perhaps overcultivated, Dead End kids, but I can't see that their rebellion got them anywhere except to another dead end. The less flamboyant writers of the time, men like Browning, Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold, who didn't hunt for their primary nourishment and inspiration in alien climates, left an infinitely more substantial body of work, and the more social-minded rebels of the era, such as Ruskin and William Morris, would appear to have kicked over the traces to a rather better effect—they, at least, made an effort to attack causes and not symptoms.

One thing that struck me over and over again, as I read Mr. Gaunt's

book, was that the group of men he was writing about represented what might be called the original lost generation. If you don't look too hard, it's difficult to tell it from succeeding lost generations, including the one godmothered by Miss Gertrude Stein. I don't know what the moral is, or even if there is a moral. It may be, however, that the sensitive minority of every generation cannot help but feel lost (even Emerson did at times) and must find itself, if for no other reason than that it is a minority, outside the ordinary drift and current of its time. It may be, too, that one doesn't escape lostness by turning one's back on one's country, and that being lost in Paris, or any equivalent of Paris, isn't really much better than being lost at home. —Hamilton Basso

BKIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Pride's Way, by Robert Molloy (Macmillan). Those who have been complaining that we never get any more comfortable, old-fashioned novels which present few problems but are at the same time not too cozy for the intelligent reader ought to be pleased with this one. A novel with an old lady for a heroine is always a

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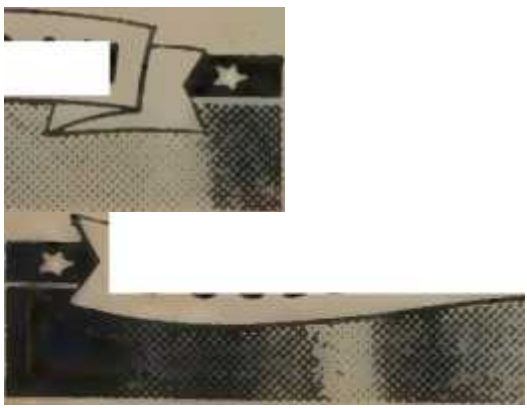


risk, and picturesque Charleston as a background is downright dangerous, but Mr. Molloy has set his old lady bang in the midst of crape myrtles, fish vendors, courtly old gentlemen, turbaned maumas on the Battery, and all that, and got away with it. Not in the least an important book, but a pleasing one, written with humor and a nice satiric touch.

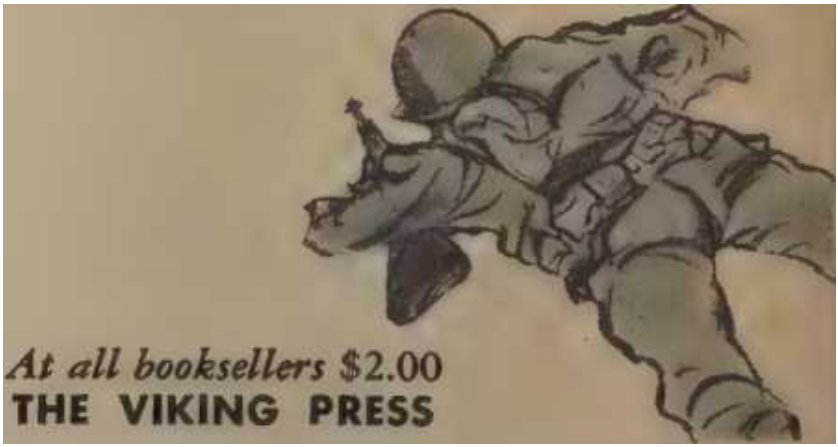
Border City, by Hart Stilwell (Doubleday, Doran). A readable novel which, though it is rather glib, manages to draw you into the thick of the uneven racial conflict between Americans and Mexicans in a small town on the Mexican border. When a gentle Mexican girl is raped by the political boss of the town, a young reporter on the town newspaper makes her cause his own, only to discover that he has taken on the whole political setup of Border City. Needless to say, he takes on the girl, too. A brisk narrative style and plenty of sly digs at the Good Neighbor policy as preached (not practiced) by the town's white citizenry take your mind off the fact that the book is none too well written.

Coming Home, by Lester Cohen (Viking). This is a great week for rape, and political bosses too. Mr. Cohen's story opens fortissimo with an attack by an aged but lively Pittsburgh political boss on a

young Polish girl whose lover is in the Marines. When the soldier comes home from Guadalcanal and finds what has happened to his girl, he beats up the politician and lands in jail, from which there is every chance he will be railroaded to a long prison term. With the aid of a crusading lawyer, he manages, in his trial, to expose political corruption that reaches even beyond his enemy. Mr. Cohen has no more style than a jack rabbit, but his book affords a certain entertainment.

Ask No Quarter, by George Marsh (Morrow). A better than average historical novel by a literate writer who shows an easy familiarity with the special character of Colonial Rhode Island, where part of the scene is laid. The story is largely concerned with a poor boy who takes to privateering, gets command of a ship, and makes his fortune in a long cruise to the West Indies., He returns to Newport to deal satisfactorily with his enemies and marry the heroine. There are some chapters in which Mr. Marsh manages a sailing vessel superbly. If he only had equal ability to control his characters, who talk the

This is the personal drama of men at war, told without heroics by one who was part of it himself and who happened to know how to write. It includes the classic march to Tito's headquarters.



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reader's head off, his novel would have benefited.

he Higher Hill, by Grace Campbell (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). The chronicle of a likable Ontario family before and during the War of 1812. Mrs. Campbell has a nice eye for women busy in a fragrant kitchen, a facility for picturing homey farmyard scenes, and a sincere sense of family loyalties, but in spite of that her novel is never more than a prettified story with careful historical trimmings.

Robert Dlolloy

the Literary Editor of the New York Sun, instantly establishes his reputation as a distinguished fiction writer with his first novel,

PHOTO BY LEJA GORSKA

Pride's

apanese Militarism, by John M. Maki (Knopf). Militarism and aggression, says Mr. Maki, an American of Japanese ancestry who was a college professor before he took a war job with the government, are only the tactical objectives of our war against Japan. The real objectives, beyond the military defeat of Japan, are the ideas, the attitudes, the social institutions, and the economic structure that have brought about her aggressive militarism. He examines these elements of Japanese society and urges the victorious United Nations to introduce into Japan new ideas that will enable the Japanese to grow out of their almost infantile political immaturity. This is much easier said than done, and Mr. Maki isn't very helpful at telling us how to go about it, but it is rather pleasant, for a change, to come across a man who doesn't know all the answers. Anyone who has not given Japan the hard and careful attention she deserves could hardly find a better book to begin with.

)f Life and Love, by Emil Ludwig (Philosophical Library). Mr. Ludwig, who has already considered such diverse subjects as Napoleon, Beethoven, Goethe, and the life story of the river Nile, has now turned his attention to more complex matters. Among the essays included in this book are musings on jealousy, hate, greatness, Don Juan, Casanova, di-

• vorce, and just plain sex. He offers a few curious conclusions, such as that a great pianist who is married eight times is more inclined toward monogamy than most men who marry but once; he also presents many conclusions, such as that a man who doesn't notice his wife's new dress is a goose, that sound as though he had been taking a stiff seminar in Dorothy Dix. Mr. Ludwig's prose has a certain man-of-the-world strut.

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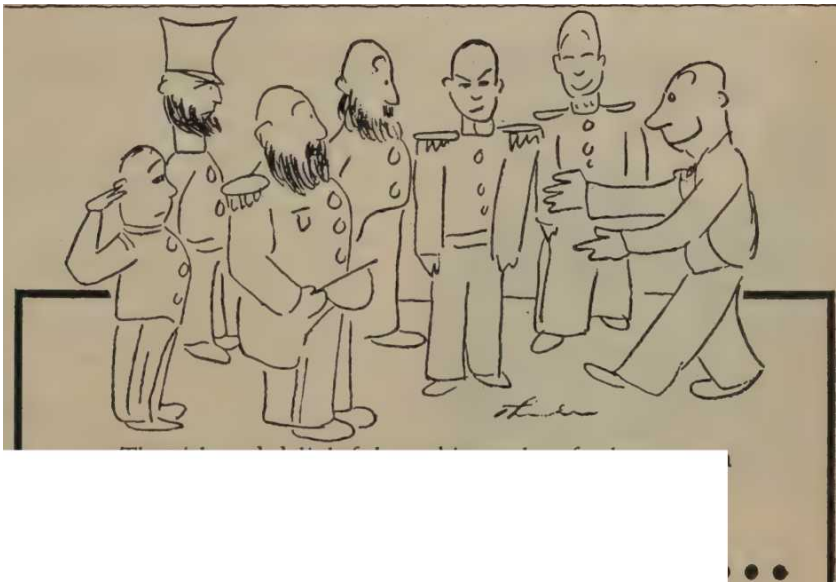

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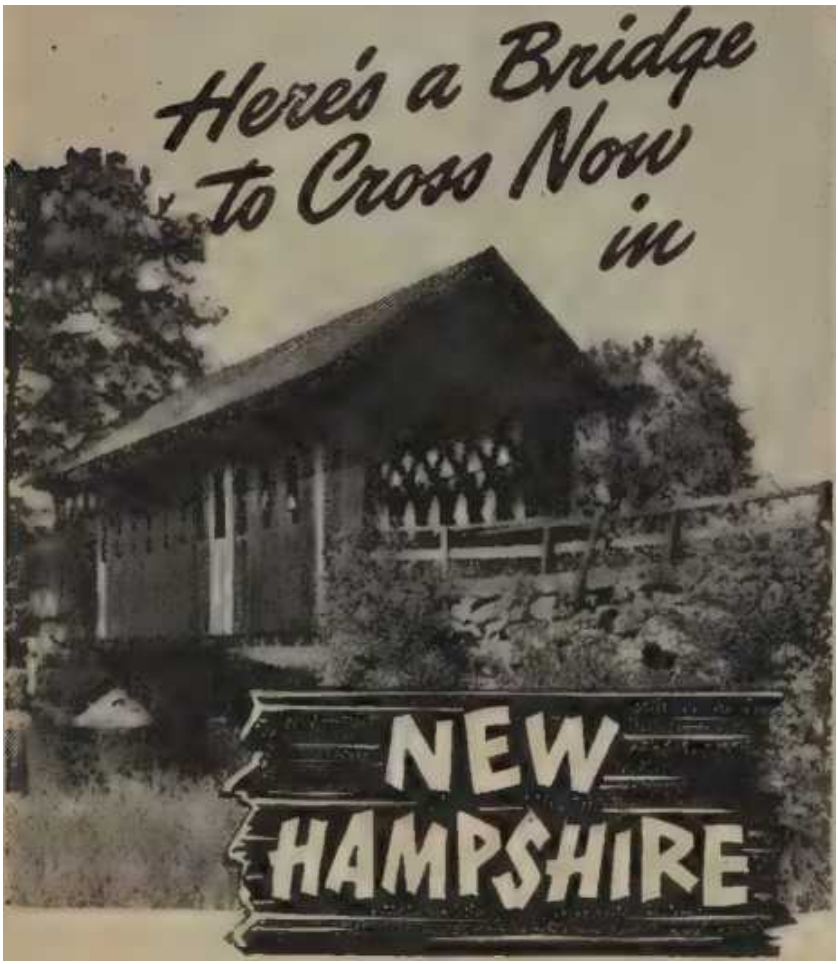

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as if he were under the impression that it belongs in a devilish and highly sophisticated book, but this sort of deviltry, and this sort of sophistication, began to wear thin with Arthur Schnitzler and other members of the Austrian whipped-cream-with-cof-fee school.

Fighting Liberal, by George W. Norris (Macmillan). 'Che posthumously published autobiography of the late dean of American liberals, with a detailed account of the legislative battles he engaged in. Mr. Norris writes as he spoke, plainly and bluntly, and the philosophy he puts forward, a mixture of Populism, Christianity, and the New Deal, is the philosophy he lived by. Few modern American legislators left a more substantial record of achievement behind them, but most of the politics in Mr. Norris's book is beginning to show its age; even his classic struggle against "Cannonism" seems to belong to a distant, happier, and more innocent time. In the earlier part of his story, in which he tells of his youth and young manhood in Nebraska, he has written an authentic American document that belongs on the same shelf as Hamlin Garland and other chroniclers of the middle border. Illustrated.

An Invitation to Chess, by Irving Chernev and Kenneth Harkness (Simon & Schuster). Two editors of a chess magazine have whipped up a manual, elementary enough at the start to explain the movements of the pieces but graduating before long to a discussion of principles and a step-by-step analysis of sample contests. Clear and cerebral, as a book on chess should he, and illustrated with photographs and diagrams.

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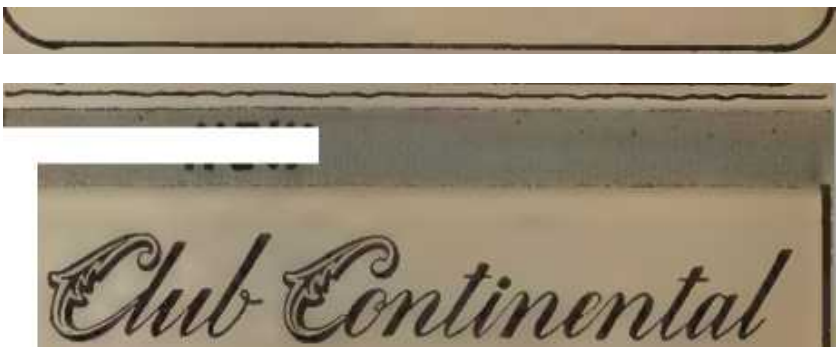

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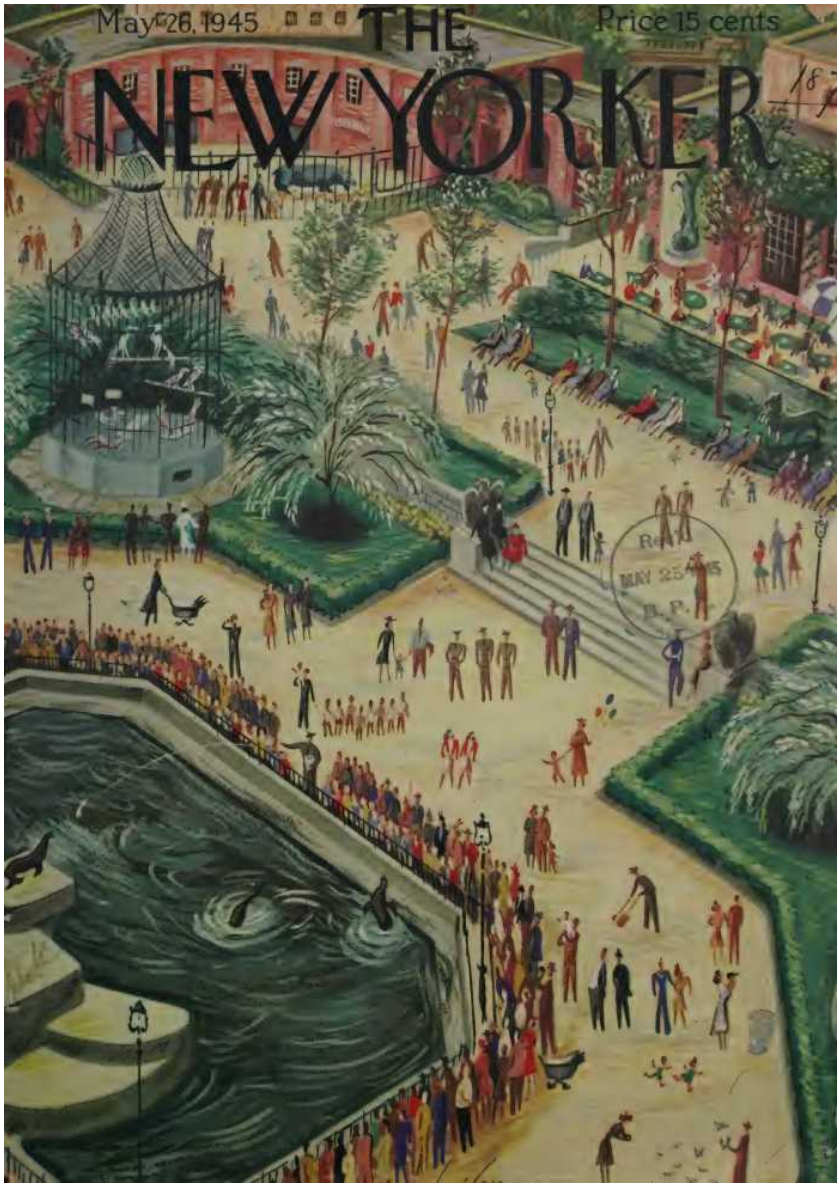
May 26, 1945
THE
NEW YORKER
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THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, there will be some juggling of matinee schedules because of Memorial Day. There may be further

changes at the last minute, so, to be on the safe side, you d do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an allNegro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. Cl 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., May 27, at 8:40; tickets can be obtained by buying War Bonds at Arnold Constable.)

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne in a revival of the 1931 hit. Directed by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 :30.)

A Bell for Adano—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March's restrained performance makes up for whatever defects there may be in the script. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CT 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. Virginia Gilmore, John Dall, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith are in the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Wed., May 30, at 2:40.)

Foolish Notion—A lot of people try to imagine what it would be like if a dead hero came back, including Philip Barry, the author. Nobody seems to get very far with the idea, with the possible exception of Tallulah Bankhead. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Cl 6-6363.

Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs., except May 31, and Sat. at 2:30. Special performances Wed. Aft., May 30, at 2 130, and, for the Actors' Fund, Sun. Eve., May 27, at 8:30.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565-Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Hasty Heart—A rather contrived play about how a beautiful nurse and some sympathetic comrade's humanize a dying soldier. Anne Burr and Richard Basehart have the leading roles. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Kiss ano Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a competent cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss Them for Me—Richard Widmark, Dennis King, Jr., and Richard Davis in an adaptation of "Shore Leave," that seems to lack a little something of the quality of the original. (Fulton, 46, W. Cl 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. "'fhrjdJ's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With

JXPet Beerˆr and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-42ˆ' Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed and Sat. at 2:4°.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR. OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 2.

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Othello—A brief return engagement of the Margaret Webster production. With Paul Robeson, Uta Hagen, and Jose Ferrer. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Overtons—A familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With

Arlene Francis, Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Blue Holiday—Ethel Waters and Josh White heading an all-Negro vaudeville revue, with songs by Duke Ellington and Al Moritz and dances staged by Katherine Dunham. Directed by Moe Hack and produced by Irvin Shapiro and Doris Cole. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30.)

Foxhole in the Parlor—A play by Elsa Shelley,

DEPARTMENT5 IN THU U5UE

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THE NEV YORKER 25 VEJT 43KD JTKEET TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING 4 JUDJCIUFTIONI, BRYANT 9-6300 EDITORIAL OFFICE?. BRYANT 9-8200

with a cast including Montgomery Clift and Russell Hardie. Directed by John Haggot and produced by Harry Bloomfield. (Booth, 45, W. Cl 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at

2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, headed by Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rou-ben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2;3°-)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—Betty Garrett and Frank Lib-use do their best to redeem this latest Olsen and Johnson frolic, but it is still pretty dull and tasteless stuff. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44. W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs., except May 31, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Wed., May 30, at 2:30.)

On the Town—A carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (Adelphi. 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a nice job. With Irra Petina, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Memphis Bound—A musical comedy based on "H.M.S. Pinafore," with lyrics and score by Don Walker and Clay Warnick, book by Albert Barker and Sally Benson, and an all-Negro cast headed by Bill Robinson, Avon Long, and Thelma Carpenter. Anton Dolin staged the ballet, Robert Ross and Eva Jessye directed, and the producers are John Wildberg and Vinton Freedley. Opens Thurs., May 24. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Round Trip—June Walker, Sidney Blackmer, and Phyllis Brooks, in a comedy by Mary Orr and Reginald Denham. Mr. Denham directed and Clifford Hayman is the producer. Opens Tues., May 29. (Biltmore, 47, W, CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8140. Mats. Wed. ami Sat. at 2:40.)

Hollywood Pinafore—The original score of "H.M.S. Pinafore," with a new book by George S. Kaufman and a cast headed by Victor Moore and William Gaxton. Directed by Mr. Kaufman and produced by Max Gordon. Opens Thurs., May 31. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:20. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Concert Varieties—A variety show featuring Katherine Dunham, Rosario and Antonio, Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson, Deems

Taylor, and many others. Produced by Billy Rose. Opens Fri., June 1. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Cl 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at

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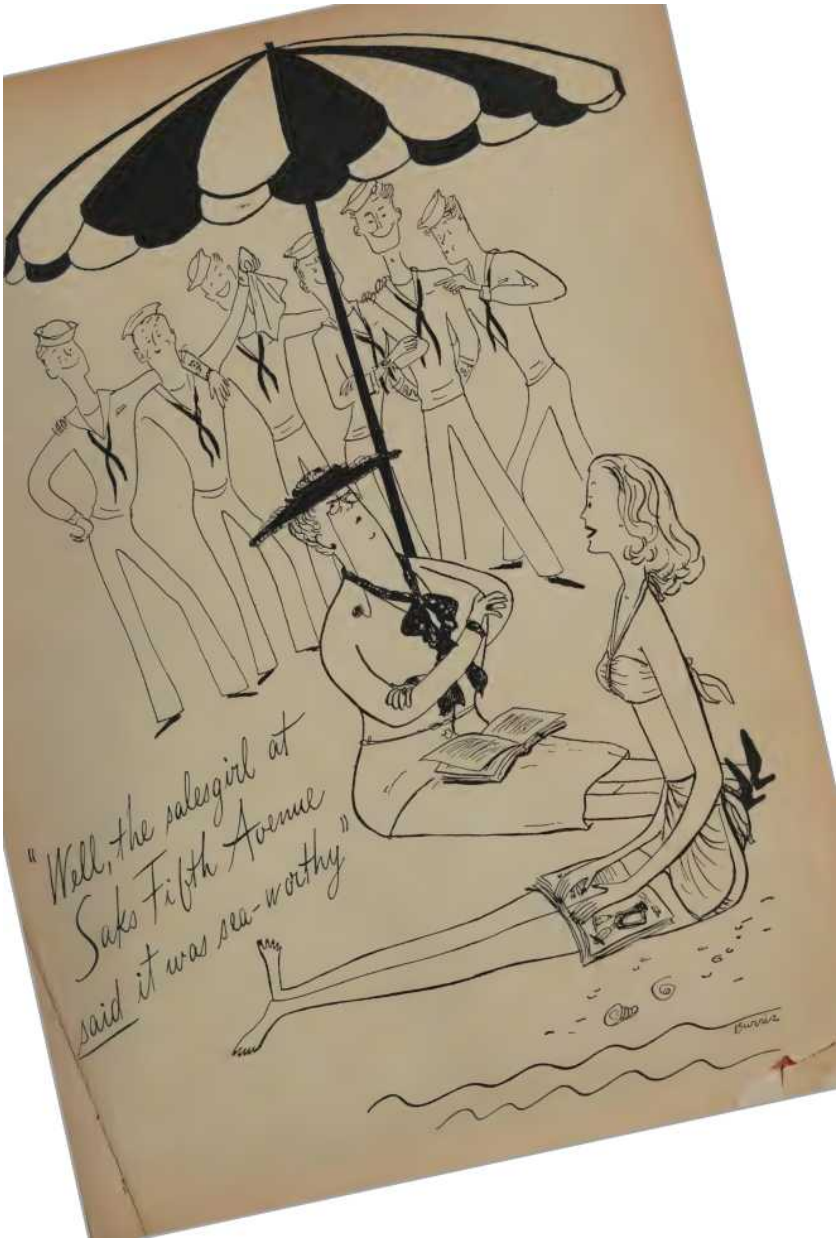

49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, beginning Wed., May 30, at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2.40.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, and/or other entertainment, once more until 3 or 4 a.m., except in the hotels, which arc closing between midnight and 1 a.m. Several of them are closed entirely or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)-—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this cool, subterranean cavern.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—In the Bowman Room, Ray Benson's orchestra and a small show until Thurs., May 31, when the Roof (dark a long, long time) will open with Henry Busse's orchestra.

Cafe Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223) — The practically impeccable Jimmy Savo and his frenzied pantomiming. Also, Beatrice Kraft, the dancer, and Phil Moore's band.

Cafe Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737) —Josh White and a song about a meat ball, Imogene Coca and comedy about almost anything. Besides that, jazz piano by Cliff Jackson, and Edmond Hall's lively orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—A home away from home for many of our most professional night owls. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chi-quito's rumba band provide the incidental music. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—In this gilded palace, a peaceful dinner and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Night life as you see it in the movies, Technicolor, sound effects, and all. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Wally Boag, the ingenious balloon man, some dancers, a magician, and Stanley Melba's agile

orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Cafe Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, zooming across the Persian Room again in that power-dive fashion of hers, with Bob Grant's orchestra for background. Mark Monte's orchestra, which plays for tea dancing daily in the Palm Court Lounge, is also around the Persian Room later on.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)-—Just about as pleasant as nighttime on a roof can be. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Cafe Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by the lush dance music of London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Not as old as Groton, but it gets most of its graduates into Yale just the same. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band are on hand at night; Roy George's band plays for tea dancing.

Waldorf Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has a magician and some acrobats (you know the Waldorf); Nat Brandwynnc's orchestra, which alternates at supper with Mischa Borr's. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—blue angel, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Eddie Mayehoff and his merry monologues, Mildred Bailey and her sultry songs, all helped out by the music of the Herman Chittison trio. On Sun., May 27, the Delta Rhythm Boys return. . . . ruban bleu, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): pleasant songs by Monica Boyar and the Deep River Boys, pleasant music by Cedric Wallace's trio, pleasant piano by Garland Wilson, Jose Melis, and Julius Monk. . . . spivy's roof, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Carter and Bowie dispensing their special brand of piano duets, and now and then Spivy herself, singing about her special brand of world-weariness.

Miscellaneous—At the cop rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887) : Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing in a highly

decorative setting. . . . 1-2-} club, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk; no dancing. . . . casino russe, •57 W. 56 (CI 6-6u6): more for the cotelette a la Kiev than for the goings on in the floor show; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . Versailles, 15i E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Jane Pickens and a collection of delectable show girls; Maxmillian Bergere's orchestra. ... el Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): semi-Spanish, with some strolling singers and a fine rumba band. . . boo club, i E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Benny Goodman's orchestra, which now includes Red Norvo, Teddy Wilson, and Slam Stewart, bouncing around in rather odd surroundings. . . . Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-060) : Xavier Cugat's band and a typical Copaca-

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 2.

bana floor show, headed by Georgie Price; Joel Herron's orchestra upstairs in the Cabana Room. . . . astor roof, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000) : large and cool, with Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . Essex house, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300) : Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500) : Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. . . . madison 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Bob Knight's orchestra. . . . new yorker hotei, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-iouo) : Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000) : Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . roosevelt, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's and Walter Perner's orchestras.

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At nick's, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683) : Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and their helpmeets scorching the midnight air. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at II (CH 2-9355) : one °f the town's best cellars, since it now has Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; and Don Frye as solo pianist; dancing. . . . onyx, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Hot Lips Page with a new band, and Stuff Smith's trio. . . . downbeat, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Sidney Catlett and his new band, Al Casey and his new trio, and Billie Holiday; dancing. . . . jimmy ryan's, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9000) : a hot trio, in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. . . . three deuces, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861):

Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Memorial Day, May 30.)

American Academy, B'way at 155—Painting and sculpture by new members, among whom are Edward Hopper and Frank W. Benson. Tues, through Sun., 2 to 5 p.m.; through June 30.

Arnold Blanch—Introducing a wholly new style, in the artist's first show here in four years: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., May 26.

Sara Berman-Beach—Recent oils: Artist Associates, 138 W. 15. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 3 to 6 p.m.; through Thurs., May 31.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The development of the water color in America, with emphasis on the work of Winslow Homer. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.; through June 17.

Arthur G. Dove—The artist's work from 1922 to the present: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 3 to 6 p.m.; through June 22.

Engravings—Prints from Stanley William Hayter's Atelier 17, among whose participants arc Marc Chagall and Ian Hugo: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., June 2.

Max Ernst—Sculpture, in his first real try at this medium; and some paintings: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 4.

European—Utrillo and Vlaminck: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Wed., May 30.

Frick Collection, i E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been in safekeeping since the beginning of the war are now back tn the Museum. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1

to 5 p.m.

Oronzo Gasparo—Pseudo-naive paintings with firm and intricate patterns: Levitt, 16 W. 57. Daily 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., May 26.

Groups—At the riverside museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: oils, water colors, and sculpture by members of the Artists League of America, an outgrowth of the United American Artists, C.I.O. Daily 1 to 5 p.m.; through Sun., May 27.... durlacher, ii E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5·3° p.m.; through July 31. ... downtown, 43 E, 51: new painting and sculpture by John Marin, Bernard Karfiol, William Zorach, and others. W eekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., June 2. . . . salmagundi club, 47 5 Ave., at 12: the seventyfifth anniversary show. Weekdays 12:30 to 6 p.m. (also Tues, through Thurs. Eves., 8 to 10) ; Sun,, 2:30 to 6 p.m.; through Tues., May 29. . . . rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 2. . . . passedoit,

121 E. 57: paintings and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, Jose de Creeft, and others of this group. Mon. . through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m.-to 5 p.m.; through June 30. . . . brandt, 15 E. 57: Hedda Sterne, John Graham, David Hill, and Theodoros Stamos. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Tues., May 29... international print society, 38 W. 57: a spring show of American painting and sculpture, with Adolph Dehn, Hugo Robus, and others. Daily io a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., May 26. . . . milch, 108 W. 57: Americans of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, including Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 15. . . . macbeth, ii E. 57: oils and water colors by contemporary American artists. Weekdays 9.30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 29. . . . buchholz, 32 E. 57: a large show, French and German for the most part, of modern water colors, drawings, and sculpture. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., June 2. . . . 67 gallery, 67 E. 57: fourteen painters, centered about Hans Arp, in whose general style the gallery sees signs of a new “ism.” Weekdays 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through June 30. . . . AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER, 44 W. 56: paintings from the Art Workshop of Local 91, I.L.G.W.U.'Daily 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.M.; through Sat., May 26.

Hantman -Boldly-massed farm and fishing scenes: Marquie, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., June 2.

Earl Kerkam—Heads and nudes; also, paintings, between pseudo-naive and Persian, by Tusnelda: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., May 26.

Boris Lovet-Lorski—Sculpture—heads, figures, whimsical animals: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 16.

Guy Maccoy ano Bernard Steffen—Gouaches, water colors, and serigraphs: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., June 2.

Luis Martinez-Pedro—Drawings, concerned mainlv with West Indian myths, by the Cuban artist': Peils, 3ˆ E. 58. Daily 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., May 26.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, newly arranged to show the development of Greek civilization. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun, 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A retrospective “ show of Georges Rouault. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m.; through June 3.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54_A Kandinsky memorial show, containing over two hundred of his paintings. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 p.m.; through June 3.

Alice Rahon Paalen Oils, gouaches, drawings, etchings. Ait of This Century, 30 W. 57, Weekdays, including Memorial Day, n a.m. to 6 pm • through June 9.

Photography—Prints by Paul Strand, from his earlv abstractions and candid photographs to his recent senes on Vermont: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m.; through June 10.

Edmund Quincy—French and American city scenes: ' Contemporary Arts, 106’E. 57. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun 2:30 to 5:30 p.m.; through Mon., May 28.

Doris Rosenthal—Paintings of Guatemala: Midtown. 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 a.m. to 6 p.m through Sat., May 26.

J°^ Scharl.—Recent oils, gouaches, and drawings: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:10 p.m.; through Sat., May 26.

Yves Tanguy—Sixteen new paintings: Matisse. 41 E 57. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., June 2.

Arthur Zaidenberg Satirical paintings: A.C.A 63 E- 57- Daily 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., May 26.

Not®—The semi-annual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square will open on Fri., May 25. and

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continue daily through Sun., June io, from n a.m. until dark.

MUSIC

Sam Carlo Opera Company- "Carmen." Thurs. Eve.. May 24. . . .

“Rigoletto.” Fri. Eve., May 25. . . . "La Traviata,” Sat. Aft., May 26. . . . “Aida,” Sat. Eve., May 26. ... “11 Barbiere di Seviglia,” Sun. Aft., May 27. . . . “11 Trovatore,” Sun. Eve., May 27. (Center Theatre, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Eves, at 8:20. Afts. at 2:30.)

Russian Grand Opera Company “The Quiet Don,” by Ivan Dzerzhinsky. Sun. through Tues., May 27-29, at 8:15 p.m. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.) Salmaggi Opera Company—“Aida.” Sat., June 2, at 8:45 p.m. (Ebbets Field. MA 4-7030.)

French Concert—Robert Casadesus, piano; Zino Francescatti, violin; Martial Singher, baritone; and the Guilet String Quartet; in a program for the benefit of American Relief for France. Fri., May 25, at 9 p.m. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 IV. 53. For tickets, call PL 3-4571.)

SPORTS

Red Cross Benefit—Joe McCarthy, Byron Nelson. Alice Marble, and other sports celebrities, as well as stage and screen stars, in a three-hour variety show. Fri., May 25, at 8 p.m. (Waldorf-Astoria. For tickets, call BR 9-2104.)

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Chicago. Thurs. through Sat., Maj' 24-26, at 2:30 p.m.; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Sun., Maj' 27 (doubleheader), at 2:05 p.m., and Mon. and Tues., May 28-29, at 2:30 p.m.; Yankees vs. Detroit, Wed., May 30 (doubleheader), at 1:30 p.m., and Thurs.. May 31, at 2:30 p.m.; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Fri. and Sat., June 1-2, at 2:30 p.m.

- Boxing— Madison Square Garden- Rocky Graziano vs. Al Davis, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., May 25; Tami Mauriello vs. Steve Dudas, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 1. (Preliminaries at 8:30 p.m.; main bouts at 10 p.m.)

Crew—Columbia vs. M.I.T., Harlem River. Sat.. June 2, at 6 p.m.

Trotting-—Weekdays, beginning Fri., May 25. at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 p.m. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 p.m.)

Racing—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 1130 p.m., through Sat., June 2. (Paumonok Handicap, May 24; Excelsior and Jamaica Handicaps, May 26; Wood Memorial, Maj' 30; Grey Lag Handicap, June 2.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:23 a.m. and 1:20 p.m.; Sat. between 10:45 a.m. and 1:25 p.m.; and Memorial Day between 10:40 a.m. and 1:30 p.m.

Yachting- -Championship regattas on the Sound: Echo Bay Y.C., New Rochelle, N.Y., Sun., May 27; American Y.C., Rye, N.Y., Wed., May 30; at about 2 p.m.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the Chrysler blog., 405 Lexington, at 42 : a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 p.m., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the “Gunairstructor,” a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily, including Memorial Day, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; through Thurs., May 31. . . . new york historical society, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries —dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Sat.. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Tues, through Fri., including Memorial Day, 1 to 5 p.m.; through July 31 •

Costumes At the metropolitan museum, 5 Ave. at 82: a large exhibition of imperial robes from the Man-chu court of China; also, fabrics by modern designers, inspired by art objects in the Museum. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 a.m. to 5 , p.m.; Sun.. 1 to 5 p.m.; through June 10. . . .

costume institute, 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 30.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Inscriptions, texts, and illuminated manuscripts, from 2600 b.c. to the fifteenth century. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Tues., May 29.

Auctions—At the parke-bernet galleries, 30 E. 57— French eighteenth-century furniture, and objects of art, owned by the late Vernon C. Brown: Thurs., May 24, at 2 p.m. . .. English eighteenth-centurj' furniture and decorations owned by the late Mrs. Middleton S. Burrill: Fri., Maj' 25. at 2 p.m. . . . French and American nineteenth-cen tury paintings, and art of the Renaissance, collected bj' an educational institution and others:

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY. MAY 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 2.

Thurs., May 31, at 8 p.m. . . . English and French furniture and decorations owned by Mrs. Arthur Garrels and others: Thurs. and Fri.. May 31-June 1. at 2 p.m.

Note—"The Fighting Lady," a 103-foot model of an aircraft carrier, is on view in the Sunken Plaza of Rockefeller Center. Purchasers of War Bonds, at the Plaza, may go on board.

ON THE AIR

State Department—Archibald MacLeish. James C. Dunn, and John Foster Dulles, in a discussion of our international policy; broadcast from San Francisco, Sat., May 26, at 7 p.m., WEAF.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sun., May 27, at 3 p.m., WABC. . . . Rochester Symphony Orchestra, Howard Hanson conducting, Sat., May 26, at 3 p.m., WEAF. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., May 26 and June 2. at 5 p.m., WJZ. . . . San Carlo Opera Company: "11 Trovatore/' Sun., May 27, at 8:30 p.m., WNYC. . . . Gordon String Quartet, Sun., May 27, at 6:05 p.m., WQXR.

Sports—Boxing: Rocky Graziano vs. Al Davis, Fri., May 25; Tami Mauriello vs. Steve Dudas, Fri., June 1; at 10 p.m., WOR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 p.m.,

WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues, at 4:30 p.m., WJZ. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 p.m., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 p.m., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon. Tues, through Sat. at 10:30 p.m., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7 45 p.m., WOR. . . . Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Sun. at 7:30 p.m., WMCA. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1 :45 p.m., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert. Mon. through Fri. at 6 p.m., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerch-inger, Sun. at 11:15 p.m., WEAF. ... Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 p.m., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 p.m, WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 p.m., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 p.m., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 p.m., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson (from Europe), Sun. at 9:45 p.m., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

Colonel Blimp—Roger Livesey in a verj' effective biography of a professional British soldier. (Gotham, B'way at 47; Thurs., May 24.)

The Corn Is Green—Screen version of the Emlyn Williams success, with Bette Davis instead of Ethel Barrymore. If you can believe that Miss Davis's interest in her handsome young miner is quite platonic you can believe practically anything. (Hollywood. B'waj' at 51.)

Double Indemnity—How to chisel an insurance company. Good strong murder tale, with Fred Mac-Murray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 24.) Guest in the House—A very sensible adaptation of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; and Olympia, B'way at 107; through Mon., May 28. . . . Loew's 175th Street, B'waj' at 175; through Tues., May 29. ... Lexington. Lexington at 51; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed.. May 30.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—Judy Garland singing and making love in an intelligent and fetching adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien, Leon Ames, and Mary Astor. (Schuyler. Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Mav 26-28.)

Murder, My Sweet—Excellent screen version of Raymond

Chandler's mystery story called "Farewell. Mj' Lovely." Dick Powell, who gets slugged, shot, or poisoned practically everj' other minute, makes a fine, durable detective. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., May 25-27.)

None But the Lonely Heart—Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barrj' Fitzgerald grope with good effect through a film of London slum life that calls for considerable groping. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs.. May 25-31.)

The Silver Fleet—A taut British melodrama about a

shipbuilder's courage during the Nazi invasion of Holland. (World. 153 W. 49; Thurs., Maj 24-)

The Three Caballeros—Walt Disney's attempt to mate live actresses with Donald Duck and Joe Carioca may be in dubious taste and is certainly not up to his previous masterpieces. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., May 24. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Maj' 26-28. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues, and Wed.. Maj' 29-30. . . . Normandie. Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs.. May 30-31.)

The Unseen—Three ladies get their pretty necks broken in this first-rate adaptation of a mysterj' novel by Ethel Lina White. With Gail Russell. Joel McCrea. Herbert Marshall, and a remarkable child actor called Richard Lyon. (Globe. B'way at 46; through Fri., Maj'

25.)

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer (1938)—Tommy Kelly and May Robson as Tom and Aunt Polly. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues, and Vi ed.. May 29-30.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., May 25.)

Lady in the Dark (1944)—Ginger Rogers, as a magazine editor, is psychoanalj'zed in Technicolor. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., May 24.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews prettj- deeply involved in murder. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs.. May 24.)

The Mayor's Dilemma (1940)—French life during the first World War. Now called "The Hostages." (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., Maj' 24.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs.. May 24. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat.. May 26. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Mon., Maj' 26-28.)

Pepe le Moko (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. With Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed.. May 30.) The Prisoner of Zenda (1937)—Madeleine Carroll.

Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks. Jr. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues, and Wed., May 29-30.)

They Were Five (1938)—About a lottery and a country inn. In French, with Jean Gabin. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 IV. 55; through Tues.. May 29.) Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael

Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues.. May 27-29.) To Be or Not To Be (1942)—Ernst Lubitsch. with the help of Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, takes the Gestapo apart. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Maj' 28-29.)

True to Life (1943)—A comedj' about love and radio. With Mary Martin, Franchot Tone, and Dick Powell. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs.. May 24.)

Wilson (1944)—Darryl Zanuck's life of Woodrow Wilson. With Alexander Knox. (World, 153 W. 49; Fri. through Thurs., May 25-31.)

Winterset (1936)-—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., June 1.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art. it IV. 53, is showing old films on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 p.m. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30. and 5:30 p.m. —thurs., may 24: "Chess Fever" (1925); and "Mother" (1926). Russian films. . . . fri. through sun., may 25-27: "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927), directed by Rene Clair. . . . mon. through thurs., mat 26-31: "Professional Patient" (1917), with Mr and Mrs. Sidne.v Drew; and "The Strong Man" (1926). with Harry Langdon. . . . from fri., june i: "Hands Up" (1926), with Raymond Griffith; and "Two Tars" (1928). with Laurel anil Hardy.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Service Men -New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods tire urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee. Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000). and the New Y ork Citj' Vacancy Listing (preference given to service men). 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

Volunteer Work -Hundreds of men .and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the citj' into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the

civilian defense volunteer office, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to work as much time as they can spare as sorters or canvassers for the United National Clothing Col lection: nun and women to work an hour or so

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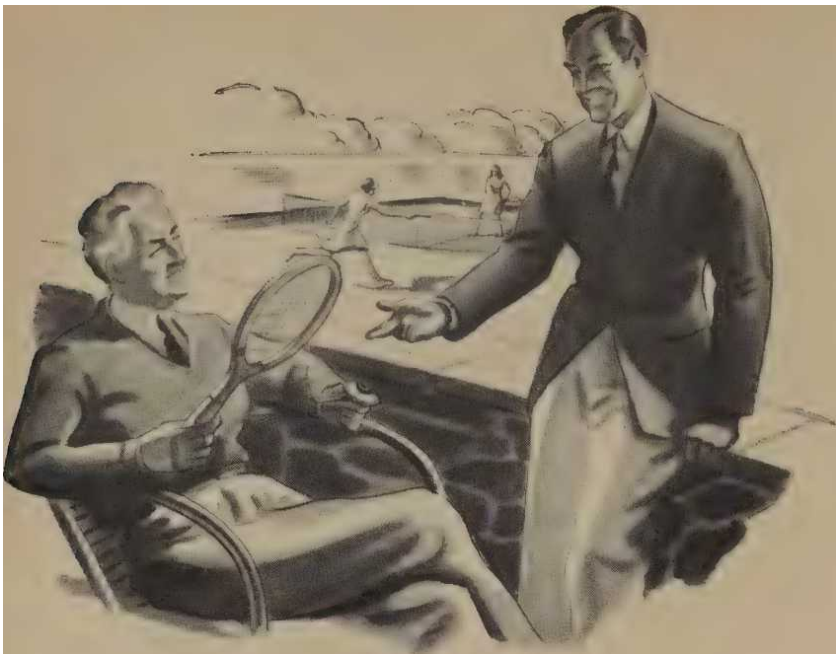

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For wear around the club or cooling off between sets, the collarless jacket is practical and with a new, smart effect in the unbroken line from the shoulder to the bottom.

It looks well with duck or flannel shorts or trousers. For tennis supplies, equipment or accessories, "The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World" is headquarters for men and women players.

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GOING5 ON ABOUT TOWN

a week for the wastepaper drive, acting as liaison agents between tenants and managers of apartment buildings and hotels. ... red cross, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . American women's voluntary services, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050) : women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for service men's clubs; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply at 17 E. 67., RE 7-3700.) . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 LeXington, at 41 (CA 5-7150) : women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and diet kitchens, or as receptionists from 7 to 8:45 a.m.- men to work at least one evening a week as orderlies in wards. . . . American women's hospitals reserve corps, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100) : women to work several hours a week, preferaply during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in . veterans' rehabilitation centers.

Note—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops • and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications canz be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

Seventh War Loan Drive—The War Bond campaign is on, and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), are recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

Salvage—Wastepaper (still very important) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will

facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, -among other things. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every ’ , pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can’t direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The United National Clothing Collection wants to accumulate, during May, a hundred and fifty million pounds of practical clothing, shoes, bedding, and linens for destitute families overseas. Drivers of laundry trucks will pick up contributions on their regular routes, or, for the location of the nearest depot, call CI 57350. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such ma- . terial should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church, New York 7 (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equip- ’ ment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for games, playing cards, radios, 4 records, floor lamps, and small furniture. Three organizations which will call for and distribute • contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050). . . . Musical' instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45

Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220. . . . Bibles, in English and foreign languages, are needed for service men and for people in liberated countries. They can be taken or sent to any A.W.V S. office; for the address of the nearest one, call RE 4-6050.

A Cooling Application of "Cheng-Tu' for summer...

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—"The Enchanted Cottage," Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall.

Capitol, B'way at 5: (CO 5-1250)—"Thrill of a Romance," Esther Williams, Van Johnson.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3830)—"Counter-Attack," Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman.

Globe, B'way at 46 (Cl 6-0800)—Through Eri., May 25: the unseen, Joel McCrea, Gail Russell, Herbert Marshall. . . . From Sat., May 26: "Flame of Barbary Coast," Ann Dvorak, John Wayne.

Gotham, B'way at 47 (CI 5-9516)—Thurs., May 24: colonel blimp, Roger Livesey, Anton Wal-brook, Deborah Kerr. . . . From Fri., May 25: "Molly and Me," Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall.

Hollywood, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—the corn is green, Bette Davis, John Dali.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—"China Sky," Randolph Scott, Ruth Warrick.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—"Salty O'Rourke," Alan Ladd, Gail Russell.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600) — "The Valley of Decision," Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Donald Crisp.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—"A Medal for Benny," Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—"Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe," Betty Grable, Dick Haymes.

State, B'way' at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., May 30: "Here Come the Waves," Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—Thurs., May 24: "Escape in the Desert," Philip Dorn, Helmut Dantine. . . . From Fri., May 25: "Pillow to Post," Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet.

Victoria, B'way at 46 (CI 6-7429)—"Dillinger," Edmund Lowe, Lawrence Tierney.

FOREIGN. SPECIAL, ETC.

Belmont, 121 W. 48 (BR 9-0378)—Spanish films, no English titles—Thurs., May 24: "La Guerra Gaucha." . . . From Fri., May 25: "Cuando Escuches Este Vais."

Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50 (EL 5-8790)—Thurs., May 24: lady in the dark, revival, Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland; also the mayor's dilemma (now called "The Hostages"), revival, in French, Charpin, Annie Vernay. . . . Fri. and Sat., May 25-26: "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, Peggy Ann Garner. . . . Sun. through Tues., May 27-29: thunder rock, revival, Michael Redgrave, Barbara Mullen; also "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," revival, Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery. . . . From Wed., May' 30: to be announced.

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (GR 5-9738) — Through Tues., May 29: "Ces Dames aux Chapeaux Verts" (in French), Marguerite Moreno; also "Hotel du Nord," revival, Annabella, Louis Jouvet. ... From Wed., May 30: pepe le moko (in French), revival, Jean Gabin; also "Volga-Volga" (in Russian), revival.

55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-9438)— Revivals—Through Tues., May 29: they were five (in French), Jean Gabin; also "Dreaming Lips." Elisabeth Bergner, Raymond Massey. . . . From Wed., May 30: "Heart of Paris" (in French), Raimu; also "L'Alibi" (in French), Erich von Stroheim.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)—Tentative— the informer, revival, Victor McLaglen; also win-terset, revival, Margo, Burgess Meredith.

Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—“Zoya” (in Russian).

Thalia, B’way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Thurs., May 24: double indemnity, Barbara Stanwyck, Fred Mac-Murray; also laura, revival, Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb. . . . From Fri., May 25 none but the lonely heart, Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, Barry Fitzgerald; also "Summer Storm,” Linda Darnell, George Sanders.

World, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—Thurs., May 24: the silver fleet, Ralph Richardson. . . . From Fri., May 25: Wilson, revival, Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald. Charles Coburn.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Through Fri., May 25: “Summer Storm,” Linda Darnell, George Sanders. . . . From Sat., May 26: to be announced.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)— Through Sat., May 26: “A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,” Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, Peggy Ann Garner. . . . Sun. through Tues., May 27-29: “Between Two Women,” Van Johnson, Gloria De Haven, Lionel Barrymore; also “Nothing but Trouble,” Laurel and Hardy. . . From Wed., May 30: “Hotel Berlin,” Faye Emerson, Helmut Dantine, Raymond Massey; also "Having Wonderful Crime,” Carole Landis, Pat O’Brien.

Loew’s 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865) — Through Sat., May 26: “I’ll Be Seeing You,” Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple; also “Escape in the Fog,” Otto Kruger, Nina Foch. . . Sun. and Mon., May 27-28: “Belle of the Yukon,” Gypsy Rose Lee, Randolph Scott, Dinah Shore; also “Betrayal from the East,” Lee

THURSDAY, MAY 24. THROUGH WEDNESDAY, MAY 30

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 7, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

Tracy, Nancy Kelly. . . . Tues, and Wed.. May 29-30: the prisoner of zenda, revival, Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman; also the

adventures of tom sawyer, revival, Tommy Kelly, May Robson. Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Wed., May 30: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also “See My Lawyer,” Olsen and Johnson.

Trans Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434) — Through Sat., May 26: “My Kingdom for a Cook,” revival, Charles Coburn, Marguerite Chapman. ... Sun. through Tues., May 27-29: “A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,” Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, Peggy Ann Garner. . . . From Wed., May 30: "Hotel Berlin,” Faye Emerson, Helmut Dantine. Raymond Massey.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., May 24: true to life, revival, Mary Martin, Franchot Tone, Dick Powell. . . . Fri. through Sun., May 25-27: murder, my sweet, Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Anne Shirley. . . . Mon. and Tues., May 28-29 : to be or not to be, revival, Carole Lombard. Jack Benny. . . . From Wed., May 30: the three Caballeros, Walt Disney full-length film.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Through Fri., May 25: "The Keys of the Kingdom,” Gregory Peck, Rosa Stradner, Thomas Mitchell. . . . Sat. through Mon., May 26-28: the three Caballeros, W'alt Disney full-length film; also “The Yellow Canary,” revival, Anna Neagle, Richard Greene. . . . From Tues., May 29: "A Song to Remember,” Merle Oberon, Paul Muni.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577) — Through Tues., May 29: “Thunderhead—Son of Flicka,” Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster; also “Mr. Emmanuel,” Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt. . . . From Wed., May 30: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon.

Plaza, 58. E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Fri., May 25: "Between Two Women,” Van Johnson, Gloria De Haven, Lionel Barrymore. . . . Sat. through Wed., May 26-30: “The Picture of Dorian Gray,” Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302) — Thurs., May 24: "A Song to Remember,” Merle Oberon, Paul Muni. . . Fri. through Tues., May 25-29: “The Keys of the Kingdom,” Gregory Peck, Rosa Stradner, Thomas Mitchell. . . . From Wed., May 30: “A Tree Grows

in Brooklyn," Dorothy McGuire. James Dunn, Peggy Ann Garner.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 7 2 (BU 8-7222) — Through Mon., May 28: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also "See My Lawyer," Olsen and Johnson. . . . Tues, and Wed., May 29-30: "The Sign of the Cross," revival, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March,. Charles Laughton; also "One Heavenly Night," revival. Evelyn Laye, John Boles.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., May 24: naughty marietta, revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; also "Waterloo Bridge," revival, Vivien Leigh, Robert Taylor. . . . Fri. through Mon., May 25-28: "Tonight and Every Night," Rita Hayworth. Lee Bowman, Janet Blair; also "The Power of the Whistler," Richard Dix. . . . From Tues., May 29: "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn. Peggy Ann Garner.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (Bl' 8-3.180)— Through Sat., May 26: naughty marietta, revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy. . . . Sun' through Tues., May 27-29: "Hotel Berlin," Faye Emerson, Helmut Dantine. Raymond Massey. . . . From Wed., May 30: "Between Two Women," Van Johnson, Gloria De Haven, Lionel Barrymore.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)_ Through Tues., May 29: "Thunderhead—Son of Flicka," Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster; also "Mr. Emmanuel," Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt.

From Wed., May 30: "The Princess and the Pirate," Boh Hope; also "The Town Went Wild," Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lvdon.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 "(AT 9-5566)_ Through Fri., May 25: "Belle of the Yukon," Gypsy Rose Lee, Randolph Scott, Dinah Shore; also "Betrayal from the East," Lee Tracy, Nancy Kelly. . . . Sat. through Tues., May 26-29: "The Picture of Dorian Gray," Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders; also "Boston Blackie Booked on Suspicion," Chester Morris, Lynn Merrick. . . . Wed., May 30: "Rough, Tough, and Ready," Chester Morris, Victor McLaglen; also "Swing Hostess," Martha Tilton.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., May 28: "I'll

Be Seeing You," Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple; also "Escape in the Fog," Otto Kruger, Nina Foch. . . . Tues, and Wed., May 29-30: the prisoner of zenda, revival, Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman;

also the adventures of tom sawyer, revival. Tommy Kelly, May Robson.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3 (CH 3-9019)—Through Fri., May 25 : "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn, ' Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, Peggy Ann Garner. . . . Sat through Mon., May 26-28: "Between Two Women," Van Johnson, Gloria De Haven, Lionel Barrymore; also "Nothing but Trouble," Laurel and Hardy. . . . Tues, and Wed., May 29-30: "The Picture of Dorian Gray," Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders; also "Boston Blackie Booked on Suspicion," Chester Morris, Lynn Merrick.

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874) — Through Fri., Mav 25: "Between Two Women," . Van Johnson, Gloria De Haven, Lionel Barrymore. . . . Sat. through Mon., May 26-28: naughty marietta, revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson' Eddy. . . . From Tues., May 29: "The Picture of Dorian Gray," Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through-Mon., May 28: "I'll Be Seeing You," Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple; also "Escape in the Fog," Otto Kruger, Nina Foch. . . . Tues, and Wed., May 29-30: the prisoner of zenda, revival, Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman; also the adventures of tom sawyer, revival, Tommy Kelly, May Robson.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350) — Thurs., May 24: "Hudson's Bay," revival, Paul Muni; also "Springtime in the Rockies," revival, Betty Grable, John Payne, Carmen Miranda. . . . Fri. through Mon., May 25-28: "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, Peggy Ann Garner. ... From Tues., May 29: "My Kingdom for a. Cook," revival, Charles Coburn, Marguerite Chapman; also "The Uninvited." revival, Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)— Through Tues., May 29: “Thunderhead—Son of Flicka.” Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster; also "Mr. Emmanuel,” Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt. . . . From Wed., May 30: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., May 26: “Between Two Women,” Van Johnson, Gloria De Haven, Lionel Barrymore; also “Nothing but Trouble,” Laurel and Hardy. . . . Sun. and Mon., May 27-28: “Fog Island,” George Zucco, Lionel Atwill; also “A Guy, a Gal, and a Pal,” Lynn Merrick, Ross Hunter. . . From Tues., May 29: “The Picture of Dorian Gray,” Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders; also “Boston Blackie Booked on Suspicion,” Chester Morris, ' Lynn Merrick.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B’way at 81 (TR 7-6160) — Through Tues., May 29: “Thunderhead—Son of Flicka,” Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster; also "Mr. Emmanuel,” Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt. . . . From Wed., May 30: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope; also "The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon.

Loew's 83rd Street, B’way at 83 (TR 7-3190) — Through Wed., May 30: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also “See My Lawyer,” Olsen and Johnson. -

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696) — Through Fri., May 25: "Tomorrow the World,” Fredric March, Betty Field, Skippy Homeier; also “Blonde Fever,” Mary Astor, Philip Dorn. . . . Sat. through Mon., May 26-28: meet me in st. louis, Judy Garland, Margaret O’Brien, Mary Astor. . . . Tues, and Wed., May 29-30: the three Caballeros, Walt Disney full-length film; also “Two O’Clock Courage,” Tom Conway, Ann Rutherford.

Riverside, B’way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Tues., May 29: “Thunderhead—Son of Flicka,” Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster; also “Mr. Emmanuel,” Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt. . . . From Wed., May 30: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon. '

Olympia, B way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Mon., May 28: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also “See My Lawyer,”

Olsen ami Johnson. . . . Tues, and Wed., May 29-30: “The Sign of the Cross,” revival. Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Charles Laughton; also “One Heavenly Night,” revival, Evelyn Lave, John Boles.

Nemo, B’way at 110 (AC 2-9406)-—Through Tues., May 29: “Thunderhead—Son of Flicka,” Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster; also “Mr. Emmanuel,” Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt. . . . From Wed., May 30: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob ’ Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew. Jimmy Lydon.

Loew's 175th Street, B’way at 175 (WA 7-5200) — Through Tues., May 29: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also “See My Lawyer,” Olsen and Johnson. ... Wed., May 30: "The Sign of the Cross,” revival, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Charles Laughton; also “One Heavenly Night,” revival, Evelyn Laye, John Boles.

Coliseum, B’way at 181 (W’A 7-7200)—Through Tues ^J?^29: “Thunderhead—Son of Flicka,” Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster; also “Mr Emmanuel,” Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt. . . . From Wed., May 30: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have just received a wire from a woman in San Francisco who has been quietly observing the adjustment of the Act of Chapultepec to the Dumbarton Oaks plan. “It is remarkable,” her wire reads, “how - these elder statesmen have retained their textual vigor.”

WE have been wondering how the argument is coming along between the Fifth Avenue Coach Company and the union. It will decide the fate of the double-decker buses. As we understand the question, the Company wants to operate double-deckers using only one man instead of two, and the union is holding out on them. However, the Company has made a counter move and has offered the union a retirement plan, in return for which the union would agree to one-man operation of two-deck buses. The union says the plan isn’t attractive enough.

This strikes us as a queer sort of deadlock. Incidentally, it affects our own retirement plans, because we had intended to retire to the top of a bus when our

work is done. The public is too fatalistic ' about such issues. The people want ' two-deck buses, and the Company (we feel sure) is quite capable of providing them. Far from lying down and letting the Company pull a long, low, single-deck bus on us, we intend to campaign for the lofty duplex job. Furthermore, we want the buses equipped with escalators. Why should we have to trot clear over to Penn Station, or up to Bloomingdale's, to ride on an escalator? The Fifth Avenue Coach

Company ought to be ashamed, making a tired old gentleman climb a long, steep flight of stairs at the end of the day.

HUMAN beings are non-rational creatures. Here they have the biggest reemployment problem in history and they are meeting it doggedly by trying to make a two-man bus into a one-man bus, in order that a few more individuals will be out of work. There will soon be a couple of million soldiers around looking for jobs, and some of them will certainly be young Irishmen of the right sort to mount to a bus top and cry, "Faaas, please!" Our advice to the Fifth Avenue Coach Company is to take these boys on. Come to think of it, we rather like the idea of a three-man bus. One man could drive and make cracks, another could collect fares and make cracks, and the third man could be the apologist for the Company, circulating among the passengers and begging their pardon.

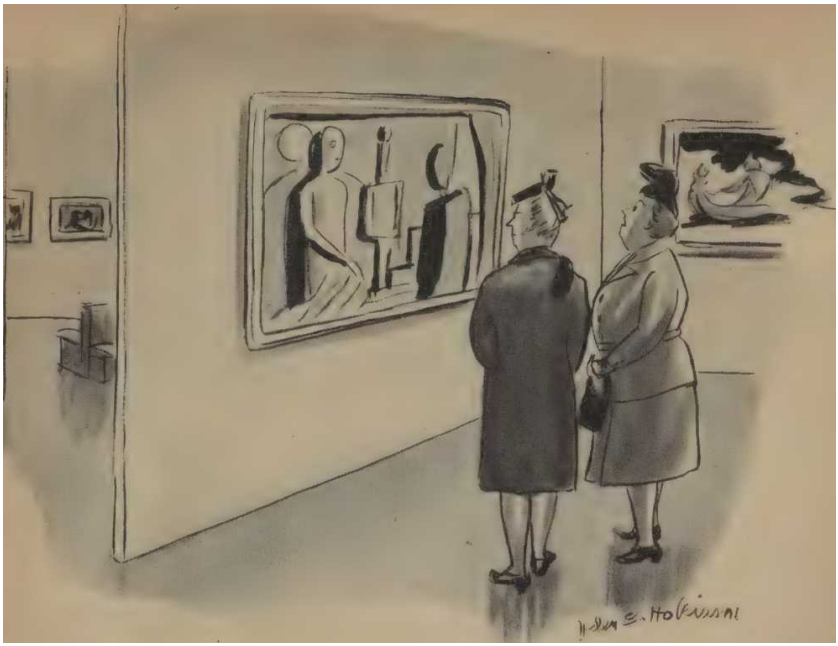
ONE of our more pensive female readers says she is worried because she can't think of any minority to which she belongs, and if you don't belong to a minority, then you must be a member of the majority group—but there again, she says, she is worried, because it appears that there are now so many minorities that, collectively, they constitute a clear majority, which puts her, of course, in a minority but in a minority which has no minority standing. (If you're not getting this, go back and read it over, and we'll wait.) She is not sure that the new majority is aware of her minority rights or that it has the slightest respect for them. This has given her a persecution complex, which makes her nervous, hypersensitive, and prone to insist on fair treatment. Only last week, in a railway diner, she made quite a scene when the headwaiter didn't w ant to seat her at a table with a colored

lady and tried to hurry her off to a corner with some other whites.

A YOUNG man whose first novel is coming out in the fall was asked by his publisher to write a jacket blurb for it. He settled down to the task quietly, but it wasn't long before he began to weave and sway. He found that the attempt to reconcile modesty and objectivity with hope and avarice was enough to unsettle a person's mind. At first we felt sympathetic about all this, but it seems to us, after thinking it over, that publishers should make a practice of compelling writers to compose their own promotional material. In the long run, nothing but good could come from wrenching waiters from the exhilaration of creation into the sickening discipline of critical selfpraise. It's not enough that an author know he's good; he ought to be able to give reasons.

ALong-Haired woman, her tresses held up by paper clips, told us the other day that the hairpin and hairnet situation is now desperate. A snood is out of the question for her because her husband is made ill by snoods. If reconversion doesn't set in soon, she said, there will be no more long-haired women in the United States for the soldiers to come home to. Even grand

mothers will have to cut off their hair, and the only soldiers who need bother about coming home will be those who want to come home to a short-haired, or snug-haired, woman. It is one of those curious economic riddles: in order to get hair for hairnets, you have to cut off women's hair, and if you do cut it off,



“I never know how far away to stand to make them look good.”

then the women don’t need the nets. There are a great many circular dilemmas in life like that, and they are more numerous all the time.

Our Oven Baedeker

THE pother about Irish neutrality, which has lately flared up all over again, is not much illuminated by the fact that there are a quarter of a million men from Eire serving in the British armed forces. That’s something like onetwelfth the population of Eire, and more men, proportionately, than have gone to war from Canada. And while we’re dealing in statistics, Ireland is about the size of the state of Maine and has a population of just over four and a quarter million; eighty-four per cent of the area and seventy per cent of the inhabitants are within the Irish Free State, or Eire; lakes and rivers account for onethirtieth of the island’s area; thirteen-fourteenths of Eire is Roman Catholic and two-thirds of Northern Ireland is Protestant; there are only five cities— Belfast, Dublin, Limerick, Londonderry, and Cork—which have more than forty thousand

population; sixty-three per cent of all the Irish work on farms and only thirty-seven per cent live

in settlements of more than two hundred population; and during the past thirty years only three people have actually kissed the Blarney Stone. The Irish use their monasteries as temporary quarters when they go on the wagon. “Will ye sail or travail? ” is the right way to ask a person whether or not he wants a lift in your car. O’Connell Street, in Dublin, is one of the broadest streets irTEu-rope, with four tram tracks on it; the O’Connell Street bridge over the Liffey is as broad as it is long.

Irish whiskey is not made out of potatoes. The Irish get enough potatoes without that. Irish whiskey is distilled from malt, barley, and other grains. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first to plant potatoes in Ireland, bringing them from what is now North Carolina back in the sixteenth century, and this had profound results. Because of this new foodstuff, the population increased manyfold. It reached eight million by 1841, at which time Ireland had half as many people as England. There are those who think Ireland’s attitude toward England is colored to this day by the fact that its population was once comparatively so large. A hundred years ago a blight hit the potato crops, and for several years afterward the mortality stood

at two hundred thousand a year. A mass emigration started which brought to the United States alone a million immigrants. Peat bogs cover one-seventh of the land area to a depth of nineteen feet. As everybody knows, peat is cut out in blocks, dried, and used for fuel; an average family will burn twenty-five tons a year. It’s only about one-third as efficient as coal, but it’s free. A favorite Irish method of losing money is backing patent methods of drying peat. The ethnic background of the Irish is obscure, and any gue*sses are likely to make them mad. Like . every other race, they have been called one of the lost tribes of Israel; Kipling said they were Oriental by every test he knew. The conservative guess is that they are of mixed Teutonic, Celtic, and Mediterranean stock. Irish culture is Celtic, but the physical characteristics of the people are not invariably so; or if this is not true, will people please not write us any letters about it? By the seventh century, Ireland had a flourishing scholastic tradition, built up around the monasteries; no European

court was complete without an Irish tutor. Then the Vikings came and drove everybody up into the hills. To this day, the fiercest insult that a country Irishman can use is “you Dane.”

The Gaelic tongue has contributed to science the word “esker.” An esker is a heap of gravel and Hershey bars left by a melting glacier. Captain Boycott, a land agent who was so unpopular that nobody would speak to him or do business with him, and Mayor Lynch, who strung up his own son for having committed a murder, are also commemorated in Webster. Not enough is generally known about a certain Irish lady of note, Grace O’Malley. Grace ■ O’Malley was a strong-minded woman, a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth who levied toll on all shipping that passed her summer place on the west coast. Elizabeth tried to appease her by offering to make her a countess, but Grace said she already considered her-

self Elizabeth’s peer, title or no title. The Irish are supposed to have composed more melodies than any other group except the inhabitants of Tin Pan Alley. There are three thousand sacred wishing wells in Ireland right now. The wee folk have not been completely stamped out, and it is still customary to keep them from curdling fresh milk by putting a coffin nail near the

crock.

Slogan

THE American troops pushing through the province of Zamboanga on the Philippine island of Min-• danao were pleasantly surprised when they captured a building that turned out to be a cigarette factory and thereby greatly relieved a cigarette shortage which had been almost as acute as that back home. One of the soldiers took time out to write us about it. The cig-“ arettes are named Commandos, and the front of the package bears a picture of Atlas supporting the world. The cigarettes themselves are rolled in newsprint, pages from school books, tax blanks, and so on. The back of the package exclaims, in flawless English, “GOSH! IT’S HERE! The Highest test of human endurance,” and then continues, in calmer vein, “The mildest cigarette that gives you ultra consolation. In Patrol, in evacuation, or in - bivouacs say COMMANDO CIGARETTES.

Bullets kill but no—not with COMMANDO CIGARETTES. Every puff a bulled proof. Manufactured by ROSVALRES COM

PANY, Zamboanga.”

Anfhcil$_y$ 1945

s me years ago, threw

the intellectuals into an uproar. Well, since the uproar has died down, Antheil has turned into such a conservative composer that he has been compared with Mozart and Brahms; further, he has worked as a composer of motionpicture music, he has written an advice-to-the-lovelorn column, and he has become an endocrine criminologist, which means that he studies the relation of

crime to glandular disturbances in the criminal. When Jean Cocteau and Erik Satie, after hearing “Ballet Me-canique,” hailed Antheil as a coming genius, they certainly weren’t bargaining on all that.

Antheil is a small, intense, brighteyed man who looks as if he might have come from Trenton. He did. At the age of fourteen, after eight

years of study, he wrote for the piano his first composition, a piece of program music entitled “The Sinking of the Titanic.” At nineteen he wrote his first symphony, in which he used elements of American jazz. The vanguard boys first heard of him in 1923, when an eerie something of his entitled “Mechanisms” was played in Paris. After “Ballet Mecanique” was performed, Antheil went to Paris, whˆˆ he was practically epidemic.

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both Pound and Benoist-Mcchin later became collaborationists. “I don’t know whether it has anything to do with being avant-garde or not, but it does give you to think,” he said.

Though Antheil continued to get together with the avant-garde now and then for lunch or a game of pool, he began to cool off in the late twenties. He stayed on in Europe until the mid

thirties, working as assistant director of the Berlin State Theatre (he was the first American ever to hold the job) and picking up kudos in various forms: a decoration from the French Societe Academique, a life membership (honorary) in the Paris police force—that sort of thing. One of his first chores on returning to America was some scoring for “The Scoundrel,” the Noel Coward movie which Hecht and MacArthur made over in our own Astoria. He then drifted out to Hollywood, w’herˆJˆ soon found himself typed asaˆfl of music for
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jcct. The physician suddenly moved to another city, leaving his books, and Antheil froze onto them and eventually became something of an authority. Later he went to France and solidified his theoretical knowledge by working with the Paris police, thus winning the honorary life membership. The Esquire articles led

logically to a column called “Boy Advises Girl,” which is syndicated to some thirty papers. This isn’t all Antheil does, by any means, but it’s enough to give an idea.

Immoderate

IT’S late in the game for anecdotes about salutes, but maybe you’d like just one more, on This one is Lac who was omo-

redential

entertaining her Uj£n they ven-the first

trk for

August

together by a German scientist seventy years before. It was first used commercially by the Swiss in 1939 to combat the Colorado potato beetle. Presently the Swiss noted that it played hell with lice and used it to delouse refugees when they streamed across the French

border, that it months

It is so persistent in its effect remains lethal to insects for after an application, and since

it won't dissolve in water it has to be removed with alcohol, oil, or other organic solvents. The Navy sprays it over South Pacific atolls to destroy mosquitoes and flies that might introduce malaria and typhus among the troops after they have landed. The Public Health Service has just issued a bulletin revealing that DDT in fairly large quantities has a toxic effect upon rabbits. Nobody knows exactly how much it takes to harm human beings. Unlike most insecticides, it works by both contact and inn; whether an insect merely crawls iˆayed with DDT or nibbles e's a dead duck. All of however, Edwin f the New who has

kills it before it can spread all over. On the other hand, if milkweed is needed for kapok, then of course the monarch must be destroyed."

Slightly confused, we said goodbye to Mr. Teale and headed up to the Audubon Society to supplement our information with a few words from Richard Pough, the Society's ecologist. "We are," said Mr. Pough, "definitely alarmed over the possibilities of DDT. It might conceivably eliminate all in-sect-eating birds as well as shrews, moles, bats, and skunks. The insect eaters make up one-half the base that sup- -ports the whole natural economy. You may remember when they experimented with an arsenic spray not nearly as lethal as DDT at the Jockey Hollow National Monument at Morristown. They went over the acreage afterward and found no dead birds, but they didn't find many live birds either. They had moved out, to find insects. A spray like DDT makes people think of a continent arranged like a manicured garden, but you can't kick nature around that way. If DDT should ever be used widely and without care, we would have a country without fresh-water fish, serpents, frogs, and most of the birds we have now. Mind you, we don't object to its use to save lives now. What we're afraid of is what might happen when peace comes."

O.K. It's up to the gardeners.

ATING the gun on the W.M.C.'s freezing of manpower, we made l confetti out of all but one of ˆprtage anecdotes we had on he one we

saved out, and gain print another. A a very satisfactory in-tolored cook named Ah a mention of ces?" said Celia.

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the architect of f the news that -and ˆRussian sted in apftˆ rictly architect ' it is low-cost, i niture which saves cent in shipping space Ambled by the householder Kramer's beds, tables,

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THE NEW YORKER

chairs, and cabinets are made of wood or plastic and are held together with wooden hinges and pegs. The inventor, who has an office on lower Park Avenue, is a tall, beetle-browed, pinkcheeked man in his early middle age. Possibly the most striking single fact in Kramer's brief biography is that his grandfather, a hatter of Frankfort on the Main, invented the Homburg; this he did especially for the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII of England.

In the first World War, Kramer was a sergeant in the German infantry and won the Iron Cross. "But I was no hero," he told us. "I hated war. It was always cold in the trenches. It was so cold that I invented a stove which

didn't let all the heat escape throug pipe. I patented my invention after the war, and three million Kramerojen were sold, all over Europe." Kramer also designed Europe's first deep, square bathtub with a built-in seat. He has invented a lot of things, including an electrified tea wagon, yet to be put on the market, which contains a little refrigerator, a grill, a mixer, a toaster, all electrically operated, and a radio that will get police calls and short-wave programs. After the war, Kramer studied architecture at the Institute of Technology in Munich and was later appointed Housing Director of Frankfort. For five years he designed schools, libraries, and buildings in

municipal housing projects; his designs included even the furniture, and, in homes, the toys in the nurseries. He and his wife came over here in 1938 to get away from the Nazis and they are now citizens.

Kramer's general theory of architecture is that architects should be more like birds. "How do birds build their nests?" Kramer asked us. "They make the inside and the outside one unit. The nest is functional. In a man's home, the chairs should be for comfortable sitting and the wardrobe should be for the tallest hat, the biggest overshoes, the largest ulster. I am

the arch-enemy of interior decorators. They care nothing for overshoes. My new

furniture is not only functional, it is flexible. It allows for change. My cabinets come in sections. You find you need more brandy in the house, or more toys, and you add a section. I was asked three years ago to design this furniture by a chain of department stores. In a few months it was in the houses of war workers. The cost is low because there is no assembly problem." As for the difficulty of working without metal hardware, Kramer points out that the Egyptians and Romans made good furniture without metal. The prospect of making furniture to send to Europe pleases him because it will help get the

;h the

“If 7 were my third husband. I know Pd try to outshine the others.”

peasant’s beard out of his soup; the trouble has always been too low a table, and Kramer’s going to fix that once and for all.

IAST week, on a bus in the District of

-^ Columbia, two little government girls who might have been stenographers were discussing the stupidity of some unnamed colleague. “After two years,” one of them said scornfully, “you’d think she’d learn that the State Department always spells ‘Almighty God’ with capital letters.”

VI5E GUY

“Oh, you did?” I said. “Sit down.” Then I remembered what I had com-

MOST of the people in the damn place were hacking away at their disgusting lunch, but I was still drinking Martinis and sitting alone in this thing that I guess could be called a booth, although it wasn’t even the height of my shoulder. I had been there, I guess, about an hour, more or less, and I could see the people eating their lunch, and I could see out into the bar, where the people were two deep and making their purposeless noise. I said to myself I wish they’d shut up and go away, or at least sit down and be quiet. Their noise irritated me. They jabber-jabbered, babble-babbled aw’ay as if they had something to say, but none of them had anything to say. Those that came in together would blab-blab about what they were going to drink, and then, when they would order their drinks, they would have the .<ime things they always had. Those that came in by themselves would light their silly cigarettes and bore the bartender with their phony politeness, just to prove to anybody at all that they knew the bartender. I hated them all. I had watched the first of them come

in—those that came in together, and those who came in alone and were meeting somebody. I called the proprietor. “I’ll bet you get goddam good and bored with these people, don’t

you, Frank?” I said.

“Well, yes an’ no, Mr. Osgood,” he said. He smiled and waved Id's menu and order pad.

“Oh, I know,” I said. “They pay the freight. But seriously, don’t you wish they were all Jn hell—me included? ”

“Not you, Mr. Osgood. You know dat.”

“I don’t know anything of the kind,” I said. “Since you’re here, will you get me another drink, please?”

“Gladly, sir,” he said.

I watched them all some more, and then of course when Frank himself brought me my drink, I had to go and spill it. “I bring you another right away, Mr. Osgood,” he said. “That’s all right.”

“Of course it’s all right,” I said.

This time a waiter whom I did not know brought the drink, and I didn’t spill this one. It didn’t last very long and I didn’t spill a drop. “You wish to order now, sir?” said the waiter.

“I do not wish to order now,” I said. “I already told Frank I am waiting for a lady. How long have you been here? ”

“Thank you, sir,” said the waiter. He slapped the table with his napkin.

“When you get through with that imaginary crumb, will you bring me another drink, please?”

“Yes, sir,” said the waiter. He got the drink.

I STUDIED the terrible people, hacking away at their lunch, blabblabbing, and I happened to look in the direction of the bar and saw Frank. He was grinning; I soon found out why. I looked away, trying to be as casual as possible but fixing my tie, the knot in my tie. I gave myself the proper time before looking again in Frank’s direction, knowing that by this time he would be at my table. And he

was. But he was not with the person whom I expected. He was with my kid.

“Hello, Father,” he said. “I’m sorry I’m late, but I missed the train.”

pletely forgotten. I was supposed to have lunch with him and take him and buy him a suit.

“I wouldn’t of missed it, only I forgot the ad. I had to go back for it,” he said.

“What ad? The suit ad?”

“Yes.” He took a clipping out of the pocket of his plaid jacket.

“I know, I know,” I said. “Do you want a coke or something? Did you have lunch?”

“No. Did you?”

“No,” I said. “Do you want a coke? We’re going to have to wait a while. I have an appointment with a lady that wants to buy a house. She ought to be here any minute.”

“Oh. Then I will have a coke, please.” .

Frank had been standing there, listening to all this, and now he went to get the kid a coke.

I asked the kid: “How’d you happen to know I was here ? ”

“I went to the office, and I saw Miss McDermott just as she was leaving, and she told me you were here.”

That was strange. McDermott usu-

ally had more sense. But she was right. All I had told her was that if anybody called, to be sure and tell them where I was. I guess she included the kid, or she may have thought I meant

no one else but the kid.

“She said you left the office an hour ago. I’m sorry I’m late, Father.”

“Oh, that’s all right,” I said. I picked up the ad and read it. It advertised the Prep Special, giving the price and details of the adaptability of the suit— how you could wear the coat with any pair of slacks, or you could wear the pants with a sweater or windbreaker. The kid’s heart had been set on that suit. “The only thing is, I don’t think I’ll be able to go with you,” I said. “This lady I’m meeting wants to buy—I told you that. But she’s bringing her car and I’m going to drive out with her and show her the house.”

“Oh,” said the kid.

“Now play dead.”

“I thought maybe something happened ami you weren’t coming in town, so that’s why I made this appointment. You see r ”

“Yes, sir,” he said. He’d been getting out of the habit of saying “sir,” so I was surprised. “Well then, I guess I better

“No, no, have your coke,” I said.

“I don’t want it,” he said. “I wasn’t thirsty, anyway.”

I reached in my pocket. “Here,

here’s som'e dough. You’re four dollars ahead on the deal. I’m sori)

I can’t go with you, but this is important.”

The kid stood up and looked at the money, which I held out to him, and then at me, but he didn’t look at me very long. “I’ll tell Mother I didn’t see you,” he said. “She knows I missed the train.” He started to leave.

“Now, wait a minute?” I said.

“Ah, never mind,” he said. This

time there was no stopping him. He was out of the place before I even got to my feet.

W ell, he was the one that wanted the suit. I didn’t. 1 he little wise guy.

—John O’Hara

•

HOW’S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

|/ 'ro»z “The Robe," by Lloyd Douglas] Her full lips were almost gay, as they surveyed the crowd.

LEV DEMOI5ELLE5

THEY lived in a beautiful old house on an ancient street called the Rue des Cordeliers, one of those streets in Senlis that just grew over a period of more than a thousand years, where the art moderne of the Tata shoe shop exposed its nakedness side by side with a fragment of a tower and wall built in the time of Augustus Caesar. It was a very narrow street. When you went to call on the old ladies, there was always trouble if you met another car. One or the other had to back to the nearest cross street. The cobblestones had been laid down in the time of Louis XV and one or two of the old houses were built in the half-timbered style of the Middle Ages, with statues of saints let into the wall. The eighteenth-century houses turned their plain backs to the street and their snowy, baroque fagades faced the garden.

The old ladies' house was called the Hotel Flamand, because it had been built by a Flemish cloth merchant in the sixteenth century. He was one of those who played the town what the French call a dirty Flemish trick. In the Middle Ages and during the Renaissance, Senlis had been the center of the linen industry for all of Europe. The Flemings came there as merchants and to learn the industry, and then they went back to the Low Countries, taking the industry with them. But the one who built the Hotel Flamand had taste and must have had an un-Flemish liking for display.

In the blank wall facing the street there was a big and pretentious gateway, bearing handsome carved urns with stone flames, all of St. L6 stone, capping the pediments. The big, nail-studded doors, wide enough for a carriage to pass through, contained a small door, which would be opened, at the jangling of a distant bell, by an ancient and very fat and heavily mustachioed female dragon named Colette.

Inside, on the opposite side of a cob-blestoned court, stood the house—a big and handsome house, with a stairwav of ceremony and a round tower at one end which could be used for defense if, in times of disorder, the mob broke through the gate into the courtyard from the Rue des Cordeliers. 'Die whole place had an air of being abandoned and forgotten. Unpruned wisteria covered part of the fagade, and in one corner of the stable a door, standing ajar, revealed a worn barouche, no longer used, with the stuffing of

the upholstery coming out here and there.

Once you were admitted through the small door, Colette, the bearded monster, led you up the esealier d'honneur, into the hall, and thence into the salon. Before closing you in, Colette would say that she would go immediately to announce the presence of the visitors to les demoiselles, and leave you to contemplation of the salon, a room filled to overflowing with a strange mixture of objects, from a most magnificent commode, executed in the grand style of the eighteenth century, through Empire mahogany, up to a couple of golden-oak chairs (circa 1910) upholstered in false needlepoint. In good French provincial fashion, the chairs were arranged in a circle with a round mahogany table in the center, beneath a magnificent eighteenth-century lustre of crystal flowers

and raindrops.

Les demoiselles, as Colette called them, were three old maids—the Mes-demoiselles Peret. They'came into our lives in the important role of proprie-taires. My wife and I rented a house and a few acres of land from them for a period of sixteen years. Mademoiselle Lucie, the youngest, aged seventy-three, was a bluestocking; Mademoiselle Jeanne, the middle one, aged seventy-four, was the businesswoman who managed the accounts and looked after the large number of houses and farms which belonged to the three sisters; Mademoiselle Julie, the third and oldest, aged seventy-six, came to be known in our family as ‘da Mysterieuse” because for fourteen years of the sixteen covering the period of our relationship

with les demoiselles, we never saw her or heard her name mentioned by her sisters.

THE business of renting the house required a series of formal visits

and two months of negotiations between our lawyer, the lawyer of les demoiselles, and the local notary. Few peace conferences have entailed more diplomacy, more papers, more threats and false moves. Renting a house in the French provinces is no simple business, especially if there are a few acres of fertile land attached to it. To les demoiselles the house itself was important, but as nothing compared to the land. To the French outside Paris, land means something. During the second week of the negotiations, I discovered why from Mademoiselle Jeanne, the businesswoman.

* ■

She had a distinguished and dignified appearance, enhanced by a pince-nez attached to a long black ribbon. Her manner was gentle, but beneath the gentleness steel lay hidden. She was a born manipulator, always using her lawyer and notary as stooges when she wanted to put over hard provisions in the contract about who was to pay for repairs to the roof or the cutting of the weeds along the roadway, and so on. In the end I paid for everything, being just what she thought I was, an easy-come, easy-go American who, when he wanted something, was willing to go to any lengths to have it. I wanted that particular house and no other in all France. It was small, but it was conveniently placed on the edge of the town, with a lovely view across communal gardens, marsh, and forest. But above all, it had water—a little, crystalclear, trout-filled river called, charmingly, La Nonette, which flowed through the garden and against the very wall of the house. You could sit in the salon and cast through the tall French windows. The only thing in which you could entangle your line was a crystal chandelier.

In the beginning, I tried to buy the house. I offered twice what it was worth, three times, four times. The dollar exchange at that time was good and I could afford it. But the offers came to nothing and when I got nowhere, I pointed out in blunt American fashion that I was certainly making a better offer than any Frenchman would make and asked Mademoiselle Jeanne why she refused. Her answer was simple, logical, and sensible.

“I could,” she said, playing with

the black ribbon attached to her pincenez, “accept ten times what it was worth, hut what would I do with the money? It’s no use buying

stocks, or even government bonds, with the crooked radical government in power. [At that time the radical premier was Poincare.] I don't want to put it in houses. Cannon balls can knock them 'down. Land is the only thing; you can't destroy land. And I can't buy land around here. There isn't a hectare for sale, because everybody thinks as I do."

I suggested her keeping the money in American dollars, but she treated this idea with disdain. "What makes you think the American dollar is sacred?" she asked. "It's no different from any other money."

The house was known as the "berceau de la Camille Peret." Out of it, apparently, had sprung full-blown the entire Peret family, about the end of the eighteenth century. Mademoiselle Jeanne used this for bargaining purposes. Mademoiselle Lucie, the bluestocking, referred to the fact constantly in a sentimental and literary way with a sigh, "Ah! Le berceau de la jamille! Ce 'petit coin de paradis!" I never fathomed why, if they felt thus about it, the demoiselles did not live there rather

“We are facing somewhat changed conditions, and I suggest that for the time being, at least, we might all word on the assumption that the customer may possibly be rights

than in the huge, chilly, shabby Renaissance beauty of the Hotel Flamand.

Bit by bit, over the sixteen years my • wife and I lived in the Presbytere St. Etienne, I discovered the whole history of the house. Like everything else in Senlis, like the Rue des Cordeliers, like everything in the lives of les demoiselles, its story was rooted in history and the remote past. The house had been built toward the

end of the eighteenth century to accommodate the priest of the Chapelle St. Etienne, which in our time was little more than a ruin standing at the end of the garden. The chapel was itself the last remnant of a "Benedictine monastery destroyed during the Burgundian Wars. The priest,

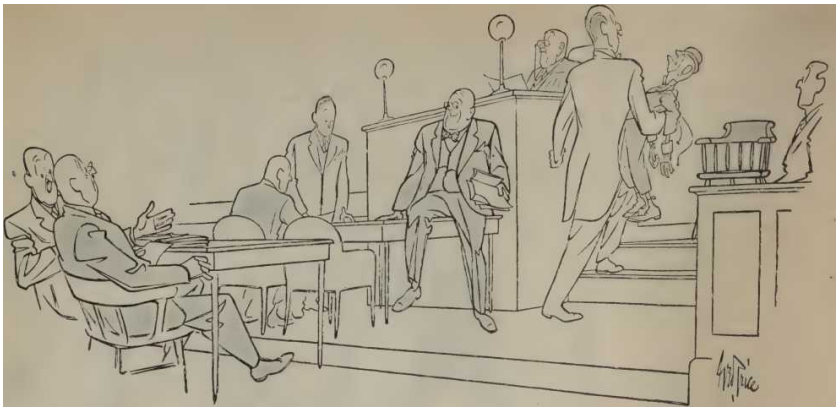
however, never occupied the house, for in 1789 the people of Senlis, like those of most of the rest of France, got fed up with the way things were going under Louis XVI and staged a revolution.

It was then that a simple blacksmith, Peret by name, emerged to become the dominant authority in Senlis. In the early days of the revolution he crowned a certain trollop Goddess of Reason at a festival and orgy in the ancient cathedral. Later, when the church properties were put up for auction, the blacksmith bought them all for fifteen francs. Overnight, he and his family became rich and important and bourgeois. Out of all the monasteries, abbeys, and

houses, the blacksmith chose the Presbytere as his residence, and as the years passed, the new capitalist and landowner begot thirteen children.

d'hat is how the Presbytere came to be known as le berceau de la jamille Peret, and why it appeared that before the revolution the family had no existence whatever. Despite the virility of the blacksmith, the family had dwindled at last to les demoiselles and a few remote cousins who play a later part in this story.

Mademoiselle Jeanne, outside office hours, had no personality at all, but Mademoiselle Lucie had ways of asserting herself. She was a confirmed invalid who seldom went out, spent



“All we can do is sit tight for a minute and see what develops.”

most of her time on a chaise longue, and always received us in an elaborate peignoir covered with dusty lace and pale-blue ribbons. According to the Baron de Maricourt, the local Saint Simon, she had been attractive once and had had admirers. None of them had, however, measured up to her intellectual and literary standards and she had remained unmarried. (There were also, I was told later, difficulties about the marriage settlement.) These standards belonged to the 1880-90 period, and her favorite poet was Gerard de Nerval, a local product. It gave her great satisfaction that the cradle of la jamille Peret was occupied by an homme de lettres, meaning myself.

It was Mademoiselle Lucie who revealed to me that none of the three demoiselles had ever ridden in an automobile and that Mademoiselle Jeanne had last been to Paris, which was only twenty-five miles away, ten years before, in 1919. All her references to travel were in terms of horse and buggy. “It is a very interesting countryside,” she would say. “There is the drive to Chantilly. If you start early, you can go there, visit the chateau, and return the same day.” Chantilly was eight miles distant. Invariably she would add a literary footnote: “It was on the road to Chantilly that the Abbe Prevost fell by the roadside and died during a snowstorm. You remember the good Abbe wrote ‘Manon Lescaut.’ ”

In the fourth year of our tenancy, I took Mademoiselle Lucie for her first automobile ride. She proposed that we visit her relatives at

Nanteuil-le-Haudoin, twelve miles away. “Do you think we can make it there and hack the same day?” she asked anxiously. “I am in delicate health and have not spent a night away from home for fifty years.”

I assured her that we could make it, and after lunch we set out to visit the cousins. There was also a rival family of cousins. Between them existed a great feud, since one or the other, or both, were the only possible heirs of the rich old demoiselles. Each of the families had a daughter about eighteen and each girl spent six months of each year en visite in the great, cold, gloomy house in the Rue des Cordeliers. No penance could have been much worse for a young girl, but their families regarded the visits as good speculations, so for alternate six months each of the girls lived with les demoiselles and the ferocious Colette, doing housework, reading to the old women, never seeing anyone else, and going to bed at nine o’clock every night—in the hope of inheriting the properties which the original Peret had bought for fifteen francs in the year 1789.

The occasion of Cousin Lucie’s visit was a great triumph for the Nanteuil-le-Haudoin relatives over the relatives who lived in St. Quentin, and half the town was invited for a monstrous gouter

to meet Cousin Lucie and her homme-de-lettres tenant. The town photographer, a man who used a tripod and a black cloth, was called in to record the momentous occasion with a group photograph, with the homme-de-lettres tenant of les demoiselles seated on Mademoiselle Lucie’s right.

Some of the triumph felt by the Nanteuil-le-Haudoin cousins was punctured by Mademoiselle Lucie’s queenly announcement on departing that she had honored them with a visit not because of any favoritism but because Nanteuil was only twenty kilometres away, while St. Quentin was ninety kilometres. She had not, she said, cared to make the longer trip, as this was her first voyage in an automobile and she had not been sure that she wouldn’t be sick.

During the conversation on the ride home, Mademoiselle Lucie told me that she and her sisters had been contemplating the installation of a bathroom in the Hotel Flamand for over thirty years, but that they had never been able to make up their minds about the

location.

MEANWHILE, the life of Mademoiselle Julie, the eldest sister, remained as mysterious as ever. We never saw her at the Rue des Cordeliers and she never accompanied Mademoiselle Jeanne and Mademoiselle Lucie on the state visits made punctiliously twice a year to the bercean de la jamille

Peret. She was never seen in the streets, although it was reported that on occasion she had been observed at about daybreak at the Marche St. Pierre, accompanied by the fat and bearded Colette.

I did, however, succeed in prying a great deal of the history of les demoiselles from the Baron de Maricourt. This spidery little man, of no particular sex, had written a book called ‘En Flanant dans Senlis.” He was witty, malicious, and gossipy, and, like Mademoiselle Lucie, was souffrante most of the time. The periods of indisposition he spent in bed fully dressed, receiving visitors. Through literary interests shared with Mademoiselle Lucie, he had kept an entree to the Hotel de Flamand, shared only by ourselves and the wretched girl cousins during their periods of internment as prospective heiresses.

The Baron told me that les demoiselles might have married but for the avariciousness of their father, who appears to have resembled Pere Goriot. The girls all had suitors, but when it came to the point of a marriage contract, Pere Peret was so mean in the matter of the dot and inserted so many provisions that he discouraged all the suitors who had hoped for a good thing. The matches had all fallen through at the last moment. When his wife died, so the Baron told me, Pere Peret was an old man and so avaricious

was even a rumor that she had had a baby. From that time on, she had been kept in seclusion. She had been unable to marry her lover, since, unfortunately, he had been killed in the War of 1870, something more than a half century before we became aware of her existence.

Naturally, this romantic story heightened my interest in Mademoiselle Julie, but I made no progress whatever either in seeing her or communicating with her until her two sisters were

dead and out of the way.

Mademoiselle Jeanne died of an attack of acute indigestion, as befitted the businesswoman of the family, while I was in America on a trip. Mademoiselle Lucie, on one of her rare sorties to Mass, literally slipped on a banana peel, in the Place Henri Quatre, and broke her hip. She never left her bed from then on until she died.

I attended the funeral of Mademoiselle Lucie together with a large group of aged citizens of the town, who made up a procession a hundred yards Ion? which marched through the gray, beautiful old streets across the cobblestones to the ancient cathedral. We had sent big bouquets of flowers from the berceau de la famille Peret, appropriately labelled, and the ceremony, in the high gray space of the Gothic cathedral, with the coffin buried

beneath Jate-summer flowers, and the high soprano voices of the choirboys echoing from the dim, lofty recesses of the church, achieved a rare and moving beauty.

That day I had my first glimpse of Mademoiselle Julie, who, as the sole surviving sister, walked at the head of the procession. It was an unsatisfactory glimpse, since the erring sister was so buried in crape (possibly inherited from her mother) that she was simply a squat, moving catafalque, with neither face nor figure. Only one incident marred the occasion. The Nanteuil-le-Hau-doin cousins had a puncture on the way to the services and arrived too late to take their place at the head of the procession of mourners. Their car drew up as the procession was halfway to the cathedral and, leaving the husband, who was not a blood relative and therefore had no reason to expect an inheritance, the mother and daughter picked up their long black skirts and scuttled over the cobblestones, bypassing the non-family mourners, to get to the head of the procession. The place was disputed by the St. Quentin family, which had arrived on time, and they won out on this occasion, because they were already in possession of the spot directly behind Mademoiselle Julie, now the sole heiress of her two sisters. After a few arguments, muttered fiercely through thick, black crape, the

that he would buy his daughters no new

clothing until they had dingy black clothes left by their deceased moth

er.

On occasion, ac-

cording to the Baron, the old man had been seen in the streets wearing his dead wife's skirts and bonnets to save the wear and tear on his own clothes. He always

■ wore them

house

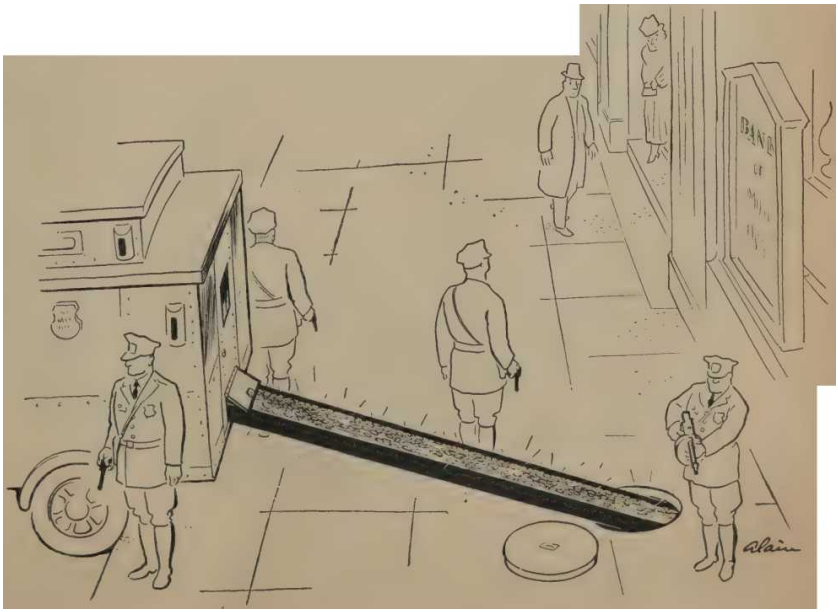
and

aboiit the garden.

They were of heavy black stuff and very durable.

* The Baron, like all gossips, was somewhat unreliable, but he did 'give me the clue to the mystery of why Mademoiselle Julie was never seen. She had, he said, misbehaved as a young woman. She had had ;: liaison with a stalwart farmhand and there

worn out the



Nanteuil familv was forced into second place.

IESS than two weeks later, Margue-

-' rite, our cook, answering a ring at the garden gate, returned with astonishing news. Mademoiselle Julie had come to pay us a call. I went to the gate and found her accompanied by the fat and bearded Colette, who held an umbrella . over her head. She was a small, stout old lady with a rather merry face lined with wrinkles. Behind her stood the station omnibus, driven by Alcide and drawn by his old white horse, Flodrop. Mademoiselle Julie apologized for the hour of her call, one in the afternoon, but, she explained, she had to come between trains, when Alcide

had an hour or two off. Colette, still holding the umbrella over Mademoiselle Julie's head, accompanied her into the house and then joined Marguerite in the kitchen.

During the call, I began to understand many things about Mademoiselle Julie and her long-enforced seclusion. I decided that the liaison with the farmhand back in 1870 wasn't the only reason she had been kept hidden. Mademoiselle Julie was clearly a throwback to the blacksmith who had feathered his nest with church property in 1789. She had a coarse humor and a vitality the other sisters lacked. She never bored you by talking about business, like Mademoiselle Jeanne, nor did she make affected, precious conversation, like Mademoiselle Lucie. Mademoiselle Julie was pure peasant. Our conversation was about the weather, the prospects of the potato crop, and whether the cold nights would hurt the fruit—all this sprinkled with politics and denunciations of the Popular Front.

After about half an hour, a remarkable thumping and banging came from the direction of the kitchen, which adjoined the library, where we were sitting. The berceau de la famille Peret was a small house, and despite the thickness of the ancient walls, sounds were audible through them. I was puzzled by the noise until Mademoiselle Julie said, "That's Colette. She begins to bang about like that if I stay too

long. I have to make three more calls before Alcide meets the two-forty-five train." At that, she rose and said, "I hope you'll come to see me soon and give me some advice about the garden. I mean to plow it up and put it into potatoes."

Colette was summoned from the kitchen and escorted Mademoiselle Julie into Alcide's omnibus. I stood in the gateway, watching them drive off, the ancient Alcide slapping the old, flea-bitten white horse with the reins. There was significance in the fact that Mademoiselle Julie left cards, which her sisters had never done. She must have

ordered moiselle

and the

them the day after Made-Lucie's funeral and set out to call on us the day they arrived from the printer, for it required ten days at least to do any printing job in Senlis.

WITHIN a day or two, it became clear that Mademoiselle Julie was breaking out with a vengeance. For five successive days she hired Alcide omnibus to make the rounds,

calling upon all the people she had not seen for more than sixty years. She cut down the shrubbery and trees in the big garden and planted potatoes. "All that good land going to waste!" she said. "For fifty years I've wanted to grow potatoes there, but my sisters would never let me."

She had the ragged wisteria pruned and set Colette and whatever unfortunate cousin was interned at the moment to weeding the big courtyard and putting it in order. She was seen regularly at the market, not at daybreak but at ten o'clock, when everybody who was anybody did her marketing. She subscribed to Le Temps, which represented her shade of political opinion, and at last she installed a bathroom. She was eighty-nine years old at the time. The subservience of the wretched cousins continued. Lender the will of the avaricious Pere Peret, all the property went

The calm aspidistra stands on a child's red chair Beneath the steady Dutch-blue clock; how strange that No one lies slaughtered or famished or gutted there.

The curtains ruffle, and the pictures on the oddly solid wall Behave with a lost decade's decor; stillness settles on the eyes I nat marvel and the unbelieving ears still alert to battle call.

A ou say, "This is an ultimate ..." I speak in mildest reprimand Of aftermaths and lost behests, but the cat crosses the floor Like a rapt saint knowing the quiet end we dare not understand.

The aspidistra holds firm upon the child's red chair,

The clock marches gently in its Dutch-blue coat, nothing shudders Or screams, and it seems no one intends to make us perish here.

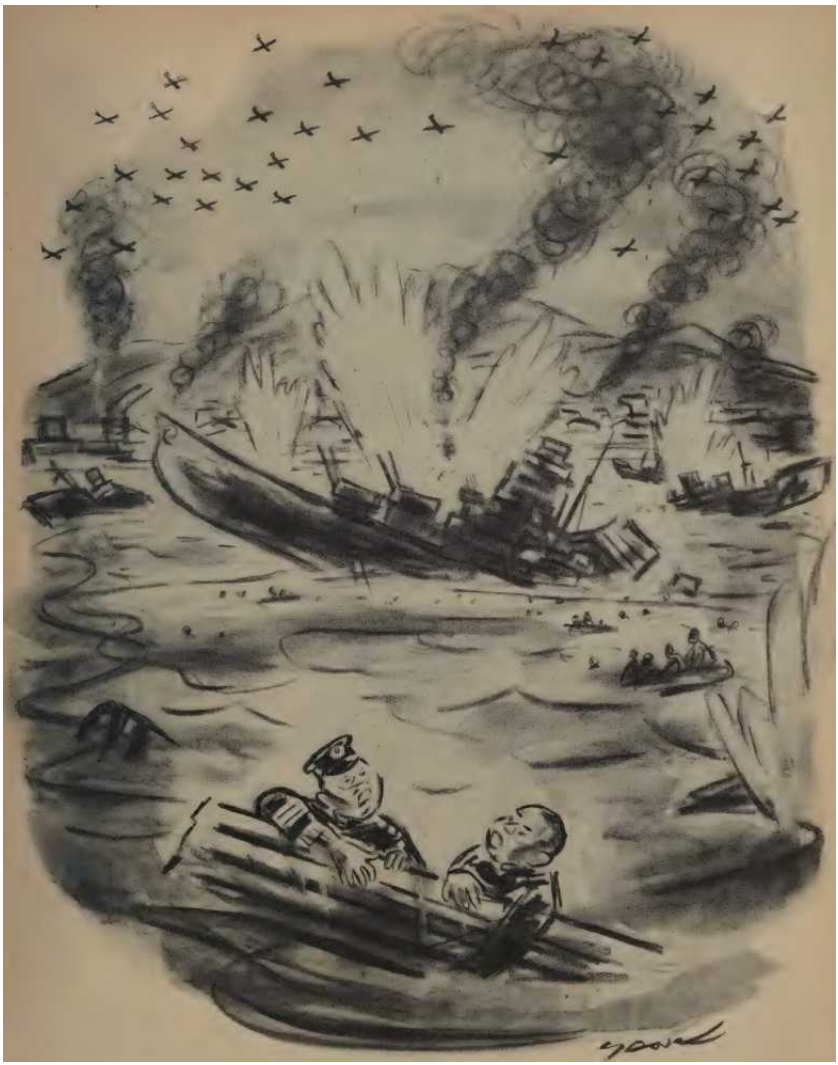
—David Cornel DeJong

successively to the surviving sisters or sister, a great and shocking disappointment to both the Nanteuil and the St. Quentin relatives when the will of Mademoiselle Jeanne, the first to die, was read. So now Mademoiselle Julie's power over the cousins was tripled. One of them—the one from the St. Quentin family—married, and this apparently gave the Nanteuil cousin a great advantage, for she said, "As for me, I shall never marry as long as chere Cousine Julie is alive." But the St. Quentin bride checkmated her by abandoning her husband for six months of each year to care for chere Cous'me Julie. The "caring" amounted to being housemaid and drudge, and old Julie could have got on very well without either girl, but the old woman had a long score to settle and apparently she was taking it out on. her greedy distant relatives.

When I last saw her, Mademoiselle Julie was ninety-two. She was still planting potatoes in the garden and going strong when Hitler chased me out. In 1943 I learned through the underground that Mademoiselle Julie had died a few months before, at the age of ninety-six. In the German breakthrough of 1940, her most imposing houses had been knocked about by shells and pillaged, but her land was indestructible and could not be carted away, and the berceau de la famtile Peret was somehow spared. I was especially -pleased

to hear that, before her death, Mademoiselle Julie had back on her hands a house and a few acres of land on which a foolish American had spent about twenty thousand dollars in improvements. As for the wretched nieces, I do not know which one inherited the property. Both deserved it.

—Louis Bromfield



“Imagine I Right in the middle of our Greater East Asia Co-

Prosperity Sphere!”

Mollie is a part of the history of La Piste Forestiere, and La Piste Forestiere is perhaps the most important part of the history of Mollie. La Piste Forestiere, or the Foresters’ Track, is a dirt road that connects Cap Serrat, on the northern coast of western Tunisia, with Sedjenane, a town twenty miles inland. The country it runs through is covered with small hills, and almost

all the hills are coated with a ten-foot growth of tall bushes and short trees, so close together that once you leave the road you can’t see fifty feet in front of you. From the top of any hill you can see the top of another hill, but, because of the growth, you can’t tell whether there are men on it. This made the country hard to fight in. The hillsides that have no trees are bright with wild flowers in the spring, and two years ago, when some other war correspondents and I travelled back and forth along the Foresters’ Track in jeeps, we sometimes used to measure our slow progress by reference to the almost geometrical patterns of color on such slopes. There was, for example, the hill with a rough yellow triangle of buttercups against a reddish-purple background of other blooms; it indicated that you were five miles from the road’s junction with the main highway at Sedjenane. With luck you might reach the junction in two hours, but this was extremely unlikely, for the road was just wide enough for one truck—not for a truck and a jeep or even for a truck and a motorcycle. Only a man on foot or on a horse could progress along the margin of the road when there was a vehicle on it, and the horse would often have to scramble by with two feet off the road, like the sidehill bear of eastern Tennessee. When a jeep met a convoy, it sometimes had to back up for hundreds of yards to where there was room to get off the road and wait. Then, when all the heavy vehicles had passed, the jeep would resume its journey, perhaps to meet another convoy before it had recovered the lost yardage. Even when you got in behind trucks going your way, they were packed so closely together that they advanced at a crawl, so you did too. Bits of the war were

threaded along the Foresters' Track like beads on a string, and the opportunity to become familiar with them was forced upon you. Mollie, for me, was the gaudiest bead.

The reason the Foresters' Track is such a miserable excuse for a road is that in normal times there is little need for it. There is a lighthouse at Cap Serrat and a forest warden's house about halfway between that and Sedjenane. The few Berbers in the district, who live in brush shelters in the bush, have no vehicles or need of a road. But in late April and early May of 1943, La Piste Forestiere was an important military thoroughfare. The Allied armies, facing east, lay in a great arc with their right flank at Sousse, on the Gulf of Tunis, and this little road was the only supply line for twenty miles of front; that is, the extreme left flank of the Allied line. The actual front line ran parallel to the road and only a few hundred yards east of it during the first days of the offensive that was to end the Allies' North African campaign, but because of the hills and the brush, people on the road couldn't see the fighting. However, American artillery placed just west of the road—it would have been an engineering feat to get it any considerable distance into the brush— constantly fired over our heads as our jeeps piddled along. The gunners hoped that some of their shells were falling on the Germans and Italians who were trying to halt our infantry's advance with fire from hidden mortars and machine guns. The Luftwaffe in Africa had predeceased the enemy ground forces; the budget of planes allotted it for the African adventure was exhausted, I

suppose, and the German High Command sent no more. This was lucky for us, because one good strafing, at

any hour, would have jammed the road with burned-out vehicles and Allied dead. By repeating the strafing once a day, the Germans could have kept the road permanently out of commission. The potential danger from the air did not worry us for long, however. You soon become accustomed to immunity, even when you cannot understand the reason for it.

Trucks left ammunition along the side of the road to be carried up to the fighting lines on the backs of requisitioned mules and horses and little Arab donkeys, a strangely assorted herd conducted by an equally scratch lot of soldiers. The Washington army had decided years before that the war was now one-hundred-per-cent mechanized, so the field army, quite a different organization, had to improvise its animal transport as it went along. The wounded were carried down to the road by stretcher bearers. Ambulances, moving with the same disheartening slowness as everything else, picked up the casualties and took them out to a clearing station near the yellow-triangle hill I have mentioned, where some of the viable ones were patched up for the further slow haul out. Cruder surgical units, strung out along the road, took such cases as they were equipped to handle. These units were always right by the side of the road, since in that claustrophobe's nightmare of a country there was no other place for them to be. The advanced units were French and had women nurses with them. A French doctor I knew used to say that it helped the men bear pain if nurses were looking at them. "Since we have so little anesthesia," he said, "we rely upon vanity." Sometimes I would sit in my jeep and watch that doctor work. He had broken down a few saplings and bushes by the side of the road to clear a space for his ambulance, and next to the ambulance he had set up a camp stool and a folding table with some instruments on it. Once a traffic jam stopped my jeep near his post when he had a tanned giant perched on the camp stool, a second lieutenant in the Corps Franc d'Afrique. The man's breasts were hanging off his chest in a kind of bloody

ruff. "A bit of courage now, my son, will save you a great deal of trouble later on," the doctor said as he prepared to do something or

other. I assumed, perhaps pessimistically, that he was going to hack off the bits of flesh as you would trim the ragged edges of an ill-cut page. “Go easy, Doctor,” the young man said. “I’m such a softie.” Then the traffic started to move, so I don’t know what the doctor did to him.

The Corps Franc d’Afrique was a unit that had a short and glorious history. Soon after the Allied landings in North Africa, in October, 1942, the Corps Franc organized itself, literally, out of the elements the Darlanists in control of the North African government distrusted too much to incorporate into the regular French Army—Jews, antiNazis from concentration camps, de Gaullists, and other Allied sympathizers. A French general named Joseph de Goislard de Montsabert, who had helped plan the landings, had been thrown out by his collaborationist superiors, who, even after Darlan’s agreement to play ball with the forces of democracy, had remained his superiors. De Montsabert, because he had a red face and snowy hair, was known to his troops as Strawberry in Cream. There had been, among the French in North Africa, a number

of other professional officers and many reservists who, like the General, were apparently left out of the war because they were suspected of favoring de Gaulle or merely of being hostile to Germany. The Darlan regime had refused to mobilize the Jews because it clung to the Vichy thesis that they were not full citizens, and it did not want them to establish a claim to future consideration, and it was holding thousands of Spanish and German refugees and French Communists in concentration camps.

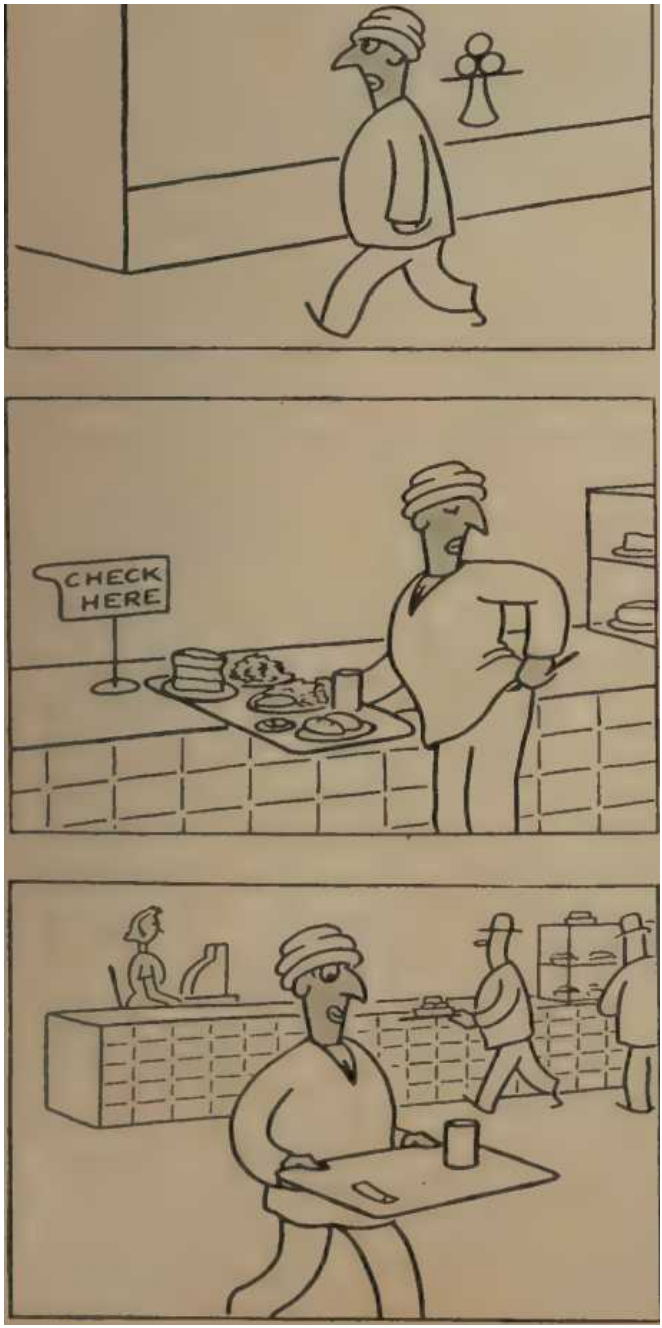
De Montsabert and a few of his officer friends, talking on the street in Algiers one rainy November day of that year, decided to start a “Free Corps” of men who wanted to fight but whom the government would not allow to. They took over a room in a schoolhouse on the Rue Mogador as headquarters and advertised in the Echo d’Alger for volunteers. The ad appeared once and then the Darlanist censorship, which was still operating under the Americans, like every other element of Vichy rule, suppressed it. But scores of volunteers had already appeared at the schoolhouse and de Montsabert sent them out with pieces of schoolroom chalk to write “Join the Corps Franc” on walls all over the city. Hundreds of new

volunteers came

in. General Giraud, who had arrived in Africa to command all the French but had subsequently accepted a role secondary to Darlan's, heard of the movement and interceded for it. Giraud, whatever his limitations, considered it natural that anybody in his right mind should want to fight the Germans. Darlan and his Fascist friends began to think of the Corps Franc as a means of getting undesirables out of the way, so the government recognized it but at the same time refused it any equipment. The Corps began life with a miscellany of materiel begged from the British and Americans. Its men wore British battle dress and French insignia of rank, lived on American C rations, and carried any sort of weapons they could lay their hands on. The most characteristic feature of their appearance was a long beard, but even this was not universal, because some of the soldiers were too young to grow one. After the Corps Franc's arrival in Tunisia, it added to its heterogeneous equipment a great deal more stuff it captured from the enemy. The Corps went into the line in February of 1943, in the zone north of Sedjenane, and it remained there into the spring.

Late April in Tunisia is like late June in New York, and heat and dust were

XYZ cafeteria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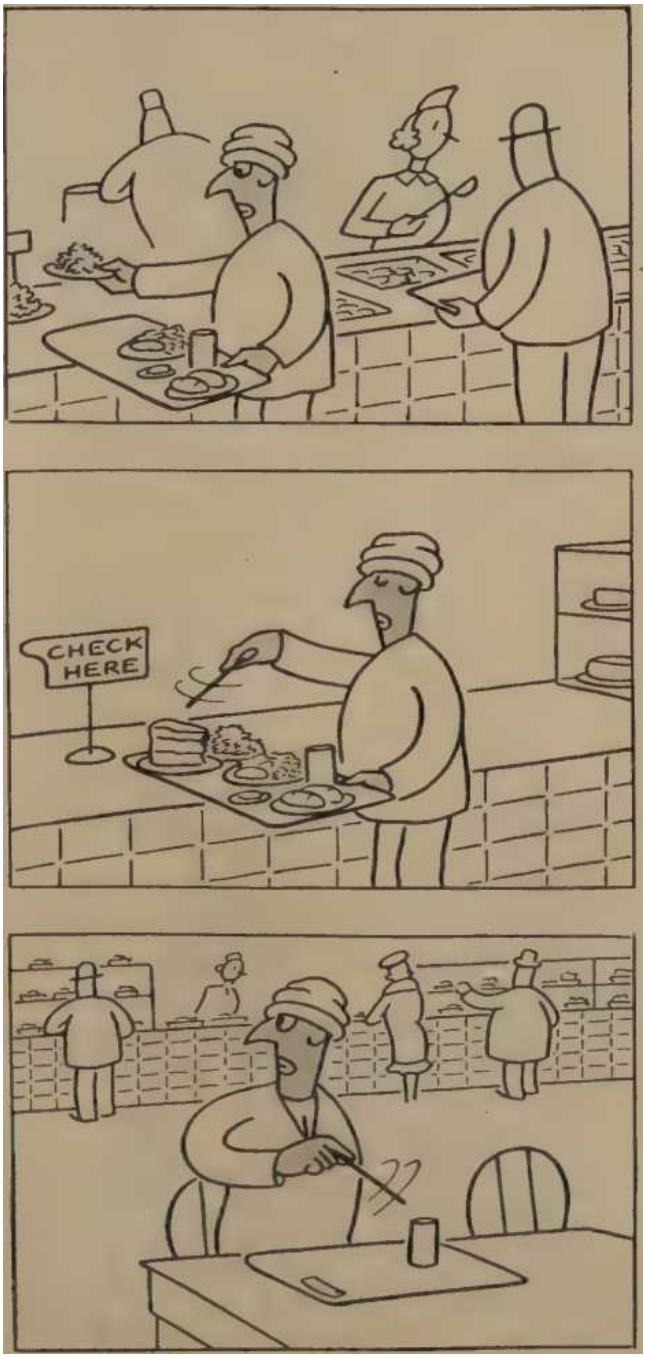
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great nuisances to our men when they were attacking. In February and March, however, coastal Tunisia is drenched with a cold and constant downpour. The Foresters' Track was two feet deep in water when the Corps Franc began to fight along it. There ■were two battalions to start with—about twelve hundred men—to cover a sector twenty miles long. A third and fourth battalion had been added by the time the Americans began their offensive. The Corps, in the beginning, had only two ambulances, converted farm trucks owned by a Belgian colonist in Morocco. The Belgian and his son had driven the trucks across North Africa to join the Corps. But the trucks were unable to negotiate the flooded Track, so the men of the Corps carried their wounded out to Sedjenane on their shoulders. I once asked my doctor friend why they had not used mules. "The mules rolled over in the water and crushed the wounded men," he said. "We know. We tried it with wounded prisoners."

Now that the great attack was on, there were other troops along the Track with the Corps—the Sixtieth Infantry of the American Ninth Division, part of the American Ninth Division's artillery, an American tank-destroyer battalion, some Moroccan units, and some American motor-truck and medical outfits. The medics and the artillery made the French feel pampered and their morale got very high. One hot morning, I passed a lean, elderly soldier of the Corps

Franc who was burying two of his comrades. He looked about sixty —there was no age limit in the Corps—and had a long, drooping mustache of a faded biscuit color. He had finished one grave and was sitting down to rest and cool off before beginning the other. The two dead men lay with their feet to the road. Blueflies had settled on their faces. I told my jeep driver to stop and asked the gravedigger what men these were. “One stiff was an Arab from Biskra,” the old soldier said, “and the other a Spaniard, a nihilist from Oran.” I asked him how his work was going. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and said happily, “Monsieur, like on roller skates.”

A quarter of the men in the Corps Franc were Jews. A Jewish lieutenant named Rosenberg was its posthumous hero by the time I arrived in the Foresters’ Track country. He had commanded a detachment of twenty men covering the retreat of his battalion during a German counterattack in early March. This was a sequel to the coun

terattack against the Americans at Kas-serine Pass in late February, and both assaults were prototypes, on a small scale, of the counter-offensive the Germans were to launch in Belgium at the end of 1944 —the last flurry of the hooked and dying fish. Rosenberg, holding one of the innumerable little hills with his men, had decided that it was not fitting for a Jew to retire, even when the Germans looked as though they had surrounded his position. He and his men held on until the rest of the battalion had made its escape. Then he rose, and, intoning the “Marseillaise,” led his men in an attack with hand grenades. He and most of his men were, of course, killed.

Besides the Jews, the Corps had hundreds of political prisoners from labor camps in southern Algeria—Spanish Republicans who had fled to Africa in 1939, anti-Nazi Germans who had come even before that, and French “Communists and de Gaullists,” to employ the usual Vichy designation for dissidents. The political prisoners had been released upon agreeing to enter the Corps Franc, which they did not consider an onerous condition. There were also hundreds of Frenchmen who had joined because they distrusted the Vichy officers in the regular Army, or because they were “hard heads” who detested any species of regularity, or because they were

too old or ill for more conventional fighting units. In the Corps Franc, they were at liberty to march and fight until they dropped. There were also a fair number of Mohammedans, good soldiers who had joined to earn the princely wage of twenty-three francs a day, ten times what they would have got if they had waited to be mobilized in their regular units. Whenever I had a chance, I asked Corps Franc soldiers what they had been in civilian life and why they had enlisted. I remember a former earabinero who had fought in the Spanish Loyalist Army, and a baker of Italian par

entage from Bone, in Algeria, who said, “I am a Communist. Rich people are poison to me.”

Other members of the Corps who made a special impression on me were a former admiral in the Spanish Republican Navy, who was now a company commander and would not allow junior officers to

shout at soldiers; a Hungarian poet who had been studying medicine at the University of Algiers; a sixteen-year-old Alsatian from Strasbourg who had run away from home to avoid being forced to become a German citizen ; and a French captain, a shipping broker in civil life, who proclaimed himself a Royalist. The captain's sixteen-year-old son was also in the Corps; the boy was a motorcycle dispatch rider. I also remember two tough Parisians who had not seen each other since one had escaped from jail in Dakar, where they had both been imprisoned for trying to join the Free French in Brazzaville. The other had escaped later. "Say, it's you, old pimp! " one of the men shouted joyously. "And how did you get out of the jug, old rottenness?" the second man shouted back. Once I shared a luncheon of C-ration vegetable hash, scallions, and medlars with a little fifty-three-year-old second lieutenant, one.of those Frenchmen with a face like a parakeet, who until 1942 had been vice-president of the Paris Municipal Council, in which he represented the arrondissement of the Opera. He had got out a clandestine paper and had helped Jewish friends smuggle millions of francs out of France. Betrayed to the Gestapo, he had been arrested and put in Cherche-Midi Prison; he had escaped with the aid of a jailer and come to Africa and the Corps Franc. The middleaged soldier who waited on us spoke French with a farce-comedy Russian accent; he had been a waiter at the Scheherazade, a night club in Montmartre, and had often served the lieutenant when he was a civilian. A handsome young Viennese half-Jew, who had been on the Austrian track team in the last Olympic Games, once asked me for some sulfanilamide. He had f been in a labor camp for six months . without seeing a woman but had been allowed one night's leave in Oran before being sent on to the front. • He wanted the sulfanilamide, he said, so that he could treat himself; he was afraid that a doctor might order him away from the firing line. And in a hospital tent at the clearing station I came across a man with a French flag wrapped around his waist; the medics discovered it when thev cut his shirt

<(May I ask you a very rude question? Just what is a burp gun?"

away. He was a hard-looking, biondish chap with a mouthfid of gold teeth and a face adorned by a cross-shaped knife scar—the croix de vache with which procurers sometimes mark business rivals. An interesting collection of obscene tattooing showed on the parts of him that the flag did not cover. Outwardly he was not a sentimental type.

"Where are you from?" I asked him.

"Belleville," he said. Belleville is a part of Paris not distinguished for its elegance.

"What did you do in civilian life?" I inquired. <

That made him grin. "I lived on my income," he said.

"Why did you choose the Corps Franc?"

“Because I understood,” he said.

THE American soldiers interspersed with the men of the Corps Franc along the Foresters’ Track found them a fantastic lot. Most of the men then in the Ninth Division came from New York, New Jersey, or New England, and their ideas of North Africa and Frenchmen had been acquired from films with Ronald Colman as Beau Geste or Charles Boyer as Charles Boyer. They thought the Frenchmen very reckless. The Ninth had had its first experience in battle on the road to Maknassy, in southern Tunisia, only a few weeks earlier, and it was not yet a

polished division. The men of the Ninth in Germany recently took risks as nonchalantly as any Corps Franc soldier used to, but at the time I am speaking of they would sometimes call the Frenchmen “those crazy headhunters.” This term reflected a tendency to confuse the Corps Franc with the Moroccans in the same zone; the Moroccans are not headhunters, either, but there is a popular American belief that they are paid according to how many enemy ears they bring in.

There were two tabors, or battalions, of Moroccans in the zone; a tabor consists of several goums, or companies, and each soldier who is a member of a company is called a goumier. For the sake of simplicity and euphony, Ameri-

cans called the Moroccan soldiers themselves goums. The goums used to ride along the side of the road on bay mules or gray horses —sure-footed, mountain-bred animals—until they got near the place where they were going to fight. Then they would dismount and go off into the brush on bare feet, and return with their booty when they had finished their business. The goum’s sole outer garment is the djellabah, which looks like a long brown bathrobe with a hood. It is made of cotton, wool, linen, goats’ hair, or camels’ hair and usually has vertical black stripes. It sheds water, insulates against heat and cold, is a substitute for a pup tent at night, and serves as a repository for everything the goum gloms, like the capacious garment of a professional shoplifter. In their Moroccan homeland the goums live with their wives and children in their own villages and are supposed to pay themselves with the spoils of tribes that resist the French government. In Tunisia the spoils were pretty

well confined to soldiers' gear. As a goum killed or captured more and more enemies, he would put on layer after layer of tunics and trousers, always wearing the djellabah over everything. The girth of the goums increased as the campaign wore on. This swollen effect gave a goum an air of prosperity and importance, in his opinion; his standing as a warrior, he thought, was in direct ratio to his circumference. A goum who was doing well often wore, between sorties, one German and one Italian boot and carried a string of extra boots over his saddlebow. The funny part of it was that a goum wearing six men's clothing could slip noiselessly through a thicket that was impassable to a skinny American. The French officers commanding the goums assured me that their men were not paid by the ear; if a goum occasionally had a few dried ears concealed in a fold of his djellabah, one officer explained, it was because goums had discovered that such souvenirs had a trade value in G.I. cigarettes and chew-'ng gum 'Tar from paying for ears," this officer said, "we have recently been offering a small reward for live prisoners for interrogation. It is evident that a prisoner without ears is not a good subject for interrogation, because he does not hear the questions plainly." To hold the goums' respect, the officers had to be able to march, climb, and fight with them, and a goum is as inexhaustible as a mountain sheep and about as fastidious as a hyena. Most goums come from the Atlas Mountains and few of them speak Arabic, much less French, so the officers have to be fluent in the

southern Berber dialects, which are all that the men know. The goums are trying companions in minefields, because, as one officer remarked, "They say, 'If it is the will of God, we go up,' and then they just push forward." Neither they nor the Corps Franc had mine detectors. An American captain named Yankauer, who was the surgeon at the clearing station near the yellow-triangle hill, was once digging scraps of steel out of a goum who had stepped on a mine. The man let out one short squeal—there was no anesthetic—and then began a steady chant. Yankauer asked a goum officer, who was waiting his turn on the table, what the goum was saying. The officer translated, "He chants, 'God forgive me, I am a woman. God forgive me, I am a woman,' because, you see, he has cried aloud, so he is ashamed." The goums' chief weapons were curved knives and long rifles of the vintage of 1871, and one of the supply problems of

the campaign for the American G-4 was finding ammunition for these antediluvian small arms. Colonel Pierre Magnan, who had succeeded de Montsabert in command of the Corps

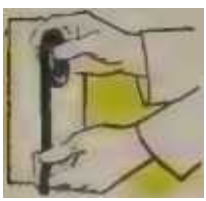
"Vasi air squadrons strike Japan. Homecoming speeded for a million American boys. Mass starvation in Europe Allies[i] greatest problem. Additional war criminals indicted. But first, a word from the makers of Daring, the perfume for the woman who dares."

Franc, was the senior French officer in the zone. I was with him one day when the commander of a newly arrived tabor presented himself for orders. "How are you fixed for automatic weapons, Major?" Magnan asked. "We have two old machine guns," the goum

officer said. Then, when he saw Magnan's glum look, he added cheerily, "But don't worry, my Colonel, we use them only on maneuvers."

Magnan was a trim, rather elegant officer who, before the Allied landings, had commanded a crack infantry regiment in Morocco. On the morning of the American landings, he had arrested General Nogues, the Governor General of Morocco, and then asked him to prevent any fighting between the French and Americans by welcoming the invading forces. Nogues had telephoned to a tank regiment to come and arrest Magnan. Magnan, unwilling to shed French blood, had surrendered to the tankmen and become a prisoner in his turn. The liberated Nogues had then ordered a resistance which cost hundreds of French and American lives. Magnan was kept in prison for several days after Nogues, who was backed by our State Department, had consented to

The Next Best Thing to a Leave



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be agreeable to the Allies. Magnan had then been released, but he was deprived of his command and consigned to the Corps Franc. He now commands a division in France, and de Montsabcrt has a corps d'armec, so the scheme to keep them down has not been preciseh a success.

THE Axis forces north of Sedje-nane must have been as hard put to it for supply routes as we were. I don't remember the roads the Intelligence maps showed behind the enemy's lines, but they could not have been numerous or elaborate. The Germans did not seem to have a great deal of artillery, but they occasionally landed shells on our road. Once, I remember, they shot up a couple of tank destroyers shortly after the jeep I was in had pulled out to let them pass. Throughout, it was a stubborn, nasty sort of fighting in the brush, and casualties arrived in a steady trickle rather than any great spurt, because large-scale attacks wrere impossible. Our men fought their way a few hundred yards further east each day, toward Ferryville and Bizerte. Eventually, when Rommel's forces crumpled, men of the Corps Franc, in trucks driven by American soldiers, got to Bizerte before any other Allied troops.

On Easter Sunday, which came late in April, I was out-along the Track all day, riding in a jeep with Hal Boyle, a correspondent for the Associated Press. At the end of the afternoon we headed home, hoping to get back to the press camp before night so that we wouldn't have to buck a stream of two-and-a-half-ton trucks and armored vehicles in the blackout. Traffic seemed, if anything, heavier than usual along the F Presters' Track, as it always did when you were in a hurry. The jeep stopped for minutes at a time,

which gave Boyle the opportunity to climb out and get the names and home addresses of American soldiers for his stories. Sometimes he would stay behind, talking, and catch up with the jeep the next time it was snagged. We could have walked along the Track faster than we rode. Finally we came to a dip in the road. F ifty yards below and to our right there was a shallow stream, and there was almost no brush on the slope from the road down to the water. This, for the Foresters' Track country, was a considerable clearing, and it was being used for a number of activities. Some goums were watering their mounts in the stream, some French and American soldiers were heating rations over brush fires, a number of vehicles were parked

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CAROUSEL

Music by RICHARD RODGERS Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN Dances by AGNES de MILLE with John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto .MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

NEW YORK

HENRY MILLER'S Thea. 43 St L of B'y. Mats. Thurs. & Sat

CHICAGO

HARRIS THEATRE, Matinees Wednesday & Saturday

ˆ•'BEST MUSICAL IN YEARS."—Lyons, Post

Simmergim

With CELESTE

MARGARET JOAN

DOUGLASS McCRACKEN

Music by HAROLD ARLEN

HOLM DAVID DOOLEY

BROOKS WILSON

Lyrics by

E. Y. HARBURG

Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES SHUBERT Theatre. W. 44th St. CI. 6-5990 Evgs. 8:30, Matinees Wed, and Sat. 2:30

48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Z7 RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present t

LMADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA

lOO in JOHN van DRUTEN'S CX

I REMEMBER MAMA

from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account' I

LyS with JOAN TETZEl 8ˆ

\V) MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat. (

A New Comedy by JOHN PATRICK □ HUDSON, 44th St. E. of B'way. BR 9-5641 . Evs. 8:40. i| 20-S3.60 Tax Incl. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40 I

there, and Colonel Magnan and some officers were holding a staff meeting. As we approached the clearing, we were stopped again for a moment by the traffic. A dismal American soldier came out of the brush on our left, tugging a gaunt, reluctant white horse. "Come along, Horrible," the soldier said in a tone of intensest loathing. "This goddam horse got me lost three times today," he said to us, looking over his shoulder at the sneering, wall-eyed beast. He evidently thought the horse was supposed to guide him.

We moved downhill a bit and stopped again, this time behind an ambulance that was loading wounded. There was a group of soldiers around the ambulance. Boyle and I got out to look. There were four wounded men, all badly hit. They were breathing hard and probably didn't know what was going on. Shock and heavy doses of morphia were making their move easy, or at least quiet. The four men were all from the Sixtieth Infantry of the Ninth Division. A soldier by the road said that they had been on a patrol and had exchanged shots with a couple of Germans; the Germans had popped up waving white handkerchiefs, the Americans had stood up to take them prisoners, and another German, lying concealed, had opened on them with a machine gun. It was the sort of thing that had happened dozens of times to other units, and that undoubtedly has happened hundreds of times since. Such casualties, a Polish officer once said to me, are an entry fee to battle. That doesn't make them easy to take, however. The soldiers had been told about this particular trick in their training courses, but they had probably thought it was a fable invented to make them hate the enemy. Now the men around the ambulance had really begun to hate the enemy. While Boyle was getting the names and addresses of the men, I saw another American soldier by the side of the road. This one was dead. A soldier nearby said that the dead man had been a private known as Mollie. —A. J. Liebling

{This is the first part of a two-part article.)

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The follozving item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the IT ashington Star]

Richard Williams, 12, will doff his hat to his next wrestling foe.

He engaged in a friendly bout on his way to the old fishing hole.

LELAND HAYWARD presents

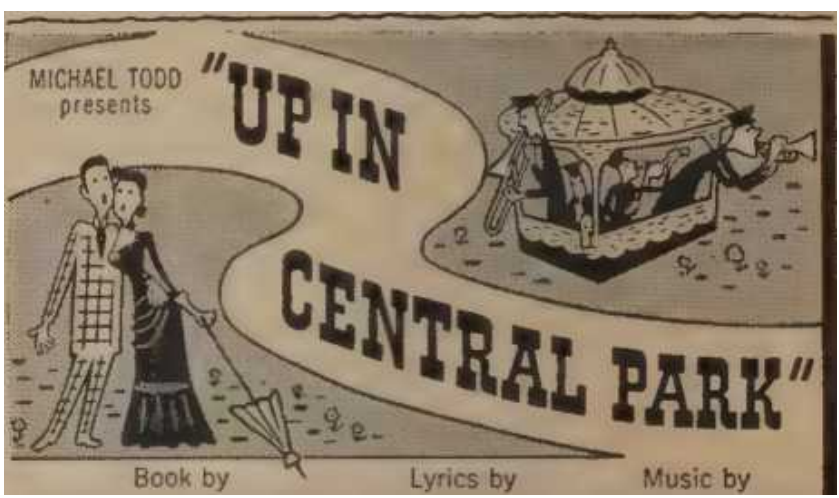
FREDRIC MARCH

W^^LM by PAUL OSBORN from JOHN HERSEY'S

Pulitzer Prize Winning Novel with MARGO

Directed by H. C. POTTER

CORT Thea., W. 48th St. Evas 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.



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“No. I on the Hit Parade.” Walter Winchell

EDWIN LESTER presents

The new musical triumph

of EDVARD GRIEG

IMDFDIAl Th 45th W of B’way. Evgs 8:30 imrcniHL III. Sharp. Mats. Wed.&Sat.2:30

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A Dramatic legend by

HOWARD RICHARDSON & WILLIAM BERNEY

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Ol. intH. 8 40 Mots. WED. 4 SAT. al 2:40

"Plenty for the money."—Nichols, Times
OLSEN & JOHNSON in
LAFFING ROOM ONLY!
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Production Designed by STEWART CHANEY
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
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B'way & 50th. 2 Shows
Sat. & Sun. 2:30 & 8:30

AGATHA CHRISTIE'S Mystery Comedy

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PLYMOUTH THEA

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45 St. W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

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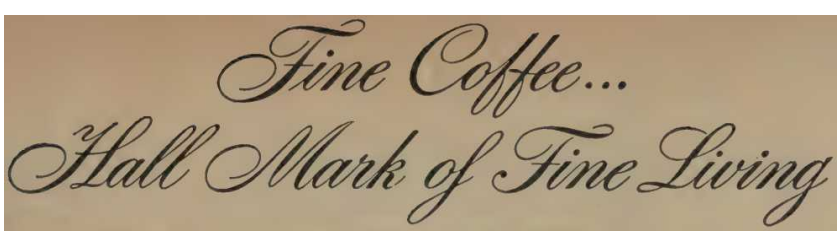
LAURETTE „ EDDIE TAYLOR and DOWLING ,n

THE , _ _

A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS with Julie HAYDON • Anthony ROSS 1" PLAYHOUSE THEA. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"THE play the whole country is talking about."—GARLAND, Jour.-Amer.
Anna Lucasta
MANSFIELD Theatre 47 St. W. of B'way
Evgs. 8:40, Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40



It was an opulent era. The Napoleonic Wars were over. England was at peace. And the art of fine living flowered . . . flowered in stately Georgian homes . . . homes embellished with paintings by Romney and Reynolds, by Gainsborough, Raeburn, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, whose portrait of the British beauty, Mrs. Frederick Hemming, now graces the New York salon of the lovely Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys. Then, London silversmiths, successors to the great Ayme Videau, fashioned exquisite coffeepots such as that portrayed below, to win the approval of Goldsmiths' Hall with these hall marks ^) @ f * 5 Then, as now, fine coffee was the hall mark of fine living.

Today, exquisite coffeepots of Ayme Videau's craftsmanship are hall marks of hospitality in fine American homes. But today, Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys, a Director of the Travelers Aid Society of

New York, serves her distinguished guests coffee far superior to that of Mrs. Hemming's time . . . Yuban Coffee . . . coffee originally the private blend of America's greatest coffee merchant . . . coffee blended from the world's choice sources of supply. ˆow, as then, Yuban Coffee is enjoyed for its distinctive character, its fine flavor, and rich aroma. That's why Yuban today, as for generations, is known as "the guest coffee."

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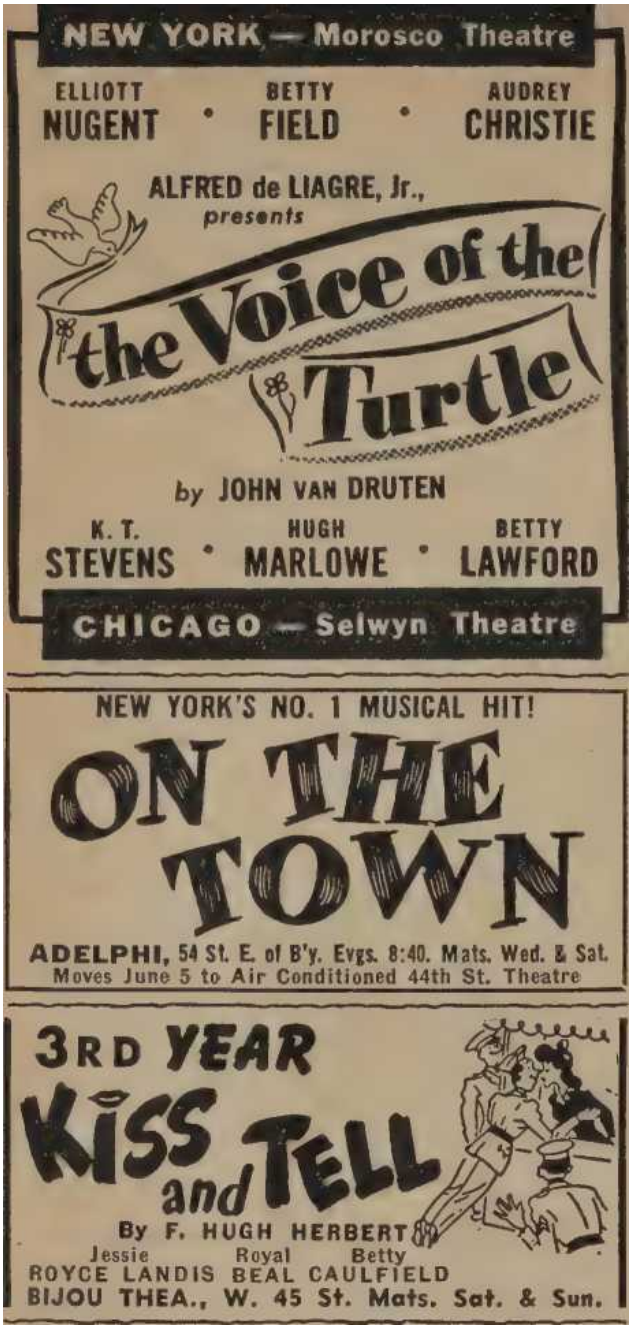
NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT • BETTY FIELD • AUDREY CHRISTIE
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by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • BETTY LAWFORD
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre
NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
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KISS and TELL
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“THE VALLEY OF DECISION” J

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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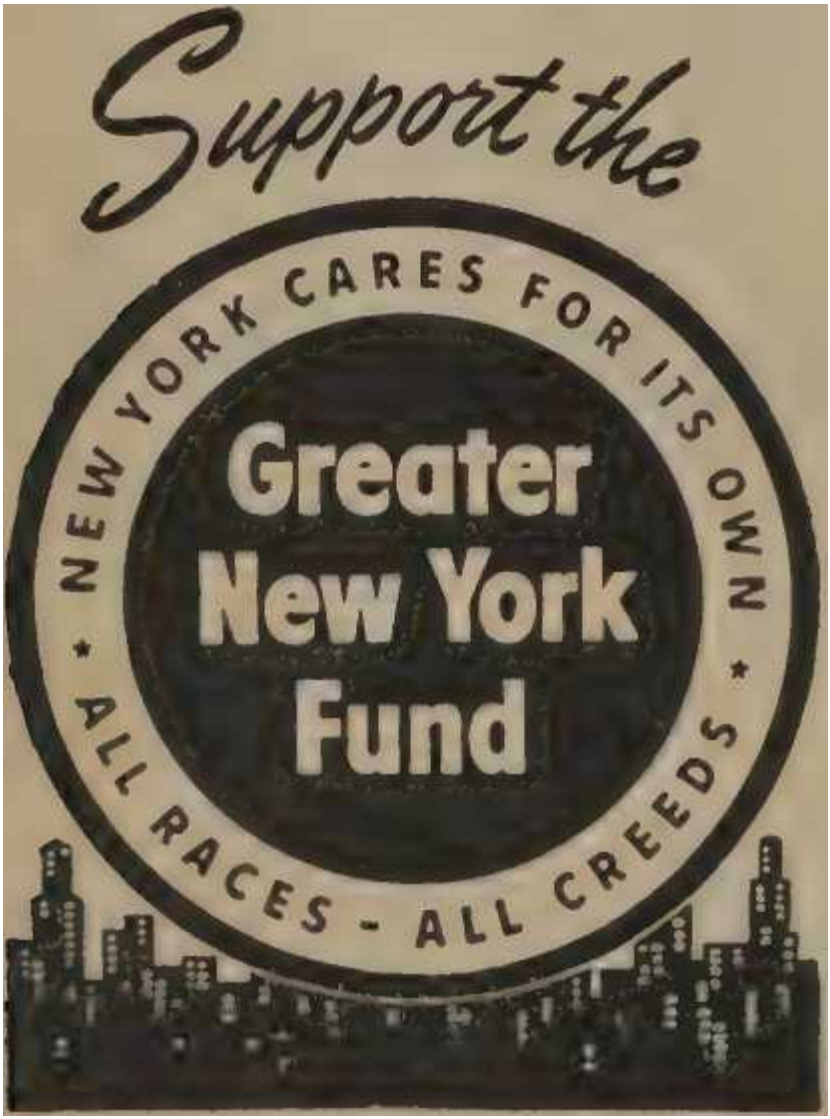
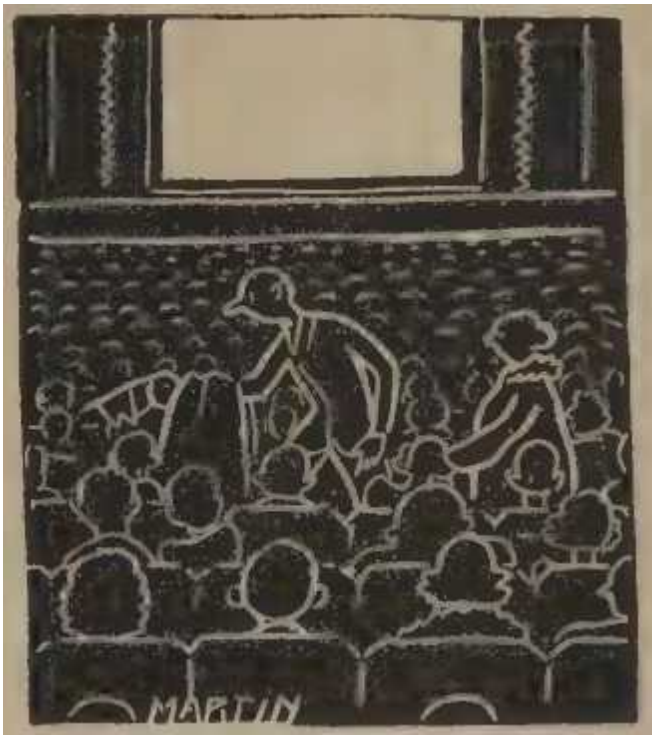


THE CURRENT CINEMA

Dark Do'mgs

The Unseen," a mystery picture adapted by Hagar Wilde and Raymond Chandler from a novel by Ethel Lina White, begins when an inquisitive old lady sees a chink of light in a boarded-up house and starts snooping around. This is a fatal mistake, because the

killer, a man with no coherent face, comes out just at that moment, chases her up a dark alley, and breaks her neck. From this pretty scene, we move to the house next door, where a Mr. Fielding is hiring a new and beautiful governess to replace the old one, who was also beautiful but apparently of a somewhat



too rakish disposition for the nursery. The newcomer, who up to then had known nothing but the ordered tranquillity of the advertising business, has quite a time with the Fieldings. Her employer, a rude man who was once suspected of dismantling his wife, is given to mysterious absences at night; his daughter, Ellen, not otherwise a morbid little girl, has an extremely gory photograph of the old lady's corpse in her scrapbook, right next to a picture of Snow White; and her brother, Barnaby, a really arresting specimen, plays "There'll Be Some Changes Made" over and over, with sardonic emphasis, on his phonograph, makes surreptitious telephone calls to the ex-governess, for whom it appears he has a precocious attachment, and keeps the water running in the bathroom at night. His sister explains casually that he does this so

he won't fall asleep before it's time to open the front door for the faceless man who uses the Fielding house as a passageway to the abattoir next door. Barnaby gets fifty cents a night for this simple service, but as it involves a good deal of wear and tear on his nervous system, it seems likely that he earns his money. The governess makes a conscientious effort to perform her duties in this unusual household, heroically investigating ghostly clankings in the basement, dealing politely with a succession of sinister visitors, and even forcing herself to refrain from assassinating Barnaby, but it is all clearly something of a strain.

The details of the plot are too complicated for much further synopsis here; it is probably enough to tell you that two more ladies are-rather messily dispatched

before the murderer is abruptly identified. As often happens when a detective story is transplanted to the screen, "The Unseen" suffers a little from the very richness of its material. So many people are engaged in such a variety of dirty work that it isn't always easy to keep track of the basic story, especially as most of the action takes place in an ominous halflight, very hard on the eyes. Nevertheless, it is a good deal more exciting and literate than most of its kind, and I think it ought to make you reasonably happy. Young Richard Lyon, who may remind you of Skippy Homeier, gives a remark

ably effective performance as the sullen and tormented Barnaby, and Nona Griffith, a solemn, appealing child, is excellent as his younger sister. The adults in the cast include Gail Russell, Joel McCrea, and Herbert Marshall, and, though somewhat eclipsed by the juvenile talent, they are very fetching, too.

EVEN if the end of the European war hadn't relegated it to history, I'm afraid that "Counter-Attack," the screen version of a play produced here a couple of years ago, woiddn't be much of a picture. John Howard Lawson seems to have made some changes from the original as I remember it, but they are not in the nature of improvements, and the piece remains essentially a very heavy dose of Soviet propaganda. Two Russian soldiers, one a beautiful young woman, are trapped in the cellar of a crumbling house along with seven or eight disarmed Nazis. For not altogether plausible reasons, it is necessary for the Reds to find out which of their captives is a

commissioned officer and, with a regard for the niceties of international law which I had never suspected in the Russian character, to do it without killing anybody. The result is inevitably rather static. Paul Muni, as the Russian hero, holds the enemy at bay with a tommygun while he questions them one after the other with enormous cunning. Now and then the Germans try to overwhelm their captors and the lights go out and guns chatter, but nothing much comes of it. In the end, of course, the Russian Army turns up for the rescue. I don't believe

Mr. Muni was any more relieved than I was.

ACCORDING to my associate in these operations, "The Brighton Strangler" is ingenious but not terribly interesting. "It is about a London actor (John Loder) who gets hit on the head during an air raid, just after the final performance of a play in which he has been appearing as a murderer. This brings on some kind of mental disturbance, causing him to imagine that he is actually the character he was on the stage and consequently to wander around Brighton killing the equivalents of the people in the show, if I'm being clear, which I doubt. Anyway, he gets the maj or and the chief inspector and is going to work on a beautiful Waaf when he is interrupted by his fiancee (Rose Hobart) and a Scotland Yard detective, who corner him on a roof. 'Don't shoot. Applaud,' Miss Hobart says sharply. They do, and the actor bows so enthusiastically that he falls off the building." —W. G.

To A Squirrel Lover

Dear Forum: In answer to "Anxious Squirrel-Lover's" letter, I think if you could catch the squirrel long enough to apply heavy cold cream to its tail, it might stimulate a new growth of fur. Squirrels frequently shed during the early Fall, but it shouldn't make them wild. Are you sure its the same squirrel? We catch squirrels quite often by hanging various tid bits from the top of our metal clothes poles and greasing the pole. The squirrel jumps for the food and slides down the pole into a trap-topped box at the bottom. By feeding them in confinement they soon become very tame and when we let them loose they stay right around the house. Once in a while we catch a cat in the same manner, but we don't feed them and they go away when we free them. I wonder if anyone can tell

me how to cook chives? Thank you. 623 Fairmont. Helpful.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Sure. First you trap them with a greasj' pole, then you put cold cream on their tails.

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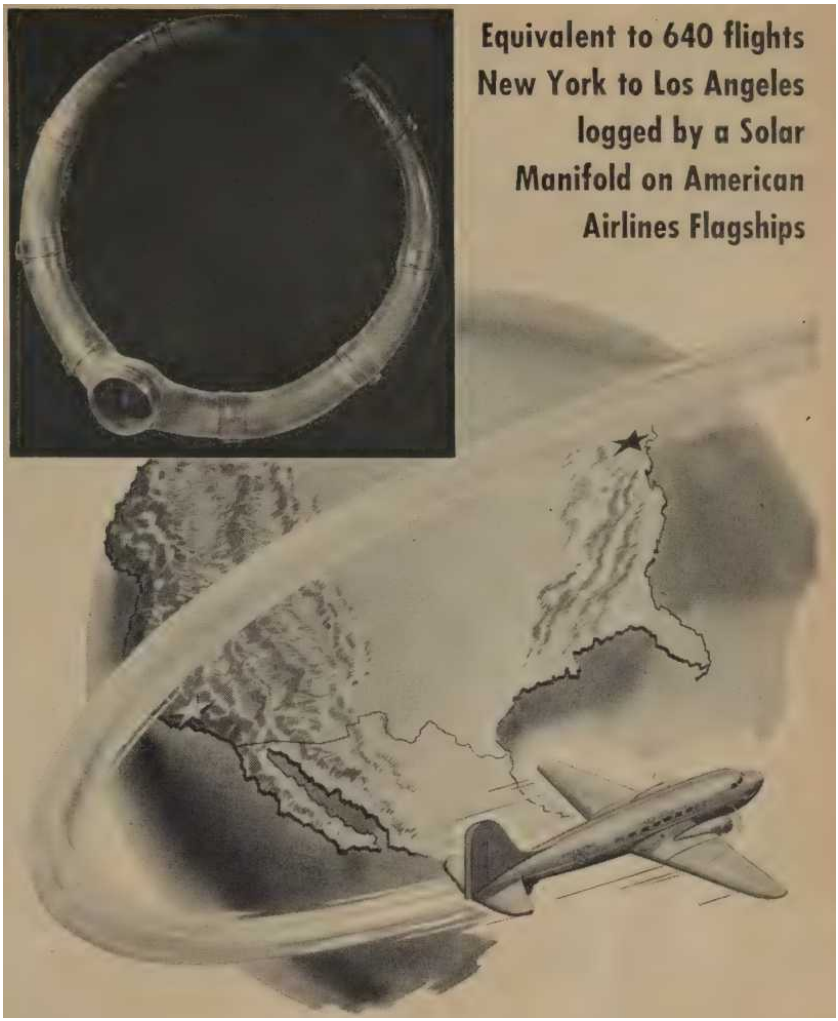

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\Frorn "Symbolic Logic,” by C. 1. Lewis and C. H. Langford]

If “p implies q” is to be synonymous with “q is deducible from p;” and if q is deducible from p when and only when “p implies q” expresses a tautology; then “p implies q,” in this required meaning, must be true when, for a particular p and q, it expresses a tautology; and it must be false when, for a particular p and q, it does not express a tautology.

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LISTEN: ..,„ »

For a few seconds an engineer in a CBS shortwave studio went to pieces the other day when he heard Koen Van Syzen sign off his daily news report in Dutch by saying, “This is your Dutch news reporter, Bernard Person.” It was May 4 and the engineer looked through the glass panel of the control room at the speaker whom he had seen every day, six days a week for the past four years. The man looked exactly the same.

But the same broadcaster had just announced to his compatriots that the German army had surrendered in Holland. So he dropped his nom de guerre because he was pretty sure the Germans could no longer harm his family in Holland.

The Writers’War Board chose Lyman Bryson, CBS Director of Education, for its “four bomb” award (highest rating) for May.The citation said:

“... As Moderator of The People’s Platform (CBS, Saturday, 6:15 to 6:45 p.m. EWT) he combines a fine sense of public responsibility

and fairness with a knack for bringing enlightenment out of the discussions. Also in his new series of talks on the same network he analyzes and thus helps toward the solution of Problems of the Peace (CBS, Sunday, 1:30 to 1:45 p.m. EWT).

★

Virgil Thomson, the music critic, went to a special concert in Carnegie Hall recently where Eileen Farrell sang, then came back to his office and wrote:

“And Eileen Farrell, the soprano, did the kind of singing great singers used to do, but almost never do any more; power, beauty and confidence were all there in full glory.”

You can hear this kind of singing by tuning in Eileen’s program on CBS on Mondays and Fridays at 6:30 p.m.EWT.

★

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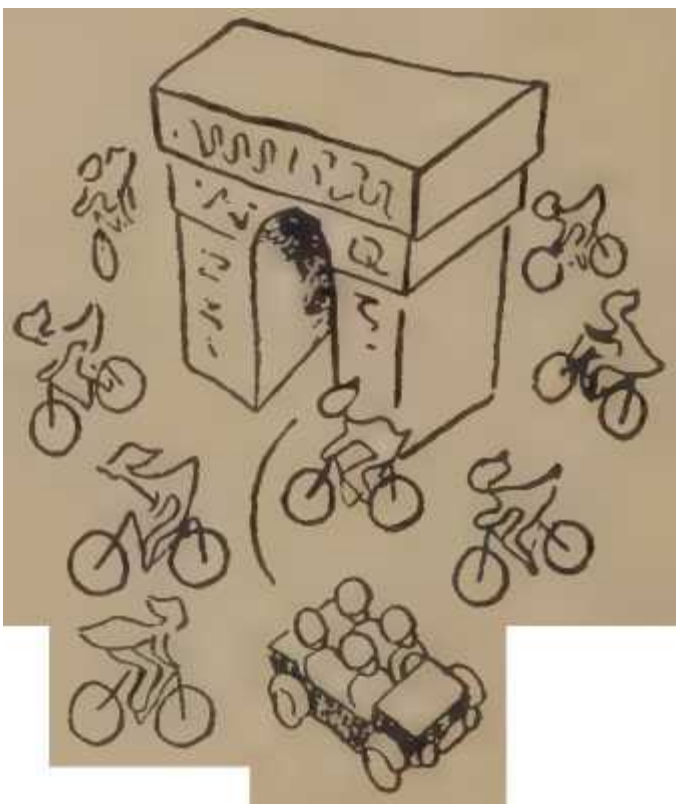
NE night a few weeks ago my wife and I had dinner up on Morningside Drive, in the apartment of someone we've recently got to know, a serious-looking, scholarly bachelor whom I shall call Bauer. He teaches in the Schools of Art and Architecture at Columbia. We had seen him only a couple of times before, in the homes of academic friends, and each time he had impressed us with his learning and his preoccupation with the field of art. Romanesque sculpture in southern France, symbolism in the Ravenna mosaics—that was the sort of thing Bauer talked about, and we were rather surprised when he called us up and invited us to have dinner with him. It turned out that it was a chance remark of my wife's about her liking for Pennsylvania Dutch folk art that had prompted the invitation; the moment we entered Bauer's apartment we saw that he had quite a collection of the stuff, and he told us, when we remarked on it, that he was a native of Reading. "A wonderful old town," he said enthusiastically. "Full of Pennsylvania Dutch art and architecture, full of good old traditions.

Full of good cooking, too. I'm going to give you a real Reading dinner tonight. I hope you'll like it."

Bauer is such an ascetic-looking chap that we hardly expected him to express this interest in food, and we were increasingly surprised after we sat down at table. It was anything but an ascetic meal that he served us, and anything but an ordinary one.

Hors d'oeuvres appeared first, consisting of a kind of pickled Brussels sprout which Bauer told us his sister in Reading had put up in jars according to an old Pennsylvania Dutch recipe. The sprouts



were pungent, and a good deal better than they may sound. Then there was a fine shad, baked by Bauer himself in a slow oven for five hours, so that all but the largest bones had dissolved, permeating the fish with their flavor. No citizen of Reading, we were informed, would tolerate shad that had been boned in

advance, as is so often done in New York markets—that was a quick-and-easv, insipid method of preparation. With the shad came a dish of dandelion greens in a tart sauce,

or “hot dressing,” as Bauer called it. This course was accompanied by a bottle of Chateau Yquem ’29. A real Reading meal included at least one French touch, our host told us; Huguenots had been among the town’s first settlers and had left their mark upon its customs. And finally, for dessert, Bauer set before us a bowl of homemade strawberry ice cream and a platter of pretzels.

.

“I apologize heartily for the pretzels,” he said, glancing at us rather sharply. “Not for having them, of course. I hope you don’t think that I’m serving them because I couldn’t find any cake or cookies—there are plenty of those to be had. I serve pretzels because they’re the best thing in the world to eat with ice cream; it’s a favorite combination in Reading. I apologize because these particular pretzels are such a pathetic substitute for the real thing.”

He didn’t give us time to reply before he continued, “They’re made in Reading, of course. Most pretzels are, even the inferior ones like these, which you can buy in New York, as you may have noticed from the package labels. But the best pretzels don’t travel. They’re rather like a perishable wine in that respect, delicious on the spot but too fragile to be any good after they are shipped and reach anywhere else. Pretzels made for export have to be debased—made with tougher, inferior dough and covered with this shiny lye varnish.” Bauer’s lips curled a little as he looked at the pretzel he was holding. “Even so,” he said firmly, “they’re the best thing in the world, to eat with ice cream.”

Feeling rather strange, my wife and I ate the delicious ice cream and nibbled ten' tatively at our pretzels,

which seemed like perfectly respectable pretzels to us, and we were forced to admit that the combination wasn’t bad at all. The salty crispness of the pretzels contrasted agreeably with the sweet, smooth, cold mouthfuls of ice cream, and our host beamed when we thanked him for enlarging our experience in a direction so totally unexpected. “Whenever we had ice cream at home when I was a

boy," he said, "my mother gave me a dime and sent me to one particular pretzel factory called the

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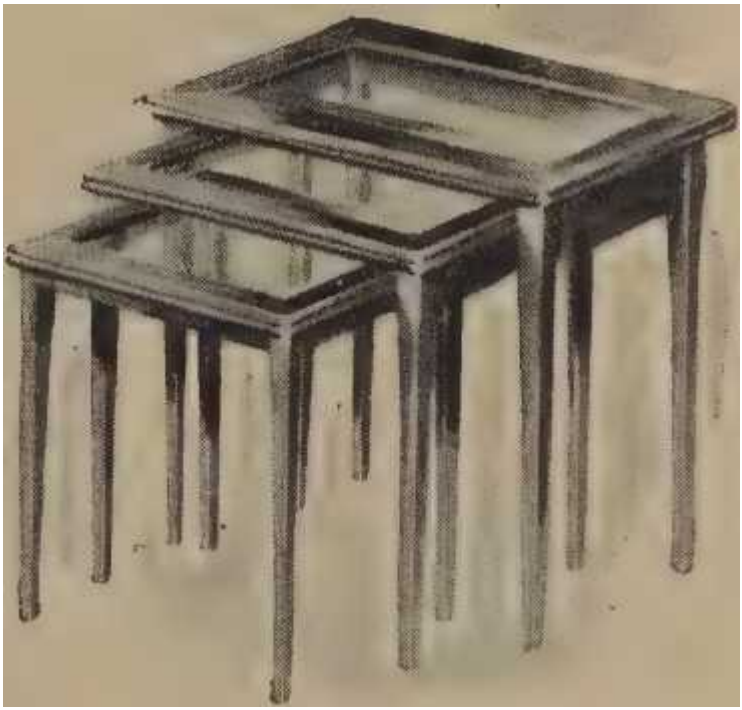
Table in solid mahog" any with mahogony veneers, piecrust edge and carved base. Top 28" in diameter. $35



Nest of 3 tables, in solid mahogany with mahogany veneers and glass tops. $29- 50

Adams Pretzel Company. It was a quaint-looking old place with an entrance off the street in a kind of tunnel, with very nice brick barrel vaulting on the ceiling. It was always dark and cool, even in summer, when you turned off the street into that alley, though once you got into the factory salesroom it was hot enough. The pretzels we used to get at Adams's were particularly good—-the very best, even in Reading. Much larger than these miserable things we're eating now, though not as large as those huge caricatures you see hanging on pushcarts in Central Park. And not soft, like some of the so-called pretzels you get in New York restaurants, but with a less plas-ter-of-Paris kind of crispness than these. Oh, they were perfect, particularly with ice cream! We used to get a dozen for a dime. I wonder if they're still making them. They were still going strong five or six years ago, I know, but a lot of things have changed since then—even in Reading, I daresay."

Bauer hadn't been back in Reading, he told us, except for an

occasional weekend visit, since before Pearl Harbor. “We’ve been working double time at the university,” he said, “what with all these naval architects, and all the military people studying about European monuments and museums, and such. The whole semester and vacation system—the entire aspect of university life, in fact—has been altered almost beyond recognition. But I’m going to have a couple of free days toward the end of next week, and I’m going to spend them at home. I’ll go round to the Adams factory and get a few of their pretzels for you, if they’re still in business. I can’t guarantee what condition they’ll be in by the time they get to New York, but I’ll do the best I can.”

We told Bauer that would be very kind of him indeed, and we spent the rest of the pvening pleasantly, looking over his Pennsylvania Dutch collection and talking about things that it brought to mind. He told us a little ■ more about Reading, of which he was indeed a loyal son: about the traditional yet progressive spirit of its citizens and the peaceful, non-strident atmosphere of the place. Then, after a nightcap or two of excellent Scotch, we thanked him for his hospitality and went home.

Bauer was as good as his word about sending us some Reading pretzels.

One afternoon a couple of weeks after we had been at his apartment, a small candy box was left for us at our hotel.

The desk clerk who received the package said that it ha'd been delivered by a Western Union messenger who told him it was fragile and should be given special handling. It was strangely light. On opening it we found that it contained three pretzels. Although they had been carefully packed between layers of what appeared to be Kleenex, two of them were in fragments. The one that survived was about four by six inches. They were rather full-bodied, of a very light color, and with an almost unglazed surface. With them, in quite the formal manner, lay Bauer’s card.

We sent at once to the drugstore for some ice cream, and when it arrived we ate the combination appraisingly. There was no question but that the pretzels in our gift package were superior to those we had eaten at Bauer’s apartment. They crunched far more agreeably

and had an elusive, almost nutty flavor. We were' very pleased with them, and my wife 'called up Bauer to say so.

She was struck by the gloomy tone of his reply. "I'm glad you enjoyed them," he said hollowly. "They were the best I could find. But they're not Adams pretzels."

"Not Adams!" my wife cried, feeling a dismay that startled her.

No, unfortunately not," our scholar frienˆsaid. "I went to the Adams place, but the door in that tunnel with the brick barrel vaulting I told you about was locked, and nobody answered when I knocked. I continued down the alleyway to where it opened into a courtyard—excellent brickwork everywhere, by the way, quite characteristic of Reading—and there was an old man sweeping thf cobblestones. I asked him about the pretzel factory and where I could find the salesroom, and he tipped his hat and said, 'Bless you, sir, they haven't been making pretzels here for three and a half years.' "

"Did he really say 'Bless you, sir,' Mr. Bauer?" my wife couldn't help asking.

Bauer's voice brightened a bit. "Indeed jje did," he said proudly. "It did my heart good to hear him, too. It

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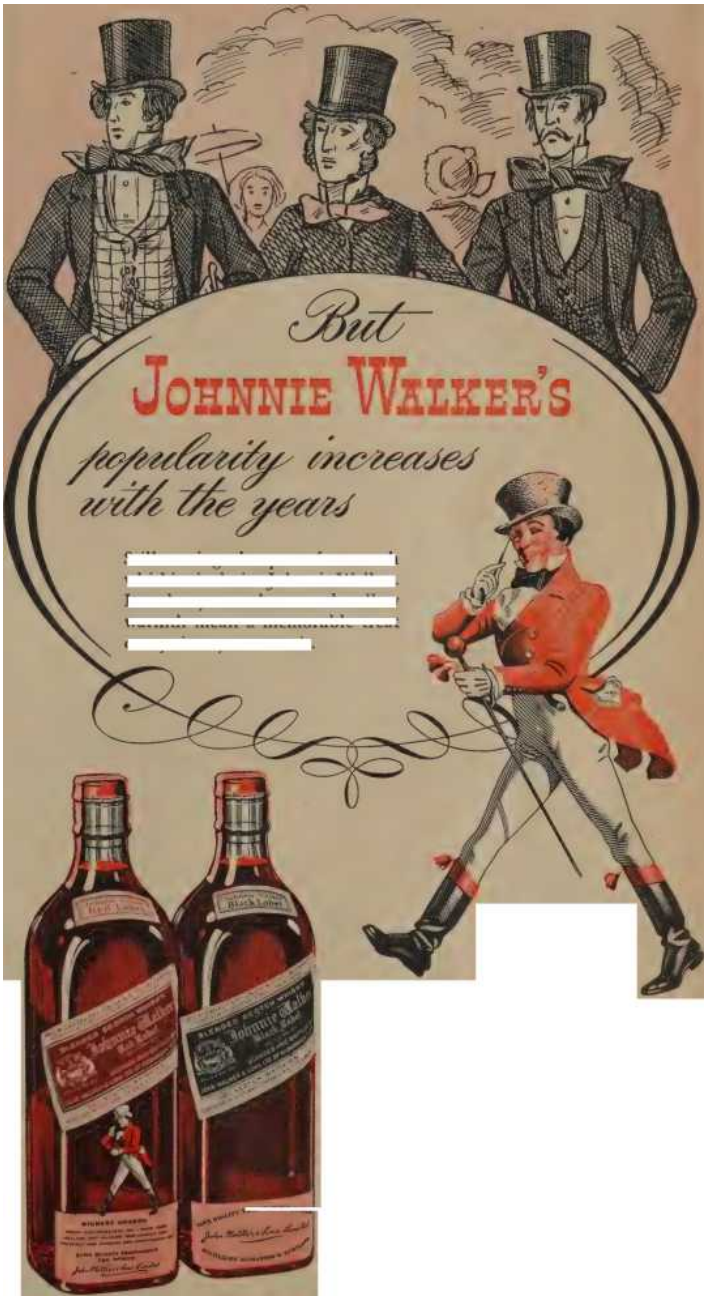

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It seems this child came into town with her aunt to see a matinee, but somehow they became separated. Overcome by panic, there was only one name she could remember . . . yes! McCutcheon's Yarn Department ! So she marched right up to a cop and asked how to get there.

Maybe the cop's wife was a knitter, too, because he guided her straight to us. When the child arrived, we fed her milk and crackers while we did a bit of sleuthing, and were able to deliver her to her worried aunt just before curtain time.

Of course, delivering lost children isn't actually one of our Tegular functions. But it is part and parcel of the whole spirit of a store that believes as firmly as we do in the

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made me realize that I was back home again, and that some things in Reading were unchanged, even if the Adamses weren't making pretzels any more. The old man told me that the elder Mr. Adams had died and that the son had taken over and was making munitions or something in one of the other wings of the factory, with an entrance on the next street. I suppose young Adams found it too hard to get the proper pretzel ingredients," Bauer said, with a sigh. UJust I'ke everything else nowadays. So I thanked the old man and went to the next-best pretzel factory in Reading," he added. "It's a place we naturally never used to have occasion to patronize, but it was always known to be the next best to the Adams's. This other plant is still making pretzels, and so it was their pretzels I bought. They're pretty good; they give you a faint, wartime idea of

what really good pretzels used to taste like."

My wife assured him that we, in our ignorance, had found them excellent, and Bauer said, "By the way, I was ashamed to send you only three, but of the whole package I brought with me to New York, only those three remained intact. That is, they were intact when I packed them for you. Were they still, when you opened the box?"

"Well," my wife said hesitantly, "one of them was perfect. And the other two tasted just as good, even if they were cracked up a bit."

A real happiness, a quality almost of scholarly jubilee or hallelujah, suddenly entered Bauer's voice, my wife says, when she told him that. "Two of the three were broken, you say?" he exclaimed. "But that is most gratifying news, most gratifying! You know, so 'very many pretzels in the package were broken by the time I got to New York yesterday that I must confess I began to wonder if I hadn't been guilty of unfairness toward that second-best pretzel company all these years. What you say makes me pretty sure I was unfair. All but one pretzel broken! Think of that! It's a comfort, in this day and age, to know of one place that's keeping up its standards."

—Francis Steegmuller

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A IMPORTER ON OKINAWA

IN the piebald campaign of Okinawa, the largest and most varied operation the Pacific war has seen to date, the Japanese have reacted with two defenses, both suicidal in form: the violent, quick suicides of the Kamikaze forces, whose airplane pilots, swimmers, and boat crews seek to immolate themselves upon our ships with high explosives, and the more orthodox but equally certain suicide of a strong, armed land force, dug into fine positions behind big guns, with no hope whatever of reinforcement or escape. Most of this force became pocketed voluntarily in the south end of the island, around the capital city of Naha, and fell to the lot of the Army branch of our landing team, four infantry divisions in strength. After completing their own job of bushwhacking and mopping up in the wilder northern part of Okinawa, the two Marine divisions that took part in the invasion stood by, along with strong naval sentinels out at sea, to watch the Army bending to its task. There was much opportunity in this situation for cynicism. Before Okinawa, little was known about Army troops in the Pacific outside the boundaries which formerly confined General MacArthur's zone of command, and in some quarters they were not too highly valued. Marines, carried and supported by Admiral Nimitz's ships, had done the bulk of the land fighting from Guadalcanal through Iwo Jima. On one or two occasions, especially in the Marianas, invasions had been joint Army-Marine operations, and these resulted in frictions that were fanned to the proportion of at least small grass fires by some participants and observers who took a unilateral, Marine view of the matter. The reputed Army inferiority was also talked up quite considerably in print. One deponent, a war correspondent, approached me in Joe Madden's restaurant, back in New York, on a summer evening in 1944 and said, "Tell me, is there such a thing anywhere as a good Army division ? " The question startled and even shocked me somewhat, as it would anyone who had been watchingArmy divisions in action in the European Theatre. Three months before the Normandy landings, a number of Army divisions —the First, the Third, the Ninth, the Thirty-fourth, the Thirty-sixth, and the Forty-fifth—had al-rc uly displayed great skill and bravery. I told him I didn't know exactly what he was talking about, and he

said I would know when I got back to the

Pacific (where I had been in the early days of the war).

It turns out, back in the Pacific, that many Marine leaders wave banners less violently in their own behalf than their unofficial spokesmen do. The episode of the Marianas, which involved basic differences in combat purpose, technique, and equipment between the Army and the Marine Corps, was certainly talked of, but I found that a great many Marine units had been frankly ignorant of the Army before Okinawa, and they were insatiably curious, when they saw the Army troops there, about how they looked and lived and performed. Some were astonished by the copious supply of Army vehicles. The Marine Corps is designed to move by foot on land, to take beachheads, to fight for quick decisions in small areas, and then to be shipped somewhere else. The Marines cannot, as a rule, proceed painstakingly against stubborn obstacles, because time is snapping at their heels and supply limitations are forcing them to hurry. The Army forces have the equipment to fight campaigns of attrition. Generally, as long as the enemy remains strong and organized, they do so. These, however, are textbook differences. Most Marine leaders admit that the man-for-man difference between Army and Marine troops in action is infinitesimal. I'm speaking, of course, of Army troops who belong to combat units and have had battle experience.

These conditions are necessary to fair comparisons, since Marine units consist almost entirely of combat troops and have nearly all had long and bitter battle experience.

What the Marines saw to the south • of them on Okinawa, after completing a good, characteristic job of rapid guerrilla work in the northern end of the island, was a line of Army divisions of various degrees of seasoning engaged in one of the most difficult pitched battles of the whole war. This fight is still in progress as I write. There are several ways of officially interpreting battle situations, and under some interpretations it would have been quite possible to put an official period to the Okinawa campaign some weeks ago. Strategic airfields had been won, our position was secure, and the enemy's was, broadly speaking, hopeless. Speaking more narrowly, he was still sixty thousand strong when I visited the Army line, was still throwing artillery shells as though he owned a mine of them, and was still, from richly prepared caves, hills, and bunkers, making our progress very slow and perilous indeed.

AS you ride southward on the island of [4] ˆ Okinawa—green, sunny,

thickly planted and populated—you find more and more tombs. These tombs are the hallmark of the war on Okinawa. They are not bunched and confined to cemeteries. They stud hillsides everywhere, terraced into the ground so that you see them only when you face the slope of a

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hill. In the most familiar type, there is a double circle of gray stone, in a sort of figure eight, laid on the slope of the land and with a square stone terrace at its foot. At the rear of the terrace, leading

into the earth, is a low, oblong doorway, often barred, though not sealed, by a block of stone, and beyond the door, inside the crypt, are colonies of ancestors—from two to twenty in number—ranged in flimsy wooden coffins or in tall urns of rough glazed clay. We Americans were constantly sharing the privacy of these ancestors. In our Army's part of the island there was no better place to avoid the flying shrapnel from the heavy Jap barrages. We would sit and smoke quietly among the honored dead, keeping out of the line of the open door. There was no feeling among us that we were intruding; these tombs were often visited before we came. Okinawans live in close communion with their ancestors, and young girls who have earned the privilege are delegated from time to time to wash the bones of the forebears of their families with sweet-potato brandy, a product of the local distilleries.

On my way to the Army's front line, I hitched a ride on a big 6x6 quartermaster truck loaded with cases of rations. I sat on the summit of a plateau of food, along with several fellow-passengers—two Negro quartermaster men and two transient sailors—and I found it necessary to push one end of my canteen belt into a niche between two boxes to keep from sliding off as we rolled around curves or lurched down hills.

"What kind of rations are these?" asked one sailor.

"New-type C rations," said a quartermaster man.

"New-type C rations! " said the sailor, helping himself from a broken carton of chocolate bars. "What the hell can you do with C rations? You can't make them worse and you can't make them better."

The sailor had the loose, jerky movements and rolling, restless eyes you see in many thyroid cases. When traffic held us up briefly near a farm, he stood up on top of the cargo, with his cocked rifle in one hand, and looked from side to side. "I want to take a shot at one of them herons," he said. "I saw some herons a piece back on the road. I probably would miss it. Maybe I wouldn't miss it. I wonder if I could hit it. Where the hell is a big heron I could take a shot at?"

"There's a rat," said the other sailor suddenly, pointing at a ditch

alongside the farmhouse.

“Where? Where? Where?”said the

sailor with the gun, looking around in great excitement.

“It’s over there, only it ain’t a rat,” the other sailor said. It looked to me like a mongoose or ferret.

“I see it! I see it! ” shouted the sailor with the gun, and fired. The truck began to move again, and he hastily sat down. “I wonder if I hit it,” he said. “I don’t know if I hit it or not. Maybe I hit it.” He continued to chatter as we moved along the rugged, beautiful east coast of Okinawa. The quartermaster man sitting next to me said in a low, grave voice, “That’s foolish business, but those boys don’t get off ship much— only when they got some errand down here. There’s lots of Japs to shoot down here.” His finger swept two high-backed points of wooded land that jutted into the Pacific ahead of us to our left.

TWO more hitched rides brought me to the neighborhood of the first of these points. I climbed a rocky path and found the command post of the Thirty-second Regiment of the Seventh Army Infantry Division, bivouacked among the tombs, either in tents or outdoors on cots and sleeping rolls and litters set up on the terraces of the tombs. The commander of the regiment, Colonel John M. Finn, commonly called Mickey, was undressing to take a sponge hath with water from a five-gallon fuel can. His orderly, Pfc Peter Gomez, sat on another can close by, advising him.

“You certainly need this bath,” said Gomez.

“I took one the day before yesterday,” Finn said.

“You had to rush it too fast,” said Gomez. “They certainly have been rushing us around here. I never saw so much Jap artillery.”

A plane passed overhead and we all looked up.

“That’s a Corsair—one of ours,” Gomez said casually.

“My airplane spotter, orderly, valet, and strategist,” said Finn,

nodding at Gomez and washing himself. Gomez, a thin, brown young man with black sideburns and a hopeful wisp of a black goatee, looked down at his hands. There were four deep blisters on each of them. “Also your digger,” he said. “I never dug so deep and so fast as yesterday.”

The Finn-and-Gomez team, almost as old as the Seventh Division’s combat record in this war, had been up to study the lines from an observation post just ahead of us the day before and had got caught in a Jap barrage. Shell fragments had wrecked the Colonel’s telephone and his radio. Gomez dug a hole,

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between shellings, and his intensity, matching that of the Jap artillery fire, was such that the hole was four feet deep before he considered it adequate. He told me about it while Finn was putting on his clothes.

“You got your undershirt on backwards,” the orderly interrupted himself to say.

“How in hell can you tell with these things?” said Finn cheerfully, pulling off the shirt and reversing it.

The Colonel is as thin and dark as Gomez, but his button-nosed face, with its tilted chin, is strictly Hibernian. He is an easygoing commander, known for his great bravery. Gomez shares this reputation, but he has added certain private aspects to his share of it. He has also won himself a place in the regiment as a sort of combined buffoon and historian. He used to be a bartender in Chicago—at the Club Ala-bam, the 885 Club, Michael Todd’s Theatre Cafe, and other night spots, of, as he calls them, “buckets of plasma.” He gets hurt quite often but never in a run-of-the-mill fashion. In addition to suffering from foxhole hands, an occupational disease of diggers, Gomez has fallen off a horse, fallen off a cliff, and been bitten by a snake. The snake was in the Philippines and the bite made Gomez mildly ill. The horse that threw him was an Okinawan horse he was trying to ride with a lasso bridle. The cliff he fell off was in Leyte, and this experience, which Colonel Finn and twenty-three other members of the regiment all had together, was one of the Thirty-second’s most-noteworthy and cherished adventures before Okinawa. It followed the familiar theme of the Pearl White movie serials of long ago, except that the camera, after backing the heroine up to the edge of the cliff, where she had been cornered by the villains on horseback, would suspend the action till next week, frequently leaving Miss White in midair, whereas the action in the case of Finn and Gomez and their companions was continuous and sustained. The Japs had cornered them and they had no choice but to go over the cliff, slowing their descent from time to time by clutching rocks or bushes. After hitting the bottom with considerable violence, they spent six and a half hours eluding Jap patrols on the way back to their own lines. It took another four days for the men to get back into combat trim.

THE Seventh reminds me of the more seasoned Army divisions of the European war. Okinawa is its

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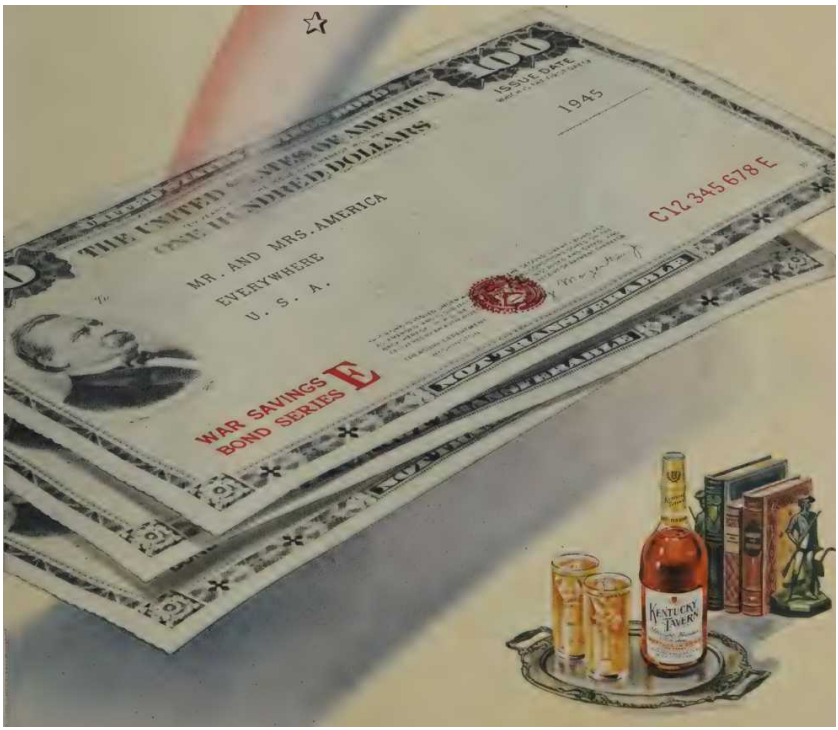

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fourth campaign, following Attu, . Kwajalein, and Leyte, and it has acquired the easy, informal, facetious attitude of a veteran combat outfit, which is deceptive because it conceals a skill and efficiency the greener divisions do not have. In some non-combat details, ; this efficiency may be, and often is, re- ’ laxed. The men of the

command post, when I visited there, were deriving con- , siderable relish from a blotch on the ' record of ingenuity built up with great care by Gomez and three of his close associates—Jones, Parks, and Gavan. On a recent evening, these four had been assigned to guard an Okinawa civilian, picked up near camp, pending i his examination and classification by the Military Government the next day. They put him into a pup tent and elected to stand guard in shifts, one man watch- ; ing for an hour and a quarter while the three others slept. It was not till near the end of the fourth shift, some five hours later, that they discovered that the Okinawan had taken leave of them at some unidentified point in the pro-. , cedure, leaving his hat placed strategically at one end of the tent, just in view . of the watchman. Parks, in answer to critics, insisted that they would get him when he returned for his hat, but the Okinawan had not done this by the time I left camp.

I had supper with Finn the evening I arrived at his command post. He and his staff were in the midst of a discussion of the astonishing quantities of Japanese artillery here and of the excellence of Jap observation and concealment when the enemy suddenly began to illustrate these remarks with 150-millimetre shells, interspersed with large mortar shells. They hit very close to the command post. “Holy smoke!” said Finn, reaching for his helmet. “It looks like we don’t sleep again tonight. I’d rather have them hitting here, though, than on top of the battalions.”

We went behind a tent and squatted against a stone wall that formed one wing of a large tomb to our left. Finn • counted the shellbursts under his breath, trying to get a record of the rate and extent of the barrage. “Thirty-seven, thirty-eight,” he was murmuring when a clerk came along with pencil and ’ tablet to pick up the count. The clerk followed the familiar scoring system of groups of five—four vertical marks crossed diagonally by a fifth. Sometimes the shells came so fast that he had to race his pencil over the paper to keep up. After a few minutes, I was jarred by a sort of clout, as if a hand had been dropped heavily on my shoulder. The _

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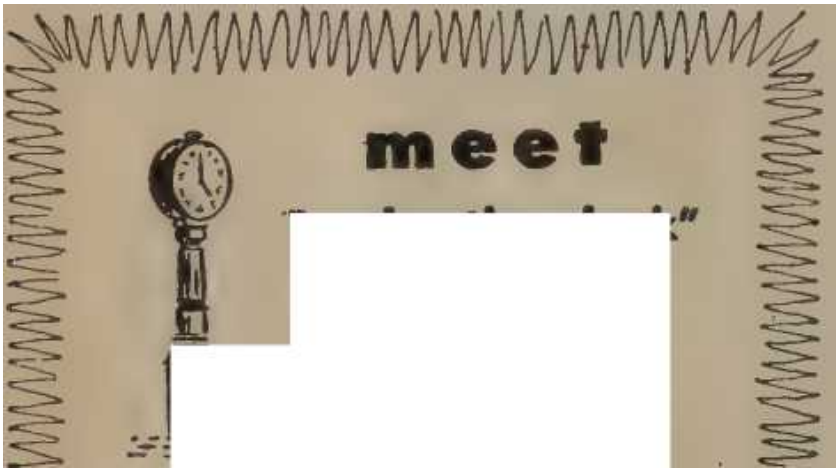

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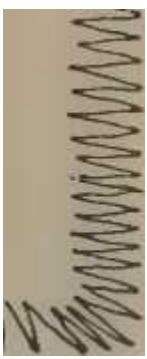

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thud was loud enough to make everybody look at me, and I in turn looked guiltily at my left shoulder, which was where I had felt the clout. A fragment of shell about the size of a spool of thread had ripped the sleeve of my field jacket, but it had not penetrated my heavy shirt. It left a small burn and a bruise. I picked up the fragment, found it too hot to hold, and quickly threw it down. Finn's tiny dog, a native of Okinawa called Okie, leaped for it, burned her nose, and leaped back. "Well," Finn said after a slight pause, "there's the old Thirty-second hospitality for you. Visitors come and get their clothes torn off. Did it hurt you?"

"No," I said, somewhat embarrassed.

"Well, anyway," said Finn, "we better go join somebody's ancestors. It's too public out here."

We went into a tomb, crawling through a low, narrow door, and then settled down along one wall in darkness. Since the door had been open for several days, the atmosphere was not especially close. Four tall urns stood just behind me. Back in the darkness of the recess, I could detect the outlines of two rows of coffins. There was a great sense of security in these crypts during a shelling. They would not withstand a direct hit, but direct hits are few and far between and flying shrapnel, always the chief hazard of a barrage, would need a high degree of cunning indeed to find its way through a tomb's low door. Outside, a shell banged very near and we all winced instinctively. Jones, the luckless guardian of civilians but a good mess sergeant, popped into the tomb and groped his way to a seat among us. He threw something down on the floor. "Somehow, I can't get interested in that book," he said.

"What are you talking about?" said Finn.

“ ‘Arrowsmith,’ by Sinclair Lewis,” said Jones. “I been trying to read out there, sir. Somehow, it don’t seem to grip my imagination.”

Tomb life becomes as conventional as any other after a while. Now and then, from the night outside, someone would call, “Is Mr. Drake in there?” or “Is Mr. Stainback in that tomb?,” and someone within would reply, “No, he’s in the next tomb” or “The radio is in the third tomb to your right.”

As we sat in our tomb that nwht, Finn remarked that the intervals between attacks, when “you just sit and take the Jap stuff instead of fighting,” are harder on men than the attack phase itself. It’s true that in the long, form-

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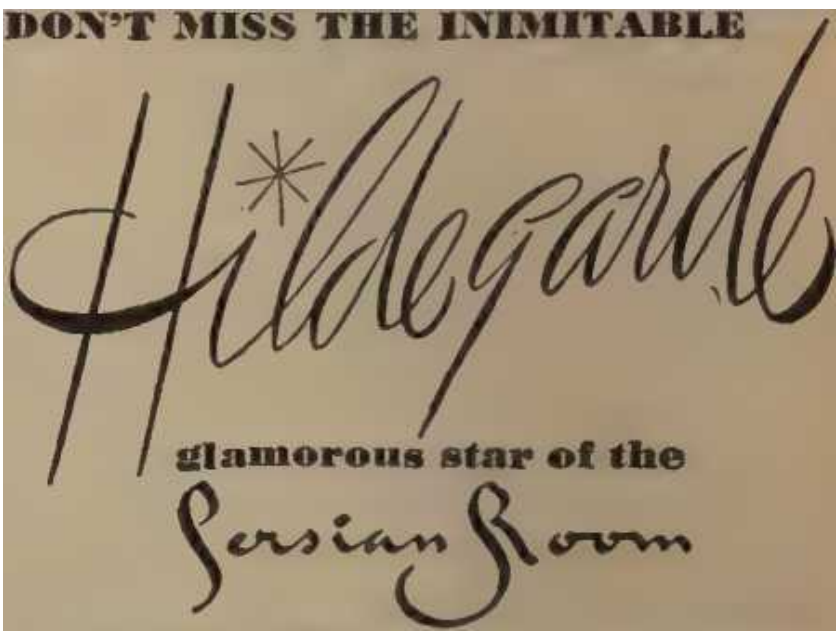

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less gamut of “non-wound” casualties —shock cases, concussion cases, combat-fatigue cases, “psycho” cases—a good many can be traced to the effects of continuous bombardment during lulls in infantry action. It’s also true that many shock and concussion casualties suffer physically. A company commander, credited with killing more Japs than any other man in the Thirty-second Regiment, suffered concussion, from a near miss by a she. , which affected his kidneys to such an extent that he needed the most

delicate hospital 'treatment to survive. The difficulty is that the borderline between such a case and the purely mental, or “psycho,” cases is dim. And “psycho” cases may turn out to be just as hard to treat. Standing on the terrace of a tomb in the Thirty-second Regiment camp one night, I heard the sound of uncertain footsteps on the hill just behind me and turned to see two Medical Corpsmen helping a third man down a path. The feet of the third man were drag-Hng, and he was saying over and over, in a high, hysterical v ,ice that had a queer, inhuman sound among the shellbursts in the dark night, “They’ll get every one of you! They’ll get every one of you! ”

“Casualty?” asked a soldier standing beside me.

“Yeah, mental,” answered one of the Medical Corpsmen over his shoulder, and the three men disappeared in the darkness.

I was with the Thirty-second Regiment on the morning of April 13th, Okinawa time, when Colonel Finn got the news over the telephone, at our early breakfast, of the death of President Roosevelt. There were men near our table and more men out in front of the tent, so within twenty minutes the news was all over the command post. But it spread quietly and the reaction was quiet. Some men were nonplussed and unable to put their thoughts into words; others were shocked into stillness and went about their work in a sort of walking reverie. Now and then, when two men met, they would stop to speak of what had happened, but they spoke slowly, with long pauses between their sentences, and when at last a pause grew into a silence, they would part and move on, as though it were impossible to understand the event and therefore to discuss it. I had never seen any news have an effect quite like this one. Finn, after exchanging fragments of lowvoiced, half-unbelieving conversation with his staff, lapsed into a sort of brown daydream. Along about the middle of

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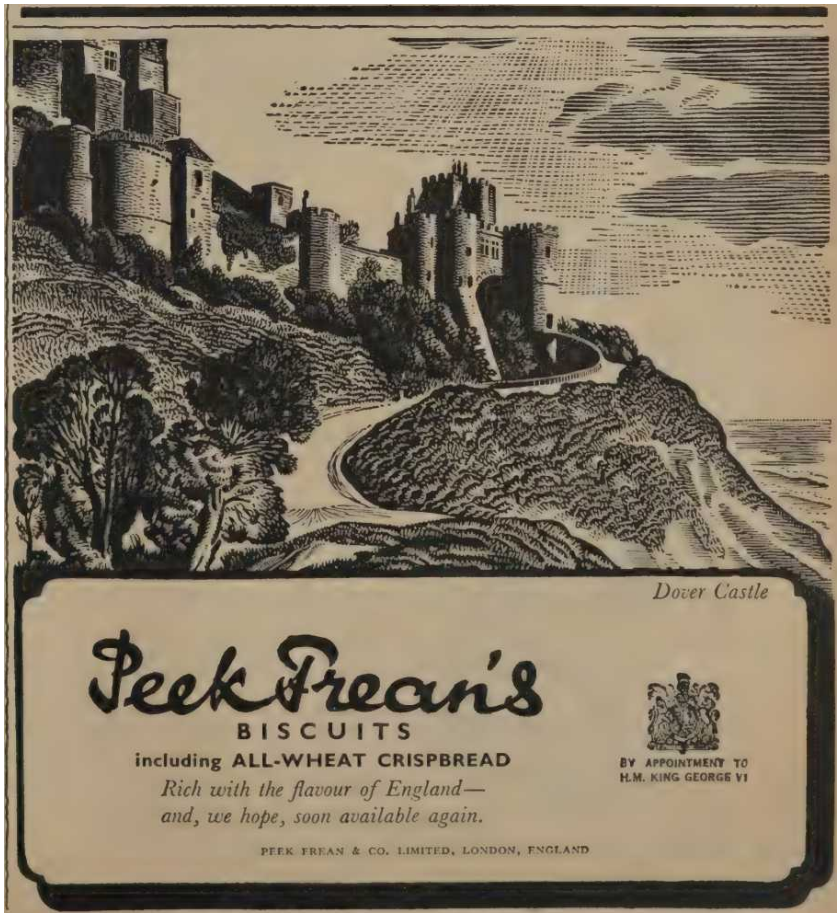

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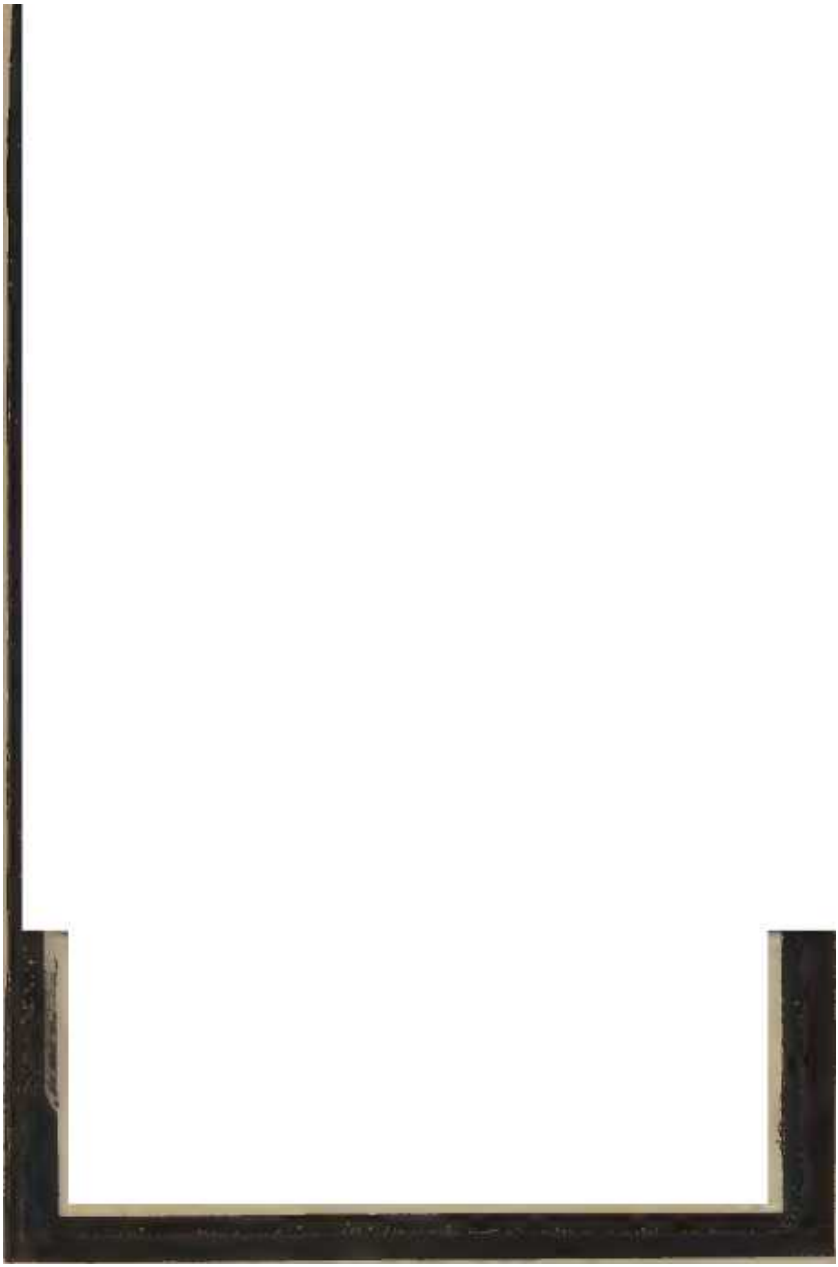

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ALBANY, N.Y. J

ˆuFˆjThey ALL Speak Well Of It

A KNOTT Hotel John J. Hyland, Mgr.

the morning, he suddenly said, “Well, damn it, the sooner we attack again the better it will be for everybody.”

THE Army line, of which the Thirty-second was on the extreme left flank, attacked again a few days later, and against the best-prepared line the Japanese had yet established in the Pacific, except possibly

on Iwo Jima. It may be, as some say, that an infusion of Marines in the line would speed things up, but this is always true of fresh troops when fresh troops are available for replacement. The issue between the Marines and the Army is hard to determine. The Japanese are the only ones on Okinawa in a position to settle concrete points, and what they have proved is that their orthodox land defense against our troops is more effective in inflicting damage, if not in changing the course of the war, than the wild novelties of their land and water defense against our ships. Ashore, they have worked along the classic lines of war in both theatres, with counterattacks supported by massed artillery, machine-gun fire, and grenades, with minefields and tank traps, and, above all, with prepared gun positions in bunkers and caves. These cave positions surpass those of Iwo Jima in ingenuity and complexity. They are of great depth, set in a succession of communicating tiers like the setbacks on an apartment house, and equipped with food, water, ammunition, and mobile gun bases, some of which are surprisingly hard for our counterbattery fire to spot. In solving this problem, of course, our troops have had the amphibious advantage of side and rear views as well as front and bird's-eye. A battleship lying close offshore put fourteen direct hits on five caves in one morning, probably destroying three ammunition dumps. Five caves is not many on Okinawa—an Army leader questioned on this point before we landed said, "I don't wish to seem morbid, but we believe there are more caves on Okinawa than in the rest of the world put together"—but ammunition dumps and the Japs in their neighborhood, when they blow up, are not replaceable in this campaign.

At sea, meanwhile, the inflexible students of Kamikaze have continued to operate in the manner of a brigade of stylized moths storming the Wrigley sign on Broadway. Because these Japs never attempt to dogfight or defend themselves, our interceptor planes shoot down the suicide craft in droves. And because they dive straight into antiaircraft fire, in attempting to ram ships,

Mr. Galsivorthy, you forget!

John Galsworthy, the famous English man of letters, once set up this yardstick:

"By the cigars they smoke, and the composers they love, ye shall know the texture of men's souls."

Ah yes, these are good measurements indeed. But is there not one

more standard which rates a man as a lover of fine things? We think so. It is the delicacy which precedes a fine cigar as the climax to the perfect dinner.

It is cheese, of course. And who does not esteem Borden’s Military Brand Camembert above all others? Creamy, tangy, mellow Camembert... the choice of gourmets. The exquisite among cheeses —whose appeal is subtle as the flicker of an eyelid.

Put the knife into its rich and golden crust. Place a morsel on a toasted wafer, and inhale the delica te fragrance.

Here, indeed, is one of life’s golden moments! Next, close your eyes, lean back in your chair, and savor this first favorite among the cheese lovers of the world.

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BERLITZ

they are fat targets for flak gunners. They try again and again, and occasionally one of them does manage to make up for the failure of

another. On April 6th, a suicide plane I saw shot down and break up in the water seemed to be aiming at a white hospital ship named the Comfort. Three weeks later another Kamikaze pilot got home to the Comfort, a ship whose nature it was impossible to mistake in the midst of a fleet of ships otherwise solidly gray in color. This ramming caused death and injuries aboard the hospital vessel, but I was impressed by the waste and inefficiency of the Japanese form of cripple-kicking when I remembered a field hospital in Italy where I once saw a single German dive-bomber pilot late one afternoon kill just as many people. The German flier was not a Kamikaze. He went home to supper.

Furthermore, the Germans, being cool, practical men, never inserted working men—not even Poles, Czechs, or Russians—into their flying bombs. They used radio control at the Anzio beachhead and made the bombs do their own work when sinking ships robot style. The Japanese produced a flying bomb for the first time at Okinawa. If the Germans had not been otherwise occupied, they might have gone into fits of scientific mirth over the Jap improvement on their own device, an improvement which consisted simply of adding a cockpit and a not too large young man to a flying bomb and instructing him to join his ancestors in as many pieces as possible. The suicide bomb has been used sparingly till now, but it will probably be used more liberally as time goes on. By Kamikaze standards, it is an extremely reasonable little gadget. — John Lardner

(This is the second of two articles

• on the invasion of Okinawa.)

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My Wife, Carmela de Gianni, having left my bed and board, I will no longer be responsible for any doubts incurred by her. (Signed) Saverio de Gianni. 928 Olive St., Elizabeth, N. J.—Adv. in the Elizabeth (N.J.) Daily Journal.

That doesn’t mean she won’t have them.

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THE HUNGRY PARTY THROWERS

[Elsa Maxwell in the Post]

We can influence the Russians more to our way of thinking, I also believe. I think we are better than they as to ideology, and if we don’t succeed in democratizing Russia, I will eat Coit Tower on Russian Hill.

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TABLE5 FOK TWO

Necessity Knows from Nothing

IF anything at all was proved by the recently obliterated curfew, it was that the gentlemen in charge of metropolitan night life are a not especially ingenious lot who don't know that there is a relationship between necessity and invention. A notion that had a certain vogue among the gentry of the profession involved a heavy cutting down on the number of entertainers for the customers but carrying on at the same gaudy old prices, or slightly higher ones. This looked to me like an attempt at reviving the economy of scarcity, and

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I think the hell with it. At one time, nearly every place in town seemed to be having tea dances, which would have been fine if someone had paid a little attention to the sort of music that went with the tea. Nick's began bringing its musicians to work at half past five in the afternoon over the weekends, and this was responsible for the most iridescent tea-dance music imaginable. It was also an interesting experiment technically, because it did away with the theory that instrumentalists like Muggsy Spanier and Miff Mole couldn't possibly be as hot at twilight as they could at dawn. The Copacabana closed up everything but its upstairs bar, in which it installed a rumba band conducted by a young woman. She was very, very energetic. The Pied Piper, which had got itself a reputation for good music, began experimenting with lady orchestras. They were very, very peculiar. The 400 Club, which inhabits a cellar alongside midtown Fifth Avenue, tried out a series of big and celebrated bands, and, for its pains, succeeded in crowding in as many customers as were ever seen in a cellar anywhere. I went there one night not long ago to hear Benny Goodman. The band he has at the 400 Club is a new one, and it includes Teddy Wilson, Red Norvo, and Slam Stewart, to give you an idea, but it is hard to tell about the music in the surroundings. The turmoil at the tables around the dance floor reminds me of nothing so much as the night a large and splendid artificial-flower factory in the block I was living on in Greenwich Village burned

down.

The curfew interlude provided a number of revivals. The Blue Angel had Irene Bordoni, who I happen to think is admirable. The Versailles came

up with Kitty Carlisle, who was much too stately for my simple wants. The incumbent is Jane Pickens, whom I hadn't heard in a long time. Her manner is less regal than Miss Carlisle's, and I like her voice, but I'm not sure I can agree with her apparent thesis that the best songs are always the ones in the newest movies. The Plaza's Persian Room rediscovered Gali Gali, a humorous magician who dates back to the days of Marlborough House and who was as engaging as ever in his stay at the Plaza. The most

unexpected revival came when the Copacabana had got under way again after its curfew holiday. This one was Georgie Price, a small, febrile comic of the Winter Garden style; that is, the style that flourished when the Winter Garden had a runway the full depth of the orchestra floor. At the Copacabana, Mr. P. is reminiscent in more ways than one; a couple of his imitations (we are always going to have people who do imitations) deal with other comics of the Winter Garden runway-era style. The Copacabana audience (we are always going to have a Copacabana kind of audience, too) seems fond of him, and I guess that occasionally he is quite funny. I am wondering, though, whether there is any significance in the fact that Price, who has been a Wall Street man rather than an imitator for a 'number of years, came back to his old trade right after V-E Day. I don't remember that there was any such tip in the fall of 1929.

AS anyone could have figured out by 4 1 this point, there was almost nothing new to be seen or heard around town in the past two or three months. Dabbling in fledglings is a task that for some reason is still being left to three or four entrepreneurs. It happens that the only newcomers I've enjoyed in a long time have all shown up at the Ruban Bleu. Of the collection there, Monica Boyar, a little, olive-skinned girl from Santo Domingo, is the likeliest. She is not at her best in her ventures into Tin Pan Alley, but her Latin songs and her bits of "Carmen," the one with the Oscar Hammerstein words, are sort of wonderful. There's also a quintet called the Deep River

Boys, who are at least new to life after dark, and who sing the songs Deep River would lead one

to expect. The baritone of the group, who rejoices in the name of Rhett Butler, has one of those solemn, hand-hewn Negro voices, which he was using, and nicely, on torch songs the evening I heard him. The Ruban Bleu has always been good about instrumentalists, probably because Julius Monk, the regisseur of the establishment, is a pianist himself. When he takes part in the performance, Mr. Monk is a romanticist, with a fondness for Kern, Porter, and Rodgers, which he plays lovingly, ornately, and well. He has, at the moment, two more pianists in his show. One is Jose Melis, a brand-new Cuban—young, pale, and bespectacled—who starts off with a Chopin nocturne. By now, in any night club, that is a tipoff to the fact that the performer is going to break into boogie-woogie in just a minute. Mr. Melis does, and it is not bad. The other pianist is Garland Wilson, who is, of course, one half of the piano team of Steele and Wilson, which operated for years in Jimmy Daniels' bygone spot in Harlem. Mr. Wilson has been lackadaisical about his profession of late, but, presumably under Mr. Monk's severe eye, he has perked up again. Playing duets with Mr. Monk, playing by himself, playing with the house band (the Cedric Wallace Trio), or accompanying Miss Boyar, Mr. Wilson is once more in his best form. The Ruban Bleu has another newcomer, Mervyn Nelson, an agile comedian whose very funny actions are accompanied, at the top of his lungs, by a monologue that is frequently in painfully poor taste. He is, in a word, an assiduous, painstaking workman who leaves no innuendo unturned. Another of the Ruban Bleu's recent crop of youngsters, Ann Sollo-way, has lately moved on to Cafe Society Downtown. Despite her upswept hair, her slinky green dress, her long, cerise gloves, and her glittering earrings, she is a very young youngster indeed, but she has a voice that is true and what is called sultry, and if she sticks to it and to the songs that belong with it, she should get along all right.

—R. E. M. W.

After the vows were spoken, Professor Dickensheets sang Bless This House, by Brake, which was pink. Her hat was navy with ornaments of ostrich in pale followed by a benediction by Rev. Woodbridge.

Mrs. Dickensheets was at the piano.—Winston-Salem {N. C.) Journal.

Which was upright.

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OF ALL THING5

ANY people wonder why Japan I bothers to keep on fighting. It is possible, of course, that the Tokio government is using us to help solve its old surplus-population problem.

•

Depressing word comes from the San Francisco Conference that many of the delegates have succumbed to homesickness. There also seem to have been several bad cases of acute nationalism.

•

It is generally assumed that Admiral Doenitz's name is on the list of war criminals. Everybody knows that he held a high position in the murder industry, maritime division.

•

The Allied authorities are astonished at their inability to find any Germans who were ever Nazis. The wonder is that the Party ever carried a single precinct.

•

Ever since LaGuardia refused to run for a fourth term, the political situation in New York has been chaotic and confused. The other day somebody even mentioned the name of James J. Walker.

•

The O.D.T. says that there will probably be no World Series this year unless both pennants go to the same citv. This is a challenge that Messrs. McCarthy and Ott are unlikely to ignore.

•

A little black book which is said to contain the names of eighty policemen and the amount of money each of them received from a Harlem policy ring has just been discovered. This volume may turn out to be the literary sensation of the year.

•

The Civilian Defense Corps has been dissolved in an appropriate ceremony at Citv Hall. Nobody blames these fine men and women because their enterprise was not a success.

•

John L. Lewis says that he is well satisfied with the hard-coal contract. Presumably, he and his miners will now be happy and free from care until next April. —Howard Brubaker

Cl

tET$ GET THE ADMIRAL HIS HOUSE /

Admiral Halsey has his eye on a fine white horse called Shirayuki.

Some time ago, at a press conference, he expressed the hope that one day soon he could ride it.

The chap now in Shirayuki's saddle is Japan's Emperor—Hirohito.

u. s. Navy Photo He is the ruler of as arrogant, treacher

ous, and vicious a bunch of would-be despots as this earth has ever seen.

The kind of arrogance shown by Tojo—who was going to dictate peace from the White House . . . remember? Well, it's high time we finished this whole business. High time we got the Emperor off his high horse, and gave Admiral Halsey his ride.

The best way for us at home to have a hand in this clean-up is to support the 7th War Loan.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FA5HION5

A GOOD many of the bathing suits that are being shown these days seem to have been designed with Betty Grable, or something even more sumptuous, in mind. There are new variations of

the two-piece style, some of them cruelly unsparing and revealing. One of the milder pleasantries is a one-bare-shoul-dcr decolletage, sort of like a toga, which should make for some very lopsided tans. Of course, a supply of more sedate merchandise is still around, too.

Saks-Fifth Avenue has all-wool, two-

piece swimming suits in a variety of weaves. The bras tie at the center and are adjustable; moreover, they are wide enough—which is a rare thing now— for a largish figure. The trunks button down the back and have elastic gathers

across the back of the legs to hold them in place. These suits are $14.95, in white or pastels. Mabs of Hollywood, a woman who knows how to cut a skimpy garment and still flatter the figure, has one- or two-piece suits in floral prints, either of cotton ($9.95) or of a rayon-and-cotton ($11.95) which Saks claims is softer and clings better. The cotton two-piece tulip print is particularly nice. Among the dressmaker suits is one in a navy, gold, and white printed Mexican wool that resembles cotton. The desperately brief

wraparound shorts tie on one hip; the strapless bra ties in a knot on the chest—and I don't believe the song-and-dance about how it will stay put in the water. It's $35, but look at all that class. At $9.95, there is a similar suit in black, white, or pastel rayon jersey, with an adjustable halter top to provide a certain amount of security. Saks also has a collection of bathing suits for figures up to size forty-four. These, in youthful flowered prints on rayon

jersey, have the softly draped bosoms, fitted diaphragms, built-up shoulder straps, and flat stomachs that are best for large figures. Below-the-knee-length spun-rayon coats in solid colors, with flowered rayon jersey cuffs to match the suits, go with these. And there are nice ensembles for women who want to be covered up on their way to the beach. One is a two-piece sun or bathing suit in a heavy white cotton with a bright flower print, and with it comes what is almost a tailored, wraparound dress with a standing collar and with a bow on one hip. The suit is $12.95; the wraparound is $17.95, and you'll find it handy as a dress, dressing gown, beach robe, or whatever. As for acces-

sories, women who are tired of shaking sand out of their beach bags might look at a water-repellent plaid pouch, fitted out with a grosgrain drawstring and attached to a masculine-looking cane that you stick upright in the sand,

“Have you anything that will get through to a man with a head cold?”

so that the pouch hangs free and clear out of harm’s way.

Iord & Taylor have assembled a

■> group of bathing suits that they call Wrapped Menace. One of the nicest of them, just to show that there's nothing in a name any more, isn't wrapped at all; it's laced straight down the front with a self cord which is long enough to tie around the neck, if you have really strenuous swimming in mind. It is wool-and-rayon in a bark color (I forget the brand of tree; you know how it is) and is one-piece; $25. A sun suit has navy wool trunks and a red-and-yellow cotton Tattersall checked halter top. With this goes a sarong of chest-to-ankle

length, in the same checked cotton, that buttons down one side; unbuttoned and laid out flat, it's supposed to serve as a beach blanket. Lord & Taylor are enthusiastic about their Pantie Dresses —dresses with panties to match, in case

you hadn't caught on. Some are Victorian, such as a slate-gray chambray which buttons down the back and has a high, round collarless neck and a self-ruffle forming the yoke. A modern version is in a vertically striped cotton and has shorts to match. All of the pantie dresses have gathers across the back of the skirt, so a girdle is not necessary. The dresses start at $19.95 and the pants at $5.95.

FOR people who burn instead of tanning, Altman's Sun and Surf Shop has some printed rayon crepe play suits with turnover collars, bows at the throat, and set-in belts, all in a print with neat red, green, or blue designs on a white ground; $7.95, which is very fine. To accompany these, you can have a white spun-rayon jumper dress, buttoned d<*wn the front of the skirt and slashed to the waist above; likewise $7.95, and also usefid with any extra blouses

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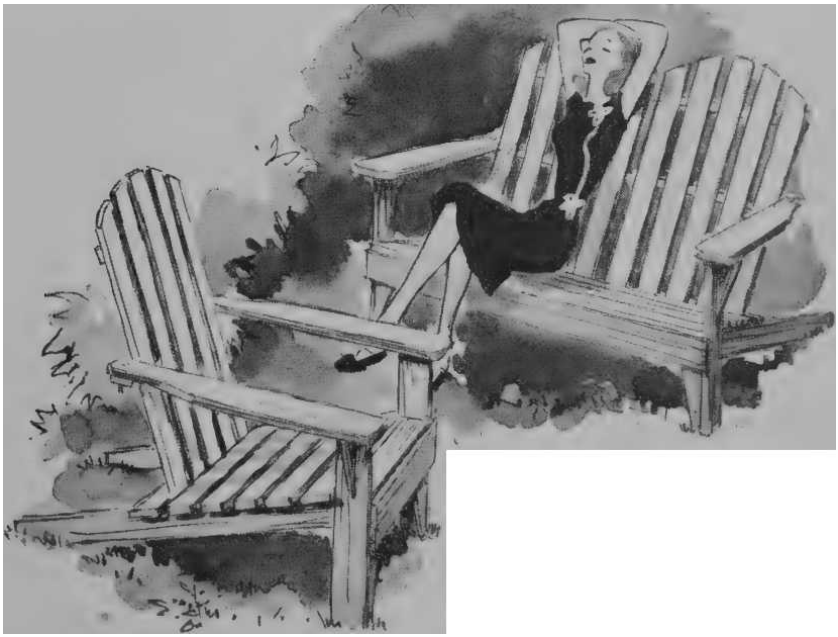

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you happen to have. And there are handsome lime, rose, or sky-blue rayon jersey play suits with turnover collars and buttons down the back; the skirts, of the same material, are printed with those medallions you see on wallpaper and would be pretty with a frilly

blouse either at the beach or far away from it. These suits are $35. In a season in which slacks are scarce, Altman manages to show some nice tailored ones in hound's-tooth or Glen-plaid wools. These have adjustable waistbands and rubberized pads inside to hold your blouses in place. They're $17.95 and $19.95, respectively.

Best has a real find at $ 1 5—rayon

satin Lastex bathing suits with scant bra tops and straight shorts buttoned down one hip. They come in black, white, cerise, or lime. This shop also has a group of white cotton bathing dresses. A white waffle princesse pique-affair has multicolored wavy stripes. Another white pique has red embroidery on the decolletage. Best still has some blue denims—once "classic," now scarce—in plain or pleated shorts, at $3.25, or in short-overall versions, at $3.95, and it has the inevitable striped or plaid cotton shirts to go with them. Among the beach coats, the neatest one is a three-quarter white pique job which fastens with gold-metal buttons; $ 10.95.

Bon wit Teller is proud of its ensemble made of rayon jersey with pastel grounds and contrasting jaunty Central Park print designs—rowboats, maypoles, and so forth. At $13.95, there are youthful princesse bathing suits with a ruffle at the bottom of the skirt and suits for more mature figures, with that dia.mond insert on the diaphragm that is so helpfid (up to size forty-four) ; at $22.95, there are tailored play dresses with separate wraparound skirts. Here, too, are the ingredients for a weekend ensemble, in a rayon that looks like twill—cardigan jacket, box-pleated skirt, and slacks with a high, notched waistline. Especially nice in cream color, but also on hand in a brown-and-blue check or in plain aqua, cherry, or lime. There are well-tailored American linen blouses, with convertible necks and short sleeves, accompanied by a contrasting linen wraparound skirt with three pearl buttons down one hip; $32.75 in black-and-pink and other combinations.

De Pinna has almost every kind of bathing suit you can imagine, from black or white rayon jersey numbers in

ballerina style (this type tires me) to one-piece, expert-swimmer businesses in a nubbly wool-and-rayon knit, cut with a bare midriff in front and having shorts with horizontal gathers across the front.

Both are $12.95. The De Pinna ensembles include a blue-aad-white striped cotton play suit which, despite its prin-cesse lines, ends in shorts and has a white sailcloth wraparound skirt and a short-sleeved bolero. A spun-rayon one-piece play suit with a halter top and pleated shorts, at $10.95, has a tricky printed pique dress to go over it; the trick is that the lumberjack top and the skirt are unobtrusively buttoned together and are therefore detachable. The dress is $ 1 5.95.

BECAUSE of the youth of her clien

tele, Mary Lewis shows the briefest of two-piece suits, such as striped rayon seersucker ones with a narrow ruffle on the bra top and at the hem of the skirt. Girls with a good tan might also like an ensemble, in a beige-and-brown rayon-and-woo] leopard-cat print, that has a halter bra, short shorts, and a thigh-length sarong skirt; $1 1.95 for the entire nonsense. A new kind of waistband is used in some rayon gabardine shorts and skirts in white or in dark or bright colors; there's a drawstring at the top that, by some necromancy, makes the waist look snug and flat, without so much as a pucker. These shorts and skirts button down the side and have stitched-down box pleats, and you can pack them nice and flat; $4.95 and $7.95, respectively. Mary Lewis also offers as a substitute for the hard-to-find terry-cloth beach robe a white rayon-and-cotton machine-knit tailored one. The material has a boucle look. A set-in belt and the traditional patch pockets appear on this robe, and it's $11.95. And you'll see a fine sweater here—a handmade, bulky wool cardigan with cable stitching down the front and the outside of the sleeves; $12.95, in white, navy, or pastels.

THERE'S a Little Lord Fauntleroy

bathing suit at Peck & Peck made of black spun rayon, and it couldn't be sissier; white lace edges the collar in front of a halter-backed top and more of it appears at the top of the scalloped shorts. Most surprising. There is also a very naked affair in bright spun rayon with a halter-bra top, which ends in a white braid dog collar around the neck, and straight shorts with white braid down the sides. Both these suits are $12.95. There are navy-and-white plaid rayon taffeta sun suits with gath-

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A flat date may have its brighter moments...

But a flat drink is always dull!

ered halter tops and shorts that resemble , skirts, pleasantly priced at $7.95. One of the prettiest three-piece sun-suit ensembles in town is here, in a turquoiseblue spun rayon with a hare-midriff top, an unexpected round, high neck, straight shorts, and a dirndl skirt with white rickrack trimming. Then there is washable cotton corduroy in beige or pastel colors, made up into two-piece sun suits with bra tops and shorts, full-length or short slacks, fly-front skirts, and cardigans or jackets; you choose the pieces for your ensemble. There’s even a jockey cap, for goodness’ sake. You might look, too, at a white corded rayon play dress with a set-in waistline and a separate skirt buttoned down the front in a familiar but beloved style; it’s $25, and you could wear it on a tennis court, too.

AMacy’s-by-the-Sea : What Macy calls Shirttail beach coats, which 9 are only oversize men’s shirts in plaid or printed cotton or solid-color spun rayon. . . . Two-piece bathing suits made of water-repellent satiny raincoat fabric, with an ample bra for largish figures; $4.97. . . . Two-piece red and white checked rayon seersucker suits with white fringe edging the bra top and the skirt, whose apron front and back give it a sort of cowgirl look. . . . Black rayon jersey one-piece bathing suits with that one-bare-shoulder decolletage, in this instance trimmed with a bright-colored band of rayon; $9.54.

At Bloomingdale: a bathing suit for a musical-comedy French maid, of gray chambray with white eyelet embroidery outlining the apron front. . . . And white sharkskin items to be assembled as you like—play suits with a halter-bra top, straight or pleated shorts, kickpleat skirts, slacks, and short-sleeved tailored jackets with patch pockets, all at $2.50 to $7.95 apiece, and one of those Standbys.

Now all you have to do is get yourself a figure. —L. L.

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Including Sir Walter Raleigh.

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THE ART GALLERIES

Water Colors and Oils

WATER color has always been a sort of stepchild of the arts, but it has been less so in this country than in most others, where its subservience to oil painting is even more pronounced. For this fact we unquestionably have Winslow Homer to thank. Homer not only came very close to inventing Impressionism all by himself in his oil painting; in water color, he was the first great liberating influence we have had. The Brooklyn Museum's big new loan exhibition, a survey of the progress of the medium from the early eighteen-hundreds to the present, called "American Watercolor and Winslow Homer," reveals how truly important a figure he was historically.

Homer dominates the show perhaps more than is strictly justified, but there are enough earlier pieces to indicate what the medium was like before he took hold of it. It was used mainly either for what amounted to colored architectural renditions, such as "views" of the city, like John William Hill's "Broadway and Rector Street," or for half-naive romantic landscapes, like Phoebe Mitchell's "The Plot." Both varieties were really no more than tinted drawings, and even such far more talented artists as Thomas Eakins, George Inness, and John La Farge, who were in general Homer's contemporaries, followed much the same pattern or else—as in Eakins' "John Biglen in a Single Scull" and Inness's "Niagara Falls," which are in the show —used water color merely to make color sketches for projected oil paintings.

Homer's own early work is open to much the same criticism, but even in it, particularly "Spring" and the delightfully sunny "The Sick Chicken," both done in the eighteen-seventies, he reveals an affinity for the medium that the others lacked, and in a very short time he had outstripped them in his handling. More and more, as the years went on, one finds him really using the paper, as the oil painter uses canvas, to suggest texture and color, while the color itself becomes steadily crisper and more transparent. All this time, though, he had been painting mainly genre subjects, and it wasn't till he turned his attention to the north woods and the sea that he really reached maturity; almost instantly, it would seem, his style

changed. Drawing gave way to modelling, while his whole approach became incomparably swifter and more fluent.

He was truly fainting in water color now, with a directness and sensitivity that few men before him had dreamed of. He had learned, too—I sometimes think too well—all the little economies that the water-color technique makes possible, the deft touches and still defter omissions which add brilliance and interest to the medium. In the end, he went too far in that direction, and such late Nassau pieces as “Rum Cay” and “The Turtle Pound” look, despite their surface effectiveness, a little artificial in consequence. But there is no denying the complete assurance he attained in the medium, and there is a succinct authority about “The Rapids,” “Boy Fishing,” “Breaking Wave on Shore Line,” and the marvellously vivid “The Coming Storm,” all done after 1890, that puts them close to the category of real masterpieces.

I think the show errs in giving Homer credit for almost all developments in water color since his time. He was a liberating influence, it is true, but if he was the “father” of all modern American water color, it was an involved parentage, for on the one hand a good many of the devices he discovered have degenerated into mere tricks in lesser hands, while on the other his effect by now has been affected by such more recent factors as the impact of Impressionism and Cubism, Only six men since Homer are included in the show, all but one contemporaries and all with sizable sections of their own, and of these at least three —Maurice Prendergast, John Marin, and Adolf Dehn—clearly owe more to modern French influences than they do to Homer.

Of the others, Edward Hopper is perhaps the one nearest to the direct line of Homer’s succession, though even he could hardly have painted “Skylights,” all straight lines and angles, if the Cubists hadn’t accustomed us to seeing beauty in such unromantic material.

Hopper has some excellent things in the show, notably “Adam’s House” and the cluster of buildings around a lighthouse called “Cape Elizabeth,” both alive with that wonderful ability of his to suggest the solidity of structures and the contrasting emptiness of

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the air around them. Marin, too, is well represented, particularly by his dark, beautifully organized "Pertaining to Deer Isle—The Harbor, No. 1," plus a fine, almost skeletally simplified "Tree, Cape Split, Maine." Charles Burchfield and Reginald Marsh complete the showing and take us farther from Homer than ever—Burchfield in the direction of the nineteenth-century realists and Marsh toward Tiepolo and the baroque. I'd like to point out that with these last two men things seem to have come full circle, as far as the methods of water color are concerned, for both use what is primarily an oil technique—opaque, carefully drawn, and more or less what it was when Homer started.

AS I've remarked before, a new -^ * school of painting is developing in this country. It is small as yet, no bigger than a baby's fist, but it is noticeable if you get around the galleries much. It partakes a little of Surrealism and still more of Expressionism, and although its main current is still muddy and its direction obscure, one can make out bits of Hans Arp and Joan Miro floating in it, together with large chunks of Picasso and occasional fragments of such more recondite influences as the ancient Byzantine painters and mosaicists and the African Negro sculptors. It is more emotional than logical in expression, and yod may not like it (I don't either, entirely), but it can't escape attention. This week there are no less than three exhibitions—Arthur Zaidenberg at the A.C.A., Arnold Blanch at Associated American, both closing this Saturday, and a group collection at the 67 Gallery—which are related to it.

Of the three, I thought the Zaidenberg show was the most successful. The group at the 67 Gallery, with Mark Rothko, Jackson Pollock, Arshile Gorky, and Charles Seliger, among others, represents the extreme left of the movement, and Arnold Blanch, a recent convert to the school, is still too preoccupied with his new technique to be fully convincing. Zaidenberg, though perhaps more superficial, is by far the most adept, and he has a real gift for the graphic. Steering closer to pure Surrealism than the others, and using a strong touch of satire, he has produced a series of paintings that are at once wittv, vivid, and effective. I liked best "Pilloried,"

“The Matriarch,” and “Return to the Womb,” each one a complete little moral fable on its own.

—Robert M. Coates

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THE RACE TRACK

Looking Forward

Everything about racing looks so rosy that I am tempted to pretend that horses aren't sniffling and sneezing all over the place. Not even the research men have found out what causes this coughing

sickness, as horsemen call it, although they have investigated the subject rather thor-

oughly. The veterinarians have tried every remedy except a Tibetan devil dance to immunize animals against it. Nevertheless, it breaks out almost simultaneously at the New York, Maryland, and Kentucky tracks every spring and puts a great many two-year-olds and three-year-olds out of commission. It's a sort of cold in the head, accom-

panied by a cough and fever, that may-last for a few days or for weeks. Trainers go glassy-eyed at the thought of it, because a colt who has the cough can't be trained for at least a month after he recovers. Even if he's well cared for, he may develop pneumonia, or his wind may be permanently' affected, which is what happened to Johnstown, one of the fastest horses I've ever seen. Oh well, if it isn't one thing, it's another.

There haven't been so many well-fed, livelyˆ racers on Long Island in years. The last time someone counted noses there were nearly two thousand of them. Perhaps the main reason this season is going

to be especially interesting is that it isn't starting out with a collection of jaded animals just released from a long round of winter and early-spring meetings.

AFTER an energetic spell of horse-

>- watching, I have found a few good racers to follow. No 100-to-l shots, though. My list includes Devil Diver, Apache, Pavot, and Free for All. Devil Diver, of course, would be on any list. He was the best of the handicap division last year, and he hasn't slipped any' since then. I chose Apache because I want a sprinter; besides, he's an old pet of mine. However, when racing opens at Belmont next w'eek, it might be well to bear in mind that Apache has never won over that track. Pavot has so much distinction that it would be difficult to find much of anything wrong with him. There are paddock sharps, I know, who insist that he hasn't the conformation of a stayer. But then, critics said the same thing

about Man o' War once. Please don't misunderstand me, though; Pavot isn't quite another Man o' War in my book. As for Free for All, his looks were nothing to cheer about when I saw him last autumn, but he could run. From all accounts, he hasn't grown handsomer, but he still can run. As a matter of fact,

if he doesn't win the Kentucky Derby, I'll be surprised.

PROBABLY the most talked-of three-year-old at Belmont is a colt named Hoop Jr., who has been turning in one fast workout after another. Until a fortnight ago, almost nobody paid any attention to him, because last summer he won only a couple of minor

races in New England. I daresay it's a matter of small interest to anyone, but I prefer Alexis to Hoop Jr. Alexis, as you know, beat The Doge (horseplayers still call him The Doggie) and Bobanet, whom I had a hot tip on, at Pimlico last week. It's one thing to gallop fast in the morning, as Hoop Jr. has been doing, and something else again to win in the afternoon. I might as well add here that Flood Town is the sleekest, shiniest colt I've seen this season and that Sun Herod is the most improved of the Brookmeade Stable lot.

WANDERING around Belmont in the rain the other morning, I saw William Helis's Pericles, the $66,-000 yearling of 1943, do a slow half-mile paced by his stablemate, Rick's Raft, whom the dockers call Riff Raff. The gingerly' way Pericles walked after the workout prevents me from submitting an unreservedly enthusiastic report on him. He is a big fellow now, and reminds me a little of Purchase, a famous racer you may have forgotten. He's more beautiful, and I use that treacherous word advisedly, than Purchase. In fact, he's so handsome he should be under glass.

—Audax Minor

•

Q. Who would a serviceman overseas see about getting a Class-E allotment of pay for his wife ?

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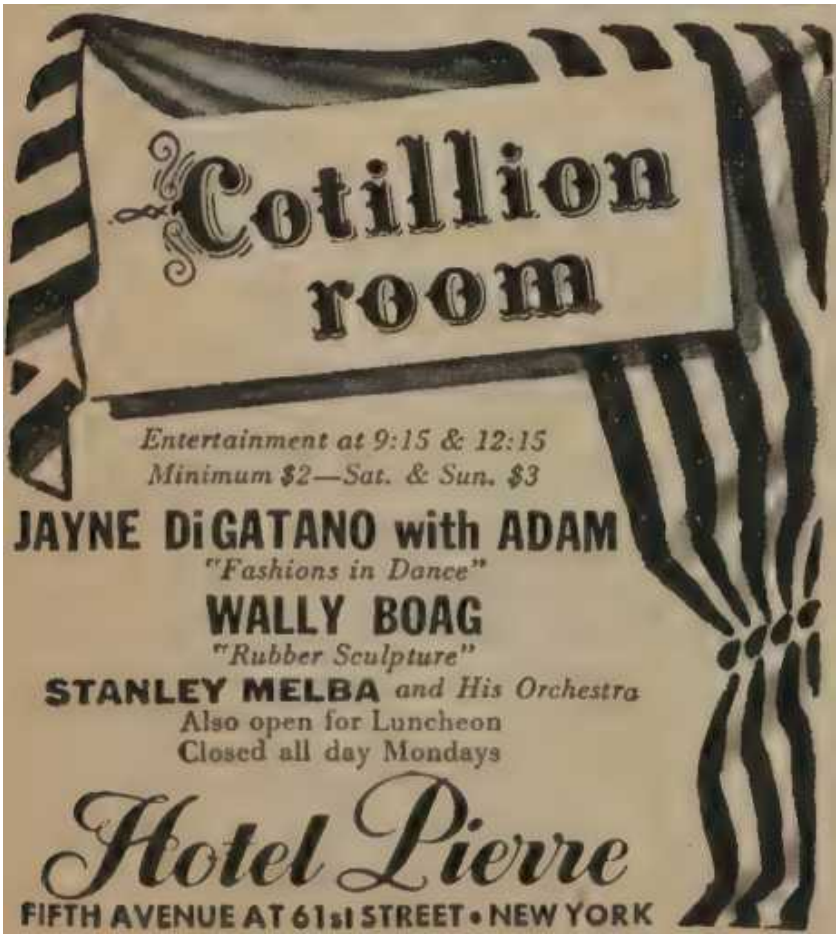
THE DOGGIE

TWICE a month, Nettie Goodchild went to dine with her old friends Dick and Janice Hull. She went alone, because her husband, Montrose, did not care to play bridge or talk, unless the talk was about stamps, and Dick Hull did not collect stamps. Montrose stayed home and listened to the radio or fussed with his collection. He didn't have much money to spend on stamps, but he had been a collector for nearly forty years and he had acquired some fine specimens.

It was a relief to Nettie to get away from Montrose for an evening. Not that he was disagreeable or mean, but a lifetime of philately

and of work at a dressgoods counter had held his horizon to a rather small arc. Occasionally she wished that she had married somebody else; however, this was a wish so secret that she hardly knew that it existed.

The Hulls and Nettie generally played bridge three-handed or simply talked; sometimes there was a fourth. This night they had a remarkable guest, a Mr. Arnold Austin, whom Dick had met through a business acquaintance. Mr. Austin had spent twenty years in China when he was young. He talked about his experiences for the entire evening, modestly, without boring anyone. Nettie could have listened to him all night.

“He was better than a movie,” she said to Janice as the Hulls were driving her home afterward. The three of them were sitting in the front seat. In her lap, Nettie had a waxed-paper package of meat scraps from the dinner table for her dog, Toby.

“And it was all true,” Janice said. “Dick knows people who know Mr. Austin well. He could have told more if he had wanted to.”

“To think of being kidnapped by Chinese

bandits,” Nettie said. “And to kill two of them with a knife and get away. Oh, to see him sitting there, you could never believe it, could

you? Such a charming man. You wouldn't think he'd harm a fly."

"Arnold could be a tough customer, I guess," Dick said.

"And to see the palaces and the forests," Nettie went on. "And to speak Chinese. Didn't it sound funny? I wish I could remember some of the words to say to Montrose.

Dick laughed. "He'd want to know

why you didn't get some Chinese stamps for him. Maybe you'd better not mention it."

AS they took a short cut through the Tk Park, among solemn shadows of trees, the mystery of the East and of all the vast patterns of life beyond her own experience troubled Nettie and made the city seem for a moment mysterious and strange.

Janice nudged her. "Look, Nettie. There's a dog carrying a bundle."

Nettie looked out of the car and saw a large black dog, trotting along the dark sidewalk with a white paper bag in his mouth. A man walked casually behind. "I wonder what he's carrying at this time of night," Nettie said, looking back.

"Beer, maybe," Dick answered.

When the automobile stopped in front of the remodelled brownstone where the Goodchilds lived, Nettie invited Dick and Janice to come up for a while, as she always did, and they declined, as they generally did.

"Let's go to the movies some afternoon," Janice suggested.

"Friday?" Nettie said.

"Friday. I'll call you before."

"It's been such an exciting evening. I don't know when I've had such a good time," Nettie said. She watched the car until it was out of sight. Then she went up the steps, let herself in the front door, and slowly ascended two flights of stairs to her apartment.

Montrose was sitting beside the radio in the living room with his albums on a table. He looked up as the door opened. “Home already?”

“It’s late,” Nettie said.

He looked at his watch. “So it is. I didn’t notice.”

A brown spaniel came wiggling out of

the kitchen. Nettie patted the dog and held the waxed-paper package for him to smell. “Something nice,” she said. “Something nice for a nice Toby.” “Well,” Montrose said, “what’dyou do? Play cards?”

“Talked.”

“Anybody else there?”

“Just a man. Some friend of Dick’s.” “Oh,” Montrose said. He closed his albums and yawned. “There was the most interesting story in the paper tonight. I just saw it by chance. They found an 1841 two-penny blue stamp

in England that had been cut in two and used to pay postage on one-penny letters. Half on each letter. Found both J'alves still on the envelopes and sold them. How much you think they got?”

“I’ve no idea.”

“Thirteen hundred and sixty dollars,” he said. “Imagine that.”

“It’s a good deal of money.”

“I’d rather have the stamps than the money.”

“Oh, you,” she said. “You and your stamps.”

She went into the bedroom and put her hat and coat on the bed. The spaniel followed her expectantly. “Go on,” she said sternly. “Go into the kitchen.”

The spaniel went as far as the threshold, then looked back.

“I’m going to give it to you,” she said. “Don’t be so worried.”

She carried the scraps into the kitchen and put them on a plate. Montrose was at the sink, drinking water from a glass.

“Sit up and beg,” Nettie said to the dog. Toby tried, but couldn’t balance himself. He gave a series of short, high-pitched barks.

“Oh, you!” Nettie said. “You’re so stupid! You can’t even sit up, can you ? ”

“Oh, give it to him,” Montrose said.

“You can’t even do one little trick,” Nettie continued. “Tonight I saw a doggie that was a smart doggie. He was carrying a paper bag in his mouth. I know he could sit up. And another dog came at him and tried to take the paper bag and he put down the bag and growled and showed his teeth and bit the other dog and the other dog ran away. You aren’t that kind of a doggie, are you? You little rat of a doggie.”

“Oh, for God’s sake, give it to him and stop that drivel,” Montrose said. “The poor dog’s hungry.”

She put the plate on the floor and Toby began to gobble the meat. His long ears hung into the plate. She patted him kindly.—George Loveridge

“Can you tell me how to stop an owl from hooting at night?” asks Miss XX. “The noise prevents me from sleeping and rhe neighbors can’t sleep either.”

The complaint was discussed with Clyde Gordon, director of the Barrett Park Zoo, who explains there is nothing that can be done to prevent an owl from hooting during- the mating season. He explains, however, that the mating season for owls is just about over and that the bird should stop hooting soon. If the bird does not stop soon, someone should take a stick and dislodge it from its perch and perhaps it will fly to some other locality.—Staten Island Advance.

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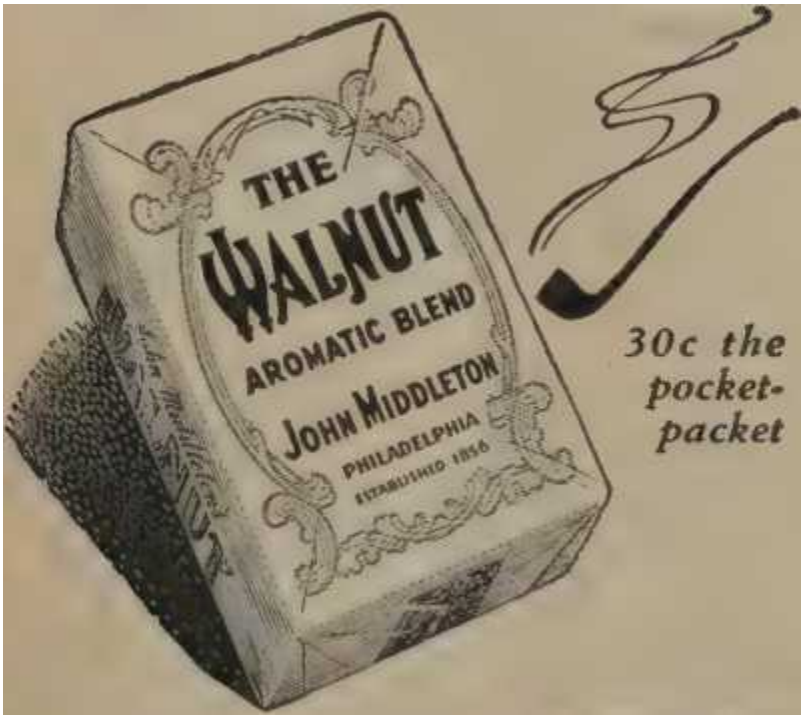

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Returns of the Season

THE San Carlo Opera Company, which has been on tour all season, turned up at the Center Theatre last week for a series of performances that will continue through this Sunday evening. As you probably know, it is the San Carlo policy to accentuate the operatic positives. The group devotes itself to the familiar repertoire and treats the standard works to traditional but enthusiastic productions. The singers seem to have the knack of going about their business as if each appearance were something special in their

lives. Their enthusiasm communicates itself to the audiences, too.

Many of the San Carlo performances this year are in charge of a new conductor. He is Nicholas Rescigno, and, from what I've seen and heard of him, he has unusual talents. He registers the dramatic high spots decisively, keeps things moving briskly, and even has reasonable success in the difficult job of maintaining contact with his singers across the broad stage apron that separates the orchestra from the vocalists at the Center. Fortune Gallo, the managing director of the company, has assembled a well-balanced assortment of voices and most of them are effective in their assignments. By and large, the San Carlo acting is rather conventional, but a few novel bits were trotted out by the children's chorus in "Carmen," the first-night presentation. These young people, who are members of the Children's Opera Company of New York City, made a hit on their own that evening, especially the smallest one of the lot, who showed signs of being a born show-stopper.

Martha Graham and her Dance Company visited at the National Theatre for a week and brought along several new productions, including two of Miss Graham's most striking creations —"Appalachian Spring" and "He-rodiade." "Appalachian Spring" is a Pennsylvania episode told by suggestion. There is no story, in the usual sense; a bride and bridegroom, a woman pioneer, and a revivalist and his followers merely indicate joy, devotion, exaltation, and other pertinent emotions. A sequence by Merce Cunningham, as the revivalist, is especially notable. The production was richly imaginative throughout and at times richly humorous, too.

The score by Aaron Copland is charming and apposite, suggesting the freshness of spring in a skillfully unobtrusive manner.

"Herodiade," which is danced to restrainedly eloquent music by Paul Hindemith, is a kind of psychological dance duet for Miss Graham and May O'Donnell. Miss Graham portrays a woman who waits for something. What it is is unknown to her (and, I should add, to the audience). As she waits, "a mirror provokes an anguish of scrutiny," as the program

note explains. Finally, she achieves selfknowledge and acceptance

of her mysterious destiny. “Herodiade” is, as this may have indicated, somewhat enigmatic, but the performance of Miss Graham is a masterpiece of moods and Miss O’Donnell’s contribution is also superb.

THE American Youth Orchestra, which made an impressive debut early in the season, returned to Carnegie Hall last week for a second concert. The group is made up of alert, well-trained young instrumentalists who play with enormous spirit under the energetic and knowing direction of their conductor, Dean Dixon. Brahms’ fourth symphony received a robust performance and its first and last movements a particularly good one. The orchestra also did well by two novelties—-George Kleinsinger’s “Overture on American Folk Themes” and Dante Fiorillo’s Introduction and Passacaglia. Both new works are well written, if perhaps not outstanding among the season’s “firsts.” The soloist, Regina Resnik, sang operatic airs in a fashion that demonstrated again her great vocal gifts and dramatic ability, but her tone was occasionally uneven.

—Robert A. Simon

PUNISHMENT

Punishment is a terrible thing. How it creeps and moans! How deathly still my mother is, How queerly sick my father looks! And me in the hall, My hair sticking into my ears. . .. “O God, Take not thy Holy Spirit from me!”

—Maude Phelps Hutchins

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By Edgar A.

Guest*

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Nor let a

man

who draws my pay

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With courtesy,

strand make him

feel

That I was

pleased to close the deal,

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BOOK5

White Peaks and Limpid Lakes: /I Novel about Nevada

“/T5he City of Eˆ"ˆ 1 TreMBLING I Leaves,” by Walter

ˆ n Tilburg Clark (Random House), is a book of which the faults and the virtues are combined in an unusual way and which may baffle or give pause to the reviewer. I have not read “The Ox-Bow Incident,” the earlier novel by Mr. Clark, but I gather that it was short and dramatic. “The City of Trembling Leaves” is neither. It is a long history of a young composer growing up in Reno, Nevada, and it manages to be undramatic with a consistency that seems to be not deliberate but the result of a complete indifference to the ways in which stories are conventionally built (the author can tell a good story when it happens to work out that way, as is demonstrated by the chapter on the track meet). Mr. Clark takes us, episode by episode, through the protracted adolescence of his hero with what, aside from the literary proficiency, would seem almost the innocence of adolescence itself. He gives us Tim Hazard’s first parties, his camping trips, his training as a tennis player, his achievements as a runner in high school, his exploits of necking with the more eager girls and Ins chivalrous romantic fantasies about others, his juvenile formulations of ideas and his grandiose free-verse poetry, on a scale so enormous that we are led to believe —since the author seems to know what he is doing—that all this is eventually to be justified by being invested with significance in the light of what is afterward to happen. Yet when we glance back at the first part from the end, it still looks like a youthful diary full of ambitions, obsessions, and tempests that seem absurdly out of proportion to their causes.

There are moments when you think that Tim Hazard is going to get away from Nevada and find his place in a larger world, but he never travels farther than Beverly Hills. There are moments, as the story goes interminably on and Tim is still playing the piano in C difornia night clubs and burning his half-baked scores, when you conclude that he is to be shown as an example of a man of potential

genius who falls victim to a provincial environment, but in the end he comes back to Reno and marries his first schoolboy love and succeeds in composing a symphony—on the subject of his native city—which

is apparently to satisfy him at last. Was this symphony really good? Was it ever played? We ought to know, but we are never told.

The book is full of false leads to interest. There is a friend, for example, a painter—again we never know whether he is really good—who refuses to work for money but lives with, and more or less on, a rich girl friend. The contradictions of this situation seem to be driving him to tragic collapse, and he does flee, from Beverly Hills to Death Valley, where we assume he is to perish like McTeague; but Tim Hazard comes by and picks him up, and they spend a pleasant holiday together with friendly people in a little hotel there. Again, the hero, in his school days, falls in love with a purposeful and serious girl who stimulates him to self-improvement and who is sufficiently superior to the other local girls to make him feel that they are impossible for him. You expect something to come of this: you think either that he will finally win her or that she will reappear and cause a disaster—as in Dreiser's "An American Tragedy"—after he has pledged himself to the more commonplace Mary. But neither happens; nothing happens. Rachel goes away to college and later becomes a social worker; she comes back once to Reno, and she and Tim have a day in the mountains which seems to make one of the high points of his life. But he is too shy to make love to her then, and afterward he simply loses track of her. This is, of course, the kind of thing that often happens, but the novel reader feels he has been cheated. Tim Hazard seems an

idiot about women—priggish, timid, and at the same time egoistic —and you never know how far the author identifies his point of view with Tim's.

You decide, when you are approaching the close, that the whole book is a first installment of one of those long biographical novels, an American "Jean-Christophe," and that the themes are to be further developed and the ultimate judgments conveyed in a succession of later volumes. But this turns out to be not the case. The author, who writes the story in the role of a friend of the hero's, ends by telling us of visiting the Hazards six vears after their marriage and of finding them productive and happy. They have permanently settled in Reno, they have two delightful children, and Mary, as she goes about her housework, is singing bits of Tim's new oratorio. Thus the reader is left rather blank. He had assumed that the author was preparing for Tim some bitter ordeal or frustration or some unexpected self-fulfillment. But the suspense has been entirely an illusion created by the reader himself. The author has not been leading up to anything except the reversion of the hero to his origins, and not even this is made dramatic, as it might conceivably be, by showing that the Tim who returns has seen the world and found that what is in it is no different from his home town —because Tim has not known the world, and he has not even had the gumption to make any determined play for his ideal woman, Rachel.

This is so far an unpromising account of “The City of Trembling Leaves,”

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- “I loved every—well, almost every page.”—lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald Tribune

A novel by

Ambrose Flock

and you may think that you will not want to read it. Yet long though it is and immature though it is and unskill-fully managed though it is—the author is always impeding his own progress with flashhacks which last so long that they become confused with the present, and crowding out his human beings with mountain landscapes that cover pages—in spite of all this, if you start the novel, you are likely to read it through without skipping, for the author has got what it takes to make the reader become involved in his imaginative experience and to keep him under the spell of his writing. The real triumph of Mr. Clark is that he makes you accept his story of a coming of age in Reno entirely on its own terms. You so completely live the life of these young people that you hardly think to question their importance or the meaning of what they are doing. Above all, you enjoy their life: the camping trips and mountain walks and musical evenings at Carmel and nights of drinking in lonely bars are all made so enchanting or so amiable that we rarely become impatient at being compelled to take part in so many of them. What the book lacks in point and intensity it more or less makes up for in felicity—a felicity of both spirit and style.

For “The City of Trembling Leaves” is not, as my description may suggest, a book like the novels of Thomas Wolfe, in which the author pours out streams of language in a lava that is always amorphous and that may or may not be incandescent. The writing of Mr. Clark’s novel, though it sometimes gives an effect of dilution, of needing to be compressed and trimmed, has a literary sureness and a purity of taste rather rare in American fiction; it is natural

without being colloquial in the conventional Hemingway manner—quite free from either selfconsciousness or effort. He slips sometimes, as if with

out knowing the difference, into images that are insipid or banal, but he can more often set flowing phrases which are at once precise and fresh. The paragraphs are fluid and pellucid, full of day and of cold Nevada shade—a little thin, a little lightheaded, like the air in the Sierras itself, but exhilarating and almost exalting. The landscapes are especially remarkable. There are lakes so deep, limpid, and still that we can

glide on them like gulls in the air, and “pale, painted turbulent mountains, range after range toward the sky which curves beyond

the shoulder of the world." And the great bulk of upland basins and naked peaks that challenge and sustain and threaten may become as insubstantial as the blue clear skies or the thunderheads of purple cloud, coloring or chilling with emotion, brightening or fading with thought. And there are fugitive sensations of boyhood on green lawns and in big wooden houses of a mountain-bound Western city: "The colored woman grinned at him suddenly, almost explosively, and then included Tim in the grin. The abundance of her affection and jollity was alive in the room without her having said a word. It beat back the faint melancholy and secrecy of dying sunlight among the vines which covered the windows."

This book is a Far Western book, and, like the fiction of the Pacific slope, like John Steinbeck and William Saroyan, it does not quite meet the requirements of an Easterner. It seems too easygoing and good-natured, too lacking in organization, always dissolving into an even sunshine, always circumventing by ample detours what one expects to be sharp or direct. There is an element in all this fiction that seems to us "goofy" or "corny." Yet it cannot be said that the East has had lately so much to show that is better; and it is one of the signs of the vitality of writing in the United States that the Pacific coast should be producing a literature of its own, appropriate to its temper and climate, and almost as independent of New England, New York, and the South as it is of current fashions in Europe. The prose of "The City of Trembling Leaves" has been produced for and by Nevada, and Mr. Clark, when he has matured beyond Tim Hazard, may turn out to be a very fine writer. Al

ready he has here asserted, with considerable literary effectiveness, the energy, the excitement, the hope which can generate itself in the West in a community that may look mediocre—the immense creative dreams that reach out, amid spaces which may seem to make a vacuum, and grope for materials to master. The United States faces today toward the West as well as the East, and the West Coast is working out its own cul-

ture. The. pull of the Pacific is felt in writing as in everything else.

—Edmund Wilson

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Commodore Hornblower, bv C. S. Forester (Little, Brown). 'Horatio Hornblower, promoted to commodore, is sent on a mission to the Baltic and, rather like a buzz bomb into which all the high explosives of history have been packed, explodes all over the place. He again slaps down his old enemies the French, brings about the war between Napoleon and Russia almost single-handedly, gets typhus, and has other adventures in the familiar Hornblower tradition. That tradition is beginning to show signs of wear and tear, and for all Mr. Forester's quiet skill at putting together an adventure story, the Commodore isn't anything like the man he used to be. □ Maybe the time has come for the old sea dog to be retired; he surely has his eighty-five points.

The House in Clewe Street, by Mary Lavin (Little, Brown). One of those long, detailed novels, at times tedious but never pedestrian. The story concerns three generations of a lower-middle-class village Irish family and is focussed on the life of its youngest member. By the time you have read a couple of hundred pages and have got used to Mrs. Lavin's exasperating habit of making six words do the work of one, the chronicle of this spineless young man, who is completely dominated by his maiden aunts, becomes extremely interesting. He falls in love with a calculating little servant girl in his aunts' employ and runs away with her to Dublin, where the novel comes to an unhappy close. Mrs. Lavin is a serious and talented writer and her novel, in spite of its wordiness, is a wholly integrated work.

Sergeant Nelson of the Guards, by Gerald Kersh (Winston). A well-written, funny, and exceeding-■ ly valuable story of the British soldier and, incidentally, a history of the Coldstream Guards. Mr. Kersh has gone behind the familiar Kipling portrait of the British Tommy and done a background of childhood that credibly explains His Majesty's soldiery. An immensely readable book, moving, informative, and full of common sense.

The Scandal, by Pedro Antonio de

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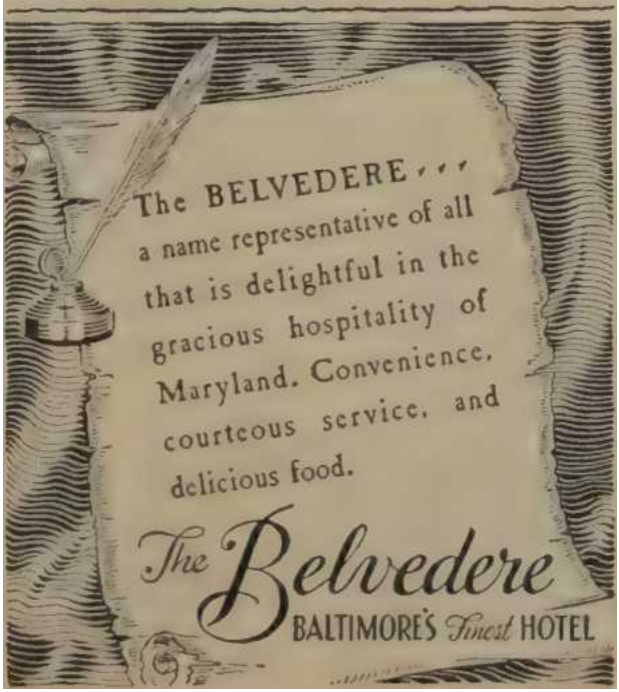

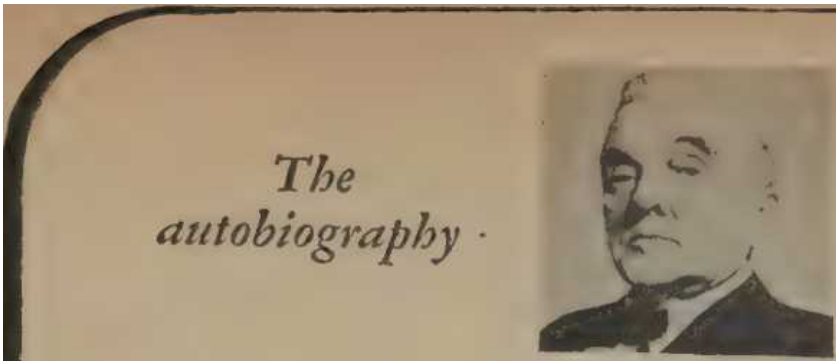

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Alarcon, translated from the Spanish by Philip H. Riley and Hubert James Tunney (Knopf). The parable of the difficulties in the way of a rich man entering into the kingdom of heaven, remolded into a romantic and at times sardonic tale to suit Spanish taste of the cighteen-sixties. Although this is an interesting picture of high society in Madrid and is presented in classic prose, readers who chuckled over the author's "The Three-Cornered Hat" will almost certainly be disappointed. Beautifully translated, nonetheless.

East of Midnight, by Forrest Rosairc (Knopf). An imaginative first novel tracing the passionate obsession of a truly good man for an egocentric and psychopathic woman. Mr. Rosairc writes with considerable perceptiveness and his record of the warped and twisted childhood that induces the heroine's homicidal mania would probably stand up under the scrutiny of a psychiatrist. A certain softness which pervades the author's style does not too seriously impair the effectiveness of the book.

The Human Image, by Robert Smith (Harper). Mr. Smith, who a short while ago gave us an immature but promising first novel called "Hotel on the Lake," has now written a much better one about as dismal a set of characters as ever a young novelist felt the grim urge to produce. A prettyish, youngish woman whose husband has walked out on her and their two tough little boys makes her living by running a second-rate lodg-ing house. She is rather a decent person, or would be if she had time for anything but worrying about the rent and keeping the lodgers from chiselling on the gas. Because she is lonely, she takes an unpleasant middle-aged businessman as a lover; he tires of her and they part. That's about all there is to the story, except for a lugged-in-by-the-ears episode of fighting in France during the first World War. Mr. Smith has hardly turned out a masterpiece, but he has done a sound job of narration that puts him in the class of interesting, as distinguished from promising, novelists.

Dark Medallion, by Dorothy Langley (Simon & Schuster). A shy and

singularly appealing little girl watches tragedy and poverty destroy her too proud family in a southern Missouri village in the days before the first World War. Mrs. Langley, telling the story as the child sees it, catches

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the uncertain lights of childhood with delicacy and skill and, when family misfortunes are intuitively felt by the girl rather than understood, the story has charm and warmth. The author, though, can’t let it go at that, and far too often, apparently under the impression that readers of novels are not very bright, she points things up for them by brushing aside the haze in which she has enveloped the child and confronting her with some fairly tawdry melodrama.

A Lion Is in the Streets, by Adria Locke Langley (Whittlesey House). If it weren’t for the publishers’ hard-breathing blurb on the dust jacket, it would be easy to believe that this pretentious story of the rise and fall of a demagogue is no more than a clumsy satire. Even admitting that its absurdities are unintentional, it is hard to take

Mrs. Langley's novel seriously. In it she chronicles the successful career of a ruthless back-woods Southern Fascist without apparently ever suspecting that her hero is a product of, rather than a phenomenon of, social conditions in the South; she applies a local color that might have been acquired from a not too reliable chamber-of-com-merce handout, and (probably it is captious to hold this against her) she hasn't the dimmest idea how to write. In spite of all these disqualifications, "A Lion Is in the Streets" will almost certainly do well at the lending libraries.

Put Off Thy Shoes, by E. L. Voynich (Macmillan). This long period piece, as full of excitement as a good adventure story and accompanied by all the customary trappings of the historical novel, is laid in 'Warwickshire and Cornwall during the time of George III. It combines a substantial amount of literary skill with an equally substantial amount of insight into human character. The plot, a sober and serious study, at bottom, of conflicting standards and values, is woven of the complicated relationships of three different families. It centers, however, on the life of one woman, Beatrice Rivers, and is dominated by two themes—the gradual lifting of Beatrice out of unhappiness and disillusion by motherhood, and the sharp impact of a simple and highly integrated personality upon those Late Georgian falsities that passed for sophistication. Mrs. Voynich has a rather late-nineteenth-century stjle (her best-seller, "The Gadfly," was published in 1897) and

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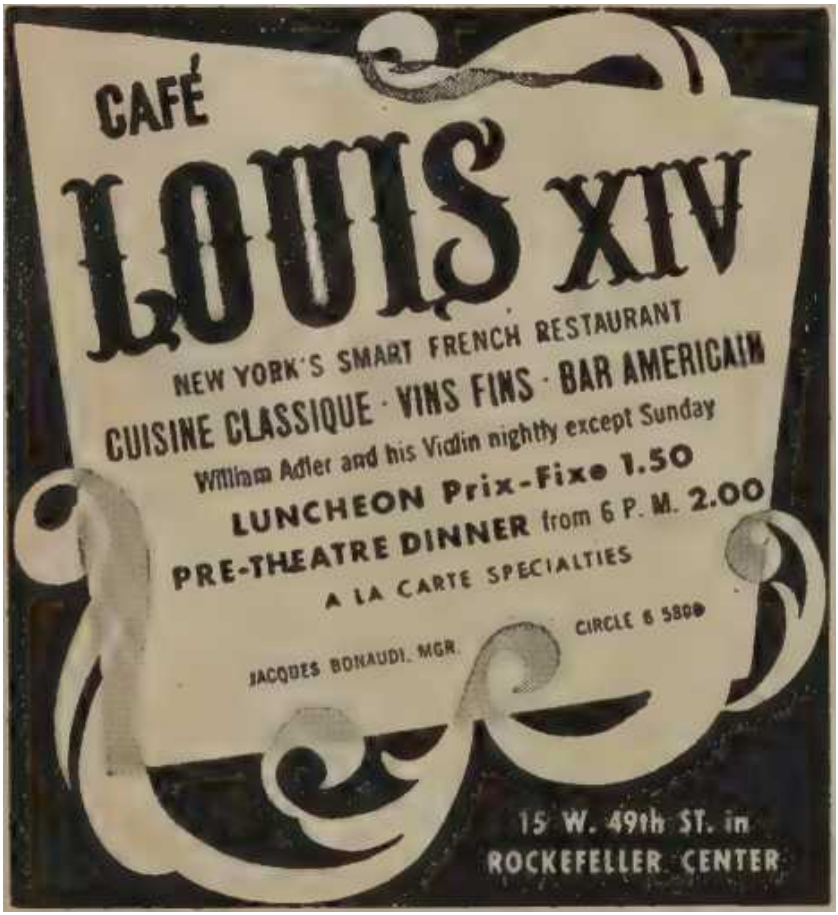
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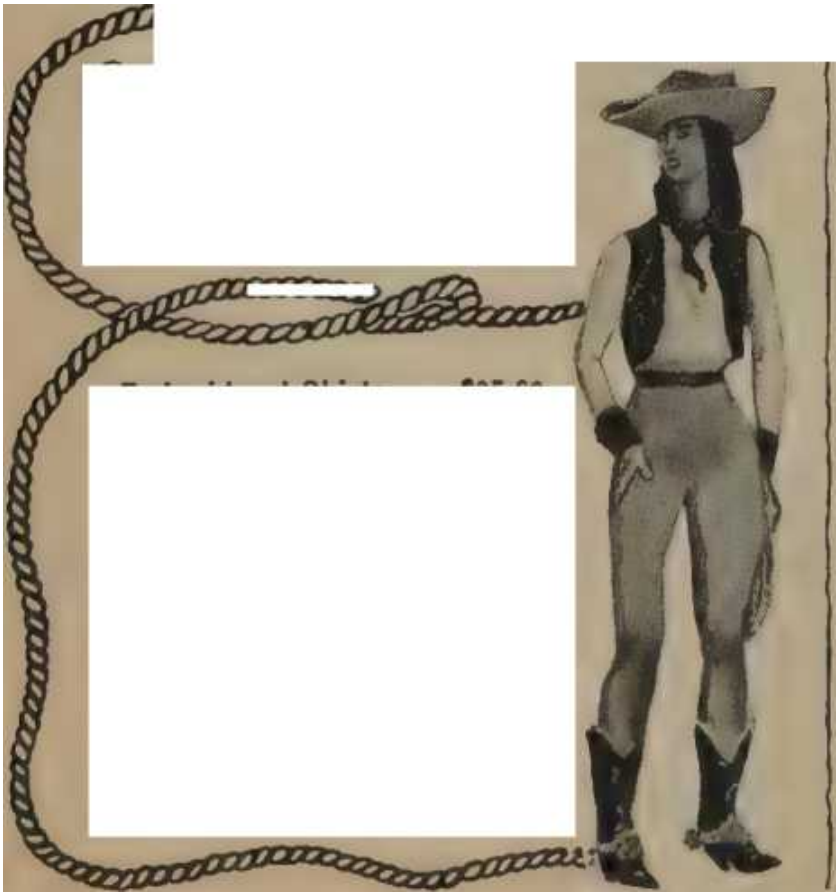

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her book could do with some cutting here and there, but the publishers, if they aren't careful, may still find themselves with another "Gone with the Wind" on their hands.

GENERAL

Antoine, by Antoine (Prentice-Hall). A man like Antoine, who, according to the jacket of his autobiography, has taken time off from hairdressing to have a "fling at radical automobile design, at costuming, and at architecture," would seem destined to have a fling at writing a book. Taking what might be called a hair-roots view of the world, Antoine writes about such soignee women as the Duchess of Windsor ("like all the world's fashion leaders . . . she handles her appearance and dress as though they were a business in themselves, methodically") and Lady Mendl ("she is likely to want a different hair style every day, depending on her mood. . . . Lady Mendl is a very charming creation to decorate") and also passes judgment on some of the political currents that have lately disturbed the world ("Fascism seemed only one more fad to be examined as curiously or as seriously as the newest Hollywood diet"). The man has a way with hair, no doubt about it; without even trying, he can make a reader's stand on end.

The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy, by Jacob Burckhardt (Phaidon). A new edition of the standard work on the manners, morals, and social structure of the Italian Renaissance. The text is as readable and rewarding as ever, the hundred illustrations that accompany it have been chosen with more than usual care, and the

volume is a model example of bookmaking. The buy of the season for those who haven't already got a copy of Burckhardt on their shelves.

Big Democracy, by Paul H. Appleby (Knopf). A study of bureaucracy (government at the bureau level) by a bureaucrat (a man who works in a bureau) would seem like a good idea for a book. In this case, it turns out to be an unfortunate one. Mr. Appleby, who has had considerable experience as a government official, has a point to make—that governmental bureaucracy is not necessarily dangerous or even undesirable—but he makes it so ineptly and spins out such snarls of officialese that he is more likely to convince his readers that the harsh things said about bu-

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reaucracy and bureaucrats are true. Laughter on the Hill, by Margaret

Parton (Whittlesey). A lively recollection of life on San Francisco's Telegraph Hill by a writer who went to live there in 1940. Miss Parton occasionally sounds like a young woman who has mistaken Telegraph Hill for a merger of Tortilla Flat, Montmartre, and Cannery Row, but she apparently had a lot of fun living there. She has put some of that fun into her book, but her exploits as a girl reporter, which seem to have left her breathless, are as quaintly old-fashioned as "The Front Page."

Home to India, by Santha Rama Rau (Harper). India revisited, by the daughter of a Bombay Brahmin family who left her native country when she was still a child and, after ten years in England and Europe, returned home when she was sixteen. The author, now twenty-two, has written of her personal discovery of India—its social life, its landscape, its politics, its view of the sexes—with great earnestness, considerable good sense, and even a little humor. The combination is a neat one.

Human Nature: The Marxian View, by Vernon Venable (Knopf). The Marx and Engels notion of human nature, which was a sort of footnote to their thinking, wasn't exactly a subtle one. In their view, as Mr. Venable explains, it is the way that men make their living that determines the kind of men they will be, and it is the class structure that determines the way in which they make their living. A whole book would hardly seem necessary to explain so limited a concept, but Mr. Venable, who appears willing to accept most of what Marx said as gospel and shows no sign of having ever heard of multiple causation, has gone and written it. He couldn't be more earnest and painstaking, but footnotes to footnotes, expanded over several hundred pages, are apt to be dull.

MY5TERY AND CR.IME

The Murderer Is a Fox, by Ellery Queen (Little, Brown). Ellery Queen returns to Wrightsville, the small town which was the scene of one of his recent cases, to help out a returned Air Forces captain who has psychoneurotic symptoms. These troubles arise, Queen decides, from the fact that the young man's mother was murdered ten years before and not from the strain of com-

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bat. Sure enough, after a good deal of poking around to find out how the digitalis was slipped into her glass of * grape juice, Queen clears everything up, including the neurosis. All very neat but somewhat lacking in suspense.

Any Shape or Form, by Elizabeth Daly (Farrar & Rinehart). A Mrs. Malcolm, a cultist from California, is hit between the eyes with a rifle bullet while discussing sun worship with Henry Gamadge, the private detective, in a Connecticut garden. Gamadge, naturally accepting this challenge to his profession, gives the police a hand in their hunt for clues, most of which lead to Mrs. Malcolm's relatives and their interest in her nice bank account. A well-plotted mystery, designed for readers who like their detectives urbane, not to say precious.

Elizabeth Is Missing, by Lillian de la Torre (Knopf). A fictional reconstruction, based on documents, of a cause celebre of eighteenth-century London. Elizabeth Canning, a servant girl, disappeared one January evening in 1753 and turned up again twenty-eight days later with what may or may not have been a tall tale of a highly uncomfortable sojourn in a suburban bawdy house.

1 his resulted in the trial of a gypsy woman for abduction, in Elizabeth's subsequent trial for perjury, and in a flood of pamphlets and treatises in favor of one side or the other. The author, a middle-of-the-roader, offers a fairly plausible solution of the case. A monumental piece of research, and good reading, too.

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That's not bad.

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Los Angeles Examiner]

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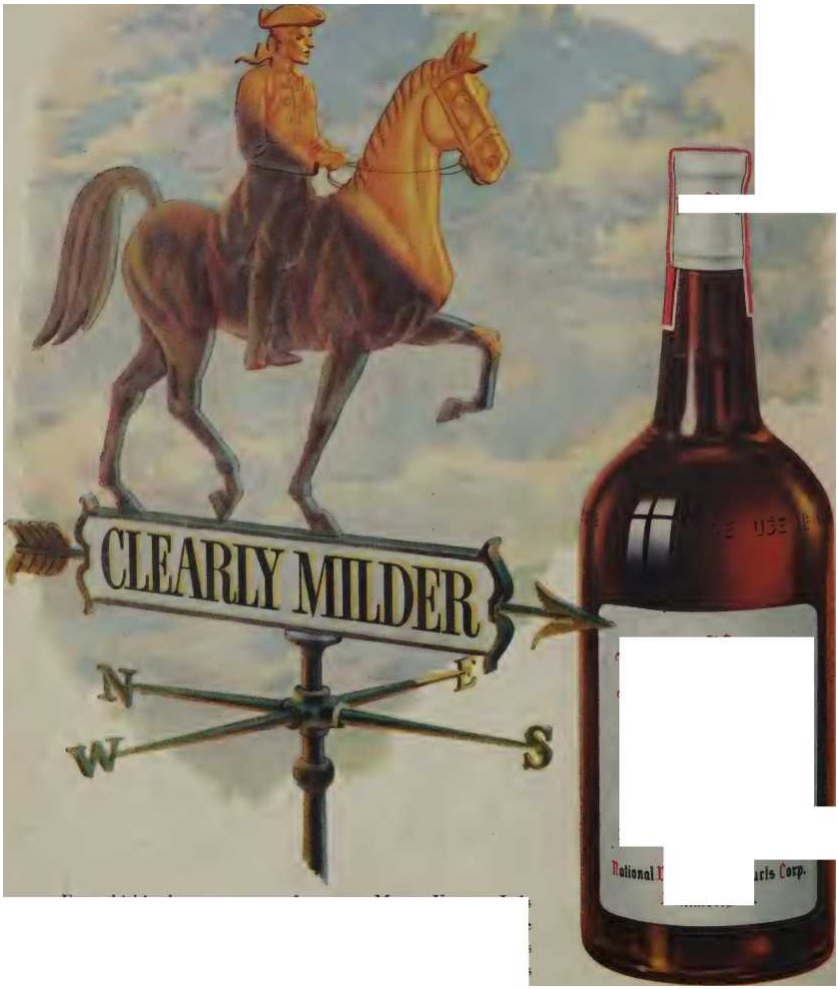

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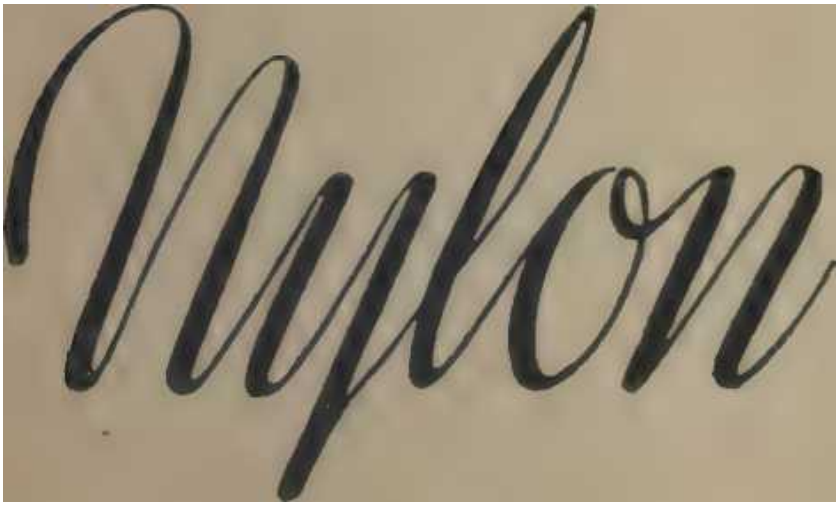

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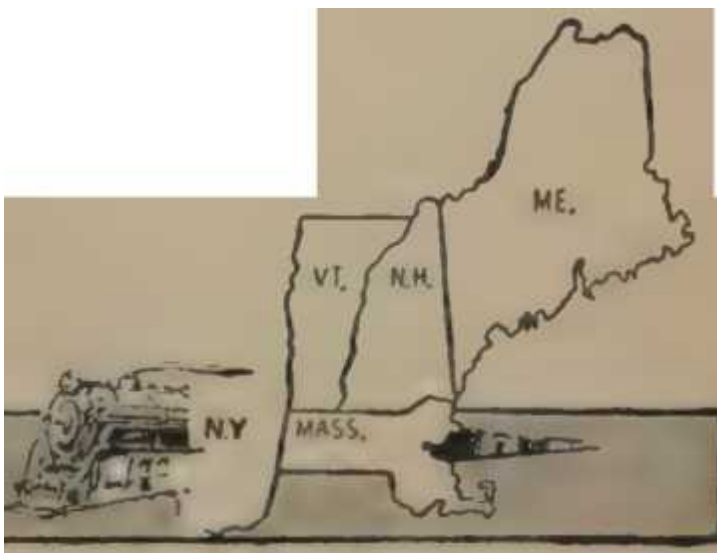

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PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47. W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., June 3, at 8:30, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne in a revival of the 1931 hit. Directed by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., June 9.)

A Bell for Adano—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richaid Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46. W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 140. Special performance Sun. Eve., June 3, at 8:30, for the Actors' Fund.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her elder sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. Virginia Gilmore heads the cast. (Henry Miller, 43. E. BR 9-3970.

Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Foolish Notion—Tallulah Bankhead in Philip Barry's not quite satisfactory play about the return of a soldier and the reactions of a lot of people who had thought he was dead. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs., except May 31, and Sat. at 2:30.)

Foxhole in the Parlor—Montgomery Clift as a soldier whose horror of war has temporarily unbalanced his mind. Unfortunately, Elsa Shelley's treatment isn't quite up to her theme. With Russell Hardie, Flora Campbell, and Grace Coppin. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally very effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. RR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading role is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 140.)

The Hasty Heart—A beautiful nurse (Anne Burr) and some sympathetic comrades humanize a crusty Scot practically on his deathbed. As written by John Patrick (and played by Richard Basehart), he doesn't seem quite worth the bother. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family-in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CT 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35-)

Kiss ano Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss Them for Me—This stage version of "Shore Leave," about three aviators who couldn't quite adapt themselves to civilian life, starts out very well but trails away badly somewhere in the middle. With Richard Widmark, Dennis King, Jr., and Richard Davis. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 :4O.)

The Late George Arley—An adaptation of the Mar-

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 31, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 9.

quand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll in the title role is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman, who play Father and Mother, will be replaced by Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill on Mon., June 4. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Othello-—A brief return engagement of the Margaret Webster production. With Paul Robeson, Uta Hagen, and Jose Ferrer. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Fri., June 8, at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; extra Mat. Thurs., May 31, at 2:30.)

The Overtons—Familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis, Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza.

(Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—In Agatha Christie's book everybody got killed, but in the play there are two survivors. Not terribly exciting, but still well above the general level of mystery shows. Among the doomed are Estelle Winwood and Halliwell Hobbes. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, with a small, expert cast consisting of Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Round Trip—June Walker, Sidney Blackmer, and Phyllis Brooks, in a comedy by Mary Orr and Reginald Denham. Mr. Denham directed and Clifford Hayman is the producer. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. Celeste Holm (to be replaced by Nanette Fabray on Mon., June 4), and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with very agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

DEPARTMENT.)

IN THI5 I55UE

Page

THE NEV YORKER

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Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Moves on Mon., June 4, to the Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—This is the third Olsen and Johnson exhibit, and the boys seem to be running out of ideas, not to mention taste. With Frank Libuse. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Memphis Bound—A fine burlesque of "Pinafore" is the high point of this Negro musical, but it is all very fast and cheerful. Bill Robinson, miraculously agile at sixty-seven, heads a cast that includes Avon Long, Sheila Guys, Billy Daniels, and the Delta Rhythm Boys. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs., except May 31, and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about

three sailors and their girls. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Moves on Tues., June 5, to the 44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., June 3-4, at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; extra Mat. Thurs., June 7, at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Pari—Romberg songs, cheerful dances arranged by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Hollywood Pinafore—The original score of "H.M.S. Pinafore," with a new book by George S. Kaufman and a cast headed by Victor Moore and William Gaxton. Directed by Mr. Kaufman and produced by Max Gordon. Opens Thurs., May 31. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Concert-Varieties—A variety show featuring Katherine Dunham, Rosario and Antonio, Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson, Deems Taylor, and many others. Produced by Billy Rose. Opens Fri., June 1. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49- co 5-5474- Sun. Eves, at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 140 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this cool, underground retreat.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An old favorite, uninhabited for quite a while, is again in business, with Cardini (one of our more

expert m Elaine B

Cafe Socie* Jimmy 8 himself, Also, I' Moore's

Cafe Soci

tans; he dance team of Fred and r. and lenry Busse's orchestra.

U?tc n, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)— ■ i : practically a whole show in Vhite, being practically ditto, aft, the dancer, and Phil i"" . stylized band.

*n, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. I vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. ' as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. (Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced v Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.5

chrr• nn, president; E. R. Spaulding, 16, June 2, 1945. Entered 945,

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2737)—Imogene Coca, who apparently can’t help being funny, and accomplished piano playing by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson; Edmond Hall’s orchestra for dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—A home away from home for many of our most professional night owls. Chauncey Gray’s orchestra and Chi-<iuito’s rumba band. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The sweet, familiar strains of Eddie

Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras in fairly elaborate surroundings.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very fancy, and sometimes almost too bustling. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Wally Boag, the old balloon man, is in the Cotillion Room, aided by a motley rout of dancers, magicians, and whatnot. Stanley Melba's orchestra dispenses its bouncy dance music. . . . Another Melba orchestra is in the Cafe Pierre during dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is once more flouncing about the Persian Room, with Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's cheery bands alternating on the stand. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court Lounge.

Sr. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A romantic long-ago-and-far-away setting for dinner and supper. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Cafe Lounge, handsome and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A conveniently located day-and-night nursery. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band are on hand at night; Roy George's band plays for tea dancing.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—-The Starlight Roof has a magician, some acrobats, and Nat Brandwynne's pleasant orchestra. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lou $_{o}$t Restaurant.

Suffer Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—blue angel, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626) : Eddie Mayehoff, a comic comic; Mildred Bailey, singing moodily; the Herman Chittison trio, playing expertly; and the Delta Rhythm Boys. . . . ruban bleu, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): songs by Monica Boyar, who is Latin American without being overpowering, and a quartet; expert music by Garland Wilson, Jose Melis, Julius Monk, and the Cedric Wallace trio. . . . spivy's roof 139

E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy, singing songs no mother ever taught her, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets.

Miscellaneous—At the coq rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 38887): small and elegant, with gay music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . i-J-3 club, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet in this darksome glade, broken only by the rambling piano solos of Roger Stearns; no dancing. . . . Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Jane Pickens and a collection of beautiful but not very animated girls. Maxmillian Bergere's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . casino russe, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a show full of those cozy old dagger dances and Russian torch, songs but really starring the chef; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. ... el chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): a very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin cookery, Latin atmosphere, and Latin music. ... 400 club, 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Benny Goodman's newly assembled orchestra, in which you will hear Teddy Wilson, Slam Stewart, and Red Norvo, slumming on Fifth Avenue (through Sun., June 3). . . . Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): back in its noisy old groove, with Xavier Cugat's orchestra and a medium-dismal show, headed by Georgie Price. Upstairs in the Cabana Room, Joel Herron's orchestra. . . . astor roof, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large and cool, with Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . essex house, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. . . . madison 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Bob Knight's orchestra. . . . NEW YORKER hotel, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000); Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra through Sat., June 2; on Mon., June 4, George Paxton's orchestra. . . . roosevelt, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200) : Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At nick's, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2(,683) : specialites de la maison by Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and other selected Old Masters. . . . village vanguard, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): Art Hodes' sterling trio, which has Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . downbeat, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins breaking out his classic old saxophone, Al Casey, breaking in a new trio, and

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 31, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 9.

occasionally Billie Holiday; dancing. . . . onyx, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Hot Lips Page with a new band, and Stuff Smith's trio. . . . jimmy ryan's, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600) : a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. ... three deuces, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

Al Fresco—The clarfmont inn, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and dance music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . tavern-on-the-green, Central Pk. W. at 67: a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then. . . . museum of modern art, ii W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . central park zoo: the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but nice for a midweek breakfast or an afternoon beer. . . . brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8. . . . fifth avenue hotel, 5 Ave. at 9. . . . longchamps, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

American Academy, B'way at 155—Painting and sculpture by Edward Hopper, Paul Manship, and others. Tues, through Sun., 2 to 5 p.m.; through June 29.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The development of the water color in America, with emphasis on the work of Winslow Homer. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.; through June 17.

Arthur G. Dove—The artist's work from 1922 to the present: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 p.m.; through June 22.

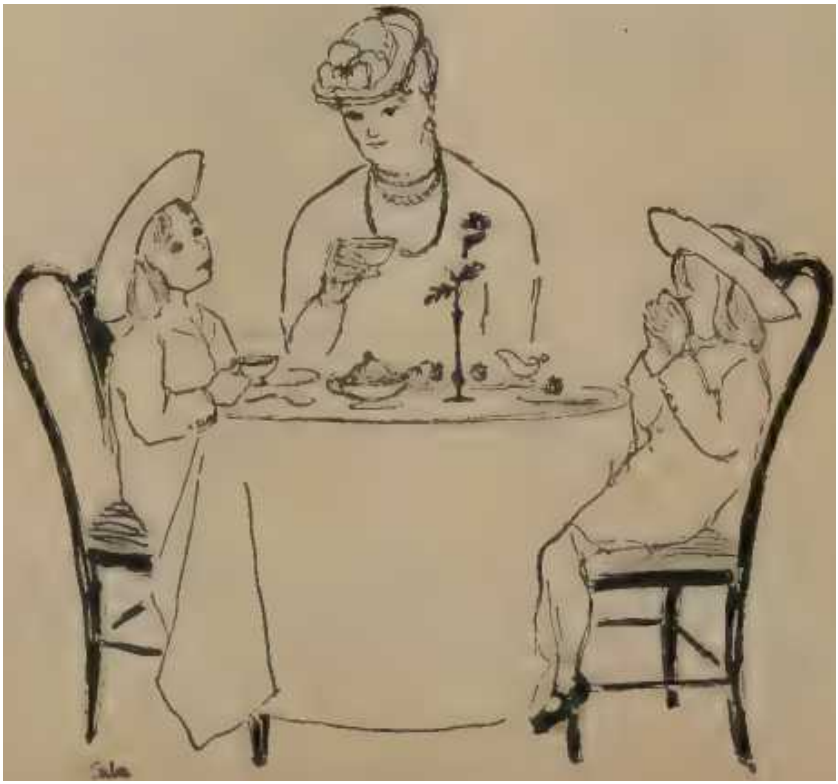
Engravings—Prints from Stanley William Hayter's Atelier 17, among whose participants are Marc Chagall and Ian Hugo: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., June 2.

Max Ernst—Sculpture, in his first real try at this medium; and some paintings: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.;

through Sat June 9.

Frick Collection, i E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been in safekeeping since the beginning of the war are now back in the Museum. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.

Groups—At the durlacher, ii E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through July 31. . . . downtown, 43 E. 51: new painting and sculpture by John Marin, Bernard Karfiol, William Zorach, and others. Daily 10 a.m. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 2. . . . rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Mafsh, and many others. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 P.M.; through June 23. . . . passedoit, 12i E. 57: paintings and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, Jose de Creeft, and others of this group. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.; through June 30. . . . milch, 108 W. 57: Americans of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, including Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through June 15. . . . macbeth, ii E. 57: oils and water colors by contemporary American artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 29. . . . buchholz, 32 E. 57: a large show, French and German for the most part, of modern water colors, drawings, and sculpture. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., June 2. ... 47 gallery, 67 E. 57: fourteen painters, centered about Hans Arp, in whose general style the gallery sees signs of a new “ism.” Weekdays 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through June 30. . . . perls, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings which have been shown here during the past season. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.if. to 6 p.m.; through June 29. . . . associated American artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55: work



by artists who have had one-man shows at this gallery. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through June 16. ... pinacotheca, 20 W. 58: abstract, and a few non-abstract, paintings by Josef Albers, Karl Knaths. Adolph Gottlieb, and twenty-three others. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through June 16.

Hantman—Boldly massed farm and fishing scenes: Marquie, 16 W. 57. Daily 10:30 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., June 2.

Edward Laning— Drawings of wartime Italy with a less journalistic approach than is usual: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., June 9.

Boris Lovet-Lorski—Sculpture of heads, figures, and whimsical animals: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 16.

Guy Maccoy and Bernard Steffen—Gouaches, water colors, and

serigraphs: Weyhe. 794 Lexington, at 61 Daily 9 a.m. to 5 :3O p.m. ; through Sat., June 2.

De Hirsh Margules—Water colors: Feigl, 601 Madison, at 57. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 16.

Merchant Seamen—Water colors and sketches with a non-amateurish sharpness, mostly by a half-dozen men: National Maritime Union, 354 W. 17. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.; through Sat., June 9.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, newly arranged to show the development of Greek civilization. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.

Museum of Modern Art, ii W. 53—A retrospective show of Georges Rouault. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 . p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m.; through Sun., June 3.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A Kandinsky memorial show, containing over two hundred of his paintings. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 p.m.; through Sun., June 3.

Alice Rahon Paalen—Oils, gouaches, drawings, etchings: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., June 9.

Photography—Prints by Paul Strand, from his early abstractions and candid photographs to his recent series on Vermont: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m.; through June 10.

Wilma Prezzi—Paintings cf Chinese objects: Knoed-ler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Fri., June 8,

Josef Scharl—Recent oils, gouaches, and drawings: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Thurs., May 31, from 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Yves Tanguy—Sixteen new paintings: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., June 2.

Note—The semi-annual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square is now open, and will continue daily through June 10, from 11 a.m. until dark.

MUSIC

Salmaggi Opera Company—"Aida," Sat., June 2, at 8:45 p.m. (Ebbets Field. MA 4-7030.)

Operatic Concert—-Vivian Della Chiesa, soprano; Salvatore Baccaloni, basso; and others. Sun., June 3, at 3 p.m. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee stadium: Yankees vs. Detroit, Thurs., May 31, at 2:30 p.m.; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Fri. and Sat., June 1-2, at 2:30 p.m., and Sun., June 3 (doubleheader), at 2:05 p.m.; Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., June 8-9, at 2:30 p.m. . . . polo grounds: Giants vs. Brooklyn, , Tues., June 5, at 8:45 p.m., and Thurs., June 7, at 2:30 p.m. ... ebbets field: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat., June 8-9, at 8:30 p.m.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Tami Mauriello vs. Steve Dudas, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 1; Ike Williams vs. Willie Joyce, light weights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 8. (Preliminaries at 8:30 p.m.; main bouts at 10 p.m.)

Crew—Columbia vs. M.I.T., Sat., June 2; Columbia vs. Cornell, Sat., June 9; at 6 p.m. (Harlem River.)

Racing-—At Jamaica: daily at 1:30 p.m., through Sat., June 2. (Grey Lag Handicap, June 2.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Thurs. and Fri. between 11:25 a.m. and 1:20 p.m., and Sat. between 10:45 a.m. and 1:25 p.m. . . . belmont park weekdays, starting Mon., June 4, at 1:30 p.m.; through June 23. (Toboggan Handicap, June 4; the Withers, June 6; the Juvenile, and Metropolitan Handicap, June 9.)

Trotting-—Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 p.m. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 p.M.)

Yachting—Championship regatta on the Sound: Knickerbocker Y.C.,

Port Washington, Sun., June 3, at about 2 p.m.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the Chrysler bldg., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from

- . • and more to come

With engines warmed up for the takeoff, Boeing B-29 Superfortresses fill the long runwav on Saipan . . . one behind another, as far as the eye can see. Across the field, as on other fields in the Marianas, still more wait to wheel into line. Tomorrow you will lead in your paper: “Industrial targets in Tokyo have been hit again by a force of oxer 300 B-29 bombers.”

It was less than a year ago that the first attack on Japan by the giant Superforts thrilled the nation. Today their valiant crews are regular commuters on the more than 3000-mile round trip. In waxes of skv filling formations, they

carry destruction to the enemy’s workshops on a relentless schedule.

Back of this achievement is another story—an epic of production. To design, build, test and manufacture in quantity an airplane that so far exceeded all previous bombers in bomb-load, speed and range — and do it in time — was an unprecedented task. It called for pioneer work in engineering, tooling and planning. Nexx' facilities and processes had to be started from scratch. Methods had to be devised for putting the vast manufacturing program into effect, not only in Boeing's oxvn plants but in those of other aircraft companies, chosen by the

Air Tecnnical Service Command of the Army Air Forces to help increase quantity production of the big planes.

Impossible as the job looked, Boeing men were equal to it. Superfortresses are rolling off the production lines in steadily mounting numbers. In the hands of hard-hitting American airmen, they are vital xveapons in the xvar against Japan, and there are more . . . many more to come.

Tomorrow Boeing research, design, engineering and manufacture will be applied to peacetime aircraft for your use . . . your assurance that any such product "Built by Boeing" will be built to lead.

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12 noon to 5:45 p.m,, continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. . . . museum of science and industry, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the ''Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily io a.m. to io p.m.; through June 30. . . . new york h > storical society, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany'—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Tues, through Fri., 1 to 5 p.m.; through July 31.

Planetarium—"The Sun and Eclipses" is the title of the June lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 p.m.; Sat. at 11 a.m. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 p.m.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 p.m.

Housing—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m.; through Sept. 30.

Costumes—At the metropolitan museum, 5 Ave. at 82: a large exhibition of imperial robes from the Man-chu court of China; also, fabrics by modern designers, inspired by art objects in the Museum. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.; through June 10. . . .costume institute, 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 30.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57— French and American nineteenth-century paintings, and art of the Renaissance, from various collections: Thurs., May 31, at 8 p.m. . . . English and French furniture and decorations owned by Mrs. Arthur Garrels and others: Thurs. and Fri., May 31-June 1, at 2 p.m. . . . Furniture and objects of art owned by Mr. Charles Page Perin and others: Wed. and Thurs., June 6-7, at 2 p.m.

Note—"The Fighting Lady," a 103-foot model of an aircraft carrier, is on view in the Sunken Plaza of Rockefeller Center. Purchasers of War Bonds, at the Plaza, may go on board.

ON THE AIR

State Department—Archibald MacLeish, Harold E. Stassen, and Charles A. Eaton, in a discussion of our international policy; broadcast from San Francisco, Sat., June 2, at 7 p.m., WEAF.

Mayor La Guardia—In the first of a series of talks on New York City, Thurs., May 31, at 7:30 p.m. ; WJZ.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sun., June 3, at 3 p.m., WABC. . . . Duke Ellington and his

orchestra, Sat., June 2 and 9, at 5 p.m., WJZ. . . . Gordon String Quartet, Sun., June 3, at 6:05 p.m., WQXR. ... Busch Chamber Music Players, Mon., June 4, at 9:05 p.m., WQXR.

Sports—Racing: the Kentucky Derby, Sat., June 9, at 6 p.m., WABC. . . . Boxing: Tami Mauriello vs. Steve Dudas, Fri., June 1; Ike Williams vs. Willie Joyce, Fri., June 8; at 10 p.m., WOR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 p.m., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues, at 10:15 p m., WJZ. ... Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 p.m., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues, through Sat. at 10:30 p.m., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 p.m., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 p.m., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 p.m., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 p.m., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio. Mon. through Fri. at 7 p.m., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 p.m., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 p.m., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 p.m., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 p.m., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson (from Europe), Sun. at 9:45 p.m., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

The Corn Is Green—Bette Davis in the part once performed by Ethel Barrymore on Broadway. Miss Davis seems slightly implausible and so does the picture. (Hollywood. B’way at 51.)

Guest in the House—A very sensible adaptation of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs. through Sat., May 31-June 2. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., June 4.)

A Medal for Benny—John Steinbeck wrote the original story for this rather disappointing film about the death of a hero and its effect in his native village. With Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova, and Carrol Naish. (Rivoli, B’way at 49.) National Velvet—Elizabeth Taylor, assisted by Mickey Rooney, wins the Grand National on a

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY

horse she won in a lottery. Foolish and wonderful. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Sat., June 4-9.)

None but the Lonely Heart—Not always sure of what it wants to say, but greatly helped by the performances of Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barry Fitzgerald. From the novel about London's lower depths. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 31.)

The Three Caballeros—Walt Disney's strange combination of Donald Duck, Fantasia, and the Ziegfeld Follies, One of the great man's mistakes. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., May 31.)

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer (1938)—Tommy Kelly and May Robson as Tom and Aunt Polly. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Wed., June 6.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., June 1-4.)

The Garden of Allah (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (World, 153 W. 49; Thurs., May 31.)

Gaslight (1944)—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street." With Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Sat., June 2. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., June 4-5.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the first World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., June 1-4.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—About a prize fighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. (World, 153 W. 49-)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., June 1.)

In Our Time (1944)—Poland in 1939. With Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. and Thurs., June 6-7.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50. Tues, and Wed., June 5-6.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., June I-4. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues, through Thurs., June 5-7. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues, and Wed., June 6-7.)

Pepe le Moko (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. With Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., June 5.)

The Prisoner of Zenda (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Wed., June 6.)

Sahara (1943)—Humphrey Bogart in an all-male movie about the North African campaign. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. and Mon., June 3-4.)

The Thirty-Nine Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (World, 153 W. 49; Thurs., May 31.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., June 1-3. ...Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues, through Thurs., June 5-7.)

To Be or Not To Be (1942)—Ernst Lubitsch, with the help of Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, takes the Gestapo apart. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues, and Wed., June 5-6.)

Winterset (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., June 1.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on

the Bronte moors. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., June 2.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, n W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 p.m. on the following schedule—thurs., may 31: "Professional Patient" (1917), with Mr and Mrs. Sidney Drew; and "The Strong Man" (1926), with Harry Langdon. . . . fri. through sun., June 1-3: "Hands Up" (1926), with Raymond Griffith; and "Two Tars" (1928), with Laurel and Hardy. . . . mon. through thurs., June 4-7: "Beau Geste" (1926),

with Ronald Colman and William Powell. . . . from fri., june 8: "Underworld" (1927), directed by Josef von Sternberg.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Service Men—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing (preference given to service men), 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the civilian defense volunteer office, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310) : men and women to work in canteens at least one shift a week, night or day; men and women to take a short training course and then work a

minimum of two full days a week as group-leaders in summer playgrounds. ... RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour, training course and then work one day a week as' dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . American women's voluntary services, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050) : men and women to work an hour or so a week for the wastepaper drive, acting as liaison agents between tenants and managers of apartment buildings and hotels; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, call RE 7-3700.) . . . united hospital fund, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to put in as many day or evening hours as they can spare working as orderlies in hospitals; women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and diet kitchens, or as receptionists from 7 to 8:45 A.M. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE corps, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

Note—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 2 3 (AL 4-8 5 00).

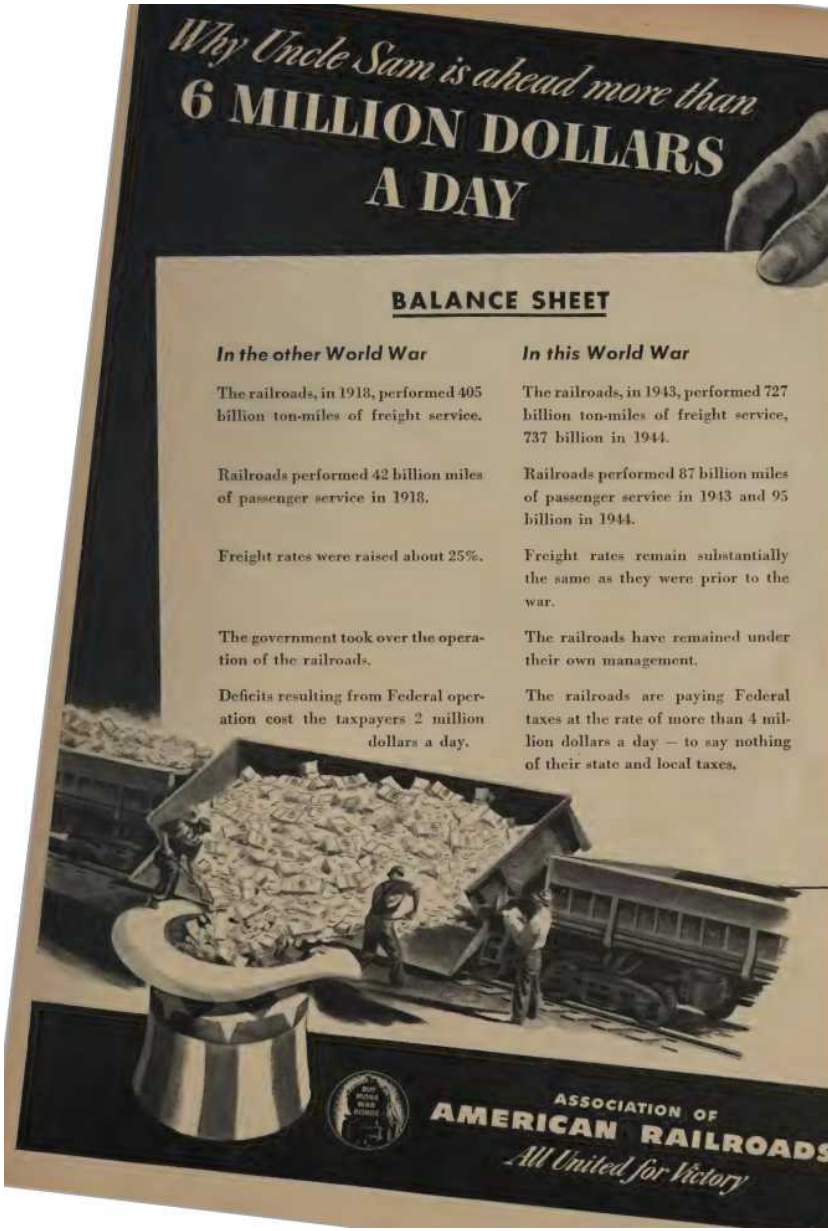
Seventh War Loan Drive—The War Bond Campaign is on and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), are recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

Salvage—Wastepaper (very important right now) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it

will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meatration tokens for every pound you turn in. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.-—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and overseas units. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for small furniture, floor lamps, radios, phonographs, records, playing cards, magazines, and foreign-language and travel books. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366): the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050); and Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881).


Why Uncle Sam is ahead more than
6 MILLION DOLLARS A DAY
BALANCE SHEET
In the other World War
In this World War
The railroads, in 1918, performed 405 billion ton-miles of freight service.
The railroads, in 1943, performed 727 billion ton-miles of freight service, 737 billion in 1944.
Railroads performed 42 billion miles of passenger service in 1918.
Railroads performed 87 billion miles of passenger service in 1943 and 95 billion in 1944.
Freight rates were raised about 25%.
Freight rates remain substantially the same as they were prior to the war.
The government took over the operation of the railroads.
The railroads have remained under their own management.
Deficits resulting from Federal operation cost the taxpayers 2 million dollars a day.
The railroads are paying Federal taxes at the rate of more than 4 million dollars a day — to say nothing of their state and local taxes.
ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
All United for Victory

BALANCE SHEET

In this World War

In the other World War

war.

The railroads have remained under their own management.

Freight rates were raised about 25%

Deficits resulting from Federal operation cost the taxpayers 2 million dollars a day.

Railroads performed 87 billion miles of passenger service in 1943 and 95 billion in 1944.

Railroads performed 42 billion miles of passenger service in 1918.

The railroads, in 1918, performed 405 billion ton-miles of freight service.

The railroads, in 1943, performed 727 billion ton-miles of freight service, 737 billion in 1944.

Freight rates remain substantially the same as they were prior to the

The railroads are paying Federal taxes at the rate of more than 4 million dollars a day — to say nothing of their state and local taxes.

The government took over the operation of the railroads.

buy ■ won*

Min m*$_T$ "^"^ MILLION dollars

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45 (Cf 6-4642)—"The Enchanted Cottage," Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—"Thrill of a Romance,' Esther Williams, Van Johnson.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—Through Tues., June 5: "Counter-Attack," Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman. ... From Wed., June 6: "That's the Spirit," Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—"Flame of Barbary Coast," Ann Dvorak, John Wayne.

Gotham, B'way at 47 (Cl 5-9516)—"Molly and Me," Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall.

Hollywood, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—™t corn is green, Bette Davis, John Dall.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—"China Sky," Randolph Scott, Ruth Warrick.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—Through Tues., June 5: "Salty O'Rourke," Alan Ladd, Gail Russell. ... From Wed., June 6: "Out of This World," Diana Lynn, Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)— "The Valley of Decision," Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Donald Crisp.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)- -a medal for benny, Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Through Tues., June 5: "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe," Betty Grable, Dick Haymes. ... From Wed., June 6: "Where Do We Go from Here?," June Haver, Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie.

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., June 6: "And Now Tomorrow," Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, Susan Hayward.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—"Pillow to Post," Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet.

Victoria, B'way at 46 (CI 6-7429)—Through Fri., June 1: "Dillinger," Edmund Lowe, Lawrence Tierney. . . . From Sat., June 2: "The Way Ahead," David Niven, Raymond Huntley.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Belmont, 121 W. 48 (BR 9-0378)—Spanish films, no English titles—Thurs., May 31 : "Cuando Escuches Este Vais." . . . From Fri., June 1: "En El Viejo Buenos Aires."

Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50 (EL 5-8790)-—Revivals— Thurs., May 31: "Tennessee Johnson," Van Heflin, Ruth Hussey, Lionel Barrymore; also "The Alibi," Margaret Lockwood, llugh Sinclair. . . . Fri. and Sat., June 1-2: "Come Live with Me," Hedy Lamarr, James Stewart; also "The Rains Came," Myrna Loy, Tyrone Power, George Brent. . . . Sun. and Mon., June 3-4: Sahara, Humphrey Bogart; also "My Favorite Blonde," Madeleine CarroB, Bob Hope. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 5-6: the lady vanishes, Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas; also "Thousands Cheer," Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly.

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (GR 5-9738)— Revivals— Through Tues., June 5: pepe le moko, Jean Gabin; also "Volga-Volga" (in Russian). . . . From Wed., June 6: "The Last Millionaire" (in French), Annabella; also "The Emperor Jones," Paul Robeson.

55th Street Playhouse, i54 W. 55 (CO 5-9438)— Revivals, in French —"Heart of Paris," Raimu; also "L'Alibi," Erich von Stroheim.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (Cl 6-1365)—Tentative -—Through Fri., June 1 : the informer, revival, Victor McLaglen; also Winterset, revival, Margo, Burgess Meredith. . . . From Sat., June 2: "We Accuse," documentary film.

Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41 (VI 7-9686)—Through Tues., June 5: "Zoya" (in Russian). ... From Wed., June 6: "The Ural Front" (in Russian).

Thalia, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Thurs., May 31: NONE BUT the lonely heart, Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, Barry Fitzgerald; also "Summer Storm," Linda Darnell, George Sanders. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 1-4: grand illusion (in French), revival, Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin; also carnival in flanders (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet. . . . From Tues., June 5: to be announced.

World, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—Revivals—Thurs., May 31: the 3» steps, Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat; also the garden of allah, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer. . . . From Fri., June 1: here comes mr. Jordan, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains.

Alden, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Revivals—-Through Sat., June 2: wuthering heights, Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier; also "Minstrel

Man," Benny Fields, Gladys George. . . . Sun. and Mon., June 3-4: "They All Kissed the Bride," Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas; also "Rose of Washington Square," Al Jolson, Alice Faye. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 5-6: "Irene," Anna Neagle, Ray Milland; also "Courageous Mr. Penn," Clifford Evans, Deborah Kerr.

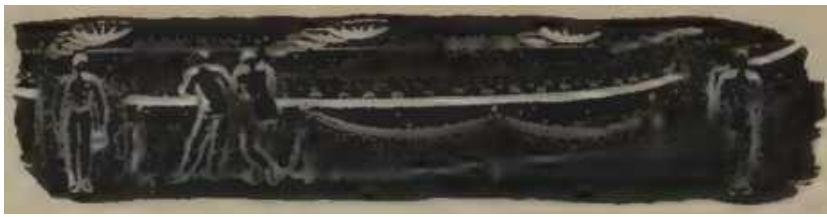
EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Revivals—Through Sat., June 2: gaslight, Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman. ... Sun. through Tues., June 3-5: "Jeannie," Michael Redgrave. . . . From Wed., June 6: in our time, Ida Lupino, Paul Henreid.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)— Through Sat., June 2: "Hotel Berlin," Faye Emerson, Helmut Dantine, Raymond Massey; also "Having Wonderful Crime," Carole Landis, Pat O'Brien. ... Sun. through Wed., June 3-6: "The Picture of Dorian Gray," Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders.

Loew's 42no Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865) —

AT THE MOVIE HOU5E5



THURSDAY, MAY 31, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE6, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

Through Sat., June 2: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also “See My Lawyer,” Olsen and Johnson. . . . Sun. and Mon., June 3-4: “Roughly Speaking,” Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson; also “The House of Fear,” Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 5-6: “The Sign of the Cross,” revival, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Charles Laughton; also “One Heavenly Night,” revival, Evelyn Laye, John Boles.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Wed., June 6: “Here Come the Waves,” Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts; also “Dark Mountain,” Ellen Drew, Robert Lowery.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)— Through Fri., June 1 : “Hotel Berlin,” Faye Emerson, Helmut Dantine, Raymond Massey. . . . Sat. through Mon., June 2-4: “Between Two Women,” Van Johnson, Gloria De Haven, Lionel Barrymore. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 5-6: “Belle of the Yukon,” Gypsy Rose Lee, Randolph Scott, Dinah Shore.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., May 31: the three Caballeros, Walt Disney full-length film. ... Fri. through Sun., June 1-3: thunder rock, revival, Michael Redgrave, Barbara Mullen. . . . Mon. through Wed., June 4-6: “A Song to Remember,” Merle

Oberon, Paul Muni.

Sutton, 3 Ave.at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs., May 31: “A Song to Remember,” Merle Oberon, Paul Muni. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 1-4: naughty marietta, revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy. . . . From Tues., June 5: “A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,” Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, Peggy Ann Garner.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)— Through Mon., June 4: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 5-6: “The Cisco Kid Returns,” Duncan Renaldo; also “The Stars Look Down,” revival, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Sat., June 2: “Roughly Speaking,” Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson. . . . From Sun., June 3: “I'll Be Seeing You,” Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302) — Through Sun., June 3: “A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,” Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, Peggy Ann Garner. . . . From Mon., June 4: national velvet, Mickey Rooney, Elizabeth Taylor, Donald Crisp.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)— Through Wed., June 6: “Here Come the Waves,” Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts; also “Dark Mountain,” Ellen Drew, Robert Lowery.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Through Mon., June 4: “Between Two Women,” Van Johnson, Gloria De Haven, Lionel Barrymore; also “Nothing but Trouble,” Laurel and Hardy. . . . From Tues., June 5: “Hotel Berlin,” Faye Emerson, Helmut Dantine, Raymond Massey; also “Having Wonderful Crime,” Carole Landis, Pat O’Brien.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)— Through Fri., June 1: “Between Two Women,” Van Johnson, Gloria De Haven, Lionel Barrymore. ... Sat. through Mon., June 2-4: “My Kingdom for a Cook,” revival, Charles Coburn, Marguerite Chapman. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 5-6: “Belle of the Yukon,” Gypsy Rose Lee, Randolph Scott, Dinah Shore.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)— Through Mon., June 4: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 5-6: “The Cisco Kid Returns,” Duncan Renaldo; also “The Stars Look Down.” revival, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)— Through Fri., June 1 : “Roughly Speaking,” Rosalind Russell. Jack Carson; also "The House of Fear,” Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. . . . Sat. through Tues., June 2-5: “I’ll Be Seeing You,” Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple; also “Escape in the Fog,” Otto Kruger, Nina Foch. ... Wed., June 6: the prisoner of zenoa, revival, Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman; also the adventures of tom sawyer, revival. Tommy Kelly, May Robson.

Orfheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., June 4: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also “See My Lawyer,” Olsen

and Johnson. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 5-6: “The Sign of the Cross,” revival, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Charles Laughton; also “One Heavenly Night,” revival, Evelyn Laye, John Boles.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3 (CH 3-9019)—Thurs., May 31: “The Picture of Dorian Gray,” Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders; also “Boston Blackie Booked on Suspicion,” Chester Morris, Lynn Merrick. . . . Fri. through Sun., June 1-3: “Hotel Berlin,” Faye Emerson, Helmut Dantine, Raymond Massey; also “Having Wonderful Crime,” Carole Landis, Pat O’Brien. . . . Mon. and Tues., June 4-5: gaslight, revival, Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman; also “Claudia,” revival, Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Ina Claire. . . . From Wed., June 6. “A Song to Remember,” Merle Oberon, Paul Muni; also “Crime Doctor’s Courage,” Warner Baxter, Hillary Brooke.

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)— Through Fri., June 1: “The Picture of Dorian Gray,” Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders. . . . Sat. through Tues., June 2-5: “Roughly Speaking,” Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson. . . . From Wed., June 6: “I'll Be Seeing You,” Ginger

Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., June 4: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also “See My Lawyer,” Olsen and Johnson. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 5-6: "The Sign of the Cross,” revival, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Charles Laughton; also “One Heavenly Night,” revival, Evelyn Laye, John Boles.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350) — Thurs., May 31: “My Kingdom for a Cook,” revival, Charles Coburn, Marguerite Chapman; also “The Uninvited,” revival, Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland. ... Fri. through Mon., June 1-4: “Hotel Berlin,” Faye Emerson, Helmut Dantine, Raymond Massey; also “Having Wonderful Crime,” Carole Landis, Pat O’Brien. . . . From Tues., June 5: naughty marietta, revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; also thunder rock, revival, Michael Redgrave, Barbara Mullen.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)— Through Mon.. June 4: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 5-6: “The Cisco Kid Returns,” Dunchn Renaldo; also “The Stars Look Down,” revival, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., June 2: “The Picture of Dorian Gray,” Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders; also “Boston Blackie Booked on Suspicion,” Chester Morris, Lynn Merrick. . . . Sun. and Mon.(June 3-4: “Rough, Tough, and Ready,” Chester Morris, Victor McLaglen; also “Swing Hostess,” Martha Tilton. ...From Tues., June 5; “I’ll Be Seeing You,” Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple; also “Escape in the Fog,” Otto Kruger, Nina Foch.

77th Street, B’way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Tues., June 5: “Roughly Speaking,” Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson; also “The House of Fear,” Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. . . . From Wed., June 6: “Thunderhead—Son of Flicka,” Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster; also “Mr. Emmanuel,” Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt.

R.K.O, 81st Street, B’way at 81 (TR 7-6160)— Through Mon., June 4: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon. . . . Tues, and Wed.,

June 5-6: “The Cisco Kid Returns,” Duncan Renaldo; also “The Stars Look Down,” revival, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave.

Loew's 83rd Street, B’way at 83 (TR 7-3190)— Through Wed., June 6: “Here Come the Waves,” Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts; also “Dark Mountain,” Ellen Drew, Robert Lowery.

Stoddard, B’way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Wed., June 6: “I’ll Be Seeing You,” Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple; also “Escape in the Fog,” Otto Kruger, Nina Foch.

Carlton, B’way at 100 (AC 2-3862)—-Thurs., May 31: “Patrick the Great,” Donald O’Connor, Peggy Ryan; also “Frisco Sal,” Susanna Foster, Tur-han Bey. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 1-4: “Hotel Berlin,” Faye Emerson, Helmut Dantine, Raymond Massey; also "Having Wonderful Crime,” Carole Landis, Pat O’Brien.. . . Tues, and Wed., June 5-6: naughty marietta, revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; also to be or not to be, revival, Carole Lombard, Jack Benny.

Nemo, B’way at no (AC 2-9406)—Through Mon., June 4: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 5-6: “The Cisco Kid Returns,” Duncan Renaldo; also “The Stars Look Down,” revival, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave.

Loew's 175th Street, B’way at 175 (WA 7-5200)— Through Tues., June 5: “Here Come the Waves,” Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts; also “Dark Mountain,” Ellen Drew, Robert Lowery. . . . Wed., June 6: “Tom Brown’s School Days,” revival, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon; also “Beyond Tomorrow,” revival, Maria Ouspenskaya, Charles Winninger.

Coliseum, B’way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Mon., June 4: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 5-6: “The Cisco Kid Returns,” Duncan Renaldo; also “The Stars Look Down,” revival, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave.

There’s a

ˆ It will happen in peacetime— when the tasks that now face America have been accomplished. Then a smart, new Ford will be waiting for you to drive it.

. . . Trip after trip you’ll go in ease and style. It will be so smooth and gentle riding—such a joy to handle.

. . . Here will be a car that’s big and sturdy—plenty of room in front and back. It will be smartly styled. And for all its fleet and eager power, you will find this new car thrifty in the time-honored Ford tradition.

. . . That’s how it will be. And when the "go ahead” is flashed, we’ll

be

ready to start production plans. Meanwhile, the full Ford resources will continue to be engaged in helping speed the final Victory.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

'THE FORD SHOW". Brilliant singing stars, orchestra and chorus. Every Sunday, NBC network. 2:00 P.M., E.W.T., 1:00 P. M., C.W.T., 12:00 M., M.W.T., 11:00 A. M., PJ

UNIVERSAL AIR IS ENDLESS

ALL MOTOR HIGHWAYS END.

Air surrounds our earth constantly, an inseparable 11 part of our planet. “So What?”

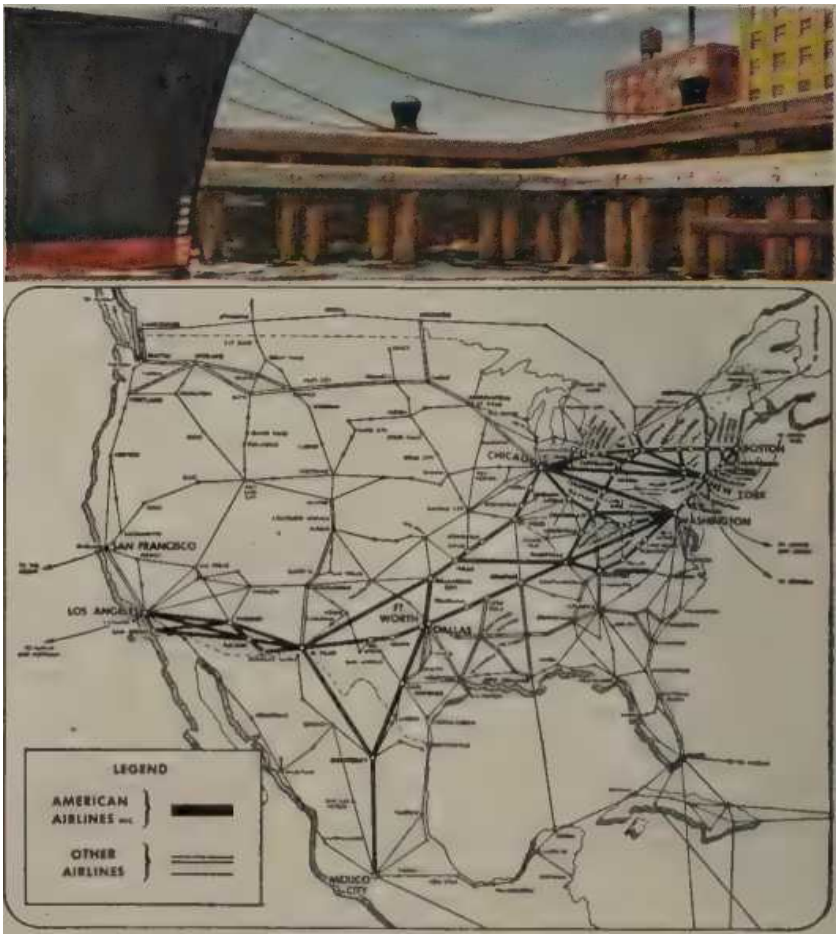
This fundamental concept, deceptive in its very simplicity, is indispensable as a basis for an understanding of the air age.

We can no more escape the rapid changes inevitable in today’s air age than we can escape air itself.

We shall continue to need motor vehicles, trains and ships. But these have geographic limits. Air, itself illimitable, offers illimitable opportunities in every phase of human life.

The adequacy of our civil air power will, in the last analysis, determine the success of every U. S. postwar plan. With this thought uppermost, American Airlines is preparing to offer more services, faster services and even better services—national and international.

ALL RAILROAD TRACKS END.



American Airlines ˆ

ALL WATER ROUTES END.

THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes Mid Comment

ONE thing the war has accomplished: it has brought a new ■frankness into all our lives. Yesterday the office manager in the office where a friend of ours works phoned an employment bureau, hoping to find a stenographer to fill a vacancy. She stated the requirements and then waited while the employment agent put her on the pan. “What sex person,” asked the agent, “would this applicant be working for?” The manager replied that she would be working for a male. “Can you tell me about him—I mean, is he tall and is he unmarried?”

“Are you kidding, by any chance?” asked the manager.

“Not at all,” said the agent. “Girls nowadays are not applying for positions which do not offer unusual opportunities.”

“Well,” said the manager, “this man is indescribable.” She hung up and sat around awhile wondering whether to call a matrimonial bureau and see whether they had anybody who might want to take a few letters, sight unseen.

Household help are just as frank and just as choosy as office help. Furthermore, their wages now seem to be equal to the pay of workers in war plants. We know a married couple who employ a cook and a housemaid to run their home while they are away all day working for their country. The couple make pretty good money and the)' felt they could afford to do this and that it was the right thing. But what happened was that the cook and the housemaid soon realized that they were making pretty good money, too, and the)' each bought a summer place, for weekends. These weekends got longer and longer, and the domestics got so involved in running their own domestic establishments that they had to deputize other people to do the work for which

they originally were employed. The situation is in rather a snarl. The cook is drilling a well on her place, and they’ve gone down two hundred and sixty feet without striking water. This takes almost all of her time and attention, and her deput)' doesn’t know much about

cooking, and the employers are unable to eat the deputy's food, but naturally they don't dare kick about it, so they eat out a good deal —but that is bad, too, because the restaurants are jammed and usually there is a long wait for a table, and this has affected the people's health to some extent and then are now worried about their own ability to carry on. Perhaps if the cook strikes water, things may look up, but at this writing she is still drilling and

she has employed a part-time girl to wash dishes for Iter at her cottage, so she presumably has domestic problems of her own. All in all, it's not a healthy outlook.

"Never," wrote these people in a letter to us, "have we paid so much to so man)' for so little."

ONE of the fashionable postwar substances, we learn, will be aluminum yarn, made into "sweaters, evening dresses, bathing suits, tablecloths, napkins, shoes, and purses." The stuff is washable, is non-tarnishing, and can be coated any color, and one pound of aluminum will make six miles of yarn. For all we know, it is also waterproof, mothproof, fireproof, burglarproof, runproof—the Fabric of the Future. •What it isn't, we are certain, is absorbent, and the postwar tablecloth and napkin made from it will be about as useful as the equivalent amount of

waxed paper. Spilled liquids will slide around the tablecloth like mercury until they land in someone's lap, and anything wiped off the lips with the napkin will later have to be taken off the shirt, by the cleaner. That's the trouble with infant industries, we suspect; they keep getting too biggity for their britches.

OUR wrist watch has been in poor health for several months now.

Stairs seem to bother it, and some days it gains as much as two hours and a quarter. We took it to a watch shop on Madison Avenue the other day to have it looked over. The shop itself seemed none too well: it was feverish in there, with a great deal of double talk among clerks and customers, and there was a feeling that the whole place was gaining. We stepped forward with our sick watch and handed it to the catcher. He threw down to second. We waited. We assumed that the watch would eventually get into the hands of a small man wearing a thing in his eye, who would open the case and bend over and examine the works. Nothing like that happened. Instead, the watch was rushed to a steel cabinet and placed in a socket, a switch was thrown, a light went on, a disc began to revolve, a stylus dropped into position, and in a minute a man returned the watch to us, together

with a cardiogram. “This is a very good record,” he said severely. “Don’t disturb it.” We nodded and left immediately, strapping our watch back on our wrist as we passed twice through a revolving door. The experience had been stimulating but unsatisfying. We still think that the erratic action of our watch may well indicate some deep functional disturbance. Next week,

when we get a moment, we intend to take it somewhere for a urinalysis.

Our Own Baedeker

THE location of the island of Formosa—in the western Pacific, to the north of the Philippines and to the southwest of Okinawa—

makes it some-

thing to think twice about. Formosa is Formosa is about the size of Massa-a showy place but not terribly restful, chusetts and Connecticut combined, and

The climate is hot and malarial, with temperatures running well over ninety-five the year around. Earthquakes are so common that the natives, when making a date, will say, “I’ll see you right after the forenoon shake.” Nine hundred were once recorded in a single year. Of Formosa’s fauna, the most alarming is the hundred-pace snake, so called because the victim of its bite supposedly drops dead

before walking a hundred paces. There are also spotted deer and water buffalo. Three-quarters of the island is mountainous. On the slopes are heavy evergreen forests. The west-coast plain

is good farmland, and the natives grow rice there.

Nobody on Formosa calls it Formosa; that name was given to the island by some Portuguese who stopped off there in the sixteenth century. The local name is Taiwan, which is the Chinese word for "terraced bay." Formosa has had a bad reputation since the seventh century, when a bloodthirsty band of Malay headhunters moved there. In the sixteenth and

seventeenth centuries, Chinese immigrated in large numbers, and they didn't help things much, because many of them belonged to a nomad tribe called the Hakkas, who considered human flesh a great delicacy. They drove the headhunting Malays back into the hills, where they remain to this day. Meanwhile, and thereafter, Jap and Chinese criminals on the lam found Formosa a good hideout, and various Oriental pirates made the island their headquarters. All in all, it was a bad place for a shipwrecked sailor. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the Manchu government of China ruled Formosa, but the inhabitants remained ruˆbbeˆ nnd individualistic. Once, for instance, they chased out a detachment of American Marines who had been sent in to punish a tribe that had murdered a sea captain and his wife. The Japs took over after the Sino-Japanese War, and no nonsense about

it; among other things, they put on an intensive campaign to soften up the Malayan natives. As late as the nine-teen-thirties the headhunters were still active, however. Headhunters, by the way, are called Chin-hwan, or "raw savages," on Formosa, as opposed to the domesticated tribes, the Pe-pa-hwan, or "ripe savages."

has a population of about five million Chinese, many of whom have more or less picked up Japanese ways. There are two hundred and fifty thousand Japs, mostly civil administrators, capitalists, and planters, and the old-time Malayan natives number a couple of hundred thousand. Among the unripe natives are the Taiyals, who tattoo their faces blue, select their leaders according to who has collected

the most heads, and attack the Jap plantations by pole vaulting over the electrified wire fences the Japs put up to thwart them. A typical ripe tribe is the Paiwans, who like to listen to chamber

music played on nose flutes and Jew's-harps. They raise fine

tobacco for export and bury their dead in the cellars of their houses. Formosa would be a nice place for the Chinese to get back, for it yields camphor, tea, rice, sugar, petroleum, gold, copper, coal, sulphur, building stone, and jute. The Japs have also been raising opium poppies there, One of the Orient's great sinecures is certainly the post of official opium tester on Formosa. The incumbent works in a rather

regal bunk in a special den decorated in black and gold, and presumably hasn't a care in the world.

Status Quo

TWO young ladies, apparently from neighboring offices, met in a corridor of the Graybar Building and exchanged a word. "Well, what's new?" one of them asked. The other, a dark, solemn type, thought for a moment, and finally said, in evident confusion, "Well, nothing new, I guess."

Collector

IT would be our hunch that a local high-school lad named Richard Marko is, in his own not terribly quiet way, one of the busiest figures on the home front. Richard collects Army and Navy shoulder patches. As of the time we talked with 'him, he had six hundred

and fifty of the patches that are now in use, as well as a hundred and fifty dating back to the last war and a hundred and fifty assorted foreign ones, both Allied and enemy. Richard is only sixteen but has been in the patch-collecting game since before Pearl Harbor. "I started collecting patches because it was the thing to do," he said to us. "Everybody tried to tell me I didn't need all those patches. Now I accept their apologies." To date, the collection has brought him in seventy-five dollars. Macy's used it last month in a patriotic window display and paid Richard twenty-five dollars. Bamberger's, when we talked with Richard, had just agreed to pay fifty dollars for the same kind of deal. "I was a fool, just a fool, to get only twenty-five dollars from Macy's," Richard said. "But I was green then, and also I guess I felt patriotic."

It is Richard's boast that he has never paid money for a patch. We gathered that it is not uncommon for Johnny-come-lately patch collectors to do this. Some local firms that make patches for the government have developed a profitable sideline by selling them to collectors. Richard's best source is the armed forces. "God help the soldier with a patch I don't know!" he exclaimed. "I just go up and take it off him." As a somewhat less radical alternative, Richard will give the soldier his name and address and ask him to send a patch as promptly as possible. He has also established contact with a number of men overseas who are collectors, and swaps with them by mail. "I send them all they want, free of charge—good business, you know," he says. He writes about thirty letters a week, which, as he pointed out to us, costs him plenty. Not all his overseas contacts are too useful, either. There's one chap in the Twenty-seventh Division who keeps sending him the Twenty-seventh's patch, over and over. "He must have sent me fifty," Richard remarked fretfully. "What can I do with them? But of course the last thing in the world you want to do is send one back. Nothing would hurt a collector's feelings more." If you write to General Montgomery's headquarters, you will get a Twenty-first Army Group patch by return mail; at least, Richard did. His toughest job was getting one from our Caribbean Defense Command—had to write fifteen letters. The enterprise has grown to the point where Richard requires the services of an assistant. This is his cousin Jimmy, fourteen years old. "Sweet, innocent, lovely as they come," Richard told us. "He helps me mount

and sort. It's too much for one man to do when he's trying to get somewhere in school."

Asking Richard what is the most valuable item in his collection merely betrays ignorance of the patch-collecting game. "You got to keep ahead of the others—that's the whole trick," he said. "Right now I guess the Troop

Carrier Airborne is my best, because nobody else has it. But you can't tell. Tomorrow it might be all over town." Richard is proud of his Merrill's Ma

rauders and his Fourth aircraft, both rare. Other rarities he prizes are . patches belonging to

outfits that were, as he puts it, “wiped out.” The collection is complete as regards United States patches, except the Fourteenth Army. “I’ll have them in about ten days,” Richard said. Along with the patches, he has been building up a museum of miscellaneous military articles— bayonets, emergency kits, buttons, ribbons, insignia, belt buckles, pins, cap devices, and quite a few medals. He even has a Congressional Medal of Honor— “very hard to get,” he assured us.

Type Casting

AN affable young d * matron we know recently moved from Manhattan to an undistinguished New Jersey suburb. One of her city friends asked her what she thought of the people out there. “Oh,” she said, “I guess they’re all right. They’re exactly like the people in the Alka-Seltzer ads.”

Few Tinhorns

WE went out to

Jamaica of a recent fair afternoon to see if the touts and bookies had taken over in the absence of the

They hadn’t. Two hundred and fifty Pinkerton men were, as usual, assigned to the track—a hundred and seventy in uniform, the rest in plain clothes —and they had everything under control. That, at any rate, is how it seemed to us, and it is what Edward F. Grogan told us, and he’s been supervising the protection of tracks for Pink

British Anti

erton for almost twenty years. Mr. Grogan is a small, weathered character who wears gold-rimmed glasses, looks mild, and talks tough. “There’s no more crime around here than before, and the tracks have all been well behaved in recent years,” he told us. “We’ve been in the business so long we know most of the angles and we’ve got the power to make

customary detail of city cops, withdrawn by Mayer LaGuardia.

“And now, if I may be permitted to step out of my role for a moment, our government has asked me to . . .”

arrests at the track. We were always glad to have the cooperation of the police, and I’m sure that if we really needed them now they’d help us out.” We asked Mr. Grogan how you go about keeping a track virtuous. “Keep out touts and bookies, see that the horses aren’t tampered with, watch for pickpockets, bar known tricksters, and so on,” said Mr. Grogan. “We’ve got photographs of over thirty thousand race-track employees and twenty-nine thousand horses, so we can spot any employee who’s ever been in trouble or any horse that’s been camouflaged. We have a big night patrol to look after the cash from the mutuels and the night men also check on the horses that are going to run next day.”

Mr. Grogan asked us if we’d like to take a walk around with him and we said we would. As we were passing the

pari-mutuel windows under the grandstand, he spoke to a burly young man in a striped suit, saying, “Give me a tail.” The man fell in behind us. “I always

have one of the boys tail me through

here,” Mr. Grogan explained, “in case I spot any muzzier I know. Saves me the trouble of going to the gate to throw him out.” As we passed the ten-dollar windows, we were joined by another Pinkerton man, a Captain Salmon, a raw-boned fellow who looks like a Mid-

die Western farmer. “Every time I get together with Ed here,” the Captain said, “something happens. Remem

her that time in Florida, Ed?” Mr. Grogan nodded. “Went to the paddock of a track for privacy to have a talk,” the Captain went on, “and Ed spots a counterfeiter the Treasury Department has been looking for for years. Got a terrific memory for faces.” Mr. Grogan peered sharply at the throngs around the mutuel windows and the refreshment stands. Suddenly he dashed ahead and brought up

beside a colored youth in a zoot suit. “Get out!” he said. “How do you do, Mr. Grogan,” the boy said. Mr. Grogan ignored him. “You get out, too,” he said to the boy’s smaller, darker companion. The burlv young man also moved in on the pair and shoved them along toward an exit. “Touting,” said Mr. Grogan, resuming his stroll. “Had to toss them out before.”

While Mr. Grogan was preoccupied with his peering around, Captain Salmon talked amiably of the Pinkerton method of maintaining order. “They know we throw the book at them if we bring them

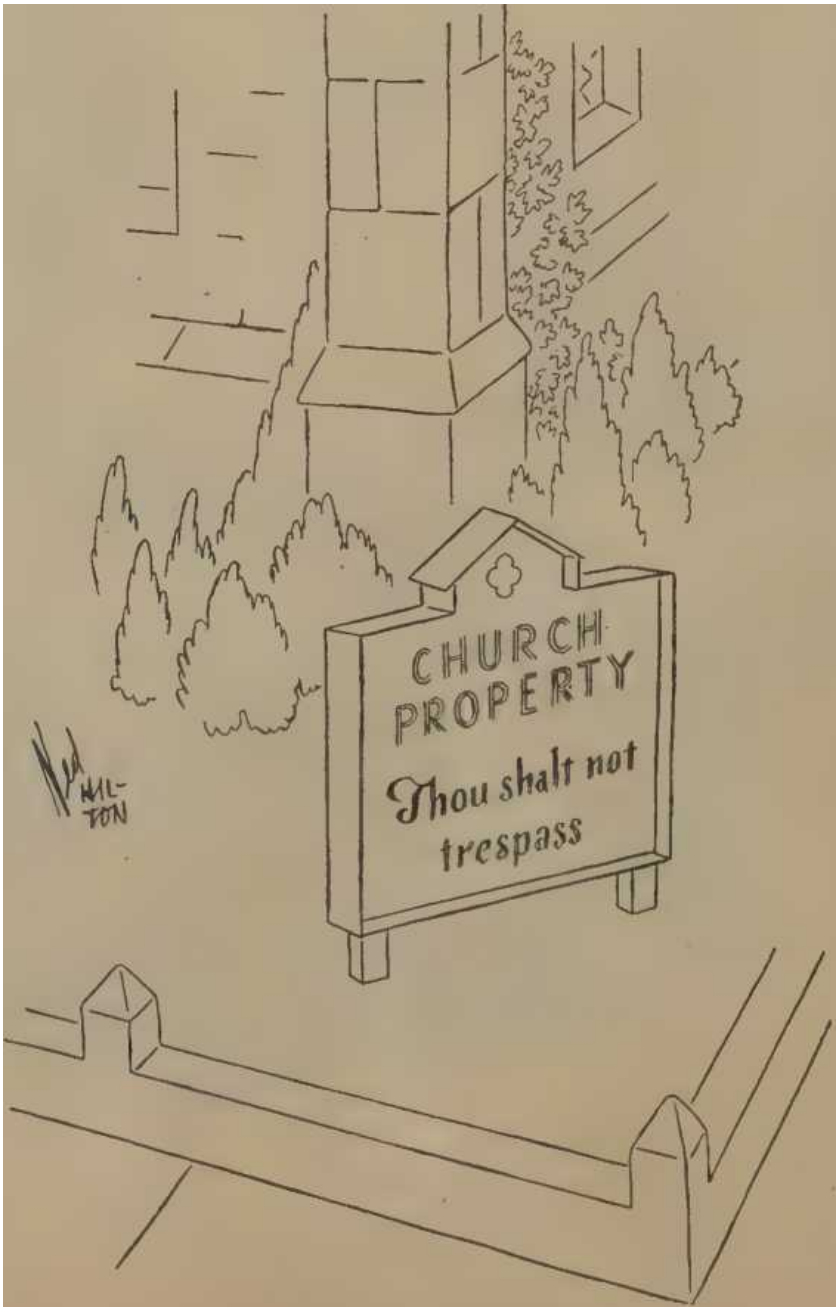
up on charges,” he said, “so all we got to do is burn them.” “Burn them?” we asked. “Give them the burn,” the Captain said. “Let them know you got them under your eye all the time. Even without prosecution, we can keep them in line by threatening to bar them from every track in the country. Imagine! A horseplayer can’t get near a track! Like a drunk without whiskey.” Captain Salmon went his own way and Mr. Grogan took us into the clubhouse, where he paused a moment to glance at the track. “First race I’ve had a look at in several days,” he said. We asked him if he ever laid any bets. “No Pinkerton employee is allowed to play the horses,” he said. “Used to be, but it was bad for morale and kept the boys broke.” As we went along, Mr. Grogan was greeted by people on all sides. It was difficult for us to tell the horse-

players from the plainclothesmen, and once we mistook one of the track officials for a gumshoe man. “Natural mistake,” said Mr. Grogan, and then bent

his ear toward a florid type, who whis-

pered that there was some funny business going on in the back part of the grandstand. Mr. Grogan told him to get the evidence and bring the culprit upstairs to his office. “One thing we don’t have much of now is counterfeit mutuel tickets,” he next remarked to us. “Every

now and then somebody changes the number on a ticket to make it a winner, but usually they don’t get away with it.



I remember one bird in Florida came to the track with a full set of dies for changing tickets. Caught him in the men's room with all his

paraphernalia. Whenever a cashier gets hold of a phony ticket, he presses a button that lights a bulb over his booth and one of our men takes over." At the end of our tour around the track, we suggested to Mr. Grogan that he might have something good in mind for the next race. "I should be a tout!" he said. "Not on your life! If I nab a bookie with a hot one, though, I'll let you know."

Tar get

AN indulgent uncle (in literature -^ -^ there are no other kinds) gave a little boy we know a model of a B-29. He got it out one day last week and announced to his mother that he was off

on a bombing mission. "What are you going to bomb?" she asked. "I'm going to bomb where all the B-29s bomb," he told her. "Tuckahoe."

Wit/ioat Permission

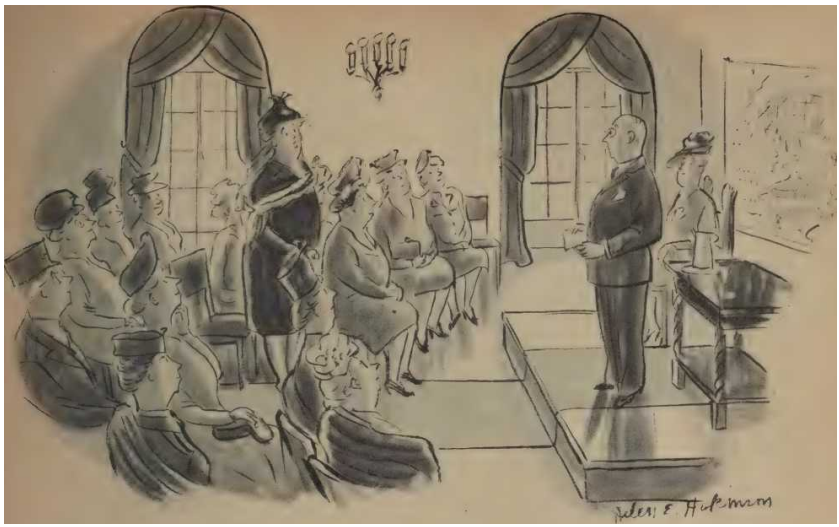
THE parents of Major Henry G. Plitt, the man who captured

Streicher, run a gas station on upper Broadway, just north of Dyckman Street, and the day after the news broke

we went up there. We found the little white building behind the pumps crowded -with neighbors and friends, all

of them talking at once and at the tops of their voices. We kept hearing, "That boy Henry . . ." and "I always knew . . ." and "I used to say . . ." Major Plitt's father, a thin, dark-haired man, appeared to be considerably undone by the aftermath of the good news. "I'm telling you," he said to us, "since four o'clock yesterday afternoon, when the first broadcast mentioned our major's name, Mrs. Plitt and I don't eat, we don't sleep, we don't even try to go to bed." He rubbed his unshaven chin. "Look at me!" he said. "A wreck. All night the phone rings —Atlanta, Miami, Hollywood even. People calling to say 'Hello and congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Plitt.' What can I say? All I can say is 'Thank you and how about buying a bond for the boys over there? There's still a war on, you know.' "

Mrs. Plitt, a rosy-cheeked, buxom woman, seemed more composed than her husband. She sat back of a large, cluttered desk and



“Ma" 1 ask a question? There are still one or two things about the postwar world that bother /ne.”

nodded end smiled at first one and then another of the half-dozen women talking to her. They were all telling her what her son was like and there was no need to answer them. Between shifts, as one group of friends was working its way out of the building and another group was working its way in, we asked Mrs. Plitt to give us something of her son’s record. “He was always a good boy,” she said, “the best boy in the world. An only child, and he had everything he wanted, but not spoiled. Every Saturday, when he was little, he would take his'grandfathcr to the temple. He went to P.S. 52, then to Staunton Military Academy. Then he attended Syracuse for a while and graduated from the Brooklyn Law School. He passed his bar in 1940, when he was twenty-one, and everyone said he was going to make a great trial lawyer.”

Mr. Plitt interrupted his wife. “A regular Maxie Steuer he is—at least as far as memory is concerned. But he was always interested in being a soldier. He was a second lieutenant in the R.O.T.C. when he got out of Staunton. He joined the A.U.S. in 1941. First he was in the Air Forces, only his mother worried so about his flying that he

got transferred to the • ground forces and was

stationed at the port of embarkation in Brooklyn." At that moment a man came in and slapped Mr. Plitt on the hack. Mr. Plitt grinned and said, [1] I know what you're here for, and thanks."

"I'd been just about sick over Henry's flying," Mrs. Plitt said. "Then they sent out a call for paratroopers. If Henry ever asked my permission to do a thing and I said no, he wouldn't do it, so he didn't ask my permission to sign up for the jumping. That kept him from having a bad conscience. He graduated from Fort Benning and went overseas in 1943 with the 502nd Parachute Infantry Regiment of the 101st Airborne Division. If I was sick about his flying, you can imagine how I felt about his being a paratrooper, but all I could do was work that much harder at my Red Cross and War Bond drives."

"She was made a lieutenant general in the Blue Star Brigade during the last War Bond drive," Mr. Plitt said. "She and I have sold enough bonds to buy a seventeen-hundred-bed evacuation hospital and two fighter planes for the 502nd Regiment, and we got papers to prove it. This news is going to help us sell more bonds than ever. Fellow called up a few minutes ago and wanted to buy ten thousand dollars' worth of

bonds. Henry was one of the first Allied soldiers to hit French soil on D Day. It says so right in his citation. He got the Silver Star and cluster for his good work and the Purple Heart and three clusters for his wounds. That first day he was only slightly wounded. Later he jumped in Holland and was wounded again. He went back into the line and in a day or two was wounded again. Then he went back into the line and got wounded a fourth time, and when he woke up he was in a hospital in England. He came back here in February for a three weeks' leave, and that's the last we've seen of our major."

Reflex

WE have had a letter from a doctor, a nose-and-throat man, who is, like most doctors these days, a little tired. The other morning this

doctor arrived at his office an hour late, because of an emergency call, and rushed into the treatment room to deal with the first patient, an old gentleman who complained of a sore throat. The patient opened his mouth for inspection, and just at that moment the telephone rang. The doctor looked alertly in at the old gentleman's tonsils and said, "Hello?"

IT'5 JUST CHUCK-FULL OF TYPICAL DEMON KAYON TWISTS

" A$^{RT4E>}$ " said Benny Greenspan, as AA he ushered me into his office, ^- "I certainly appreciate you cornin' here, specially when I know you're prolly busier right now than a one-eyed paperhanger. Here, kid." He drew a chair close to his desk and waved me toward it. "Sit down and park your carcass."

I sat down and looked slowly around the room, noticing the half-filled bookshelves, the stacks of trade papers, and the autographed pictures of movie stars. "Quite a place you have here, Benny," I said.

"Say, that's right—you never been here before. See that?" he asked, proudly pointing to the knotty-pine panelling. "I got the joint designed strickly in naughty pine. Nachelly, out here in Hollywood, when a person is in the flesh-peddlin' game whereby they are handlin' talent who yank down between three, four figgers a week, nachelly I dassent ast they should come and discuss a deal in some broken-down flea bag or other. Comprehend my drift?"

Before I could reply, he turned away, snapped down a lever on his dictograph, and barked into the metal transmitter. "I'm in confrince, Gussie, and I don't want you should disturb me come hell and hot water," he said. "Unless Sonny Grant phones me. Then I want he should be put right through, but I doubt it." He clicked the lever up, then spun around in his chair to face me. "Believe me, Artie, it's highly swell of you to come all the way outa your way just on account I phoned you should come over."

"That's the second time you've thanked me," I said. "Benny, I've a hunch you're in a little trouble with Sonny Grant."

"Brother," he said, with a sigh, "you ain't kiddin'! If I had a dime fa

evvey worry I got pryin' on my

mind right now, I'd be a well-heeled character beefin' about heavy income taxes. But I don't blame Sonny Grant so much as a certain writer who goes under the name of Ivor Barlow. Artie," he continued, jumping up from his chair, "bein' you're a writer with some connection with the Execative Board, the reason I ast you should come here, you simply gotta do me a special favor and take this whole, entire issue up with the Screen Writers Guild, they should grab this lousy incomepoop bv the

nap of his neck and kick him the hell outa Hollywood, where he belongs. I want they should blackball this nogood chiseller—" He checked himself. "Maybe I should commence from the very beginnin', so you could get a good conception what the hell I'm talkin' about."

"Yes," I said. "That wouldn't be such a bad idea."

"^XZELL," Benny began, after he

▼ ' had settled back in his chair, "I dunno if you are personally

acquainted with the head of my story department, Ray Mason, but he happens to be a very refined and cultivated character—you know, half dreamer and half dope. Anyways, about two, maybe three, months ago, he comes rushin' into my awfice, it's imperative I gotta see him right away, on account he's got a party waitin' in the reception room he wants I should meet—a guy who useta occupy a very prominent notch in the pitcha game over there in Paris, France—and Ray is sure we two could get together on a deal which would be mutually re-numerative to us both.

"So he brings in this Frenchman, Pier Louvay, and Artie, I din know if I should bust out laughin' or cryin'. He's a little, bald-haired guy, this Pier, all dried up and with such a wrinkled puss I felt like rushin' him over to my tailor and havin' his kisser pressed. But when he opens his trap, that's when I seen right away we was rapidly gettin' no place fast. In the first place, he spoke with a heavy French brogue, and in the second place, what he did to the English langwich was pure and simply murder! So I gives him the brushoff routine and I tells him he should sit tight, I'll communicate with him further.

"Once he scrams, I says

to Ray, 'Ray, what's the big idear bring-in' in this here character, he should consume such a waste of my time? Guys like that are a drudge on the market today,' I says. 'You don't unnastand,' Ray says to me. 'This fella happens to be the daddy of the French industry.' Then Ray informs me what top actors and directors this Louvay developed and he explains me some of the pitchas he produced. In fack, when he starts tellin' me about the French movie 'Lovers in Crime,' that's when my ears pert up and

I get kinda inarrested on account its cute idear.

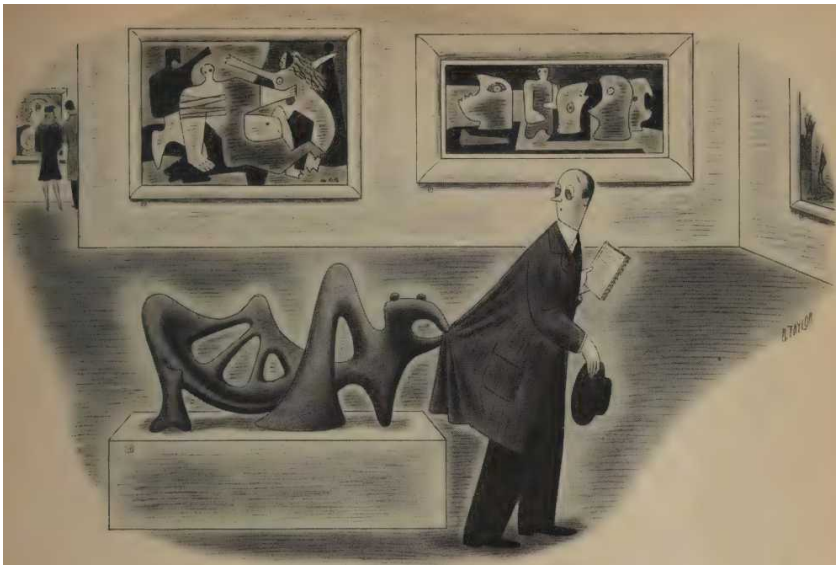
"It's a combination 'Bullock Drummond' and 'Raffles' story—all about a gang of French society crooks who get theirselves all bibbed and tuckered out, strickly formal, see, and then they crash very swanky parties, dance with the dames, and before they know it, it's goodbye pearls! And just when the Perfeck of Police got the gang tailed and he's gonna make the pinch, lo and behold, the girl they stole most the ice off of, she falls in love with the head crook and

covers him up with an alibi so that the police lets him get off scotch free. In other words, Artie, it's the kinda story it's just chuck-full of typical Demon Rayon twists.

"Well, anyways, I find out from Ray that Louvay owns all the rights to 'Lovers in Crime,' besides a barrel of other properties he produced. So I figger I got like a gold mine on my hands and I says to Ray he should grab this guy right away fa a client, ir-regardless if I don't unnastand even one word he's talkin' about.

"Well, sir, that night I'm in my study playin' a little gin rummy with a certain cute dish I happen to be romancin' when alluva sudden I remember Sonny Grant over at Monarch, he's wreckin' his brains tryin' to find somethin' fa Eddie Robinson, who promised him a one-pitcha commitment providin' he likes the story. Now, I know that Sonny and his bride, they split up again, so I figger he's prolly over at Chasen's bendin' the elbow and gettin' hisself a little topsy. So I phones Chasen's and, sure enough, Sonny is there. 'Look,' I says to him, 'I hate like hell to bother you, specially when you got your nose knee-deep in some delicious roast beef or other, but tell me,' I says, 'are you still inarrested in an Eddie Robinson property?' 'Fa cryin' out loud!' he yells on me. 'Will you stop astin' dopey questions over the phone and ast me them in person—but quick! '

"So I parks the cutie pie with a deck of cards, she should play some solitaire by herself till I gets back, and I jumps into my car and like a stroke of lightnin' I'm over at Chasen's bendin' Sonny's ear with the 'Lovers in Crime' story. And, boy, I'm givin' out with a terrific pitch, but with evveything I got. Finey, when I'm finished, I look at Sonny and he's massagin' his chin with his nails and all he says is nothin'. So I makes with the personality and I says, 'Well, Sonny, there it is. Now, what's your frank reaction?' 'Benny,' he says to me, 'I'll tell you what is my frank



reaction in one simple word—namely, it stinks! ’

“Brother, when I heard that, I knew it was a case of strickly no soap without I did some pretty fast thinkin’, which I did. ‘Nachelly it stinks,’ I says. ‘And why? On account that’s the original idear. Now, lemme tell you what a wise cookie this Louvay character is. He wantsa give the story a modrun twist and bring it up to date.’ Artie, I’m strickly spitballin’, not knowin’ what the hell I’m gonna say next, but I Agger if I can keep on flappin’ my jaws, maybe somethin’ will pop out like a bolt from the blues.

“ ‘Finstance,’ I says to Sonny, ‘Louvay Aggers to make the backgroun’ this country—America insteada Europe. He says that with the war and evvey-thing, a lotta people from abroad came over here. XYHl, the same happened with this gang of crooks. Things got a little too hot fa them and they all ex-caped to this side. O.K. So this bunch lays low till Aney their dough starts meltin’ away, and now they gotta look aroun’ fa some new angle. So what’ll it be? Well, the head crook, the Brain, he Ands out that the auction places are jammed with nuts who are buyin’ up luxuiies—anything so long it costs

dough. Right away he gets like a thought! Him and the gang will go in the art racket—you know, sellin’ hand-painted pitchas, oney

insteada peddlin' the genuwine article, his outAt will palm off phonies, and bein' they all got foreign accents, the suckers'll nachelly think they are buyin' the real stuff.'

"Artie, the words are still hot outa my mouth when Sonny starts poundin' my back so hard I feel like I'm bein' branded. 'My God, man!' he yells on me. 'This guy Louvay must positively be a genius!' 'Why, certainly he's a genius,' I says, and then I dry up, Aggerin' he'll explain me his remark, which he does. 'Imagine bein' smart enough to dope out that pitcha angle! In the Arst place, Eddie Robinson is rabbit on the subjeck from art on account he invested a young fortune in the stuff hisself, and in the second place, all I gotta do is tell him the story exposes the art racket and he'll go fa it one-two-three!'

"Then alluva sudden Sonny gets cag[e]y-likc. He prolly Aggered he tipped his mitt by showin' me how excited he is, so he says, 'You know, Benny, so far there's nothin' to it but a germ which hasta be developed on paper. But I'll tell you what I'll do,' he says. 'You take

ten grand fa the story and we'll call it a deal.' "

"No!" I exclaimed. The offer sounded too fantastic, even for Hollywood. "Don't tell me you actually got ten thousand for that crummy idea!"

"Who said anything about that was my Anal price?" Benny asked. Then, assuming the tolerant tone generally used toward a not-too-bright child, he added, "Look, kid, when a producer informs you that his star is simply gonna dote your story, then no matter what price you ast, it's still not absorbent enough.

"Anyways, I explain to Sonny that Pier Louvay happens to be like the Louie B. Mayer of the French industry, and offerin' ten grand to a man of his statue is like a slap in the kisser. 'If that's the case,' says Sonny, 'then no matter horn-much I quote, it's still gonna be like chicken feed.' 'Oh, no,' I says. 'Pier's dough is all tied up over in Europe, and he needs a little somethin' to live on— say, roughly, aroun' forty grand. Just maul it over in your mind, Sonny,' I says, 'and lemme know when you reach a conclusion.' And with that I blows, but I know I got the guy sittin' on tenderhooks and it's oney

a question of time.

“The next day I call up Pier, he

FRIENDLY ADVICE TO A RECALCITRANT MERCER

(When Mrs. Iphigene Ochs Sulzberger, president of the Park Association of New York City, Inc., wrote Philip Le Boutillier, president of Best & Co., hoping that he would help make Fifth Avenue more beautiful by planting trees in front of the new Best store at Fifth and Fifty-first Street, Mr. Le B. answered rather brusquely that he would do no such thing. He hates trees on Fifth Avenue, thinks the ones around St. Patrick’s and Radio City mar the charm of the buildings. He doesn’t think the regional pigeons are any bargain, either. If trees are planted before the new Best store, it will be over Mr. Le B.’s dead body.)

In accents sharp, if not acerb, -

Phil scorns to beautify his curb.

No Birnam Wood, says Best’s proud Thane, Shall ever come to his Dunsinane.

He casts a hostile, jaundiced eye Upon St. Patrick’s trees nearby And views with ill-concealed disdain The pigeons nesting in that fane. Nor do the trees in Radio City Excite his pleasure. Not a bit. He Feels some nicely laid cement, or Bricks, would better adorn the Center. No leaf shall rustle, or sparrow nest, Or dog disport, in front of Best.

No maple there, or oak, or elm, While P. Le B. is at the helm. I think that I shall never see A man so angry at a tree.

Ah, what a shame it is that trade

Should steel Phil’s heart ’gainst kindly shade! Could Betty Smith buy pretty things If trees had nevei' grown in Kings?

Why, forward-looking business leaders All speak well of elms and cedars;

Every man these days foresees A city thickly sown with trees. It's coming, Philip, it's a trend: Old Fifth tree-lined from end to end; From Schwarz's toy shop to the Arch Long rows of maple, ginkgo, larch, Chestnut, ash, and all the rest— Except, alas, in front of Best!

I see that block forlorn and bare, Sizzling in the summer air, A drear and arid desert scene Amid the cool, surrounding green; Customers falling, from heat or thirst, At Fifty-second or Fifty-first.

Be warned, Phil, be less adamant!

Before it is too late, recant!

Get back to Nature, man, be free!

Disport yourself, go climb a tree;

Drink in the vernal chlorophyll Or listen to a robin's trill.

Dismiss all matters mercantile, Become a happy dendrophile, Forget you ever worked on Fift', And go on a hike with Otis Swift!

You'll stride back to your native mart With laughing eye and singing heart, Better equipped to sell fine duds For having frolicked with the buds.

You'll find yourself rejuvenated, Loving those trees that once you hated.

You'll write again to Mrs. S., This time your note a hearty Yes, Swearing that on the Avenue No man shall cherish elms as you; No man more eager to sponsor a tree Than Best & Company's Phil Le B. — Why, you may be the first employer ' To shoot the works and plant a sequoia!

—Frank Sullivan

should come over to the awfice, and we liave a confrince. Well, sir, when I informs him I turned down ten grand, I honestly thought I'd have a conniption case on my hands, the way he started yellin' and screamin'. Finey he winds up tellin' me in broken-down English he'd be willin' to settle fa five thousand, so long as the dough is

legally tender.

“Now, some other agent who got larceny in their heart, he’da give the guy a fast shuffle. He’da bought the story on the spot fa five Gs, peddled it right away to Sonny fa ten, and copped hisself a fast buck. I’m sorry, Artie, but I don’t operate that way. I believe in bein’ strickly ethical or not at all. So I writes out my personal check fa one thousand smackers and I says to him, ‘Pier, I am advancin’ you some dough to tie you over. Now, you lemme handle the deal my way and I guarantee I will get you a very substantial piece change,

believe me.’ Once he sees hommuch confidence I got in the story, then he says O.K., he will lemme proceed ahead. In fack, he’s willin’ to go even further. He will cut up a buck with me fifty-fifty whatever I get, providin’ his share is not less than the ten grand originally quoted. A highly sporty proposition.

“Well, sir, I bite my time till Sonny calls me and then we go at it hammer and tongues till I finey gets him to boost the ante up to thirty thousand. Yes, sir,” Benny declared, seeing my look of surprise, “thirty thousand! And my share, fa me personally alone, woulda been a cool fifteen Gs, oney there happened to be a certain needle in the woodpile, namely that stinker Ivor Barlow! ”

“Just where does he fit into this picture?” I asked.

“ The deal’s all set, see,” Benny continued, “and the papers are all drawn up. Well, there’s an affidavid which the original writer has gotta sign which says the story is strickly his invention, so that in case some cracked pot claims it was stolen offa him, the studio is protected.

“I find out from Pier that Barlow is the guy who wrote ‘Lovers in

Crime' and he is here in Hollywood workin' over at Unity. So I calls him up and I explain him why it's imperative I gotta have his signature affixed up to the affidavid. 'My dear sir,' he says to me in a highly English dialeck like if his nose was clocked, 'Mr. Louvay purchased the story offa me in Paris, France, some vears ago, and now he owns all rights to same. I'm afraid I can't sign fa somethin' which I'm not connected w'ith whatsoever.'

"Artie," Benny said, "in my whole,

entire life T never come acrost a character with such a one-truck mind. First, 1 thought I'd soften him up with a little present, a case prewar champagne. The guy pradically tossed the case ri < rht hack in my kisser! Next, I calls him up and tells him his autograph is worth five hundred smackers to me. He informs me he already owns five Cs. So I bump up the figger to a grand, and he says he's also got a thousand bucks.

"All the time Sonny is pesterin' me, 'How's about it, and where are the documents? ' So one day while I'm over at Unity, I drops into Barlow's awfice and I have a ver) frank talk with him and I go over the entire situation with a fine tooth. I explain him that without the signed affidavid the whole deal is gonna be disbanded, but if he will sign I will personally give him the normal agent's commission of ten per cent, namely three thousand dollars.

" 'You are confusin' me up with yesself,' he says. 'Yon take the ten per cent, and me and Louvay will split fifty-fifty.' 'You can't do that to me!' I yells on him. 'Not after I talked myself black and blue in the face gettin' Sonny inarrested in the story! Not after I give it the modrun twist that sold him the idear!' 'Parm me,' this jerk says to me, 'but you couldn'tna give it any twist without I wrote that story in the first place. Besides, Louvay bought it from me fa peanuts, on account I was a dope at the time. But I learned some sense in the past few years—namely, enough to know if somebody wants my signature, it's worth what I'm astin' or not at all.' You hear?"

"Looks like he had you over a barrel," I said.

"And in spades!" moaned Benny. "I thought I'd wait and maybe I'd fig-ger out some angle, but the other day Sonny phones me and says

he’s gonna be tied up in connection with a dinner date we made, so some other time maybe. ‘Uh-uh, Benny,’ I says to myself, ‘there’s somethin’ screwy goin’ on aroun’ here. Here he’s been pressin’

“Don’t forbid them, darling. Suggest something else.”

me right along, what about the affidavid, and now he’s not mentionin’ the story whatsoever.’ I smelt a rat someplace, and, believe me, I din like it the lease little bit. I concluded I better give Barlow what he wants, otherwise the deal’s liable to get cold and I’m out the grand I advanced Louvay. So I phone Barlow he should come right over to the awfice, I’m acceptin’ his proposition.

“Well, sir, he comes over and he signs the papers, and before the signature got even time to dry, I’m in my car and I’m over at Sonny’s awfice wavin’ the papers in his kisser and tellin’ him evveything is set and we are off to the races. Sonny looks at me like if I’m starch ravin’ mad. ‘Benn)',’ he says, ‘what are you talkin’ about?’ ‘About the Eddie Robinson story,’ I says, nachelly. What else?’

“Well, Artie,” said Benn)' after a pause, “the gu)’ starts bawlin’ me out— what kind agent am I to go sellin’ somethin’ where the rights are tied hand and foot? Is he supposed to sit calmly aroun’ and wait till weeks lapse b)' while I dig up some nut or other’s signature? Then he pulls the clincher. ‘Furthermore,’ he says, ‘how can I make an Eddie Robinson pitcha when Eddie left oney two days ago on a U.S.O. tour and I got no

idear if and when he’s returnin’ back.’ It’s a lucky thing the papers weren’t signed, else the studio would be out a neat thirty grand, he says.”

I clucked sympathetically and said, “Boy, that’s certainly giving you a stiff kick in the pants.”

“Yeah, oney it’s a little higher up— right in the teeth,” Benn)' said. “I don’t blame Sonny so much as that Barlow jerk. If he hadna horsed aroun’ tryin’ to outsmart me, the deal woulda been set and I’da made myself a soft buck insteada bein’ out one thousand smackers plus a lawsuit Louvay is tryin’ to smack on me.

“From now on, Artie, I’m washin’ my hands offa writers, the whole lot of them.” He banged his fist on the desk. “They’re all wing-happy from them bats flappin’ aroun’ loose up in their belfries.” Then, suddenly remembering my occupation, he softened, patted me on the'arm, and quickly added, “Present company nachelly excepted!”

—Arthur Kober

A THOUGH! FOR THIS WEEK [Front a shoe manufacturer’s booklet^

It is said that a person is as old as his feet.

AND HOLY GHO5T

USUALLY, Rocco pretended to he asleep when Sister Louise entered his room. It was one of a number of tricks he had worked out during his stay at the hospital, and he repeated it day after day. This afternoon he lay with his eyes open, his brown hands motionless on the sheet which covered him. Sister Louise lifted the

sheet, glanced at the raw, rose-colored texture of his burns, and said, ‘ They’re better. They look fine.”

Tuusing at the sheet, Rocco said, “Why can’t I be left alone? Why is somebody always snooping around?”

“Don’t be an old crosspatch,” Sister Louise said. “Did you have a nice lunch?”

“At eleven? How’s a guy supposed to work up an appetite at eleven?”

“We’ve always had lunch at eleven here. Besides, Sister Ellen sAid you ate everything on your plate.”

“She must have finished the stuff herself. She looks big enough.”

“Goodness,” Sister Louise said mildly, taking his pulse with her cool fingers, “you certainly got out of the wrong side of bed this morning.”

“Oh, sure, I got out of bed and went down to the Midway Grill for a drink,” Rocco said. “Think nothing of it.” As Sister Louise lifted her fingers from his wrist, he added uneasily, “You’re late. You’re not supposed to be late.”

“So that’s it!” Sister Louise said, mocking him. “You’re a regular spoiled brat. You’d think I had nothing better to do than to run in and see you every two minutes.” She was flattered, nevertheless, and added soft

ly, “But I’m only a little late. _ —-

Old«Mrs. Keeney had one of her crying spells. She was afraid she’d die before she

got to confession. Father Re- — gan’s in with her now. He’s confessed her every day for a month.”

“She ought to be dead,” Rocco said. Being twenty, he spoke with assurance. “All those old crones ought to be dead.”

Sister Louise touched the crucifix which hung against her starched white habit. “You mustn’t talk like that,” she said. “If you do, I’ll have to wash out your mouth with soap.”

Rocco began to feel better. He relaxed his grip on the sheet and said, “Go ahead and try. By God, you’ve done everything else to me.”

“ ‘Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain,’ ” Sister Louise said. “You know better than to use such language, Rocco—a nice Catholic boy like you.”

“I’m not a nice Catholic boy. I’m not anything.” Then, knowing that it would wound her, he said, “What did the Lord my God ever do for me, I’d like to know? I get a job in the plane plant, I start earning real dough for the first time in my life, and bang! some dumb cluck sets fire to a bin of aluminum shavings. So I damn near burn to death.” Rocco’s eyes filled with tears. “Jesus Christ,” he said, “that’s a laugh.”

“I can do you more good on my knees in chapel than I can here,” Sister Louise said. “It’s no use wasting all day on the likes of you.” She checked the items on the night table beside his cot. The bottle of holy water and the cheap wooden rosary she had left there had not been removed from their places. She couldn’t tell whether this was a good sign, since Rocco, lying on his back without a pillow, might have been unable to see them. She said, “Is there anything you need?” •

“Sure,” Rocco said, “but it never does any good asking for things around here.”

“What do you want?”

“I want some fresh water. And I

don't mean that half pint of holy water, I mean drinking water."

"The pitcher was filled after lunch," Sister Louise said.

"And I want an orange or an apple —something like that."

"I thought you weren't hungry."

"I wasn't hungry at lunch," Rocco said severely. "I'm hungry now.ˆ

"You'll have to wait until supper. It will do you good."

Sister Louise started for the hall door, her habit rustling over the tiled floor, and Rocco said, "Well, then, I have to go to the bathroom."

■Sister Louise nodded. “You can ring for the floor nurse. She’ll be here in a second.”

Rocco groaned and drew the sheet up to his chin. Sister Louise hesitated in the doorway. “What about Father Regan?” Rocco said. “I thought you were sending Father Regan to see me.”

Sister Louise turned back into the room. Though she wasn’t deceived by Rocco’s tricks, she couldn’t help feeling that his immortal sold was at stake. “You told me you wouldn’t see him. You told me you’d throw him out the window.”

“I didn’t.”

“You called him names. Dreadful names.”

Rocco closed his eyes. “I don’t remember,” he said. “I must have been crazy.”

“He’s right next door in Mrs. Keeney’s room,” Sister Louise said. “I’ll have him drop by as soon as he finishes giving her penance.”

“I suppose you’ve told him a lot of lies about me? I suppose you’ve laid it on good and thick? ”

“You think you’re pretty important, don’t you?” Sister Louise said. “What if I haven’t told him anything at all?”

“But you have,” Rocco said. “I know you have. ‘That nice Catholic boy,’ that’s what you must have told him.” Rocco imitated the high sweetness of Sister Louise’s voice. “ ‘He’s never been baptized, so he isn’t really a Catholic, but he ought to be a Catholic. All dagos are Catholics. Oh, you’ll have to baptize him, Father, you’ll just have to.’ ”

“I never called anybody a dago in my life,” Sister Louise

said stiffly. “I don’t think you’re being a bit funny.”

“ ‘Baptize him, Father before anything happens to him, because what if he died and went straight down to hell ? ’ ” Rocco was carried away by his own mimicry; his voice shook and his eyes

filled again with tears. “ ‘Straight down to hell to burn for ever and ever, and he’s burned enough already, Father. He’s all but burned to death now.’ ”

“That’s enough of such nonsense,” Sister Louise said, with real indignation. “Your burns are coming along fine. You know they are.”

“You always claim they are,” Rocco said. “You always tell me the same thing. For all I know, I might pass out tomorrow.” Two large tears rolled down his cheeks. “Jesus

Christ,” he said. “What did Jesus Christ ever do for me?”

“Now, stop it,” Sister Louise said. “You’re no better than a girl. You’re the worst patient on the floor.”

“That’s because I’m a dago,” Rocco said. “Dagos like to cry. Didn’t you know that?”

Sister Louise said, “I’ll speak to Father Regan.” Then she picked up a towel which lay folded on the rack extending across the back of the night table and wiped Rocco’s cheeks. “Be nice to Father,” she said.' “He’s not young and quick like you. And don’t get him excited. If you swear, you’ll git him excited.”

“I don’t want to see him,” Rocco

“Here’s a good one-

said.

“But you just promised—”

“I didn’t. I won’t go through all that mumbo-jumbo. I won’t go to confession.”

“Don’t be silly,” Sister Louise said. “Nobody’s talking about confession. We’ll be lucky if we get you baptized.”

“Lucky?” Rocco asked. In spite of the p; in of his burns, he tried to raise himself on the mattress. “You mean

seven rooms, two baths, completely modern. The only trouble is it's in Billings, Montana."

I'm worse? Is that what you're getting at? You mean I'm not doing so good?"

"I don't mean anything of the kind," Sister Louise said. "You're doing fine." She put her hands lightly on his shoulders and he relaxed against the mattress. "Now, hush," she said. "I'll be back in a moment."

Rocco lay unprotesting on the bed as

- Sister Louise rustled out of the room. Usually he was convinced that he was going to get well, but there were

times when he felt certain that he was about to die, and then he would cry helplessly 'until the last wave of his fear had spent itself and was replaced by an odd, dreamlike pity for the fact of his own

death, for all the good times he had missed, the wonderful things he had never seen. No matter how hard he tried, he found it impossible then to believe that Sister Louise's desire to see him baptized had nothing to do

with his burns. At night, when Sister Louise retired with the other nuns to the Mother House across the street and only a nurse remained on duty in the shadowy corridor outside his room, Rocco suspected that Sister Louise had deceived him and that his burns would never heal. He would lie staring up into the darkness, wanting to shout her name, wanting to bring her back into his room.

At such times he wished that his father, who called himself a free thinker, had let him be baptized like the other

kids in the neighborhood in which he had grown up. The fact that he had not been baptized had placed him apart from the rest of the gang. He didn't have to hear mass and he could say words like "Jesus Christ" and "son of a bitch" without the need of going to confession afterward. But since his accident, and especially during the bad times at night, he sometimes reflected that it was one thing to have left the

Church, as his father had done, and something else never to have belonged to the Church at all. Thinking of himself as an outcast from a place unknown hut strong and reassuring, he would recall his father, a neat, sharp-tongued dandy of a man, and whisper aloud, "Why, the little son of a bitch! The little dago!"

Now, listening to the sound of the nurses' heels clicking up and down the corridor outside his room, the sound of a car starting in the street below, he wondered about Father Regan. He heard a man say, "He's asleep, isn't her" Then Sister Louise touched his forehead with her finger tips. At her touch, Rocco felt, as always, an abrupt lessening of his fear. He heard her say, "Rocco's my favorite, Father, and he knows it."

Then the priest's voice, tired and slightly hoarse: "It never pays to spoil them. They're all alike."

“Rocco’s not like anybody else,” Sister Louise said. “He’s a good boy.”

“My dear Sister, I had a parish full of them once. I know,” the priest said. .'

“He’s never had a chance,” Sister Louise said. “He’s never had anything. This was the first good job he ever got, and what happened? He nearly burned to death. When they brought him in from the plant, I thought the case was hopeless. I even left a bottle of holy water here, in case of emergency. I thought I might have to baptize him whether he wanted it or not.”

“Whether he wanted it or not?” the priest demanded. “Whv, you might have been exposing the sacrament to nullity, do you realize that?” He repeated the word with relish. “To nullity, Sister.”

“I don’t care,” Sister Louise said. “I’d have done it.” She sounded to Rocco as if she could not recall what nullity was. “I want to save him. I have to save him.”

Father Regan said, “I hope you realize, Sister, that you’ve said some rather extraordinary things.” His voice rose as if he were speaking from a pulpit. “It might be wisoto forget that young man’s sold for a while and consider your own.”

Why, you old bag of wind, Rocco thought, you old blow-hard, you’d better lay off talking to Sister Louise like that. He stirred under the sheet and Sister Louise said, “Awake?”

Rocco opened his eyes. “I must have dozed off,” he said. “I’m hungry.” He pretended not to see Father Regan,

who stood, looking plump and freshly shaven, at the high window which lit the room. “What the hell does a guy have to do around here to get some lood ? ”

“Now, Rocco,” Sister Louise said, smiling but uneasy. “Now, you be careful. I’ve brought Father Regan in to see you.”

Father Regan crossed the room to the bed. His eyes were blue and his white hair was brushed over the top of his bald htfad. He said,

“Good afternoon, my boy. I’m delighted to see you.”

Rocco said, “I’ve been here for weeks.”

“Rocco!” Sister Louise said.

Fatlier Regan held up his hand to her. “My dear Sister, don’t worry. I know the type.” To Rocco he said, “As a matter of fact, I understood that you weren’t particularly interested in seeing me. You’re not even a Catholic, are you?”

Rocco waited a moment, gauging the risk of what he was about to say. “Oh, Christ, no,” he said deliberately. “None of that stuff for me.” He saw with satisfaction that he had succeeded in making Father Regan lose his temper.

“Well, Sister,” Father Regan began, “I can tell that you’ve been having a splendid effect on this young man! And you expect me to prepare him for baptism! Even if he were dying, I should hesitate to do so.”

At the word “dying,” Rocco felt a fresh wave of fear rising within him, but he kept his eyes on Sister Louise’s crucifix. He said, “I’m not asking for a damn thing from you, so go on, get out of here! ”

“Even if he were dying,” Father

Regan repeated heavily, and walked from the room.

I! seemed a long time before Sister Louise whispered, “Oh, Rocco, Rocco! ”

Rocco reached out to take her hand, but she held herself away from him. Rocco said, “I—didn’t like what he said about you.”

“It didn’t matter. It didn’t matter to me.”

“About your soul,” Rocco said, with childish precision. “Nobody’s got a right to talk like that about your soul.”

“Rocco, I didn’t care.” .Sister Louise fumbled for the watch which hung on a cord around her neck. She kept her eyes on the watch. “It’s late,” she said. “The Mother Superior will think I’ve been kidnapped.”

“You sore ? ”

Firmly, like a housewife setting tardily about her business, Sister Louise said, “Why, the afternoon’s half over! The first thing you know, it will be getting dark.”

“At me, I mean? You sore at me?” Sister Louise turned toward the door. It was plain to Rocco that she would not answer his question, that she would go away without forgiving him. He raised himself painfully on one elbow and touched her habit. [11] You do it,” Rocco said. “The hell with him.”

Sister Louise glanced from Rocco to the bottle of holy water on the table beside the bed. “I couldn’t,” she said. “It would be a sin.”

“I thought you figured it was a sin not to be baptized,” Rocco said.

“Yes, but if you didn’t want to be baptized, I’d be”—Sister Louise hesitated—“I’d be exposing the sacrament to nullity. And that’s a sin.” She put out her hand toward the holy-water bottle. “If you wanted it, if you really wanted it—”

Rocco said, “Oh, Chri—oh, hell, I said I wanted it, didn’t I?”

“You’re sure?”

“Look,” Rocco said. “I’ll cross my heart. I’ll stand on my head. Anything you say.”

Sister Louise took him lightly by- the shoulders and laid him back against the bed. His burns ached from the change of position, but he smiled. He thought of his father, the tough little dandy, and of Father Regan, with his carefully brushed white hair and tired voice. Then it occurred to him that he probably wasn't going to die for a long time and that he wouldn't have to be afraid again for a long time. When

Sister Louise said, "What are you grinning about?," Rocco said, "By God, I feel like climbing rinht out of this bed."

Sister Louise pursed her lips as she picked up the holy water. "You

mustn’t swear,” she said. “Remember? And you mustn’t laugh when I baptize you.

It’s only the short form of baptism, but it’ll do till ton get the regular one. It isn’t supposed to be funny.”

“I can't help it,” Rocco said, still grinning. “I feel so good.” He closed his eyes. After a moment he heard Sister Louise say, “I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the

Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.” A few drops of water fell in his tangled hair, then on his forehead, and Rocco thought, it’s cold, that water’s cold, but he was careful not to interrupt Sister Louise. He didn’t want to hurt her feelings any more.

—Brendan Gill

THE first and only time I saw Mollie, he was lying dead beside a

dusty road in northern Tunisia.

That was in April, 1943. The road was La Piste Forestiere, or the Foresters' Track, which ran from Cap Serrat twenty miles inland to the town of Sedjenane. Back in the spring of 1943, when the Allies were fighting their last big offensive in North Africa, this wretched little dirt road was an important supply route.

I had been riding along the Foresters' Track in a jeep with Hal Boyle, a fellow-correspondent, who worked for the Associated Press, when I saw Mollie's body. We had got out of the jeep to watch four wounded men of the Sixtieth Infantry of the Ninth Division being loaded into an ambulance. A group of soldiers were standing around, also watching. Nearby lay Mollie, a private in the Sixtieth Infantry. A blanket covered his face, so I surmised that it had been shattered, but there was no blood on the ground, so I judged that he had been killed in the brush and carried down to the road to await transport. A big, wildlooking sergeant was standing alongside him—a hawk-nosed, red-necked man with a couple of front teeth missing — and I asked him if the dead man had been in the patrol with the four wounded ones. "Jeez, no! " the sergeant said, looking at me as if I ought to know about the man with the blanket over his face. "That's Mollie. Comrade Molotov. The Mayor of Broadway. Didn't you ever hear of him? Jeez, Mac, he once captured six hundred Eyetalians by himself and brought them all back along

PROFILES'.

QUE5T FOR. MOLLIB-II

with him. Sniper got him, I guess. I don't know, because he went out with the French, and he was found dead up there in the hills. He always liked to do crazy things—go off by himself with a pair of big field 'glasses he had and watch the enemy put in minefields, or take off and be an artillery spotter for a while, or drive a tank. From the minute he seen those frogs, he was bound to go off with them."

"Was his name really Molotov?" I asked.

"No," said the sergeant, "he just called himself that. The boys mostly shortened it to Mollie. I don't even know what his real name

was—Warren, I think. Carl Warren. He used to say he was a Broadway big shot. 'Just ask anybody around Forty-fourth Street,' he used to say. 'They all know me.' Me, I'm from White Plains—I never heard of him before he joined up."

"I had him with me on a patrol that was to contact the French when the regiment was moving into this zone last Thursday," a stocky blond corporal said. "The first French patrol we met, Mollie says to me, 'This is too far back for me. I'm going up in the hills with these frogs and get me some Lugers.' He was always collecting things he captured off Germans and Italians, but the one thing he didn't have yet was a Luger. I knew if I didn't let him go he would take off anyway and get into more trouble with the C.O. He was always in trouble. So I said, 'All right, but the frogs got to give me a receipt for you, so I can prove you didn't go A.W.O.L.' One of the soldiers with me could speak French, so he explained it and the frog noncom give me a receipt on a piece of toilet paper and Mollie went off with them." The corporal fished in one of the pockets of his field jacket and brought out a sheet of tissue. On it, the French noncom had written, in pencil, "Pris avec moi le soldat ameri-cain Molotov, 23 avril, *43, Namin, eaporal chef."

"Mollie couldn't speak French," the American corporal went on, "but he always got on good with the frogs. It's funny where those big field glasses went, though. He used to always have them around his neck, but somebody must have figured they were no more good to him after he was dead, so they sucked them up. He used to always say

that he was a big-shot gambler and that he used to watch the horse races with those glasses."

By now the four wounded men had been loaded into the ambulance. It moved off. Obviously, there was a good story in Mollie, but he was not available for an interview. The driver of the truck behind our jeep was giving us the horn, so I pulled Boyle toward the jeep. He got in, still looking back at Mollie, who said nothing to keep him, and we drove away. When we had gone a little way, at our customary slow pace, a tall lieutenant signalled to us from the roadside that he wanted a hitch and we stopped and indicated that he should hop aboard. He told us his name was Carl

Ruff. He was from New York and thought I might know his wife, an advertising woman, but I didn't. Ruff was dog-tired from scrambling through the bush. I said something about Mollie, and Ruff said that he had not known him alive but had been the first American to see his body, on Good Friday morning. The French had led him to it. "He was on the slope of a hill," Ruff said, "and slugs from an automatic rifle had hit him in the right eye and chest. He must have been working his way up the hill, crouching, when the German opened on him and hit him in the chest, and then as he fell, the other bullet probably got him in the eye. He couldn't have lived a minute."

IT was a month later, aboard the

United States War Shipping Administration steamer Monterey, a luxury liner that had been converted to war service without any needless suppression of comfort, that I next heard of Molotov, the Mayor of Broadway. The Monterey was on her way from Casablanca to New York. On the passenger list were four correspondents besides myself, a thousand German prisoners, five hundred wounded Americans, all of whom would need long hospitalization, and a couple of hundred officers and men who were being transferred or were on various errands. It was one of the advantages of being a correspondent that one could go to America without being a German or wounded, or without being phenomenally lucky, which the unwounded soldiers on our boat considered that they were. The crossing had almost a holiday atmosphere. We were

homeward bound after a great victory in the North African campaign, the first the Allies had scored over Germany in a war nearly four years old. The weather was perfect and the Monterey, which was not overcrowded and had wide decks and comfortable lounges, had the aspect and feeling of a cruise ship. The wounded were glad, in their sad way, to be going home. The prisoners were in good spirits, too; they seemed to regard the journey as a Nazi Strength through Joy excursion. They organized vaudeville shows, boxing matches, and art exhibitions, with the energetic cooperation of the ship's chaplain, who found much to admire in the Christian cheerfulness with which they endured their increased rations. A

couple of anti-Nazi prisoners had announced themselves on the first day out, but the German noncoms had knocked them about and set them to cleaning latrines, so order had soon been restored.

“That’s an army where they really have some discipline! ” one of the American officers on board told me enviously. The prisoners had to put up with some hardships, of course. They complained one evening when ice cream was served to the wounded but not to them, and another time they didn’t think the transport surgeon, a Jew, was “sympathetic” enough to a German officer with a stomach ache.

The hospital orderlies would wheel the legless wounded out on the promenade deck in wheelchairs to see the German boxing bouts, and the other wounded would follow them, some swinging along on crutches or hopping on one foot, some xyith their arms in slings or casts, some with their broken necks held stiffly in casts and harnesses. They had mixed reactions to the bouts. An arm case named Sanderson, a private who wore the Ninth Division shoulder patch, told me one day that he wished he could be turned loose on the prisoners with a tommygun, because he didn’t like to see them jumping about in front of his legless pals. Another arm case, named Shapiro, from the same division, always got a lot

of amusement out of the show. Shapiro was a rugged-looking boy from the Brownsville part of Brooklyn. He explained how he felt one day after two Afrika Korps heavyweights had gone through a couple of rounds of grunting, posturing, and slapping. “Every time I see them box, I know we can’t lose the war,” he said. “The Master Race— phooey! Any kid off the street could of took the both of them.”

Shapiro and Sanderson, I learned during one ringside conversation with them, had both been in the Sixtieth Infantry, Molotov’s old regiment. They

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“But if you married a man named Kimball the year you got out of college, what on earth, did you do with Herbert Lundquist?”

had been wounded in the fighting around Maknassy, in southern Tunisia, early in April, the first serious action the regiment had been in. Molotov had been killed late in April, during the drive on Bizerte, and until I told them, the boys hadn’t heard he was dead. I asked them if they had known him.

“How could you help it?” Shapiro said. “There will never be anybody in the division as well known as him. In the first place, you couldn’t help noticing him on account of his clothes. He looked like a soldier out of some other army, always wearing them twenty-dollar

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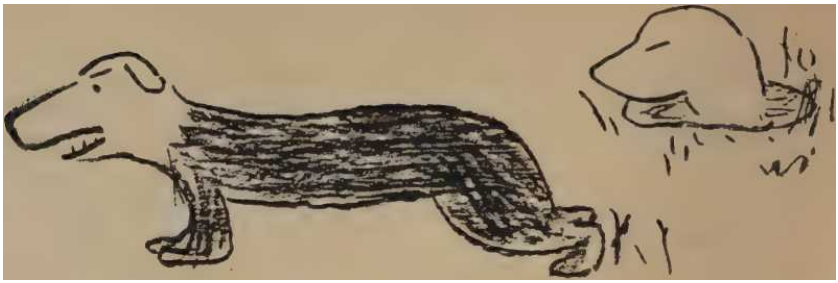


The White-faced Rage (left) and the Blind Rage

green tailor-made officers' shirts and sometimes riding boots, with a French berrit with a long rooster feather that he got off an Italian prisoner's hat, and a long black-and-red cape that he got off another prisoner for a can of C ration."

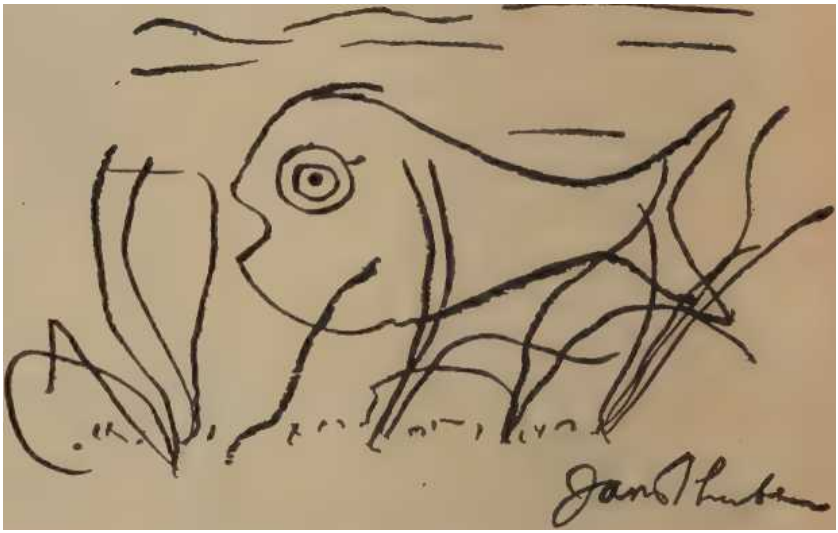
"And the officers let him get away with it?" I asked.

"Not in the rear areas, they didn't," Shapiro said. "But in combat, Mollie was an asset. Major Kauffman, his battalion commander, knew it, so he would kind of go along with him. But he would never have him made even a pfc. Mollie couldn't of stood the responsibility. He was the greatest natural-born foul-up in the Army," Shapiro added reverently. "He wascourt-martialled twenty or thirty times, but the Major always got him out of it. He had the biggest blanket roll in the Ninth Division, with a wall tent inside it and some Arabian carpets and bronze lamps and a folding washstand and about five changes of uniform, none of them regulation, and he would always manage to get it on a truck when we moved. When he pitched his tent, it looked like a concession at Coney Island. I was with him when he got his first issue of clothing at Camp Dix in 1941. 'I've threw better stuff than this away,' he said. He never liked to wear issue. He was up for court-martial for deserting his post when he was on guard duty at Fort Bragg, but the regiment sailed for Morocco before they could try him, and he did so good in the landing at Port Lyautey that they kind of forgave him. Then he went over the hill again when he was guarding a dock at Oran in the winter, but they moved us up into the combat zone

before they could try him then, so he beat that rap, too. He was a very lucky fellow. I can hardly think of him being dead."

"Well, what was so good about him?" I asked.

Sanderson, who was a thin, sharp-faced boy from Michigan, answered me with the embarrassed frankness of a modern mother explaining the facts of life to her offspring. "Sir," he said, "it may not sound nice to say it, and I do not want to knock anyone, but in battle almost everybody is frightened, especially the first couple of times. Once in a while you find a fellow who isn't frightened at all. He goes forward and the other fellows go along with him. So he is very important. Probably he is a popoff, and he kids the other guys, and they all feel better. Mostly those quiet, determined fellows crack up before the popoffs. Mollie was the biggest popoff and the biggest screwball and the biggest foul-up I ever saw, and he wasn't afraid of nothing. Some fellows get brave with experience, I guess, but Mollie never had any fear to begin with. Like one time on the road to Maknassy, the battalion was trying to take some hills and we were getting no place. They were just Italians in front of us, but they had plenty of stuff and they were in cover and we were in the open. Mollie stands right up, wearing the cape and the berrit with the feather, and he says, 'I bet those Italians would surrender if somebody asked them to. What the hell do they want to fight for?' he says. So he walks across the minefield and up the hill to the Italians, waving his arms and making funny motions, and they shoot at him for a while and then stop, thinking he is crazy. He goes up there yelling ⟨V eni



qua! f which he says afterward is New York Italian for ‘Come here!,’ and ‘Feeneesh la guerre! f which is French, and when he gets to the Italians he finds a soldier who was a barber in Astoria but went home on a visit and got drafted in the Italian Army, so the barber translates for him and the Italians say sure, they would like to surrender, and Mollie comes back to the lines with five hundred and sixty-eight prisoners. He had about ten Italian automatics strapped to his belt and fifteen field glasses hung over his shoulders. So instead of being stopped, we took the position and cleaned up on the enemy. That was good for the morale of the battalion. The next time we got in a fight, we said to ourselves, ‘Those guys are just looking for an easy out,’ so we got up and chased them the hell away from there. A disciplined soldier would never have did what Mollie done. He was a very unusual guy. He gave the battalion confidence and the battalion gave the regiment confidence, because the other battalions said, ‘If the Second can take all those prisoners, we can, too.’ And the Thirty-ninth and the Forty-seventh Regiments probably said to themselves, ‘If the Sixtieth is winning all them

fights, wc can also.’ So you might say that Mollie made the whole division.” I found out afterward that Sanderson had oversimplified the story, but it was essentially true and the tradition endures in the Ninth Division.

“What kind of a looking fellow was Mollier ” I asked.

“He was a good-looking kid,” Shapiro said. “Medium-sized, around a hundred and sixty pounds, with long, curly blond hair. They could almost never get him to have his hair cut. Once, when it got too bad, Major Kauffman took him by the hand and said, ‘Come along with me. We’ll get a haircut together.’ So he sat him down and held onto him while the G.I. barber cut both their hair. And everything he wore had to be sharp. I remember that after the French surrendered to us at Port Lyautey, a lot of French officers gave a party and invited a couple of officers from the battalion to it, and when the officers got there they found Mollie was there, and the Frenchmen were all bowing to him and saluting him. He was dressed so sharp they thought he was an officer, too—maybe a colonel.”

Another boy, a badly wounded one in a wheelchair, heard us talking about Mollie and rolled his chair over to us. “It was the field glasses I’ll always remember,” he said. “From the first day we landed on the beach in Morocco, Mollie had those glasses. He told some fellows once he captured them from a French general, but he told some others he brought them all the way from New York. He told them he used to watch horse races with the glasses; he was fit to be tied when he got to Morocco and found there was no scratch sheets. ‘Ain’t there no way to telegraph a bet on a race?’ he said, and then he let out a howl. ‘Vot a schvin-dle!’ That was his favorite saying— ‘Vot a schvindle! ’ He was always bitching about something. He used to go out scouting with the glasses, all alone, and find the enemy and tip Major Kauffman off where they were. He had a lot of curiosity. He always had plenty of money, but he would never tell where he got it from. He just let people understand he was a big shot—maybe in some racket. When we was down at Fort Bragg, he and another fellow,, a sergeant, had a big Buick that he kept outside the camp, and they used to go riding all around the country. They used to get some swell stuff.”

“He never shot crap for less than fifty dollars a roll when h*e had the

dice,” Shapiro said, “and he never slept with any woman under an actress.” The way Shapiro said it, it was as if he had said, “He never

saluted anybody under the rank of brigadier general."

DURING the rest of the voyage, I heard more about Mollie. I found nobody who was sure of his real name, but the majority opinion was that it was something like Carl Warren. "But he wasn't American stock or Irish," Sanderson said one day in a group discussion. "He seemed to me more German-American." Another boy in the conversation said that Mollie had told him he was of Russian descent. Sanderson was sure that Molotov wasn't Russian. "Somebody just called him that because he was a radical, I guess," he said. "He was always hollering he was framed." "He used to have a big map of the eastern front in his tent in Morocco," another soldier said, "and every time the Russians advanced he would mark it with pins and holler, 'Hey, Comrade, howdya like that!'" One boy remembered that Mollie had won fifteen hundred dollars in a crap game at Fort Bragg. "He had it for about three days," he said, "and then lost it to a civilian. When he got cleaned in a game, he would never borrow a buck to play on with. He would just leave. Then the next time he played, he would have a new roll. Right after we landed in Morocco, he was awful flush, even for him, and he told a couple of guys he'd climbed over the wall of an old fort the French had just surrendered and there, in some office, he found a briefcase with fifty thousand francs in it. The next thing he done was hire twelve Arabs to cook and clean and wash dishes for him." "I was inducted the same time with him, at Grand Central Pal

ace," an armless youngster said, "and him and me and the bunch was marched down to Penn Station to take the train. That was way back in January, 1941," he added, as if referring to a prehistoric event. "He was wearing a blue doublebreasted jacket and a dark-blue sport shirt open at the neck and gray flannel trousers and a camel's-hair overcoat. They took us into a restaurant on Thir-

ty-fourth Street to buy us a feed and Mollie started buying beers for the whole crowd. 'Come on, Comrades,' he says. 'Plenty more where this comes from.' Then he led the singing on the train all the way

down to Dix. But as soon as he got down there and they took all his fancy clothes away from him, he was licked. 'Vot a schvindle!' he says. He drew K.P. a lot at Dix, but he always paid some other guy to do it for him. The only thing he could ever do good outside of combat was D.R.O.— that's dining-room orderly at the officers' mess. I've seen him carry three stacks of dishes on each arm."

When I told them how Mollie had been killed, Shapiro said that that was just what you'd have expected of Mollie. "He never liked to stay with his own unit," he said. "V ou could hardly even tell what battalion he was in."

IWAS not to see the Army's official version of what Mollie had done in the fight against the six hundred Italians until last summer, when I caught up with the Second Battalion of the Sixtieth Infantry near Marigny, in Normandy. Mollie's protector, Major Michael S. Kauffman, by then a lieutenant colonel, was still commanding officer. "Mollie didn't capture the lot by himself," Kauffman said, "but he was instrumental in getting them, and there were about six hundred of them all right. The battalion S-2 got out a mimeographed training pamphlet about that fight, because there were some points in it that we thought instructive. I'll get you a copy." The pamphlet he gave me bears the slightly ambitious title "The Battle of Sened, 23 March, '43, G Co. 60th Infantry Dawn Attack on Sened, Tunisia." The Sened of the title was the village of Sened, in the high djebcl a couple of miles south of the Sened rail

road station. It was country I remembered well: a bare plain with occasional bunch grass, with naked red-rock hills rising above it. The Americans had fought there several times; I had seen the taking of the railroad station by an-tother regiment at the beginning of February, 1943, and it had been lost and retaken between then and March 23rd.

On the first page of the pamphlet

there was a map showing the Italian position, on two hills separated by a narrow gorge, and the jump-off position of the Americans, two much smaller hills a couple of miles to the north. Then there was a list of "combat lessons to be learned," some of which were: "A small aggressive force can knock out a large group by determined action,"

“Individuals, soldiers with initiative, aggressiveness, and courage, can influence a large battle,” and “Confusion is normal in combat.” I have often since thought that this last one would make a fine title for a book on war. The pamphlet told how an Italian force estimated at from thirty men to three thousand, according to the various persons interviewed in advance of the fight by S-2 (“Question civilians,” the pamphlet said. “Don’t rely on one estimate of enemy strength. Weigh all information in the light of its source.”), had taken refuge in the village of Sened. G Company, about a hundred and fifty men, had been ordered to clean out the Italians. It had artillery support from some guns of the First Armored Division; in fact, a Lieutenant Colonel MacPherson, an artillery battalion commander, was actually the senior American officer in the action. This colonel, acting as his own forward observer, had looked over the situation and at four in the afternoon of March 22nd had ordered the first platoon of the company to attack. It was soon apparent, judging by the defenders’ fire, that the lowest estimate of the enemy’s strength was very wrong and that there were at least several hundred Italians on the two hills. Then, in the words of the pamphlet, “Private Molotov”—even his officers had long since forgotten his civilian name—“crawls to enemy position with Pfc. De Marco (both are volunteers) and arranges surrender conference. C. O. refuses to surrender and fire fight continues. Individual enemy riflemen begin to throw down their arms. First platoon returns to Sened Station at dark with 147 prisoners, including 3 officers.”

“De Marco was a friend of Molotov’s,” Colonel Kauffman told me. “It was Mollie’s idea to go up to the enemy position, and De Marco did the talking. It must have been pretty effective, because all those Italians came back with them.”

“G Company,” the pamphlet continued, “attacks again at dawn, first and third platoons attacking. Entrance to* town is deep narrow gorge between two long ridges. Town lies in continuation of gorge, surrounded on all sides by 1,000-2,000 foot djebels as shown

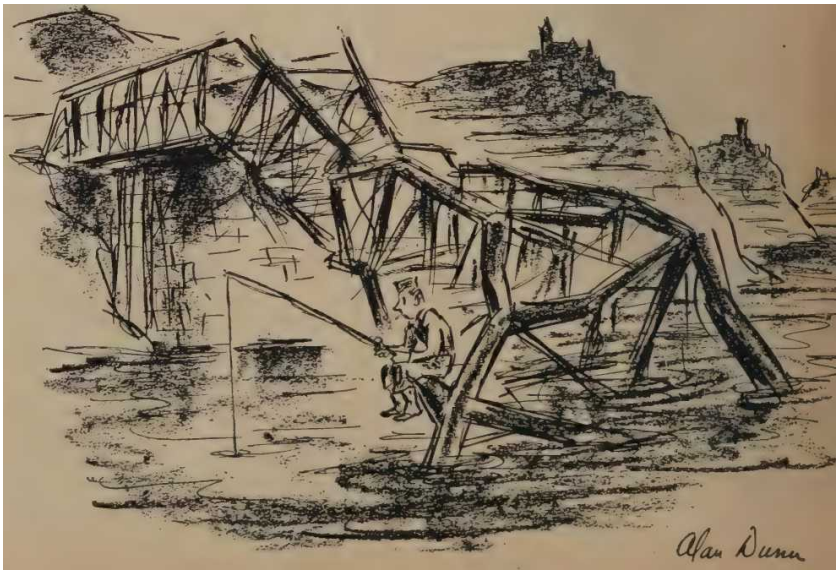
in sketch. (Possible enemy escape route was used by Ancient Romans as park for wild animals used in gladiatorial matches.) Approach to gorge entrance is terraced and well concealed by a

large olive-tree grove; five (5) or six (6) field pieces in grove have been knocked out by previous day's artillery fire."

Although the pamphlet didn't say so, the olive groves had once covered all the plain. That plain is now given over to bunch grass, but it was carefully irrigated in the days of the Roman Empire. The "wild animals used in gladiatorial matches" were for the arena at the splendid stone city of Capsa, now the sprawling, dried-mud Arab town of Gafsa, fifteen miles from Sened.

"Company attacks as shown on sketch," the pamphlet continued, "third platoon making steep rocky climb around right, first platoon (Molotov's) around left. Light machine guns and mortars follow close behind by bounds, grenadiers move well to front with mission of flushing enemy out of numerous caves where he has taken up defensive positions. Left platoon, commanded by Sergeant Vernon Mugerditchian, moves slowly over ground devoid of concealment, and finally comes to rest. Molotov goes out alone, keeping abreast of faster moving platoon on right, and assists Lt. Col. MacPherson in artillery direction by shouting."

The combined artillery and infantry fire made the Italians quit. The pamphlet says, in closing, "Italian captain leads column of prisoners out of hills, bringing total of 537 (including officers). Total booty includes 2 large trucks, 3 small trucks, several personnel



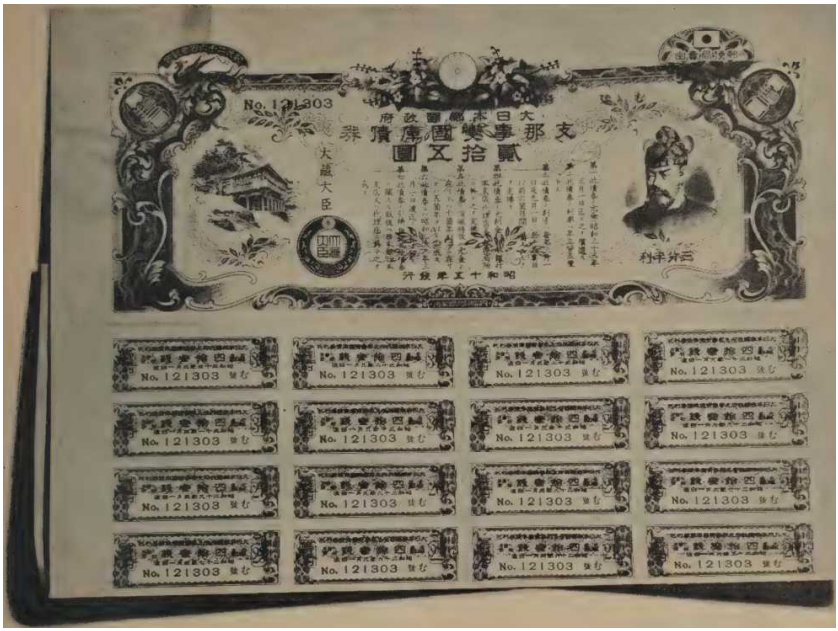
carrier motorcycles, 200 pistols, machine guns, rifles, and ammunition."

"Mollie liked to go out ahead and feel he was running the show," Colonel Kauffman said. "We put him in for a D.S.C. for what he did, but it was turned down. Then we put in for a Silver Star, and that was granted, but he was killed before he ever heard about it. He was a terrible soldier. He and another fellow were to be tried by a general court-martial for quitting their guard posts on the docks at Oran, but we had to go into action before court could be held. The other fellow had his court after the end of the campaign and got five years."

The officers of the battalion, and those at division headquarters, knew that I was going to write a story about Mollie sometime. Whenever I would encounter one of them, in a country tavern or at a corps or Army headquarters, or on a dusty road behind the lines, during our final campaign before Germany's surrender, he would ask me when I was going to "do Mollie." I am doing him now.

VEN after I had been back in the ' States for a while that summer of 1943, I had an intermittent interest in Mollie, although La Piste Forestiere assumed a curious unreality after I had been living on lower Fifth Avenue a couple of weeks. I asked a fellow I knew at the

Times to check back through the casualty lists and see if the death of a soldier with a name like “Carl Warren” had been reported, since I knew the lists gave the addresses of the next of kin and I thought I might be able to find out more about Mollie. The



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Times man found out that there hadn't been any such name but that there was often a long interval between casualties and publication. I took to turning mechanically to the new lists as they came out and looking through the " W"s. One day I saw listed, among the Army dead, "Karl C. Warner, sister Mrs. Ulidjak, 230 E. Eightieth Street, Manhattan." The juxtaposition of "a name like Warren" with one that I took to be Russian or Ukrain-ian made me suspect that Warner was Molotov, and it turned out that I was right.

A couple of days later, I went uptown to look for Mrs. Ulidjak. No. 230 is between Second and Third Avenues, in a block overshadowed by the great, brute mass of the Manhattan Storage & Warehouse Company's building at the corner of Eightieth. Along the block there were a crumbling, red-brick elementary school of the type Fusion administrations like to keep going so that they can hold the tax rate down, a yellowish, old-fashioned Baptist church, some boys playing ball in the street, and a banner, bearing a number of service stars, hung on a line stretched across the street. As yet, it had no gold stars. No. 230 is what is still called a "new-law tenement," although the law governing this type of construction is fifty years old: a six-story walkup with the apartments built around air shafts. Ulidjak was one of the names on the mailboxes in the vestibule. I pushed the button beside it, and in a minute there was an answering buzz and I walked upstairs. A thin, pale woman

with a long, bony face and straight blond hair pulled back into a bun came to the apartment door. She looked under thirty and wore silver-rimmed spectacles. This was Mrs. Ulidjak, Private Warner's sister. Her husband is in the Merchant Marine. She didn't seem startled when I said I was a correspondent; every American expects to be interviewed by a reporter sometime. Mrs. Ulidjak had been notified of her brother's death by the War Department over a week before, but she had no idea how it had. happened or where. She said he had been in the Sixtieth Infantry, all right, so I was sure Warner had been Mollie. "Was he fighting the Japs?" she asked me. When I told her no, she seemed slightly disappointed. "And you were there?" she asked. .1 said I had been. Then, apparently trying to visualize me in the context of war, she asked, "Did you wear a helmet, like Ernie Pyle? Gee, they must be heavy to wear. Did

it hurt your head much?" When I had reassured her on this point, she led me into a small sitting room with a window opening on a dark air shaft. A young man and a young woman, who Mrs. Ulidjak said were neighbors, were in the room, but they went into the adjoining kitchen, apparently so that they would not feel obliged to look solemn.

"Was your name Warner, too, before you were mar-ˆ-ˆˆ ried?" I asked Mrs. Ulidjak.

"No," she said, "Karl and W I were named Petuskia—

that's Russian—but he

cti changed to Warner when he

came to New York because

he thought it sounded sweller. We were from a little place called Cokesburg, in western Pennsylvania. He hardly ever came up here. He had his own friends."

'Did he go to high school in Cokesburg?" I asked.

The idea amused Mrs. Ulidjak. "No, just grammar school," she said. "He was a pit boy in the coal mines until we came to New York. But

he always liked to dress nice. You can ask any[7] of the cops around the Mall in Central Park about him. Curly, they used to call him, or Blondy. He was quite a lady's man."

Then I asked her the question that had puzzled Mollie's Army friends: "What did he do for a living before he went into the Army? "

"He was a bartender down to Jimmy Kelly's, the night club in the Village," Mrs. Ulidjak said.

She then told me that her brother's Christian name really was Karl and that he was twenty-six when he was killed, although he had looked several years younger. Both parents are dead. The parents had never told her, as far as she could remember, what part of Russia they came from. When I said that Mollie had been a hero, she was pleased, and said he had always had an awful crust. She called the young neighbors, who seemed to be of Italian descent, back into the sitting room and made me repeat the story of how Mollie captured the six hundred Italians (I hadn't seen the official version of his exploit yet and naturally I gave him full credit in mine). "Six hundred wops!" Mrs. Ulidjak exclaimed gaily. She got a lot of fun out of Mollie's "big shot" stories, too. She showed me a large, expensive-looking photograph of him "addressing" a golf ball. He was wearing light-colored plus-fours, white stockings, and brogues with tassels, and there was a big, happy grin on his face that made it plain

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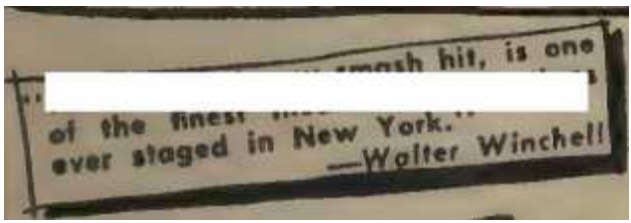

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that he was not going to hit the ball but was just posing. He had a wide, plump face with high cheekbones and square white teeth, and the hair about which I had so often heard looked at least six inches long. “He had a room at 456 West Forty-fourth Street, and a little Jewish tailor down in that neighborhood made all those nice things for him special,” she said admir-inuly. She had never heard him called Molotov.

I WENT over to West Forty-fourth

Street a few days later. The 400 block, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, looks more depressing than the one the Ulidjaks live on. It is mostly shops dealing in the cheap merchandise that is used as premiums, and stores that sell waiters’ supplies, and lodging houses favored by waiters and cooks. It was evident from the look of the house at No. 456 that though Mollie had spent a disproportionate share of his income on clothes, he had not wasted anything on his living quarters. No one at No. 456 remembered Mollie. The tenants and the janitor had all come there since his time. I couldn’t find the little tailor. But on the north side of Forty-fourth Street, near Ninth Avenue, there is a building occupied by the Warner Brothers’ Eastern offices, and I was sure that this had given Mollie the idea of calling himself Warner.

That evening I went down to Jimmy Kelly’s, on Sullivan Street. Kelly’s is the kind of club that never changes much but that you seldom remember anything specific about unless you have had a fight there. I hail been there a few times before I had gone overseas, in 1941, but I couldn’t even remember the bartender’s face. Kelly’s has a dance floor a little bigger than two tablecloths, and there is always a show with young, sometimes pretty girls imitating the

specialties that more famous and experienced performers are doing at clubs uptown, and a master of ceremonies making cracks so old that they have been used in Hollywood musicals. The man behind the bar the night I showed up said he had been there several years and had known his predecessor, whose name was not Molotov. He had never heard of a bartender named Molotov or Warner or Mollie or Karl at Kelly's. After I had had a couple of Scotches and had told him the story, he said he wondered if the fellow I meant hadn't been a busboy. The description seemed to fit one who had worked there. "We all used to call this kid Curly," he said, "but Ray, the waiter who is the union dele-

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gate, might remember his real name."

Ray was a scholarly-looking man with a high, narrow forehead and shellrimmed spectacles. "Curly's name was Karl C. Warner," he said after he had been told what I wanted to know. "I remember it from his union card. He was a man who would always stand up for his fellow-worker. Waiters and Waitresses Local No. 1 sent him down here in the summer of 1940 and he worked until late the next fall. He was outspoken but a hard worker and strong—he could carry three stacks of dishes on each arm. A busboy has a lot to do in a place like this when there is a rush on—clearing away dishes, setting up for new parties, bringing the waiters their orders—and a stupid boy can spoil the waiters' lives for them. We had another boy here at the same time, an Irish boy, who kidded Curly about the fancy clothes he wore, so they went down in the basement and fought for a couple of hours one afternoon. Nobody won the fight. They just fought until they were tired and then stopped. Curly had wide interests for a busboy," Ray continued. "When there was no rush on, he would sometimes stop by a customer's table, particularly if it was some man who looked important, and talk to him for ten minutes or so. The customers didn't seem to mind. He had a nice way about him. He had a kind of curiosity."

The Army stories about Mollie's wealth made Ray and the bartender laugh. "He used to come back here now and then during the first year he was in the Army," Ray said, "and always he would borrow ten or twenty dollars from one of us waiters. We would lend it to him because we liked him, without expecting to get it back. " A busboy at Kelly's is paid only nominal wages, Ray told me—just about enough to cover his laundry bill—but the waiters chip in a percentage of their tips for the boys. "I guess Curly averaged about

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forty a week here," he said. "If he was anxious to get extra money, he might have had a lunch job someplace else at the same time, but I never heard about it. A tailor like he had probably made those

suits for about twenty-five per. What else did he have to spend money on? His night life was here. He used to tell us he had worked at El Morocco, but we used to say, 'What's the difference? Dirty dishes are the same all over.' "

At the union headquarters, which are on the twelfth floor of a loft building on West Fortieth Street, Mollie was also remembered. The serious, chunky young woman in the union secretary's .office said, "Warner was always a dissident. He would speak up at every meeting and object to everything. But we all liked him. He stopped paying dues a few months before he went into the Army, but at Christmastime in 1941 he came back here and said he heard that union members in the services were getting a present from the local, so he wanted one, too. So we gave it to him, of course. The secretary will be interested to know he is dead."

The young woman called the secretary, a plump, olive-complexioned man, from his desk in an inner room and said to him, "You remember Karl Warner, the blond boy with curly hair? He has been killed in Africa. He was a hero."

"Is that so?" the secretary said. "Well, get a man to put up a gold paper star on the flag in the members' hall right away and draw up a notice to put on the bulletin board. He is the first member of Local No. 1 to die in this war."

I thought how pleased Mollie would have been at being restored to good standing in the union, without even having paid up his dues. Then I thought of how much fun he would have had on the Mall in Central Park, in the summertime, if he could only have gone up there with his Silver Star ribbon on, and a lot of enemy souvenirs. I also thought of how far La Piste Forestiere was from the kitchen in Jimmy Kelly's.

—A. J. Liebling

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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KTHEATRE

H. M. 5. BOJANGLE5

HE considerable sections of “Memphis Bound” that are devoted to assassinating “H. M. S. Pinafore” are funny, noisy, and pretty wonderful all around, and since the rest, while by no means on the same level, is still distinguished by the frequent appearances of Bill Robinson, I think the whole operation can safely be put down as a success. Colored renditions of Gilbert and Sullivan aren’t, of course, anything new, but they are always good and conceivably in time may get to be the only form in which America can be persuaded to swallow the great Victorian operettas. It is hard to say just why these works Lnd themselves so perfectly to Negro talent, except that in a sense, by superimposing hardy burlesque on what was originally genteel satire, the humor takes on an extra dimension. Audiences at the Broadway Theatre these nights are actually laughing simultaneously at Bill Robinson and Queen Victoria, or better, perhaps, with the colored race at the stateliest traditions of British comedy as summed up through the years in the bound volumes of Punch. It is not only a fine double joke but also conducive to a very agreeable feeling of superiority in the beholder. The Queen, I’m afraid, would not be amused.

To get back to the subject under discussion, it may be that “Pinafore” isn’t quite as happy a selection for the hotfoot as “The Mikado,” since the plot and background lack that regal air which appeals so powerfully to the Negro sense of humor and the music isn’t quite so well adapted to the walloping rhythms of swing. Nevertheless, it has been handled with enormous spirit and rare ingenuity in the matter of variations (Josephine, for instance, is not one girl but three) and I think it works out beautifully. The focus of all the gaiety, of course, is Mr. Robinson, who proclaims himself the Ruler of the Queen’s Navee in a golden

uniform more dazzling than the sun, taps up and down his famous stairway with that faultless precision which was a marvel years ago and, now that he is sixty-seven, comes very close to being a prodigy, and appears in general to be having the time of his ancient life. His assistants are very satisfactory, too. Avon Long, whose dancing always seems in danger of getting a little overstylized, or just too damned graceful, but somehow never does, proves himself, in the part of the captain, a crisp and expert comedian as well; Sheila Guys, Ida James, and Thelma Carpenter, as the triple

Josephine, are fetching and melodious enough not to have to bother especially about acting; Ada Brown, a vast and beaming Buttercup, harmonizes prettily with the Delta Rhythm Boys; Billy Daniels, who, like all those Josephines, is making his first Broadway appearance, turns up with a remarkably fine voice as their humble

VWM $€ WE WILE

arrivals

DE PART UHLS

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“Will you kindly explain why the 10:34 was on time today?

suitor; and Frank Wilson, Ann Robinson, Edith Wilson, and a fascinating tribe of little colored children also contribute

handsomely to the evening's pleasure.

The book, in which "Pinafore," along with an odd snatch from "Trial by Jury," is embedded, is the work of Albert Barker and Sally Benson. It has a good many agreeable moments, such as a plaintive discussion between Mr. Robinson and Mr. Long about the queer things that ladies put on their heads and keep in their handbags, but on the whole it seems just a bit too shapeless and intricate for easy consumption. Very briefly, the action takes place on a grounded showboat and deals with the efforts of the troupe to raise money to refloat her and steam down to Memphis. Hence the production of "Pinafore." There are innumerable complications, the most important of which is the fact that the pilot (Mr. Robinson) prefers a comfortable cell in the local jail to marriage with a portly lady in the company, but in this space I'm afraid I can't tell you how they all work out, even if I remembered very clearly. Don Walker and Clay Warnick, who did the excellent arrangements in the interpolated opera, contributed some music of their own, but it isn't very memorable, either. Two things,

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The daily flow of audience to any network is ordinarily "weighted" by a few exceptionally popular programs which are regularly broadcast on certain nights of the week. Thus the largest single network audience on a Monday night ordinarily "belongs" to CBS; Tuesday night it leans toward another network.

But last May 7 and May 8 weren't "ordinary" days. The crisis of V-E Day swept familiar programs and their "ratings" aside. The networks had to stand on their own feet—and all had to face an acid test.

Through those two days, the radiomeasurement-shark Hooper measured the radio audiences in four great and widely-dispersed urban areas: New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and San Francisco—cities in which the total balance of physical facilities by no means favored CBS. Hooper found:

* That throughout the white heat of the climax of war in Europe, CBS swept ahead of all other networks and stayed there !

Most any seasoned radio analyst would have predicted that Columbia would naturally lead on any Monday night. It did. CBS actually led the other networks on May 7 by a margin of from 22% to 128%. Maybe that was because people followed their Monday-habit of listening. But on Tuesday—V-E Day itself—with the weight of habit leaning to another network, the CBS audience led all

networks by a margin ranging from 5% to 211%.

Audience confidence like that, though it was dramatically demonstrated in a turbulent crisis, is no accident, no caprice of an individual program's "rating" It's the direct result of years of steady effort to deliver the best service in radio. The listener simply proved he knew it when it counted most.

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however, that remain constantly satisfying are the bright, original costumes and settings by Lucinda Ballard and George Jenkins. They couldn't be better.

IN her play forbiddingly entitled

“Foxhole in the Parlor,” Elsa Shelley has made an earnest and certainly commendable plea for a really permanent peace. Reluctantly, I have to say that it doesn’t quite seem to work, partly because her political theory is usually either dreamy or elementary, partly because of a certain rather ghastly air of sophistication which she has inflicted on several of her characters, partly because her clinical information on war neuroses sounds as if it came out of a syndicated medical column, and even partly because Lee Simonson, not content with knocking out the front walls of two adjacent houses, has put the whole business on wheels and set it rolling back and forth across the stage for no aesthetic purpose that I could figure out.

Miss Shelley has built her play around a sensitive young musician who, after nightmare experiences in Africa and France, followed by three months as a mental case in an Army hospital, comes home ostensibly cured. He is violently and understandably obsessed with the idea that there must never be another war, however, and his condition is a matter of some concern to his neighbors, a household consisting of a brilliant artist (the management unfortunately has made the usual mistake of exposing samples of his work to the audience), his sympathetic wife, his beautiful and sporty model, and a superior colored man who seems to spend his life getting people meals on trays. They do their best for him, especially the model, who is of a willing disposition, but it isn’t much good. He simply wants to get a message to the San Francisco Conference on behalf of a comrade who was killed at his side, explaining what must be done to keep the peace forever. Most of the play is devoted to his desperate, incoherent struggle to tell somebody what he wants to say, but no one, including a senator who conveniently drops in on his way to the Conference, can make much sense out of a crusade that has some mystic basis in the Feast of the Passover. A sister, summoned East from her peaceful Oregon hop farm, is frankly of the opinion that he is still crazy, and when he shows his resentment at this hasty diagnosis by going after her with a cake knife, she makes arrangements to have him committed to a private asylum. In the end, Miss Shelley manages to clear up this

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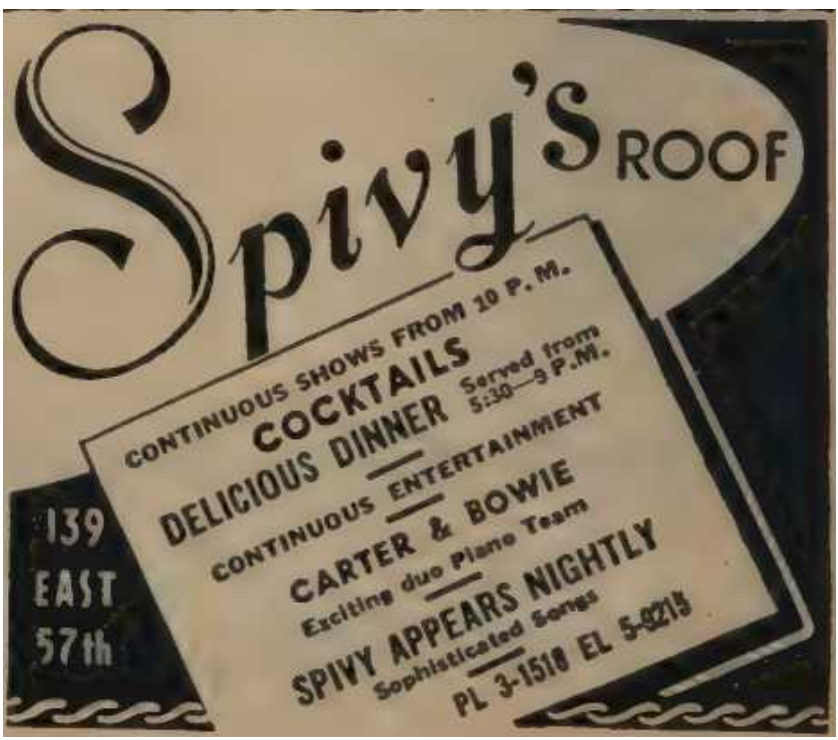

untidy situation, but I'm afraid her solution isn't much more rational or satisfactory than her hero's ideas about the peace. Montgomery Clift, as the psychoneurotic warrior, duplicates the

taut and bitter performance he gave a season ago in “The Searching Wind,” and, since my colleagues seem to have admired him intensely, I hesitate to say that I found him a trifle monotonous. Russell Hardie, Flora Campbell, Grace Coppin, and Ann Lincoln are among those who ride around on Mr. Simonson’s oscillating set. On the whole, they looked a little uneasy.

THERE are four or five quite agreeable items in “Blue Holiday,” an all-colored variety show at the Belasco, but most of it, I’m afraid, is familiar and repetitive. 3'wo teams of eccentric dancers—the Three Poms, female, and the Chocolateers, also a trio, but male— operate with that rather synthetic abandon which the Negro has apparently decided the white man expects of him; a couple of hard-working but primitive humorists, Willie Bryant and Timmie Rogers, introduce the other acts when they aren’t busy with specialties of their own; Lillian Fitzgerald sings the title song, which is not distinguished; Mary Lou Williams plays boogie-woogie, an art form I don’t feel competent to discuss; and on the opening night there was a lugubrious salute to the serious drama in the shape of an excerpt from “Mamba’s Daughters,” which featured Ethel Waters but otherwise had very little in common with the original. This last item, I hear, has since been eliminated —a step in the right direction, if true.

To balance this catalogue of misery, we have Josh White, who is superb with such rakish ballads as “Hard Time Blues” and “Evil-Hearted Man;” Josephine Premice, an angular girl with a fiercely pointed face, who executes her native Haitian dances with a strange, jerking ecstasy that I am quite ready to accept as genuine; the Katherine Dunham Dancers, who abet Miss Premice very handsomely in a voodoo number, though I’m sorry to say they aren’t nearly as effective in something intended to represent the behavior of the carefree Fiji Islanders; the Hall Johnson Choir, who give perhaps a rather odd effect when they sing “St. Louis Blues” in their ecclesiastical vestments but are nevertheless very impressive vocally; and finally, of course, Miss Waters, with a fine selection of the songs she has plugged to glory. All this is very nice, but it’s my guess that it isn’t quite enough.—Wolcott Gibbs

I'm proud that my soft, smooth skin belies the years . . .

that my make-up glows so flatteringly.

The secret of this youthful-looking appearance?

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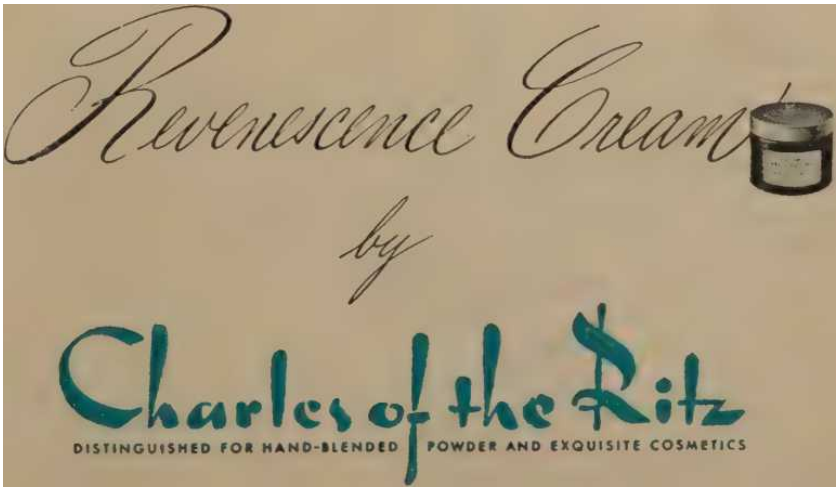

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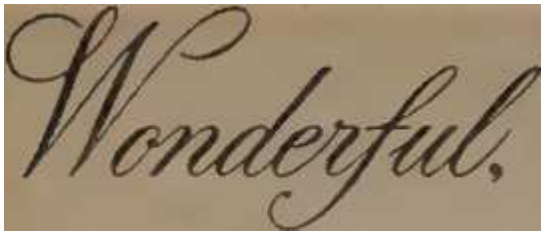

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EVERYBODY had a good time at the opening of the season at Jamaica last week. The runners were diverting but unpredictable—something named Easy Spell won the first race at $55.40 and the daily double paid $1,001.10. The attendance was

42,179, and the scramble for trains back to town couldn’t have been wilder if it had been started from the stall gates.

If signs, omens, and tote figures mean anything, racing on Long Island is on the

way to another year of great pros-

perity, for the mutuel handle is averaging well over two million dollars a day. Of course, nothing is ever perfect. Plaintive criticisms have been levelled against the new business of closing the betting machines shortly before the horses reach the starting point instead of, as heretofore, after they are off and running. This means that the betting on a race stops several minutes sooner than it used to. How much money has been shut out is anyone's guess. Estimates run to twenty per cent of a day's business, but that seems high. Nevertheless, the sum must be considerable, because New Yorkers are strictly last-minute bettors. Besides, a considerable amount of comeback money, the wagers bookmakers in town send out to be bet at the track, is shut out, too. Two reasons

have been advanced to account for the

early-closing decision. One is that a clique of nimble thimbleriggers used to bet on the animal that came out of the starting gate first, a practice that often gave them quite an advantage in a short race. They could do this because the tote wasn't actually closed until the field had gone nearly a furlong. The other is that the tracks want to keep the volume of betting down, and I can't think of a better way to do it. I fancy, though, that the Department of Taxation and Finance in Albany, which these days is overweeningly interested in ways of improving the breed of race horses, will look into the matter if the state's pleasant profit on the betting falls off too much.

EXCEPT for Jeep, there really isn't much to say about the colts who ran in the Experimental Handicap on the first afternoon at Jamaica.

A great deal can be said about Jeep, however. He was away last in the field of thirteen, but he soon settled down and finished

so fast that he won by lengths from Greek Warrior. Everything else was down the course. Jeep seems to run better at Jamaica than he does at any other track. You may recall, as lots of horseplayers did after the Experimental, in which he paid $30.90, that he won twice

there last year, and nowhere else. What I liked about him in the Experimental was that he ran the last quarter (the one that counts) much better than he did the first. Flood Town disappointed me. He

looked well and had speed for a mile,

but after that he seemed to go all to pieces.

THE race that is likely to be remembered longest of those at Jamaica last week was Devil Diver's in the Paumonok Handicap. He carried 132 pounds (weight enough to steady any horse), followed the pace for four of the six furlongs, came around the leaders on the stretch turn, and beat Apache handily. If time means anything to you, and it ought to, he did it in 1:10 J^. It was hard luck for Apache, who ran so well on Monday, and it was also the second time Devil Diver had beaten him in the Paumonok. In my book, Devil Diver is the best handicap horse we have. I thought we'd seen the last of him at the end of 1944. In fact,

he was booked for retirement. How-

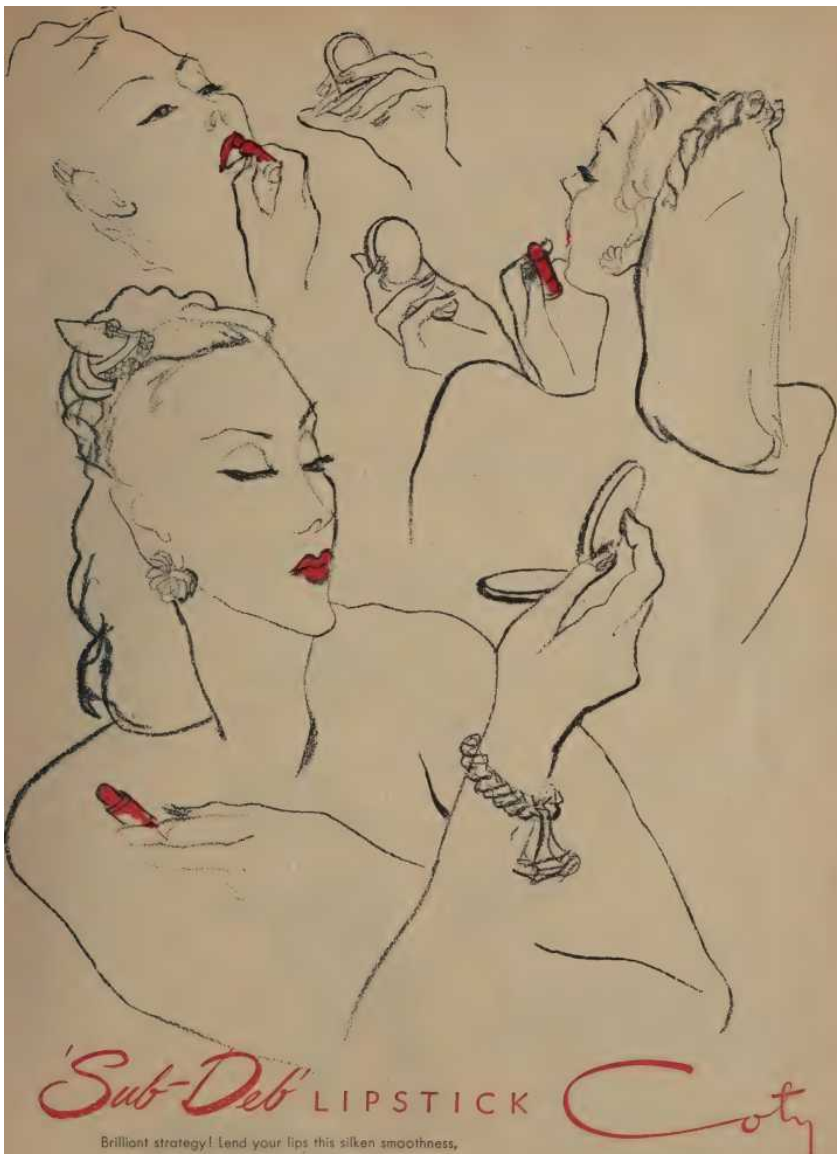
ever, he has come back from a winter at Aiken as good as new. Devil Diver, who is now six, has grown into a quiet, level-headed, powerful fellow. He still limps when he walks, and he always will, because one foreleg is shorter than the other. Some people say that's what gives him such speed.

FOR me, the week's best two-year-old was Beaugay, one of the more expensive members of Mrs. Elizabeth Graham's Maine Chance Farms stable. Beaugay, who is a $22,000 yearling and a half-sister to Pericles, the $66,000 horse, ran five furlongs so fast and apparently so effortlessly that she might be kept in mind for both the Rosedale Stakes at Jamaica this week and the Fashion at

Belmont.

Footnote on the Scientific

Spirit: Trainers are experimenting with penicillin to check the cough-ing-sickness epidemic among their horses. —Audax Minor



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A REPORTER. AT LARGE

NOTE5 ON LONDON AT THE END OF A VAR

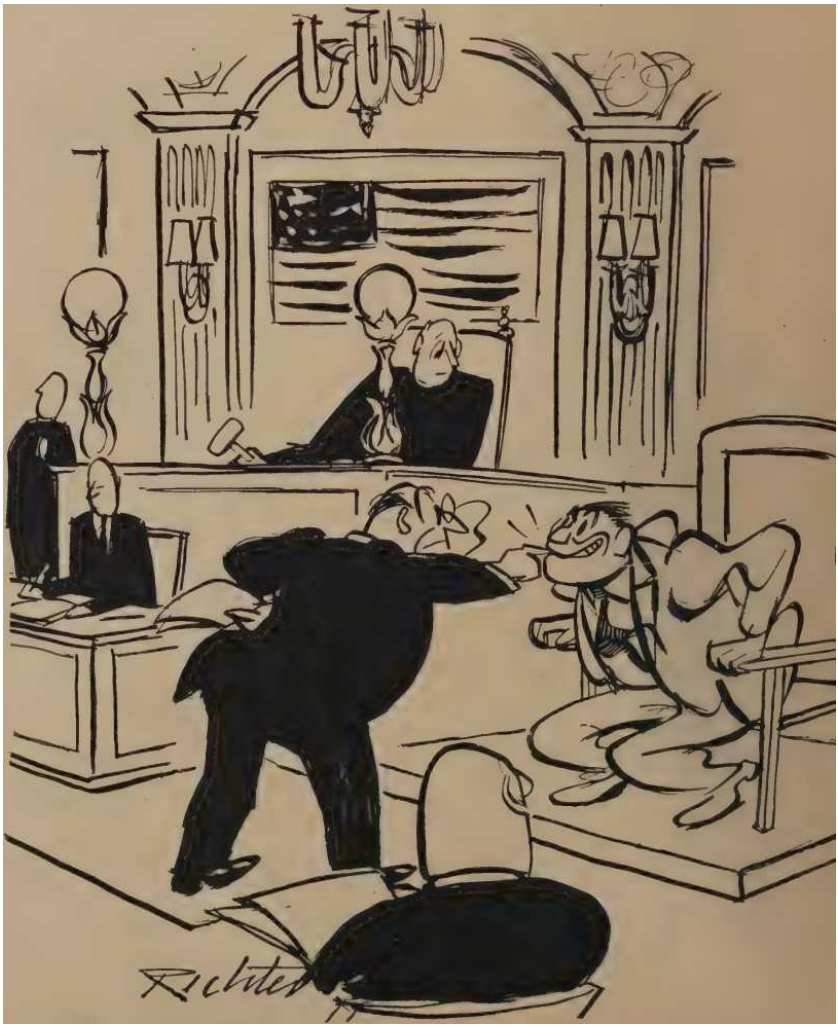
THE English way of getting things done is quite distinct from the American way. It is quieter, more orderly, politer. When my ship was about to dock in London, a British pilot came aboard to take us up the Thames. The deckhands had been cleaning the deck and draining the water out of a hole next to the ladder up which he was to climb, and one of the sailors now closed the hole. The pilot, as he came over the side, said to the sailor, “Good morning. Thanks for stopping the water,” and went immediately about his business on the bridge. I was somehow impressed by this and tried to think what an American would have said. He would probably have said nothing at all or would have made some kind of wisecrack. And so, when the officials of the port came aboard, it seemed to me that one’s dealings with officials in England were pleasanter and more expeditious than with those of any other country. Even when they are holding you up, there is no strain and no friction. The officials of other countries tend to behave as if they assumed you were a crook, but the British officials look up at you with a candid and friendly eye which seems to assume that you must be honest. I had the impression later, in London, when I saw people getting their ration books and complying with other wartime regulations, that the whole organization of life for the war had been handled in this same calm and careful way. Compared to England after more than five years of food rationing, fuel restrictions, and the rest, the United States, in its first throes of privation, seemed hysterical, uncertain, and confused.

There is about London today a certain "flavor of Soviet Moscow. It surprises Londoners if you remark on this and does not particularly please them, but people told me at the American Embassy that several other visitors who had been in Russia had said the same thing. The regimentation and the tension imposed by the war have produced certain results very similar to those of the effort, during

the twenties and thirties, to make the Soviet Union self-dependent. People look rather shabby, but almost everybody looks equally shabby. Many people are working for the government; everybody has something definite to do and each is intent on his particular job. There is the atmosphere of emergency and transition

to which people have settled down; many things are left undone or unfinished—in London the repair of buildings, in Moscow the carrying out of civic projects—which would in normal times make intolerable eyesores. There is a great deal of getting oneself registered and of having to have passes in order to do things, and people are always having to line up and wait for hours in queues. There is also the democracy of manners—one of the striking changes in London—of people in the same boat who cannot afford to be rude to one another, all constrained by a common danger and dependent on cooperation.

The English have also, since the war, been somewhat shut in from the rest of the world, as the Soviet Russians are. Their newspapers today are as meagre, though not so misleading, as the Russian ones; their sense of what



other countries are like and of what is going on outside England seems to have become rather dim. People who have been living in London through all or most of the years of the war—unable even to go to the seaside: a great privation, apparently, for Londoners—complain of a kind of claustrophobia, and young people in government offices who have had to give up to the war five years of that part of their life which is ordinarily more cheerfully employed show the same mixture of boredom and devotion as the young workers for the Soviet economy showed toward the end of the second Five Year Plan. And, as in Moscow, there are women in

pants and the problem of neglected children. There is also the quietness of everybody. The submissiveness. The patience. The acceptance. The parks seem muted, like Russian parks. In the evening, people lie on the grass or stroll

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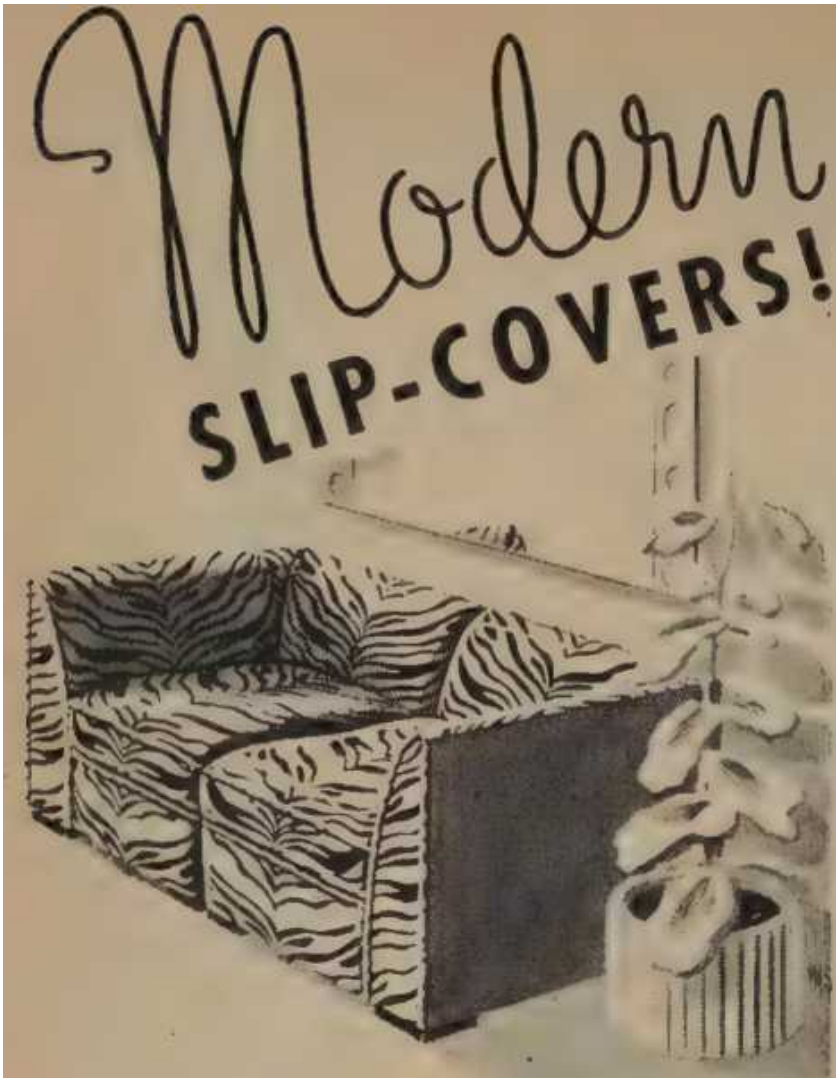

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along the paths or go boating on the Serpentine or play a primitive form of baseball called rounders, and are almost as soundless as the rabbits munching grass in their wire enclosures. Even the American soldiers playing the American form of baseball are much less noisy than they would be at home.

T HAD forgotten what a pleasant city A London is. No doubt it

comes to seem more attractive as New ˆ ork becomes consistently less so. From the moment a New Yorker is confronted with almost any large city of Europe, it is impossible for him to pretend to himself that his own city is anything other than an unscrupulous real-estate speculation, whereas a capital like London is a place where people are supposed to live and enjoy some recreation and comfort rather than merely pay landlords rent. The green parks and the squares that interlace the whole West End seem enchanting after the windowed, expressionless walls, the narrow, crowded streets of New York. 1 he best that Mr. Moses has been able to do, admirable though it is, seems pathetic beside, say, Kensington Gardens, which provides a real escape into the country, not a mere space for benches and asphalt walks. I he moist air, which softens form and deepens color, gives all these parks a special charm, as one sees them under pearly clouds in the pale-blue sky of an early spring evening or, later, fringed with purple lilacs and studded with white-blossoming chestnuts above turf that is soft and dense, like the air. And though a good deal of fun, at one time or another, has been made of the London statues by people like Osbert Sitwell and Max Beerbohm, it is cheering to a New Yorker, with a depressed recollection of the figure of Fitz-Greene Halleck in Central Park, to find, within a short walk, monuments to four English poets—Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare, and Byron—and even statues of the conventional public kind which have a certain authentic life: the bronze Victory driving her horses into the sky and the Saint George of M orld War I killing a dragon with mustaches like the Kaiser's. You realize that the English, through these symbols, quite as much perhaps as the French, have managed to keep in the air the admiration for human excellence and the imaginative vision of history. 7 here is, however, one mechanical monument which stands out among these human ones as a bleak, unassimila-ble block—a statue to the Royal Artillery in the shape of a huge howitzer. This suggests that the war just ended

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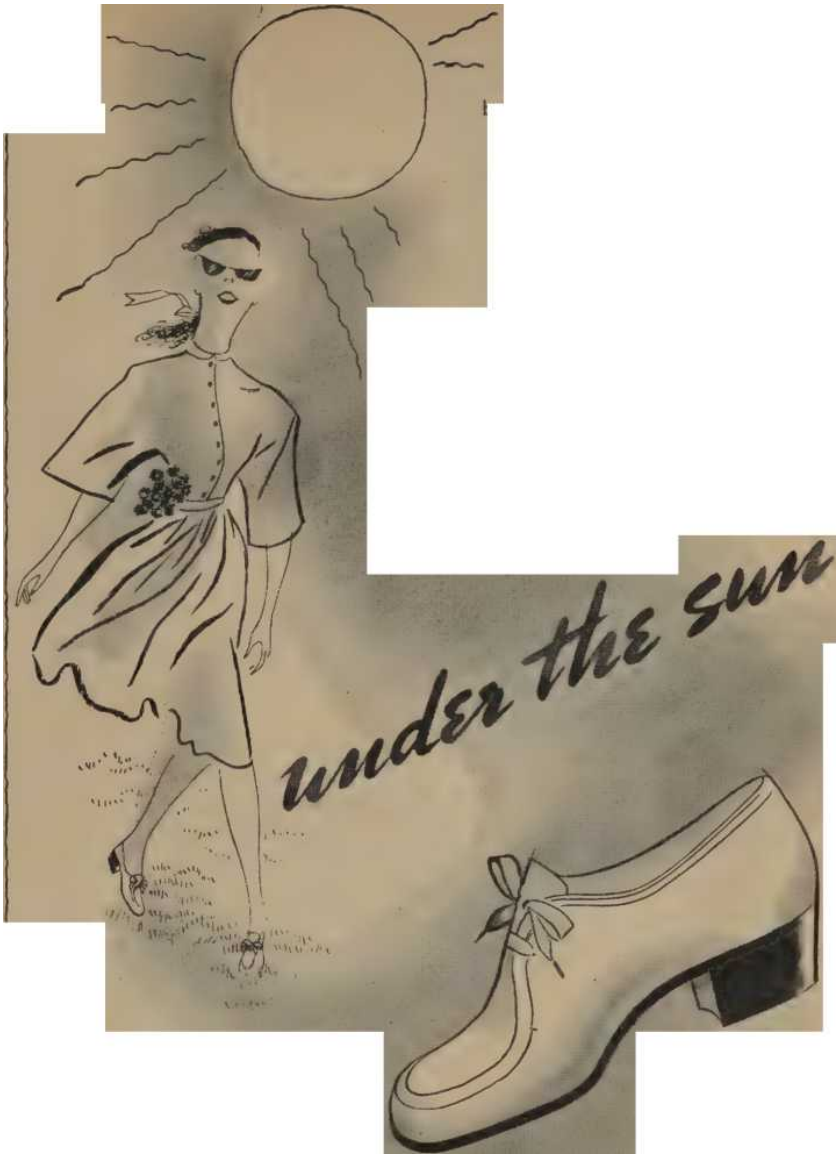
may eventually bring, for its memorials, bronze bombers, marble tanks, and granite anti-aircraft batteries. In fact, you have something of the kind already in the great war monument in Edinburgh Castle, where there are yards and yards of bas-reliefs of men with machine guns, trench helmets, and gas masks and all the other equipment of the last war. You feel here a definite break in the tradition of human heroism: the armored knights with their plumes and beaks were still at least caricatures of the human animal, but the big age of engineering has reached the point, in England as elsewhere, of getting this animal out of sight. A monument for the next World War might be simply an enormous rocket which had never been touched by human hands from the moment it was shot out of its stand.

Being attacked from the air by flying bombs and rockets must be something quite new in sensations. While my ship was lying in the Thames on a mild and quiet April day, a rocket went off somewhere

not far away among the streets of little London houses on which we were looking out; the pilot said to someone the next morning that a second one had just passed overhead. When I got off the boat, I was told that the tram line was now blocked, because of the blowing-up two days before of the bridge at the end of the street. It would hardly be correct to use, in connection with these automatic explosives, the word “nightmarish.” A nightmare involves apprehension; the terror must always be expected. The Londoners say that in the case of the blitz you were dealing with other human beings, could see them coming, and could at least try to do something about them: a relationship between combatants was established, so the thing seemed to make some sense. But the “doodlebugs,” or flying bombs, and even more the rockets, came as a disruption completely irrelevant to even an emergency pattern of life. With the rockets there was nothing you could do: you could not either hear them or see them coming, and you might just as well not think of them at all. Though when you walked through one of those pleasant parks or squares that you were in the habit of passing every day, it would be a shock to come upon a great ulcer, the crater of a V-2. On some other occasion, you might be knocked flat and stunned and have to be carried in out of the street, or you might be sitting at home and have all your clothes blown off and your skin peppered with masonry and plaster, or you might be annihilated. Nothing, of



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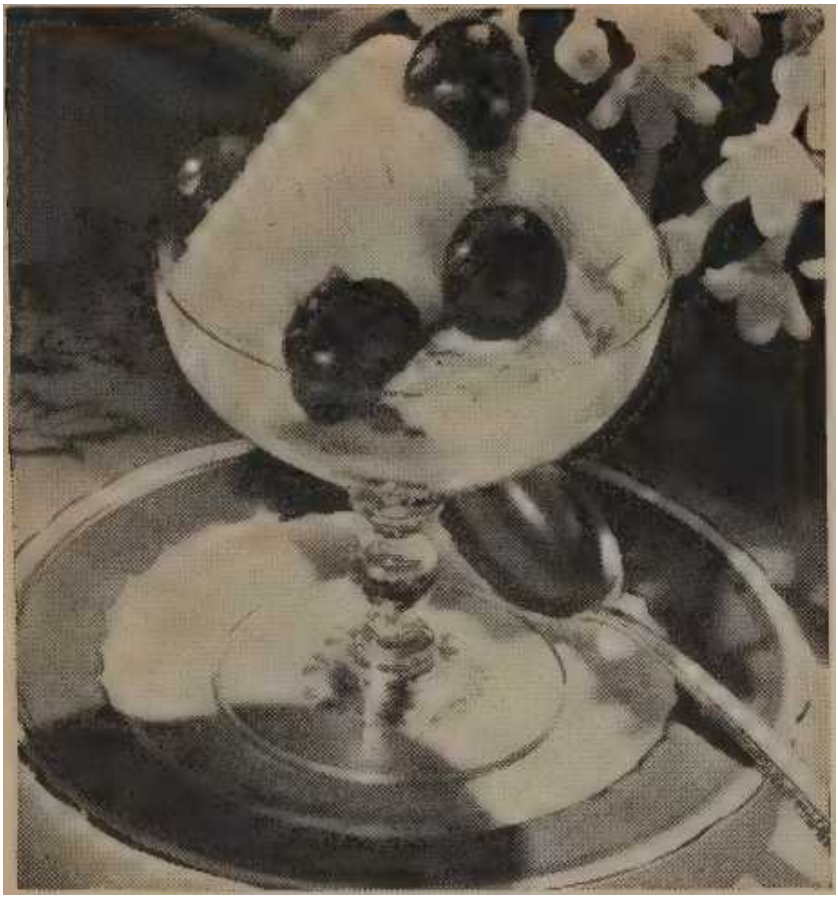

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course, was further from the attitude of London during the days of the V-2 rockets than the atmosphere of abject panic described by German propaganda. At the time the V-ls were falling, there was an exhibition on Oxford Street which showed a diagram and model of the rocket and photographs of some of the damage, and people were dropping in curiously, as they would on the fortunetelling machines and the waxworks. But those who know what the Germans were preparing believe that if they had been given time to intensify the attack, they could have made London uninhabitable. A commission which visited the Pas-de-Calais, after that part of the coast had been abandoned by the Germans, found a whole hillside planted with giant guns, fixed in their positions and aimed at London and capable of firing five or six projectiles a minute, and, in another place, a hilltop scooped out and equipped with rocket sites for some larger type of rocket than V-2s.

THE London theatre, to a New

Yorker, is amazing. It used to be very much less interesting than ours, but it is at present incomparably better. Our theatre has been demoralized by Hollywood; no one really takes it seriously any more. We have few directors or actors who even want to do a good job, and these rarely get a chance to do one. But the London theatre still exists, and the war has had the effect of stimulating it to special

effort. With so much of tight routine in their lives, so little margin for vacation or luxury, and feeling somewhat helpless in their hemmedin world, the Londoners, again rather like the Russians, have needed the theatre for gaiety, for color, and also—what is very important and what the American films can't supply—for the vicarious participation in the drama of personal emotions that are possible only in peacetime, when the individual is relatively free. In the first place, they put on really good plays. During the month that I spent in London, you could see three plays of Shakespeare (as well as an English film of "Henry V"), John Webster's "The Duchess of Malfi," two plays of Ibsen, two of Bernard Shaw, one of Chekhov, one of Strindberg, and, on a lower but still respectable level, two plays by Noel Coward, as well as "The Circle," by Somerset Maugham.

Some of these plays were brilliantly done, and all that I saw were done with a kind of theatrical competence that is almost obsolete on Broadway. Not only do people want to see serious plays in London, but they are also intelligently

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interested in acting. I heard discussion everywhere of actors in their roles, of a sort that has not been heard at home since the early years of the twenties. I saw half a dozen actors in London—Ralph Richardson, Laurence Oliver, John Gielgud, Cecil Trouncer, Sybil Thorndike, and Peggy Ashcroft—who were certainly first-rate, performing in repertory companies in which they were as likely to do small parts as big ones and had none of the fantastic billing which has done so much to spoil our theatre. The two best performances I saw were “Richard III” and “The Duchess of Malfi.” It is a great thing to hear Elizabethan blank verse read as verse and yet be distinct to the last syllable, and as comprehensible and effective as normal speech. With us this tradition has been lost from the time, I suppose, that John Barrymore was persuaded to read “Hamlet” like prose. And today an American Shakespearean production usually combines a variety of accents and a variety of metrical or non-metrical conceptions of the rhythm of the lines in a way that does the master little justice. Implausible though it may appear, the Elizabethan “Duchess of Malfi,” not played anywhere since God knows when, is probably the most fascinating show to be seen in London. It seems to me, in fact, one of the best productions that I have ever seen of anything anywhere. You would think that this old tragedy of blood, with its grotesque horrors and highly wrought speeches, is the kind of thing of which a revival would be sure to turn out dreary or comic, but this production, by the poet George Rylands, is so immensely imaginative and skillful and the acting is at once so dynamic and so disciplined that it holds you. from beginning to end. You might have thought that Webster’s style was too precious for the stage, but every speech has its force and point.

The English somehow got the emotions of the war into both “Richard III” and “The Duchess of Malfi”: the accelerating pace of

horror, crime, injustice, grievance, revenge. No, “The Duchess of Malfi” was not funny. You understood what Gertrude Stein meant when she said that she had reread in France, during the war, Shakespeare’s tragedies and historical plays and had realized for the first time that human life could be like that. One saw the fall of “Richard III” as Hitler was staggering to defeat; and one saw the scene of the released lunatics, in which the Duchess of Malfi is told her doom, just at the moment of the expose of the German prison camps. The theatre was thus a

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little breathless, a little tense with fear and fatigue, like everything else in London. One felt its limitations more when one saw something that was supposed to he consoling. "The Wind of Heaven," by Emlyn Williams, well done though it too was, was depressing in its attempt to exploit the need of the people for something to believe in, something to reassure them that there is a God behind the world, after all. Mr. Williams makes a Messiah appear in Wales at the time of the Crimean War: a saintly child who can heal the cholera and who brings the sound of celestial music. But, alas, when you go out of the theatre, there is no Messiah there.

THE influence of America on

England had already gone pretty far when T was there in 1935, and a public reaction against it was expressed in the popular revues, which ridiculed the United States at the same time that they were resorting to American methods and using American jokes. Today the influence is more pervasive and, though criticism on the stage and in the press is restrained by our relations as Allies, the rebellion against that influence is stronger. Everybody goes to the American

films and the “lower order” now chews gum Everybody under forty-five, of whatever social class, seems to say “O.K.” and “That’s right,” and the American use of “fix,” in the sense of “mend” or “arrange,” seems to be universal. People also begin statements with “Look” instead of with “I say” (now becoming a little old-fashioned), which I believe was originally an Americanism, too; and it is queer to hear phrases like “het up” and “conked out” pronounced by English voices. There is some growling about this in print, and there has recently been a very sharp protest against the dominance of the American films, a protest with which an American may gloomily find himself in sympathy. The effect of the American movies, American journalism, and American radio on the British lower-middle class is, I fear, going to be rather awful. They will get much of the banality and cheapness with little of the excitement and snap. There is certainly a large market in England for the worst the United States has to offer. Our Hollywood stars are already their stars and our best-sellers will be their bestsellers.

The English, in fact, partially as a result of all this, have become fairly neurotic about America. They were swamped by the American Army, as wave after wave of it came in before

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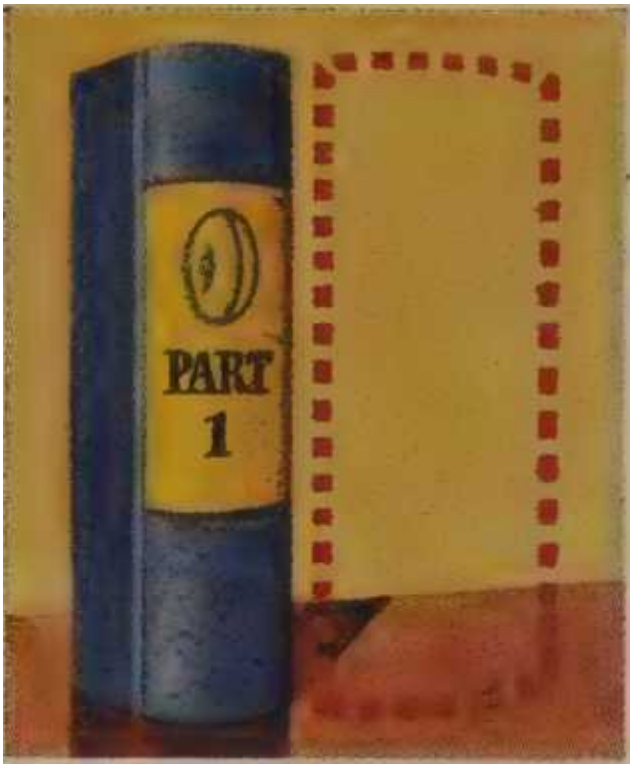

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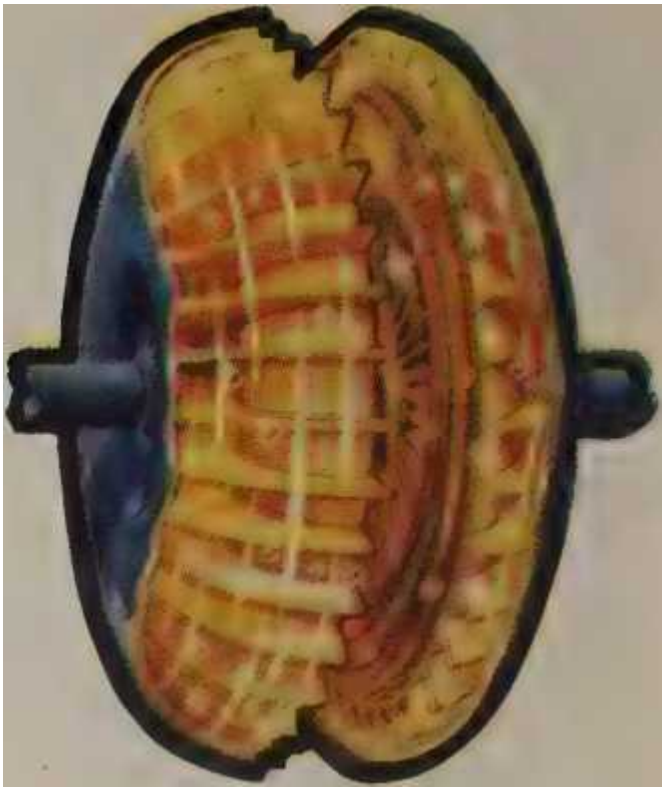

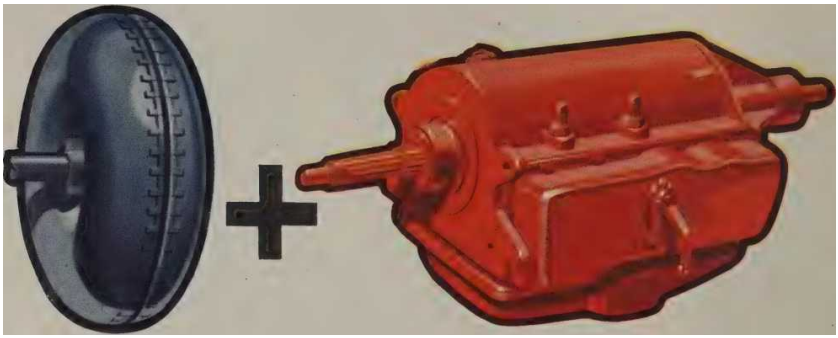

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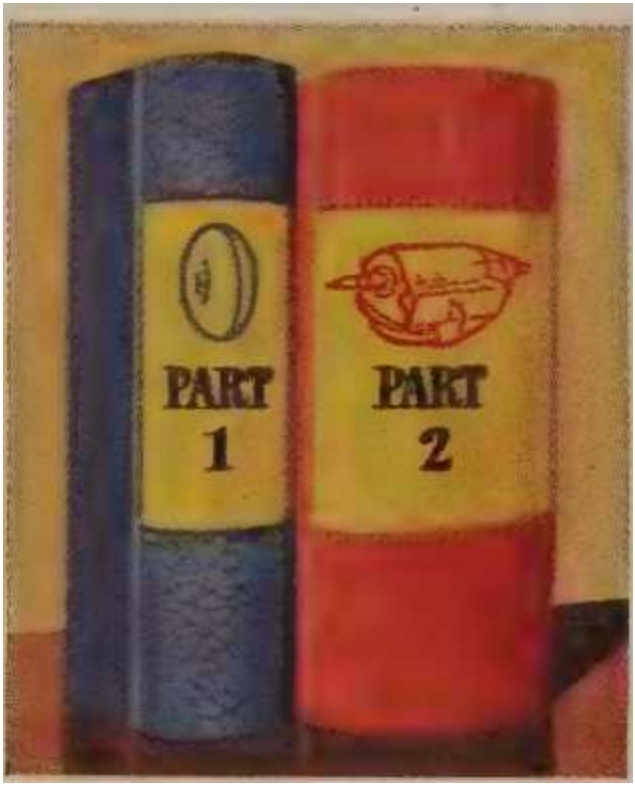

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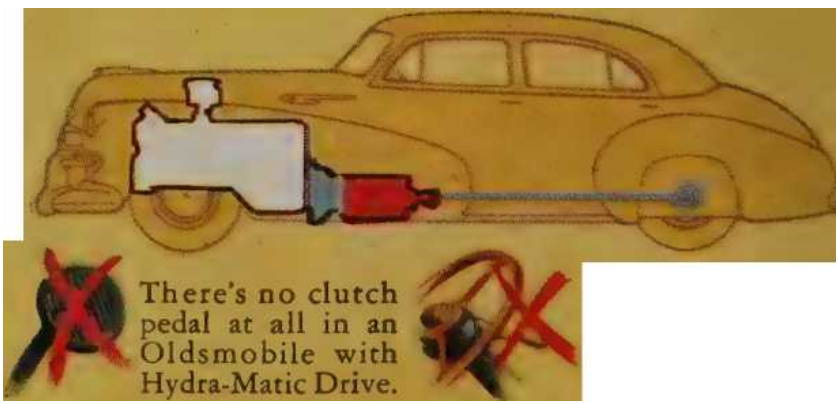

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I) Day, and they now seem to look back on its sojourn as an ordeal of almost the same severity as the blitz and the robot bombs. It is, indeed, a dreadful nuisance to have the people of some other nation dumped suddenly upon one, and the English have really had much to complain of in the way of soldier hillbillies and hoodlums who took advantage of the blackout in London to pester women and snatch purses. But now that the Army was mostly gone, 1 assumed

that the resentment had subsided, and I was therefore surprised, in London, to hear a good deal of somewhat bitter criticism of practically everything connected with America. I had begun by being depreciatory about those products of the United States—such as I have mentioned above—to which I object as much as they did. But I soon found that this was not understood: the Englishman always stands up for his country where foreigners are concerned, and he thinks that if you criticize yours, it is an admission of inferiority. I first became aware of this attitude some years ago, when I met a visiting English physicist who said that he hesitated to tell Americans he enjoyed Sinclair Lewis's novels because he feared they might resent it. This seemed to me odd at the time, but I realized, when I came to England, that the English point of view in such matters is entirely different from ours. They do not publicly engage in self-criticism —Bernard Shaw, after all, is an Irishman— and they are always intent on keeping up face. I saw that, compared to England (or, in fact, any European country), the United States is not a nation at all—that is, an entity that maintains its breed and has to compete and defend itself among entities of other breeds— but a society in course of con-

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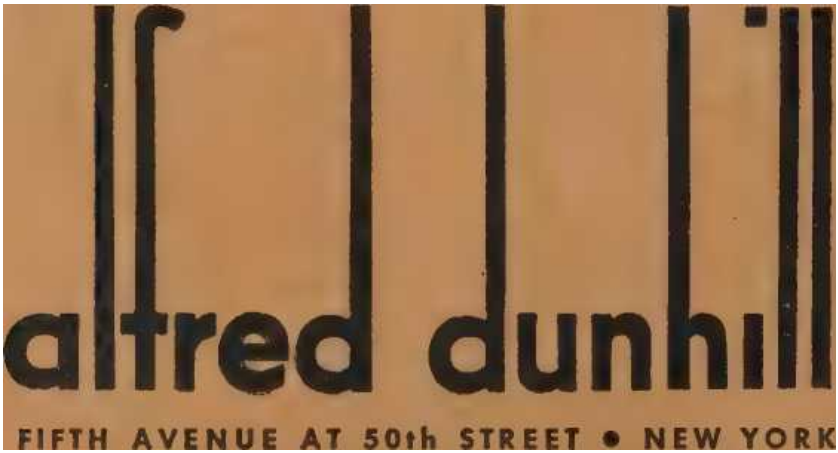

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sence with which people are occupied. Thus the admission of a weakness to a foreigner is, for an Englishman, an act of treason, whereas a satire on Babbitt, for us, is merely a comment on a social tendency. The "hundred-percent Americanism" of the period that followed the last war, and that took alarm at such satire as Lewis's, betrayed its falsity by its hysterical ravings and did not rage long.

But I eventually became rather irritated. If the people in London did not, as they often did, attack America and Americans directly, they would resort to the old, offhand methods which one reads of in books of the last century and for which it seemed to me, in 1945, a little late in the day. One man who had been in America pretended to think that Vermont was a town in Florida and that it was accented on the first syllable, and another, an Oxford man who had lectured in the United States, a scholar of enormous reading who quotes lyrics in Portuguese and has the Russian poets all at his fingertips, remarked that he had never read Walt Whitman, who, he understood, was considered a great writer in South America. When I said that "Leaves of Grass" was probably the greatest American book, he asked me whether I thought it even more important than the writings of Whyte-Melville. I did not actually talk with people who believed—though I heard that the legend was widely spread — that American women had exceptionally long legs because they all had Negro blood, but I did meet well-educated people who said they had heard there was no conversation in America, as the

Americans only exchanged wisecracks, , and who declared that the negotiations of various kinds which had been going on between English and Americans had been proving very' unsuccessful because the English could not understand what the Americans said. With these people, I adopted a tougher line. I would retort that the American soldiers who had committed misdemeanors in England were our revenge for the obnoxious British propagandists who had been sent over to plague us in America from the moment England had realized she needed us to help her against Germany, and I cited examples, in this line, of British atrocities in the United States. The first rebuttal I got to this was the reply that when, for any' reason, a British official did not come up to scratch I he was always sent at once to America.

The British, though impassive, are pugnacious: they have always stood square on their island with their fists clenched against the world. They understand giving blow for blow. When the provocation for rudeness was offered, I would engage in combative conversations that went, in substance, like this:

“The English are fantastically ignorant about the United States. A friend of mine in Scotland who knows America well was saying to me the other day that the English saw North America on a single page of their atlases represented as about the same size as England and so assumed that it was a small, homogeneous place.”

“One of the things that keep the English from knowing about America is the fact that American books are almost invariably so badly written that we find it very difficult to read them.”

Or: “The social classes in England are practically different races of beings, who even speak different languages. Perhaps the jargon of the American movies may give them a common medium by which they can communicate.”

“What about the American Negroes? They seem to be excluded from the privileges of citizenship as no group in England is. And, though I am used to talking to Americans, I find it hard to understand what they say.”

This attitude of the English toward America is, of course, partly a

wartime phenomenon—a symptom of exasperation, of the peculiar state of mind produced by being cooped up for five years in England, and by being in uncertainty, since 1940, about England's place in the world. This came out very clearly in connection with one of the principal conversational snags that I ran into in London. I always found, when I said that Europe would have to be governed by somebody or something, that I provoked an immediate resistance, and I saw presently that people were assuming that I meant that the United States ought to run it. I would explain to them that the difficulty would be rather, once Germany had been defeated, to induce the United States to take any further interest in Europe. But then, whenever the problems of postwar Europe were raised, it seemed to me that the instinct of the English themselves was to shrink from becoming involved in any hampering and permanent way, for purposes of international control, with the other great western powers. They used to reproach us, with reason, for our failure to take our place in the League of Nations which Woodrow Wilson had initiated, but I got the

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impression on this visit that the average educated Englishman was still thinking of the future in terms of old-fashioned halance-of-power politics, in which nations are irreducible units that can associate in pacts and alliances like the combinations of molecules in chemistry but cannot cohere to produce a new structure in a process of crystallization. Tlie great difference, I concluded, between England and the other English-speakingcountriescan be traced to the fact—of which, obvious though it is, I had never fully appreciated the importance—that the English are used to living on an island, whereas most of the rest of us are spread across whole continents and, with so much space about us, no longer constrained by our neighbors either at home or abroad, have acquired a certain nonchalance and freedom in the world, a readiness to get on with people, that make the non-English Anglo-Saxon something quite distinct from the Englishman.

I WENT to the House of Commons

to hear Churchill pay his tribute to Roosevelt. His speech was held up by a curious and unexpected incident which turned out to be more interesting to an American visitor than the oration itself. A new M. P., a Dr. Robert McIntyre, who represented the Scottish Nationalist Party, presented himself to be seated without the customary Parliamentary sponsors. A new member, when he first enters the House, is supposed to come with two other members, who escort him on either side as he walks down the wide aisle between the benches, stopping at intervals to bow three times to the Speaker, who is presiding in a high chair and wearing a shoulder-

length wig. Dr. McIntyre, the spokesman for an intransigent group, had decided to appear without these sponsors, in order to dissociate himself, as he said, from "the London party game," and the result was that he was challenged by the Speaker and, when he bowed and began to explain his position, was cut short with "You have no place to speak from. You cannot make a speech." He was sent to sit behind the bar—that is, to a kind of limbo consisting of a cross-bench at the back of the room, and he retired, walking backward and making the Speaker two more bows. A spirited debate now took place. A Scottish member, Mr. Buchanan, urged, with a strong Scottish accent, that the old ride be suspended for a day. Dr. McIntyre, he said, had been "duly elected after fighting both party ma-

chines" and was certainly entitled to his seat. Other members objected that the rule had a very important purpose: if sponsors were not required, there would be nothing to prevent any vagabond of the streets from walking into the House of Commons and taking his seat as a member. Tt turned out that this regulation, in force since 1688, had come in question only once before—in 1875, when a certain Dr. Kenealy had proved to be so unpopular personally that he had found it impossible to get anyone to sponsor him, on which occasion the requirement had apparently been waived. But the supporters of Dr. McIntyre were unable to make any headway. A Conservative member, Lord Winterton, even inquired indignantly whether the House were obliged to tolerate having Dr. McIntyre in the room at all, and provoked from Mr. Buchanan a counter-question, addressed to the Speaker: "Could you not order Dr. McIntyre's execution just to satisfy Lord Winterton? " The issue was finally dealt with by the Prime Minister. "I could not," said Mr. Churchill, "advise the House on this occasion to depart from tradition and custom. On the contrary, when the British House of Commons is under the gaze of the whole world, and the admiring gaze of a large part of it, we should not in the least shrink from upholding the ancient traditions and customs which have added to our dignity and power."

I had been very much impressed that afternoon, amidst the carvings and the gilt of Westminster, by the spectacle of the opening of Parliament: the huge gold mace, the Speaker framed in his wig, the

attendants with their necks rigid and their chins stuck out, all proceeding through the solemn portals while the crowd were told to stand at attention. I had never quite felt before —since we have nothing in the least like all this—how compelling these ceremonies still are that tend to appear to the outside world as anachronisms, how much the power and dignity of England of which the Prime Minister was speaking still resides in a mystic core of which such things as crown and mace and woolsack are the most conspicuous symbols but which is alive and compelling in almost every British subject. When my ship was docking at London, I was struck by the fact that a British stewardess, who had been born in India and had lived in the States and who had been but once in England, said, "There's something about getting to England that always gives you a special feeling.. There's

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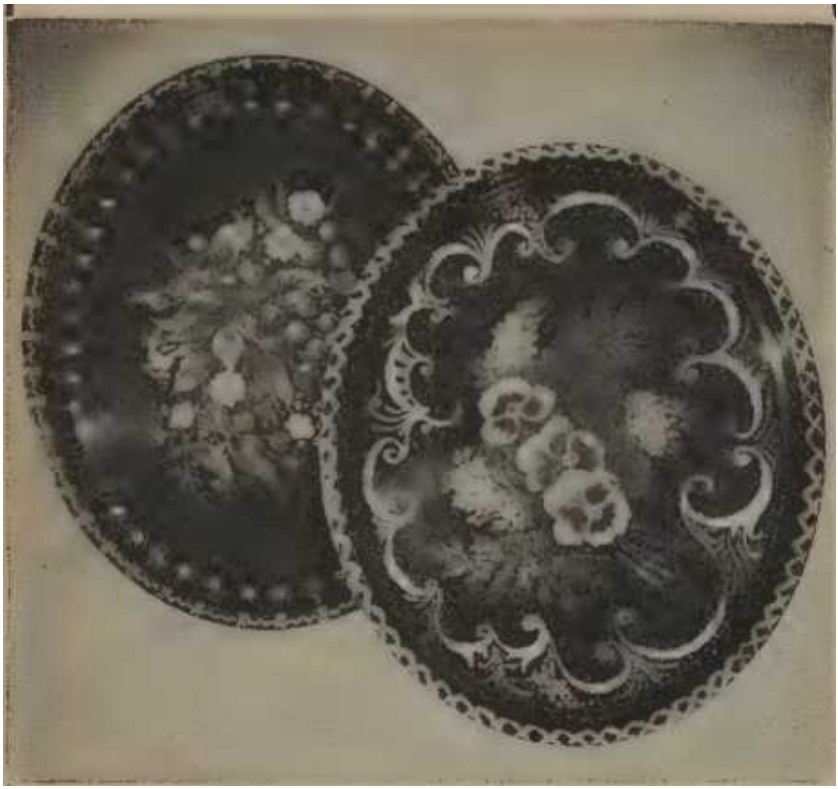

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something worthy about it, don't you think so?" And yet now that the Prime Minister was appealing thus for the continuance of an obsolete custom on the ground merely that it would be a good thing for British prestige abroad—in a word, that it was better publicity—I felt that the power and the glory were perhaps ebbing out of these symbols, that the old virtue was no longer quite there.

I later read in the paper the program of the Scottish Nationalist Party, which included the following points: Breakup of large landlord estates among farmer owners responsible to the nation; Scottish government ownership responsible to the Scottish people alone; a central bank and control of private and municipal banks, customs, and excise; the curbing of combines by immediate legislation making it illegal for a Scottish firm to sell a majority of its capital stock to non-Scots, and by a differential tax on chain stores; national ownership of the coal reserves of Scotland; and, as war aims, "national freedom for Scotland and all other nations." To an American, these demands of the Scotsmen had a certain familiar ring. I do not know how important this party may be, or how legitimate its grievances are. The Englishmen I asked about it smilingly brushed it off, conceding sometimes that it might be a good thing if the Scotsmen had a parliament of their own, which would be, they said, a sort of "glorified borough council." But the more open-minded kind of Englishmen, toward the end of the eighteenth century, must have smiled about the demands of the American colonies in very much the same way. At any rate, the oration for Roosevelt was held up while a division took place. The members went out to vote; Mr. Churchill had to withdraw, with his speech in his hand. The decision went overwhelmingly for the Government, against the seating of the Nationalist member—273 to 74.

WHEN I was leaving England, to fly to Italy, the officials were as polite as they had been when I arrived, but it turned out that, from the British point of view, my papers were not in order. I was not allowed to fly that morning and had to go back from my airport to London to get a missing and necessary document. The American

authorities, when I returned to them, insisted that I did not need this document, that my papers had been in order, and a certain amount of fairly animated argument was carried on with the British over the telephone. In the course

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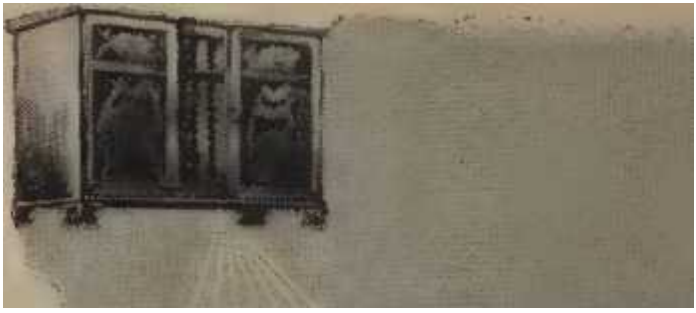

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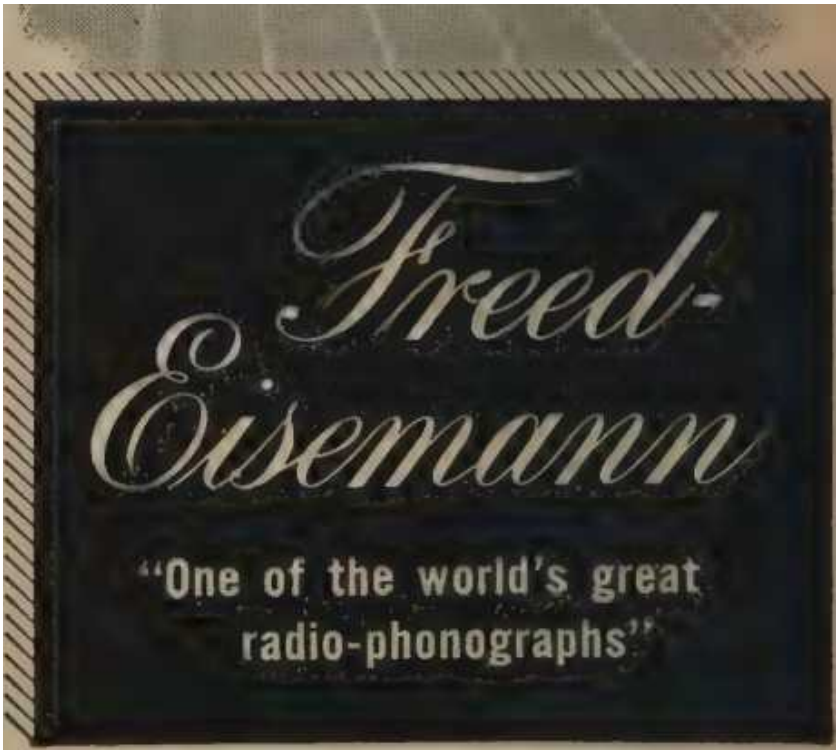

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of all this, and of some further complication, I had a glimpse of the difference between the British and the American ways of doing things. The British handle their formalities without fuss, but they are very exact about them. They were quite correct in telling me, as they did, that the document they insisted on my having would be asked for when I arrived in Italy. On the other hand, if I had not had it, the Americans in Italy would certainly have let me through. The point was that a new kind of credential had just gone into use with the Americans without the British having had notification. And the American officials thought that the fact that they sent a man to an airport provided only with this credential ought to be enough for the British. The Americans like to act for themselves and do things with a freer hand. They do not always take their paperwork quite so seriously as the British do. To the latter, they doubtless seem hit-or-miss, and they probably make annoying mistakes of a kind that is rare with the British. It is the result of having more space to move in, more margin of resources to dispose of. With the British every penny counts and every link in the chain must be tight. They do not understand the effectiveness of a loose association of men working with a minimum of formality to put through some undertaking and then eat a good dinner— which is what the Americans in Europe sometimes seem to be.

—Edmund Wilson

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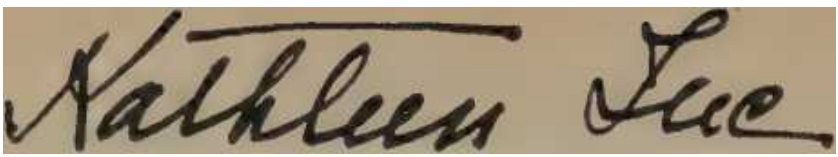

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOOVE

A CH ANGE of heart has come over that second-floor spot in Bon wit Teller called Corner on Gifts. The place has been all but stripped of the plushy Victoriana which used to be its mainstay, to make room for a rather pleasant lot of fairly Early American furniture and miscellaneous decorations. Pains have been taken to have the new collection in fine condition, good looks and a good state of preservation counting for at least as much as antiquity. Each of the small panes of wavy old glass in the top

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doors of a pine cupboard, for instance, is intact, and the four H hinges all match. A barber's shaving-mug cabinet in well-rubbed dark oak (a nice thing to display a collection of small ornaments in) has intricate carved borders from which not even one small scallop has been broken off. The piece is a large one and can stand on its own base, or you could build it into a wall.

The shop has also tried its hand at adapting various aged items to some degree of present-day usefulness. A spinning wheel has been converted into a floor lamp by the addition of a light socket and a shade on a pole, and what was once a tool trough, an attractive thing mounted on hatchet-handle legs, is now a chairside stand for books, magazines, or needlework. A magazine rack, or, if you prefer, a fireside woodbox, has been made out of an old wooden cradle. Even Bonwit, however, has been unable to do anything with a wooden tricycle ; it's yours, as is, for $95.

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NOT to be outdone by the fifthfloor barnyard at Macy (where live ponies are the latest addition to a domestic zoo that already had chickens, rabbits, puppies, and goats), the store's Corner Shop has broken out a collection of glazed ceramic creatures for garden decoration, the like of which hasn't been much in evidence since 1939, when such tilings stopped coming over from Brittany. T he whole assortment, which offers such old favorites as life-size pigeons, hens, turkeys, foxes, bunnies, and spitting, arched-back cats, was supposedly discovered in some old barn by a Macy scout, no doubt disguised as a Yosian. Some figureheads from old sailing vessels, turned up by another scout, or maybe the same one, are also

offered as garden trimmings. They have been painted white and should be fairly breathtaking in moonlight.

Peter Hunt, who is apt to paint decorations on any wooden object that he gets his hands on, has contributed a few items to the Corner Shop's garden collection, too, among them some scarecrows—giant wooden

affairs decorated with small over-all designs that give the effect of tattooing. They're enough to scare anybody. Old decoy ducks, ornamented to their bills in the Hunt manner, are more to

my liking—pleasant, useless creatures to set about on the terrace flagstones.

THOSE little shops along the midtown reaches of Third Avenue have a new neighbor which calls itself, rather insistently, Decorative Decor. It's at No. 573 (38th) and its specialty is screens. The place has done quite a job of teaching an old dog new tricks. One is the insertion of slim panels, not so much as a foot wide, between panels of regulation width to give a screen much greater flexibility and to make it steadier on its feet. Another is the use of glass panels dressed up with a modern, rather Daliesque version of decoupage; since most of the work here is custom (there are only a few readymade screens on hand), the cutouts can follow the most unlimited flights of fancy. One framework screen has a spangled opalescent mesh stretched across its open panels; the whole thing shimmers and glows and is just as theatrical as it sounds, but it could be a pleasantly spectacular trick for a modern room. In another framework item, white ninon curtains, gathered at top and bottom, fill in the open space above the dadolike base of each panel. The effect is pure French Boudoir. Then there is a hobbyist's screen in which shadow boxes to hold bibelot collections are hung, one above the other, in open panels. Prices range from about $ 12 a panel for rather conventional wallpaper screens to $40 or so for such things as the decoupage glass panels. —B. B.

Moscow—With a simple apparatus which he has invented, Prof. V. V. Tugarinov is always present in the air.—Detroit News.

Ah, there, Professor!

“Guess what I have in mind for you for Father's Day!"

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CKO55ING THE VOLTUENO

WE never knew until we were across the goddam bridge," said the staff sergeant with the red sea horse of the amphibian engineers on his jacket. "Then somebody says, 'You crossed the Volturno, boys,' and two guys out of three didn't know what the hell he was saying. It was strictly a psychological deal, strictly psychological."

"What do you mean, psychological?" the technical sergeant asked, smiling at the Frenchwoman behind the bar in the little cafe. She was small and blond, and her hair looked bright even in the thickening darkness of the evening. Outside, a rain from the Channel, heavy and cold, was blowing through the chill darkness of northern France.

"Strictly correct, boy, strictly correct," said the sergeant with the sea horse on his jacket. He lifted his foot, encased in a combat boot, and kicked a little white dog into a corner at one end of the bar. "Get in that corner, you little bastard," he said to the dog. He had a high, shrill voice. "Tough little bastard," he said to the technical sergeant. "Wants to fight everybody he sees."

The dog curled up against the bar. The sergeant with the sea-horse blinked at the madame behind the bar and waved a short, hard

hand toward the technical sergeant.

“Give my friend la meme chosef he said, opening his jacket and searching for his wallet. "La meme chose four moi aussi.”

“Ah, oulf said the blond French madame, raising an eyebrow at the technical sergeant, who smiled with sober understanding and took a long sip from the glass in front of him.

“You speak French?” the technical sergeant asked.

‘.‘I was in Africa,” the sea-horse sergeant said. “I was in Sicily,

I

Italy, and Normandy. I speak French, Italian, Arab, Scotch. La meme chose. My name’s Yates, A. C. Yates.”

The technical sergeant didn’t offer his name. They didn’t bother to shake hands. Yates reached over and whacked the dog several times with a hard red palm, pounding the thin head with fierce, drunken gestures of affection.

“Alternating-Current Yates, Always Careful Yates,” the sea-horse sergeant said. “Just get that last name right, and you’ll get it right. I like you, boy. You got a wicked face. Yates is the name, Sergeant, from Memphis, Tennessee.”

A Frenchman w ith a black cap and a torn raincoat opened the door and came in with a spotted dog, which timidly nosed the floor toward the little white dog.

“You better keep your bitch away from that white dog,” the sea-horse sergeant said. He was talking fast and breathlessly. “He’s a mean little bastard, monsoury

“He doesn’t understand a word you’re saying,” the technical sergeant said, winking at the woman behind the bar. She put cognac carefully into a clean glass before him.

“Don’t he, now?” said Yates. “Look at him pull that dog away.”

The little white dog stood on stiff legs and edged forward. Yates reached down and pushed him back into the corner.

“There we was in Italy,” Yates said, as if he had heard a question. “We was across the Volturno—that was the toughest river to cross in Italy—and we didn’t even know we done it. It was so goddam dark we couldn’t even show' a light, and all we had was two little tracks across this pantoon bridge that the engineers built.”

“You’re an engineer yourself, aren’t you?” the technical sergeant asked, looking at the sea horse on the jacket.

“I’m a trucker,” Yates said. “I always been a trucker, here and there. Right now I got a bunch of trucks down in the harbor, unloading stuff. You seen ’em, going in and out.”

“I’ve seen ’em,” the technical sergeant said. He tried to get the blond woman’s eye and couldn’t. She flickered her glance over him, and he looked straight back, and missed.

“No, I never been an engineer,” Yates said. “But I been attached to the engineers and I know a lot of those boys. I know which engineers built that

bridge over the Volturno, all right. I knew' it, the way it shook w'hen we went across.”

“All those pontoon bridges shake some,” the technical sergeant said, rubbing a finger slowly down the side of his glass and smiling at the Frenchwoman.

“There was one more M. P. on the other side of that bridge, and he says, ‘Don’t show no lights,’ and a couple of kraut shells come over, and he says, A ou can see why.’ Then we was past the M. P.s and there wasn’t anybody ahead but the loes that was fighting the war.”

The little white dog sneaked out and made a dash for the spotted dog, which

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had gone to sleep on the floor. Yates caught the white dog, and the small head turned, snarling, toward him. Ik-tossed the dog into the air and it slammed against the bar.

“He’s a mean bastard,” Yates said. “Like me. He’ll try to get away with any goddam thing. You got to watch him every minute.”

The technical sergeant dug into a pocket and came up with his wallet. He looked around the cafe. The Frenchman and the sea-horse sergeant were the only customers there. He nodded to the madame.

“Cognac pour tout le monde,” he said loudly.

Immediately the F renchman in the torn raincoat extended his empty glass. Outside, a heavy truck banged, along in the rain on the pitted road from the Channel, its headlights glaring into the rusted wreckage of the buildings across the street. There were no complete houses on that side.

“Look at that, now,” ■ Yates said, pounding the bar suddenly with his thick red fists. “You got to have lights. You got to have some kind of lights. Even where we was, over the Voltumo. I had the lead truck in the convoy and I couldn’t see a foot. So I turned on my lights and drove like hell and the rest come along behind me.”

The truck swayed around a curve and disappeared.

“See that?” Yates said. “See that? Now, how could he tell what was on that curve if he didn’t have his lights?” He reached for his glass. “I had to turn on my lights. I couldn’t see, and we was carryin’ ammo, and I had to get there fast, and there was infantry on that road. I was always afraid of that—run-nin’ over some doughfoot in the goddam dark.”

“Well, you made it all right.”

“Sure, we made it,” Yates said, watching the little white dog. “We just made it, boy. We dumped our loads and we got out of our trucks to take a stretch and the kraut shells started cornin’ over and we hit the ground. They knew where we was and they dropped shells all around there, careful and slow. But they didn’t get a one of us. That wasn’t their time. They was late.”

There was a heavy, thundering crash; it seemed to come from near the harbor. Yates and the technical sergeant turned and stared through the damp window, but in the cold darkness they could see only a blaze of lights in the sheds built by the engineers.

“Sounded like maybe one of your boys might’ve hit something that time,”

the technical sergeant said, after a minute.

“There’s a lot of crazy bastards that take chances,” Yates said, putting down his glass. “I got to go and check up on my goddam trucks. Look, boy, I think I seen you down in Italy or Africa somewhere.”

“No,” the technical sergeant said, “f never saw the Volturno.”

“I never, either,” Yates said. “When I got across, when I got past that last M.P., I turned on my lights. I had to do it. You get to a place where you can’t see nothing, you got to have some lights.”

He bent over slowly and picked up the white dog and cradled him under his right arm.

“You seen Madeleine around tonight?” Yates said softly, speaking to the Frenchwoman. “That black-haired girl?”

The woman shook her head. ˆMadeleine? Madeleine?” she said. “Non. Ah, non.”

“I’m going to take you with me, boy,” Yates said sharply to the dog, clasping the shivering white face in his short, tough fingers. “I’m going to take you with me back to Memphis, Tennessee.” Then he stopped and cocked his head. “You hear a train, Sergeant? ” he asked.

“T here’s no more trains in or out of this town till tomorrow morning,” the technical sergeant said.

Yates turned again, and shaped his lips in an odd way, and a long, shrill moan came from his mouth, like the sound of a train whistle in the night, a fast train whistling at a road crossing or plunging into a tunnel.

“That’s the train to Memphis,” Yates said. “That’s the train I’m going to ride when I get off that boat. Good night, Sergeant. I like you, boy. You got a wild and wicked face. Good night, madame, good night, monsour.” He went out into the rainy, pitted street with the dog under his arm, and when he shut the door the glass in it vibrated. As Yates walked down the hill toward the harbor, the technical sergeant heard the quivering whistle, swift and high, of a train hurrying in the darkness of the distant country always remembered, the southern land. —Frank K Kelly

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[From the N ewsˆ

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Diluted Document

A Medal for Benny,” primarily the work of John Steinbeck, utilizes at one time or another practically every cliche of comedy or pathos known to the screen. There are such reliable humorous effects as the heroine’s demon little brother whom her suitors have to bribe; the accidental release of an assortment of livestock and poultry, which reaches its jocular climax when a proud banker sits down on an egg; the immemorial battle between two jealous ladies in which the loser gets her dress torn off in the presence of many delighted spectators; and that standard burlesque on the methods of a small-town chamber of commerce which was

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pretty old when I was young. On the other side, to touch your heart, Mr. Steinbeck and his associates have dug up a lovable old illiterate, called Charlie Martini, who has to get somebody else to read his mail for him ("I ain't educated so good"), faces eviction from the humble house where he was born with dull bewilderment, and rises in the end to a crescendo of rude nobility in which, after denouncing the money changers who are attempting to exploit his son's heroic death for low purposes of publicity, he delivers one of those artfully inarticulate speeches about the fundamentals of democracy which for some reason are generally felt to be more eloquent than any practiced oratory on the subject. He is a fine and picturesque old character, all right, but I'm afraid he's just been in too many pictures.

In spite of this formidable collection of stencils, however, "A Medal for Benny" has its points. The paisanos of southern California are, of course, almost exclusively Mr. Steinbeck's literary property and he handles them with humor and sympathy. The behavior of his principals may be conditioned to a great extent by a plot which bears the unmistakable seal of the cinema, but the idiom is unquestionably authentic and the atmosphere of a genial, shiftless community, rich with the assorted smells of fish and goats and an army of unwashed children, is very pleasantly contrived.

Charlie's son, Benny, the story goes, was run out of town after some neAigi-ble scuffle with the police, leaving behind him his father, his fiancee, and an

unsuccessful rival. The next word of Benny comes from the South Pacific, where he has won a posthumous Congressional Medal of Honor for killing a hundred Japs single-handed. The award is to be made to his father by a celebrated general and the governor of the state, and the local businessmen prepare for this historic ceremony by hustling the old man from his embarrassing hovel to a fine new house. The catch here is that Charlie, innocently supposing that all this magnificence is actually a gift, starts giving away the furniture to his old neighbors and has to be informed that he has been planted there only as a temporary civic exhibit. He retires

indignantly to the old homestead, but the governor and the general and a good part of the United States Army are not too proud to seek him out, and the picture ends with a firm emphasis on the brotherhood of man. Interwoven with all this is a secondary plot having to do with the gradual transfer of the heroine's affections from Benny (whom, incidentally, you never see) to the suitor who stayed at home. Since he is a tedious and graceless young man, the motivation seems rather obscure, but I doubt if it matters much. J. Carrol Naish, as old Charlie, has a character actor's field day and makes the most of it, rather overshadowing Dorothy Lamour and Arturo De Cordova, whose romance struck me as noisy but a little vacant.

" £/Tˆhrill of a Romance,' " my A understudy reports, "is a Technicolor job, with songs, about a beautiful Los Angeles swimming teacher (Esther Williams) who marries the brisk young inventor of some kind of goo called Prakticon. He leaves her in a hotel on their wedding night, so naturally she falls in love with the resident hero (Van Johnson), an aviator back from the Pacific. In a week she's taught him how to swim as well as she does, though he couldn't even float in the beginning, and they have a lovely time, ending up by getting lost in the woods. They don't get home until morning and when they do they are confronted by her husband, who is inclined to be irritable at first but finally agrees to an annulment. That's the plot. For good measure, you also get

Tommy Dorsey and his hand; some piano solos by a girl in the role of his little daughter, who seems to know more tunes than Oscar Levant; and quite a bit of Lauritz Melchior, who sings loud and clear, though apparently on a diet of carrot sticks. In spite of its occasional coyness (the hero has a favorite star named George and the heroine's aunt keeps her spectacles in the icebox), I think it's quite an amiable and pretty picture."

THE advertisements for "China

Sky," a film adapted from something by Pearl Buck, describe it as an epic of Secret Love and Jealous Fury. "An American doctor's bride," they go on feverishly, "fears more than bombs the 'other woman,' who dares death to stay at his side." The critic quoted in the paragraph above this one says it seemed terribly silly to her.

Take your pick. —W. G.

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK [From the Internal Revenue Code, Section 162(d) (1)]

> (1) Amounts distributable out of income or corpus. In cases where the amount paid, credited, or to be distributed can be paid, credited, or distributed out of other than income, the amount paid, credited, or to be distributed (except under a gift, bequest, devise, or inheritance not to be paid, credited, or distributed at intervals) during the taxable year of the estate or trust shall be considered as income of the estate or trust which is paid, credited, or to be distributed if the aggregate of such amounts so paid, credited, or to be distributed does not exceed the distributable income of the estate or trust for its taxable year. If the ag£regate °f such amounts so paid, credited, or to be distributed during the taxable year of the estate or trust in such cases exceeds the distributable income of the estate or trust for its taxable year, the amount so paid, credited, or to be distributed to any legatee, heir, or beneficiary shall be considered income of the estate or trust for its taxable year which is paid, credited, or to be distributed in an amount which bears the same ratio to the amount of such distributable income as the amount so paid, credited, or to be distributed to the legatee, heir, or beneficiary bears to the aggregate of such amounts so paid, credited, or to be distributed to legatees, heirs, and beneficiaries for the taxable year of the estate or trust. For the purposes of this paragraph "distributable income" means either (A) the net income of the estate or trust computed with the deductions allowed under subsections (b) and (c) in cases to which this paragraph does not apply, or (B) the income of the estate or trust minus the deductions provided in subsections (b) and (c) in cases to which this paragraph does not apply, whichever is the greater. In computing

such distributable income the deductions under subsections (b) and (c) shall be determined without the application nf paragraph (2).

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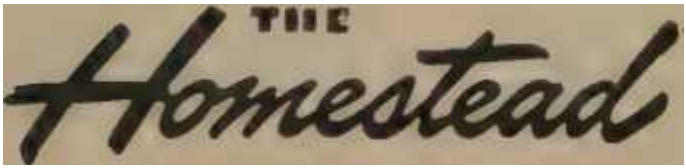

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

LETTER. FROM PAR 15

N

May 24 (by wireless) OY that not only Paris but all Europe is liberated, it seems reasonable to view Paris as what is left, after another plague of Ger

man war, of the citv that was once the civilized, intellectual capital of so-called French Europe. Paris is not gay; it is restless, anxious, cantankerous, and probably convalescent. The theatres are packed; the shops and groceries are still empty. Parisians either have money to throw away and little to throw it away on, or they have next to nothing and manage to live on it.

There are three classes: first, the formerly comfortable rentier class, with incomes that now buy a tenth what they did; second, the working class, which, with the highest wages in French history, is now striking all over Trance for increased wages to meet increasing prices (in the northern coal mines, however, where production had fallen off anyway because the miners were on a vegetable diet, the strikes are really to get meat); and third, the inflationmoney class, both new rich and old rich, who are part of the financial phenomenon of accruing cheap millions and scarce goods the way floating leaves and logs are part of the phenomenon of a river in flood. Class No. 3 looks, so far, like the class of survivors.

Next month the government plans to call in most of the current banknotes in exchange for a new issue and then, it is reported, will allow each adult to spend only six thousand francs and each child only three thousand francs a month. The Finance Minister thus proposes officially to copy the recently announced Belgian plan to check inflation and unofficially to eliminate the billions of German-printed occupation francs that Fifth Columnists are supposed to be viciously circulating. Already there is a run on ten-franc notes, which the government is not going to bother to pick up. Energetic petty financiers are collecting them by the handful, and in country towns, where shopkeepers refuse to make change, notes for a hundred francs, let alone a thousand, are refused as if they were counterfeit. Those in France who have the cheap millions are trying hard to spend them, because the confiscation of illicit occupation fortunes is still a big reform item on the resistance political program and be.-cause the resistance element, led by the

Communists and the Socialists, swept into office in the recent French municipal elections. No one wants to invest money, because nationalization of industry is the other big reform on the resistance program. As the Trench say, Fargent n^{y} est pins serieux, Money has indeed become silly. A widow who owns a not very lively backroads inn close enough to Paris to have served succulent black-market Sunday dinners is rushing the transformation of her inn's untidy front lawn, where her goat used to graze, into a two-million-franc sunken rose garden. Her conscience

may not be clear, but at least her till will be, if the law steps in to

look, and, more important, what she spends this month she won't have to exchange next month for the new money, which, sight unseen, has already frightened everyone.

One can try to translate these facts, these fancies, these diminished francs, and this image of Paris itself into the American scene. New York and the Waldorf Towers have been occupied for four years by the Nazis and the Hauptkomniandant., respectively. A ten-cent dollar is about to turn into a new greenback, which may not even be green. Saks-Fifth Avenue is open but hasn't a trunkful of merchandise on the whole first floor. A steak dinner at a shady chophouse costs you twenty dollars a plate, and your kid brother, a Princeton freshman a couple of years ago, has just returned, a shaved-head scarecrow, from a concentration camp. Above all, there is the sensation of shock now that peace has finally come, like a stupendous noise long and tensely waited for. If one makes these transpositions, one gets some idea of what Paris is like.

THE first new American movie to reach film-famished Paris was "Mrs. Miniver," whose sweetness and light were given a peculiar twist by the fact that the opening night was a gala charity affair to raise money for the sick, sad women returning from the concentration camp of Ravensbriick. The only other big American movie that has been seen since the liberation is Charlie Chaplin's "The Dictator," which Paris, after four years of one, did not find funny. Maurice Chevalier has been packing the midtown ABC, which is again offering, as before the

war, picked night-club talent on a musichall basis. Ciro's has been taken over as a private night club by French officers, who, since the Americans and British have taken over everything else, had to have some place to go. Ciro's has the best entertainment in town, including old, familiar faces like the fabulous Charles Trenet and the fascinating Piaf and her tough songs. Ciro's best newcomer is Mme. Anna Marley, the guitarist who wrote the famous official resistance marching song, "Les Partisans," and who would probably be a hit with New York's Ruban Bleu crowd. Her voice and tunes are simple, and the pure, whimsical poetry of her lyrics makes her the modern troubadour of France. Her best songs, records of some of which have just been sent to New York, are "Paris, sur Les Routes

de Provence," "La Complainte," which is a patriotic heartbreaker, "Les Prison-niers," and especially "Le Dimanche des Rameaux," which is as good as a good anonymous folk song. Her lyrics are full of striking or lovely phrases— "Paris is an ancestor, made by a Frenchman; each paving stone is a monument. Courage, sing the twigs and the sky. In the gardens of France we will seat ourselves and sing of France. I will see my mother sooner than I thought, and jou your liberty," and the prisoner's message: "It is good to have outlived death." Mme. Mariejr has just been invited by Miss Mary Churchill, recently here, to go to sing in London before the Prime Minister, because "Daddjr will like your songs."

There is hardty a known name among the polyglot concert singers, violinists, and pianists who have flocked to Paris as the capital of liberation, but the famous names of tomorrow are probably among them. The onty new big name Paris learned during the occupation was Wilhelm Kempf, the German pianist. The only big French name lately rejoiced in here was that of Mme. Ninon Vallin, her sixty-year-old voice as effective as ever in a modest Faure program at the Theatre des Champs-Elysees, which is as big as a circus. Seats for the Paris Symphony concerts have been sold out since last autumn. Politics has created a new rivalry and some squabbles between partisans of the Conservatoire orchestra's leader, Charles Munsch, the Alsatian who conducted in Paris during the occupation, and partisans of the Concert Colonne's leader, Paul Paray, who conducted in Vichy France as a musical member of the Midi resistance. Parav's partisans tear Munsch's ads

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off the Metro walls, but Munsch has the popular platform manner. Both are good conductors and nothing more.

The Opera has suffered, but it has gained, too. In “Lakme,” whose English character, Miss Benson, became Mlle. Pinson on the Opera program under the Nazis, and whose British officers, Gerald and Frederick, slunk around singing in strictly composite military uniforms, all personages have been restored to their national dignity. There’s a new, Basque Boris Godunoff, Henri Etcheverry, and the father-confessor scene in this opera, usually cut, has been reinstated to give more scope to Germaine Hoerner’s brilliant voice in the role of Marina. Since you can’t mention the Opera now without adding something about how the singers conducted themselves when, it’s a pleasure to be able to say that when a Nazi officer presented himself at Hoerner’s dressing room and heiled, she answered by making the sign of the cross. Apparently the occupation’s greatest operatic novelty was the Nazis’ command performances early last summer at the Comique, with Germaine Lubin as the star in Richard Strauss’s “Ariadne auf Naxos,” which commemorated the composer’s eightieth birthday. Mme. Lubin played the antique role in the seventeenth-century, or Louis XIV Greek, tradition, with fan, feathers, a handkerchief in her hand, and her noted plasticity. Her disappearance from the Opera is one of its acute musical losses and proper political purges, for she had

accepted an invitation to sing Isolde as a feted guest of honor at the reopening of the bombed-out Berlin Opera, an engagement which the R.A.F. then cancelled forever. Since giving up singing, this best and most beautiful Wag-nerienne of the Paris Opera, and of all Europe, has spent three months in the camp at Drancy and the prison at Fres-nes. The Opera's second great artistic loss and political purge is the ex-Diag-

ˆVICTORY M BUY

hilev dancer Serge Lifar. With him were thrown out all those ballets featuring his choreography, the most spectacular examples of prewar modernism in the repertory. Among them are his occupation chef-d'oeuvre, "Les Animaux Modeles," from La Fontaine's "Fahies," with music by Poulenc. This last clean sweep has strengthened the

public's faith in the Opera but has weakened the Opera's ballet Wednesday nights, which have been held over from occupation—the Nazis' only pleasant new idea.

There are also new faces and voices at the Opera. One is its new grande vedette, Geori Boue, from the Toulouse Opera, a scintillating soprano with pretty little meridional hands and feet, who sings in "Faust" and "Thai's." Janine Micheau is a rarer bird, with what French musicologues call "incomparable purity and sonority." She is slightly melancolique as a performer, which makes her good in "Lakme" and less so in the gay "Barber of Seville." There is a new contralto, Suzanne Le Fort, a northern girl whose Amneris is like thunder and who has a natural gift of voice and looks besides. As for the men in the Opera, there is an anguishing lack of tenors.

A REMARKABLE and terrible

French film called "Le Corbeau" (' The Crow"), which was made here during the occupation and has since been banned, is occasionally shown privately and should be Seen in New York for two reasons: It is one of the halfdozen greatest French films ever made and it is one of the subtlest, most sinister propaganda jobs the Nazis achieved. Fhe film was perfectly and intelligently written, acted, and directed, by important French artists, who alone—and with what insane naivete—could have created such an authentic, heartbreaking, and horribly Gallic report of provincial French tragedy. It was produced by the German Continental Films, which never showed it in France but exported it to Germany, where a new title, "Eine Kleine Stadt" ("A Small Town"), and appropriate publicity passed it off to the Teuton public as the lowdown on those decadent French. The story deals with anonymous poisonpen letters. They promote an outbreak of local tragedies and unrest—adultery, enforced chastity, suicide, murder, a town riot, a political scandal, and a first-class provincial funeral. The picture contains some magnificent genre scenes, among them a billiard game and conversation at the local club, a sermon by a

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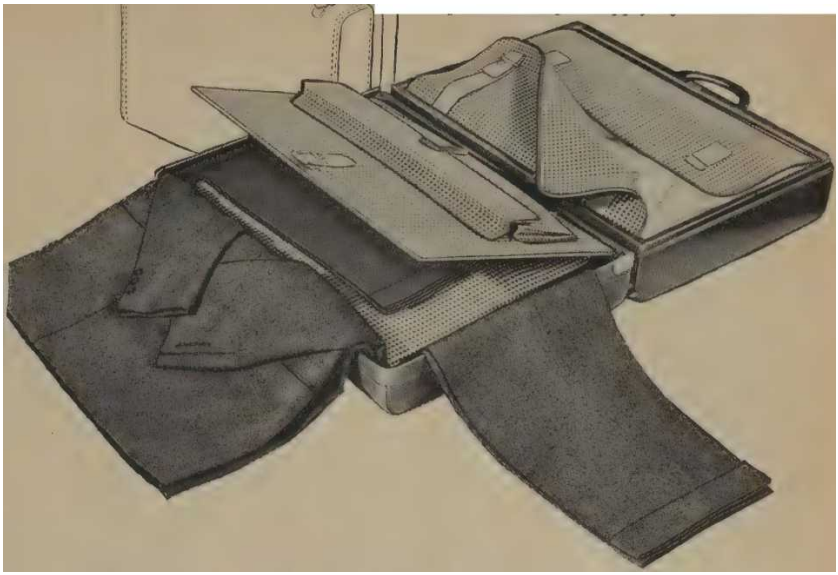

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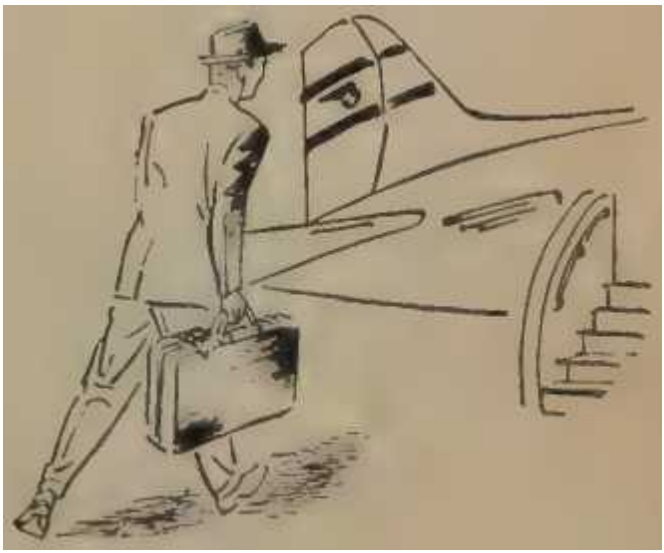

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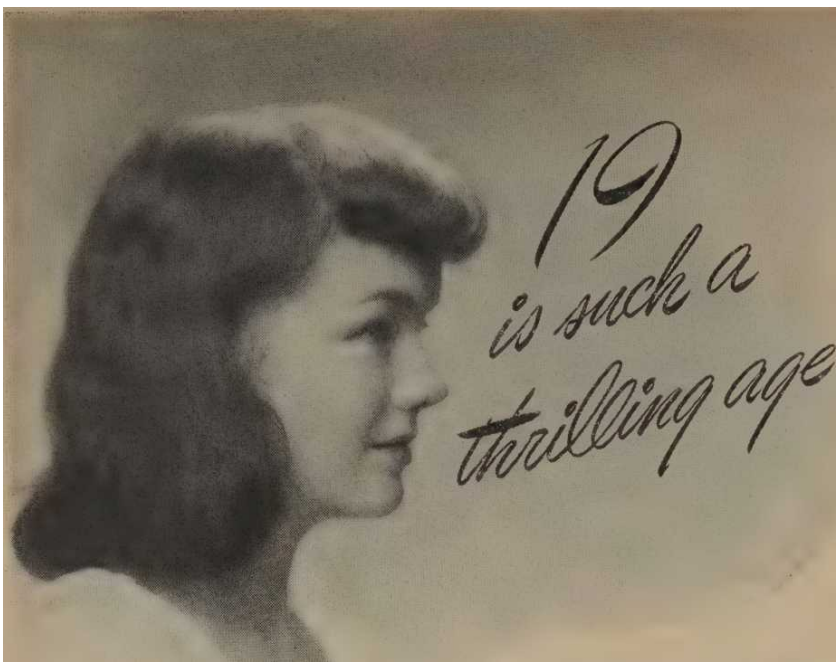

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bearded missionary priest in the local Gothic church, and a dialogue between doctors on good and evil. Libidos, com-[1] plexes, fixations, abortions, morphino-[1] mania, and the general morbid intellectual air of the small-town hospital in which .the tale is centered and whose doctors are its chief male protagonists provide the film's extraordinary quality and the Nazi satisfactions. The dialogue and photography are to the life, but the talented French brain that concocted the ultra-French script (obviously based on the poison-pen trial at Tulle years ago) is not listed among the screen credits. "Le Corbeau" was brilliantly directed by Henri Clouzot and stars the cold-minded Pierre Fresnay, as a young doctor, and Pierre Larquey, as an old ■one. Larquey gives a superlative performance as graphologist, morphinoma-niac sage, town pillar, and impotent elderly villain. No coherent public statement has been made to explain how such fine French intelligence could have lent itself to the making of "Le Corbeau," which lent itself so easily to Berlin. The film is a sort of three-way historical document—a masterpiece of French art and of Nazi propaganda and a symbolic enigma of the occupation.

A half-dozen other French occupation films—there are as yet no liberation films, owing to the fact that gelatin has not been liberated—have just been sent as divertissements to the San Francisco Conference, and some of them will probably have New York showings. Of these, the most impressive and special is Jean Cocteau's "Eternel Retour," which is a modernized "Tristram and Iseult," with an up-to-date middle-aged French uncle, his sinister sister, his bad dwarf nephew, his beautiful good nephew, and two girls, both called Natalia (one brunette and one blond), all living in the avuncular country chateau and neighboring island on the Atlantic coast of France. Here unrolls once more, under Cocteau's

unique, super-talented touch, the old King Mark drama of the young emissarv, the elderly bridegroom, the fatal youthful love, and the magic of humanity's malice, desires, and losses, all swivelled in a newly set up mechanism by the most inventive brain in France. The film is an extremeh , successful tour de force, but it is weakened by the abuse of the beauty of Jean Marais as the anachronistic Tristram, who even speeds toward his love on a motorcycle. 1 he second most remarkable of this group of pictures is "Les Anges du Pcchc" ("Angels of Sin"), made from a story by the late Jean Giraudoux, one of the real talents of

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Paris. It’s a film of women only, set in a convent and dealing delicately with the salvation of bad women by rood. “Visiteurs du Soir/’ another of this group, is typical of Prevert, who directed “Le Quai des Brumes.” One of the evening’s visitors is the devil.

The film hit of Paris right now is “Les Enfants du Paradis,” meaning the gallery gods, or those who see cheaply and truly at a distance. This four-hour film boldly attempts to use the screen as Jules Romains has used his senes of novels to cover our period. It’s a lusty picture, which opens in the time of Louis-Philippe, in the social circle of Paris street-fair players and the curbstone demi-monde, and carries a set of characters and their counterparts in succeeding generations down into this century. The film is interesting principally for the performance by the star, Marcel Herrand, as a befurbelowed, get-rich-quick businessman of the Restoration, which is when France’s en~ richissez-vous trouble began.

One French film which probably won’t be shown in America or even here is the novelist Malraux’s “L’Espoir.” French exhibitors frankly say there’s no money in it. Malraux wrote the text and supervised the taking of the picture, which portrays what Europe, and probably America, now wants to forget— the losing Spanish Republican fight against El Caudillo Franco which started, years ago, what we finally girded ourselves to finish victoriously just this past month, 1945. —Genet

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when the time comes for me to go home she wakes up and won't let me go.

Now can you tell me if she really loves me, or what? Or can you suggest any way I can keep her from falling asleep on me ? B. H.—Syracuse Herald-Journal.

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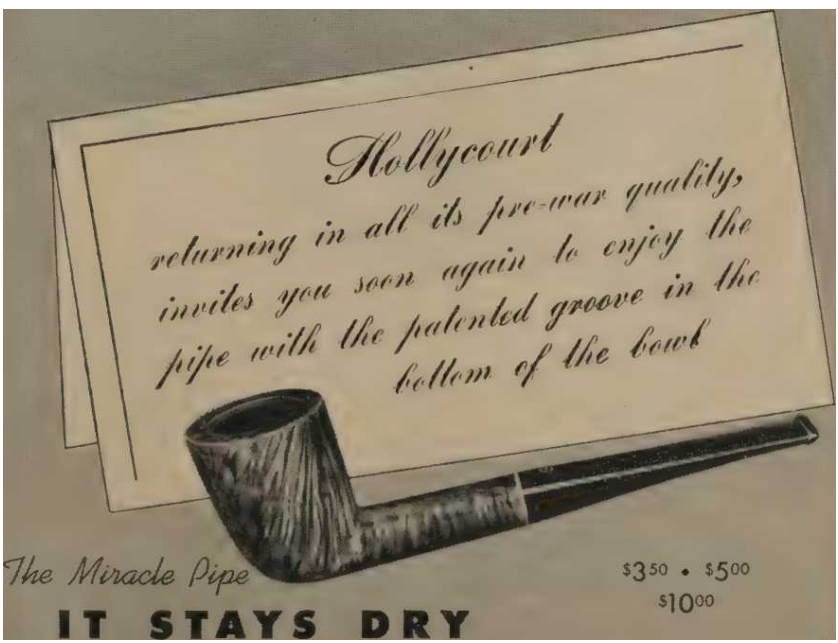
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From the Nation]

Marguerite Young's first prose volume is repetitive, obscure, diffuse, overwritten, tiresomely obsessed with copulation and with analogical images of flowers, insects, and birds, scornful at many points of coherence, continuity, and form; yet it is a book of astonishing subtlety and brilliance, a genuine work of art...



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OF ALL THING5

Admiral Doenitz and most of the members of the German High -*- -"" Command have been relieved of their duties and sent to jail. Now they will all have plenty of time to write "Mein Kampf"s.

It is suspected that the hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of works of art sequestered here and there in Germany by Goering may not have been acquired in an aboveboard manner. On the other hand, of course, he may have bought them quite honestly with stolen money.

Winston Churchill has resigned, but he will stay at his post until Great Britain finds a new man for the job. In fact, he may consent to be the new man, if strongly urged.

A Tokio broadcast announces that Japan is making preparations to continue the war for twenty years. It still seems possible, however, that the Japs will begin to see a little reason along about 1960.

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Chinese forces have cleared the Japs out of a sizable stretch of the east coast. They are evidently trying to have everything in good shape for the opening of the tourist season.

•

Men who have reached the ripe age of thirty should not feel discouraged just because they are no longer wanted by the Army. If they take good care of themselves, these old gentlemen may still have years of usefulness in other walks of life.

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A welcome visitor to our city last week was General Courtney H. Hodges. He made a brief stop here while hopping from war to war.

—Howard Brubaker

BOOK5

Notes from Purgatory

Richard Brooks, - in his first novel, “The Brick Foxhole” (Harper), has written one of the first so-called “realistic” pieces of fiction to come out of the war. It’s a long way

from being another “Three Soldiers,” and an even longer way from being another “All Quiet,” but since it marks the beginning of what will inevitably become a trend, it has a certain transitory importance. Mr. Brooks, in his book, tells the story of one of those soldiers who, drafted for the war, never leave the United States and spend most of their time fighting nothing more tangible than the frustration, boredom, and loneliness that make up the drab purgatory of barracks life. These shadowy enemies, as Mr. Brooks tries to show, can be almost as deadly as armed human ones, and, as far as that complicated set of balances and tensions known as morale is concerned, even more so. This is a good theme for a novel, and, since it must have occurred

to any number of writers in the armed forces, a good novel may

someday be written about it. The field is still wide open. Mr. Brooks, having come upon the theme, does little more than kick it around.

In his novel, Mr. Brooks takes his central character, a young artist named Jeff Mitchell, who worked in the Walt Disney studios before he got drafted, and tells what happens to him over a strange, nightmarish weekend. Jeff is a Marine stationed in Virginia and married to a girl named Mary. He hates his non-combatant status (he's a technician, drawing maps) and he hates Virginia. The book opens with him lying in his bunk, miserable and unhappy, sustained only by the thought of the fifteenday furlough he will be getting shortly. Some of the other Marines, whom Jeff also hates (his hates take in a lot of territory), are shooting dice on the

r

floor. They are also talking about women. One of them tells how another Marine, a fellow called Red, came back a hero from the Pacific and was able, as one of the incidental rewards of heroism, to have an affair with a young woman whose name was Mary. It is at this point, on page four, that Mr. Brooks' novel burns out a cylinder; the rattle thenceforward never stops. When Jeff hears the name of Mary, one which certainly must be borne by at least a few hundred thousand women in the United States, "he remained just as he was, his arm shielding his eyes but his mouth open like a hooked fish, his gills caught by the barb. . . . He wanted to leap down and make a heroic gesture of fighting. Fighting was the answer. The only answer. Even if beaten and bloodied he would feel better. He would begin by saying 'You're liars! ... I don't want any of you to even mention her name! ' . . . And then he would fight them . . . until they were all lying on the floor bloodied and apologetic. . . . Now was the time to fight! To get up and destroy the enemy, the hateful voices which sifted into his ears and

5ˆ iV&iˆ

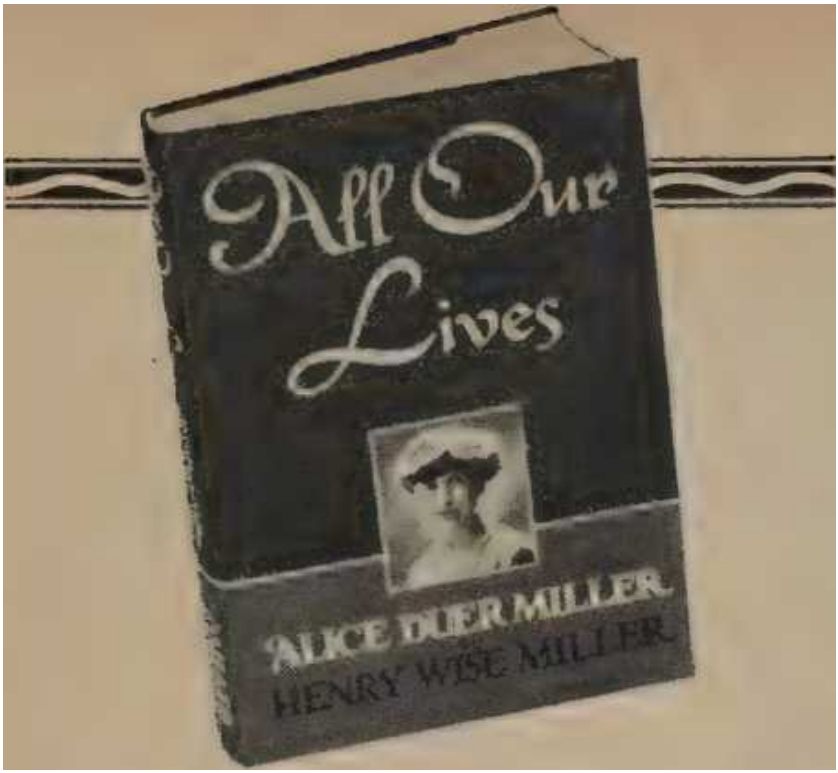
dropped with a crash into his belly."

All this, I'm afraid, even by the relaxed standards used to judge first novels, is nothing but a lot of nonsense. Although Jeff shows many of the signs of a man headed for a psychoneurotic discharge, Mr.

Brooks never once presents him as a psychoneurotic—in fact, there are times when the author seems to imply that Jeff is one of the few healthy-minded men in his outfit—and his peculiar behavior is too absurd for belief It is no less absurd when Jeff does nothing to find out if the girl involved is the Mary he's married to, declines even to telephone his wife, and clings to his conviction that she has been unfaithful to him—a conviction, unfortunately, upon which all the rest of Mr. Brooks' book depends. Unless he had felt betrayed, Jeff would not have then gone to Washington for the weekend to drink himself into forget-ting it; he would not have fallen in with Monty, a Marine ex-policeman who despises Jews, Negroes, foreigners, and civilians; he would not have become involved in the murder Monty commits and tries to pin on him; he

would not have met the prostitute, Ginny, who is able to provide him with an alibi; his wife would not have been sent for by his friend, Keeley, another Marine, who does him an additional good turn by taking on Monty in a wild, hand-to-hand combat in which they are both killed; and, finally, his wife would not have turned up in Washington, just in time to bring the book to an end by deciding that "there was something else she had to prove to herself and to Jeff. That was the immediate thing. She would prove she was better than Ginny."

Somewhere in this nest of mechanical incident and contrived behavior is the plot of a novel—not a very good plot, and a plot that has nothing to do with the book Mr. Brooks started out to write, yet one which, if properly handled, might be turned into a passable melodrama. But Mr. Brooks, having lost his



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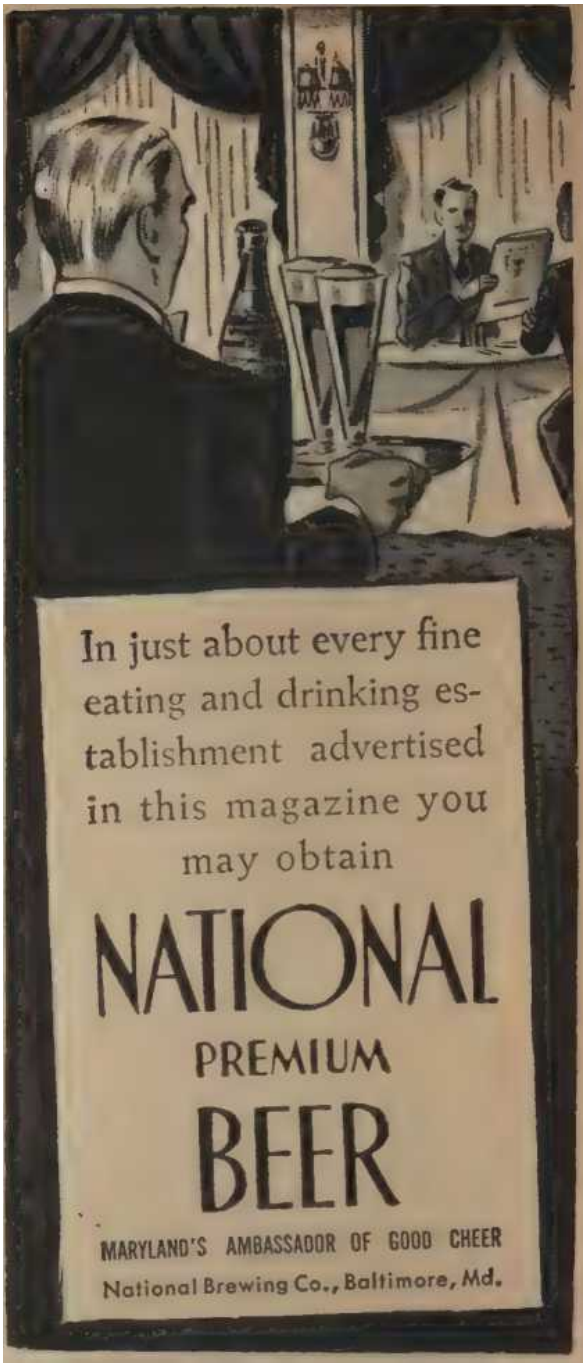
theme in the tangles of melodrama, loses his melodrama in the tangles of a lot of purely incidental issues—the issue of race prejudice, primarily. I suppose it is partly this that has led Richard Wright to commend Mr. Brooks' novel as being "slashing, shocking,

and photographically exact." I didn't find it so. I found it confused, badly written, and full of a frantic striving to think large thoughts. (Example : "All she had to do was to get up and leave Jeff now. . . . But . . . the people in Greece would not stop starving because Jeff had gone to a prostitute. The jungles were as impassable as ever. The Jap soldiers were still savage butchers. Russia's plains would not stop bleeding because Jeff had done this. China still could not smile, and the ruins of London were still there.") Mr. Brooks' book, howsoever slashed and shocked it may leave others, merely left me wondering what all the excitement was about. It seemed to me that Jeff, instead of being the sensitive, admirable person that Mr. Brooks tries to make him, is a trivial and rather embarrassingly stupid young man, one who shows all the signs of having been so over-mothered in his childhood that he is as useless to himself as he is to others. It's too bad he has to be thrown into contact with so many harsh and ugly things, and Mr. Brooks has every right to feel sorry for him if he wants to, but I didn't feel sorry a bit. I didn't because he didn't seem real enough, or consequential enough, and because I couldn't ever believe in any of the things that are supposed to have happened to him. '1 he trend toward realism, if it's going to produce any good books, will have to trend more realistically than this.

Arthur Koestler's collection of ■ˆ essays, "The Yogi and the Commissar" (Macmillan), is written from, rather than about, a kind of purgatory —the purgatory of a once confirmed Communist who, having broken with the faith, finds himself without a spiritual homeland'. The papers in Mr. Koestler's volume, all of which reflect this divorcement (it's rather like a sickness) in one way or another, are divided into three sections—"Meander-ings," a group of seven essays dealing in a general way with literature; "Exhortations," a group of five that discuss certain trends and problems related to the war; and "Explorations," a group of four that make up a long, critical examination of the Soviet Union. Mr. Koestler cannot be called a gentle essayist, and he demands that you pay careful attention to what he is say-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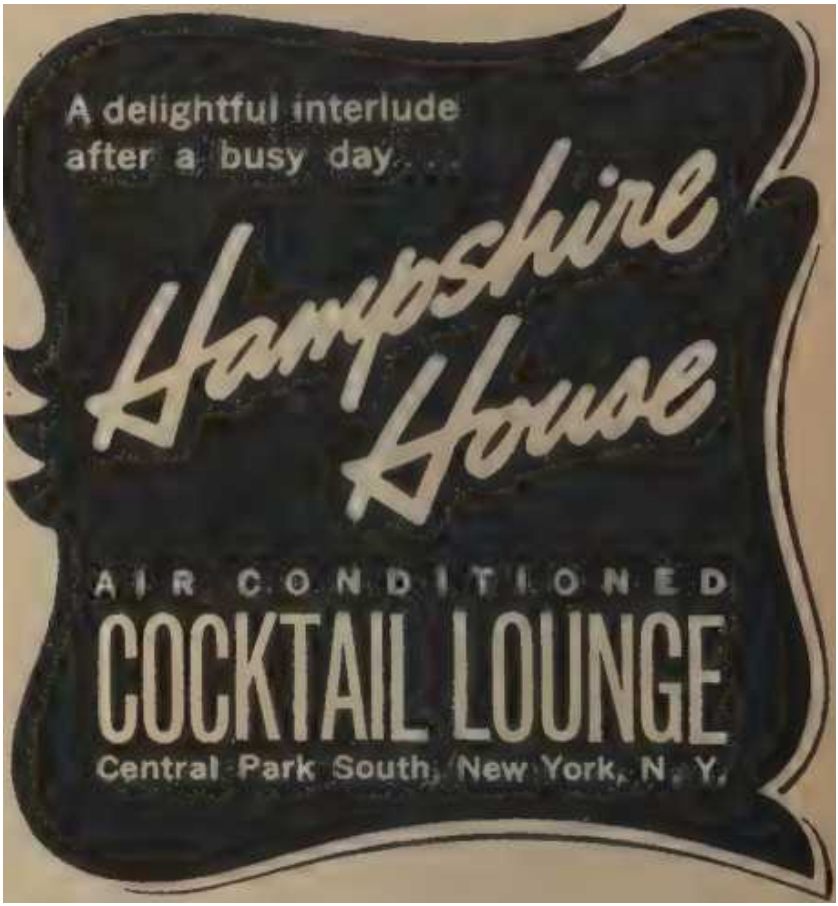
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ing, but there could hardly be a more reasonable demand. This is not because Mr. Koestler is always brilliant or profound (there are many times when he is neither) but because he is one of the few writers now doing business who have a real point of view, because he very definitely knows what the social score is, and because he is able, despite a vocabulary occasionally overburdened with the terminology of psychoanalysis, to write down his ideas more interestingly than most authors are able to write down their fiction.

I can't think of a better combination.

—Hamilton Basso

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Wine of San Lorenzo, by Herbert Gorman (Farrar & Rinehart). A long, carefully documented historical novel with the Mexican War as a background. In addition to the romantic adventures of a young American who has been adopted by Santa Ana and brought up as a Mexican, there are some rousing episodes of battle and credible portraits of the important men on both sides. A story by a writer who combines a respect for history with a lively narrative style. ■

The Townsman, by John Sedges (Day). The author has his work cut out for him when he brings a numerous family of poor tenant farmers from England to this country just after the Civil War, settles them in Kansas, and follows the fortunes of each member through the usual pioneer hardships and some special emotional ones of their own. The story centers on a studious elder son who, when his parents move farther West, stays on to teach school and help build up the small settlement he lives in. He marries the wrong woman and is quietly unhappy until, in his old age, he finds contentment in realizing that he has become the great man of the now prosperous town. A novel that has the air of an authentic family chronicle.

Island 49, by Merle Miller (Crowell). A competent but undistinguished attempt to give fictional form to an intense battle experience—the taking by our troops of a small coral island in the Pacific. Mr. Miller is a good reporter and when he writes about fighting he is interesting. The story, though, is composed largely of flashbacks to the pasts of the officers and men, which do not add any signifi-

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- "Warmly human and vastly amusing."—*Kansas City Star*
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cance to the narrative and really only give it a confused quality.

Years Before the Flood, by Marianne Roane (Scribner). An intimate picture of family life in a small German town between the two great wars. The visit of an American cousin is made the occasion for considerable neighborly festivity, during the course of which the already rotting fabric of German social life is examined carefully if without much penetration. Miss Roane, who has received one of the Avery Hopwood awards, writes rather better than the majority of the winners of these prizes, but that, unhappily, is only mild praise for this young novelist.

Youth Is the Time, by Robert Gessner (Scribner). Mr. Gessner pokes some not very gay fun at the faculty of a big city university very like N.Y.U. The author's picture of the student body, made up of sons and daughters of immigrants, is more sympathetic and much more credible. Nobody; except perhaps professors themselves, will

argue that there aren't a lot of professorial stuffed shirts going around, but they aren't the kind of stuffed shirts Mr. Gessner has portrayed. And his solution of the problem of college education (he believes students should choose their subjects) is not as new or as sound as he seems to think. A thoroughly sincere but hardly a mature novel.

GENERAL

These Are the Russians, by Richard E. Lauterbach (Harper). An extended feature story about the Soviet Union by a Moscow correspondent for Time and Life. Mr. Lauterbach writes about such matters as the industrialization of Siberia, Soviet science, Stalin, the Red Army, and Russian foreign policy. He is an industrious reporter and knows how to assemble a feature story, but his attempt to "interpret" Russia is more an exercise in well-meaning earnestness than anything else. Some of Mr. Lauterbach's book is based on the information he gathered when he accompanied Eric A. Johnston on a tour of Russia, and anyone comparing Lauterbach's enthusiastic conclusions with those of W. L. White, who was also along, will find it hard to believe that they were visiting the same country.

The Best Is Yet ... , by Morris L. Ernst (Harper). The jacket of Mr. Ernst's book calls it the reflections of an irrepressible man. His pages,

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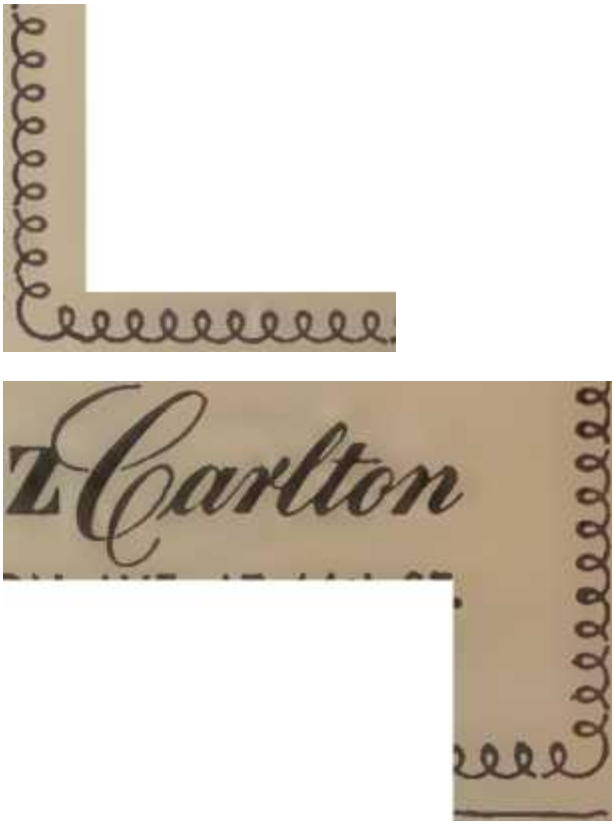

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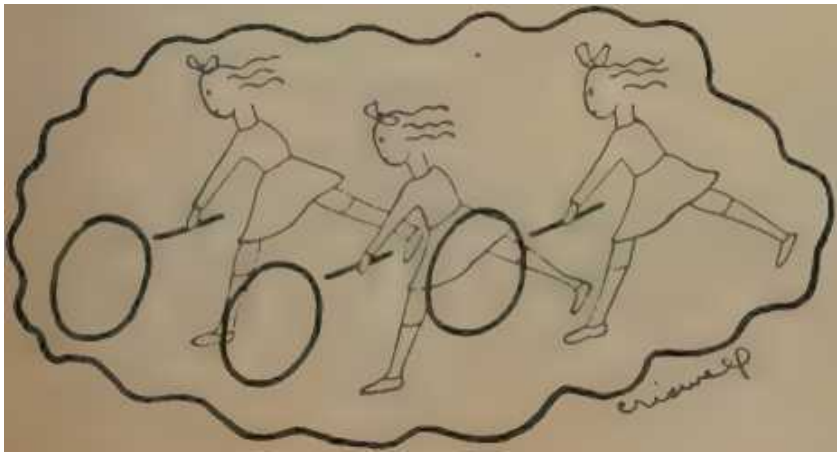
which bear this out, also bear out the t~uism—if it isn't a truism, it's time that it was—that irrepressibility is not .enough. Mr. Ernst ranges far and w de, taking in the people he has known (such as Edna Ferber, Mayor LaGuardia, Henry Wallace, and Heywood Broun), the books he has helped save from suppression (such as "Ulysses" and Schnitzler's "Casanova's Homecoming"), the things he

likes to do (such as sailing off Nantucket and walking in the Alps), and other matters, such as New York City, race prejudice, Anglo-American relations, and England under the blitz. He says a few things worth saying, some things that make no difference one way or the other, and many things, dealing with his eating, drinking, sleeping, resting, working, and other habits, that need not have been said at all. It's hard to imagine that many readers will find Mr. Ernst half so interesting as he seems to find himself.

The Doctor's Job, by Carl Binger (Norton). Dr. Binger, a practicing physician with an engaging bookside manner, writes warmly, pleasantly, and with much good sense about the doctor's place and function in the modern world. His conclusion is hardly revolutionary—the purpose of the doctor, he says, is to help sick people get well and to keep well people from getting sick—and his survey of the state of medicine and its related branches contains very little that is news. Many laymen, however, should find Dr. Binger's book, taken in chapters before retiring, a beneficial prescription.

Men at Work, by Stuart Chase, in collaboration with Marian Tyler Chase (Harcourt, Brace). A slight, cursory, chatty consideration of certain ways and means—the T.V.A., for one—by which an attempt has been made to reconcile laissez-faire democracy with the technics and troubles of the machine age. Holding that a planned economy is an invitation to authoritarianism, Mr. Chase presents the thesis that technological progress is not incompatible with grass-roots democracy. It's a good



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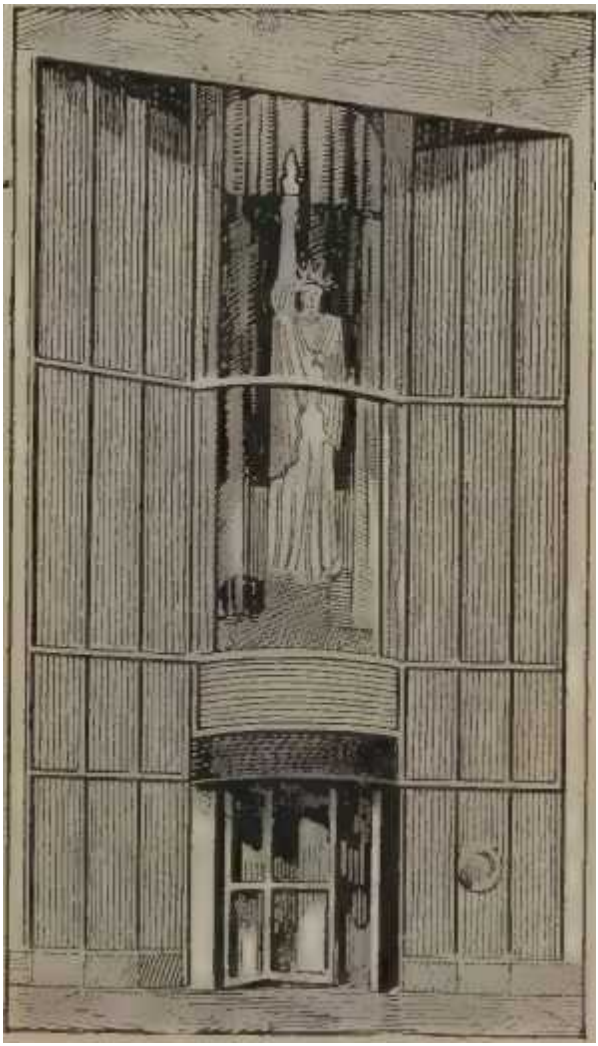

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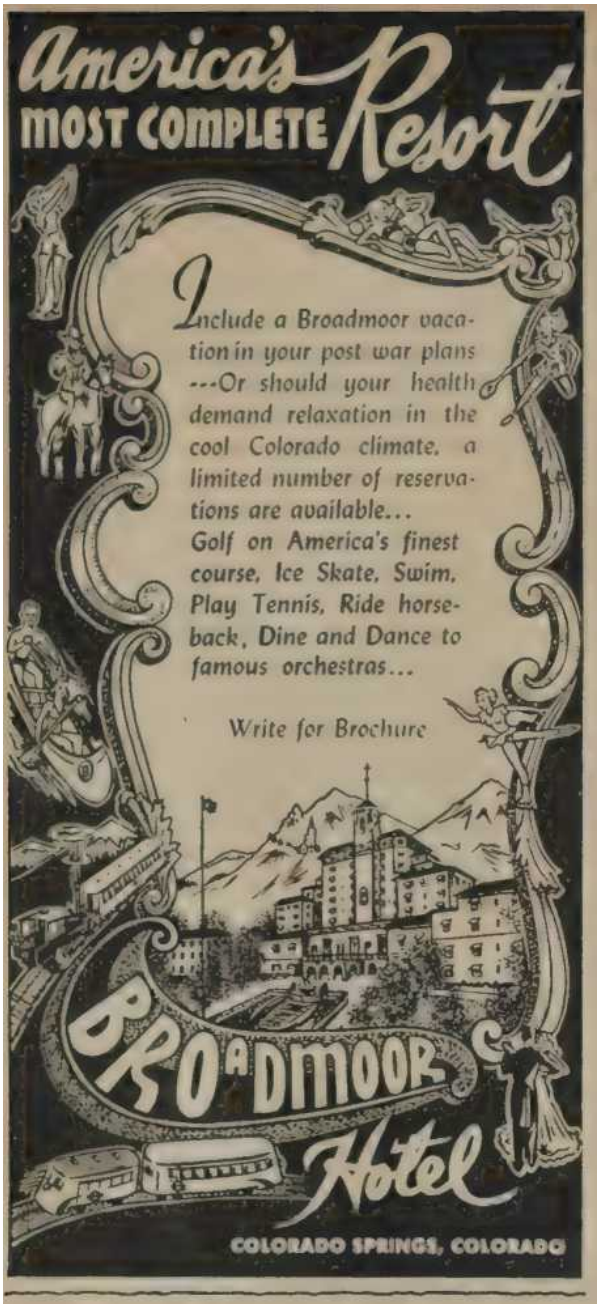
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thesis, but Mr. Chase, whose book is largely an expansion of articles written for the Render's Digest, doesn t come anywhere near making full use of it.

No Passport for Paris, by Alice-Leone Moats (Putnam). Another series of adventures, this time in Franco Spain and Nazi-occupied France, by the lady journalist who seems out to establish herself as a Chanel-scented Quentin Reynolds. She is well on her way to turning the trick, as this book shows, but it does seem a rather

curious ambition.

Woodrow Wilson: Selections for Today, edited by Arthur B. Fourtellot (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A gleanin'! of extracts from the public papers, speeches, and Presidential addresses of M oodrow Wilson, chosen for their bearing upon present-day America ami the presentday world. These lines of Wilson’s contain a great deal of prophecy and a greM deal of pathos; in between the lines, there is also a surprisingly vivid picture of the man. Mr. Tourtellot, who must have gone through mountains of material, has done a careful, understanding, intelligent job.

A Book abou t the Bible, by George Stimpson (Harper). A Biblical ask-me-another, composed of nearly five hundred pages of questions and answers, put together b\ a Washington correspondent who has apparently been doing research on the Bible ever since 1 heodore Roosevelt was in the White House. Any body who doesn't know what language Adam spoke, what a Joseph is, whether the Bible mentioned a league of nations, why the patriarchs lived so long, and whether a whale can swallow a man whole is now able to learn about these matters, along with a lot of other things, and enjoyably, too.

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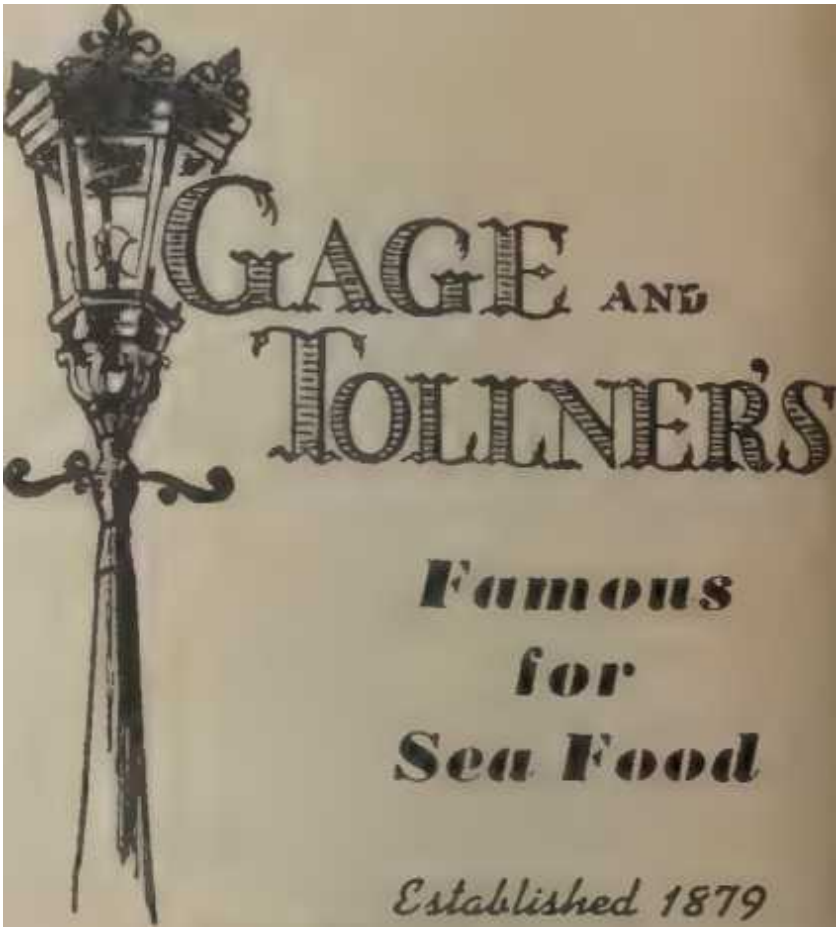

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[Picture caption in the National Geographic, December, 1928}

From this tiny promontory of St. Bar-tholomii the traveler undertakes the ascent of the Watzmann. a peak which in local legend personified a cruel ruler of Berchtesgaden who one day yvantonly set his dogs upon a peasant woman and her baby. As the dogs tore at the child, the ruthless monarch trampled the distracted mother beneath his horse's hoofs. Her husband, a helpless witness to the tragedy, called down the curse of Heaven on the monster. Immediately there was a terrible earthquake and King Watzmann was turned to stone, where he remains today, a yvarning to all cruel men.

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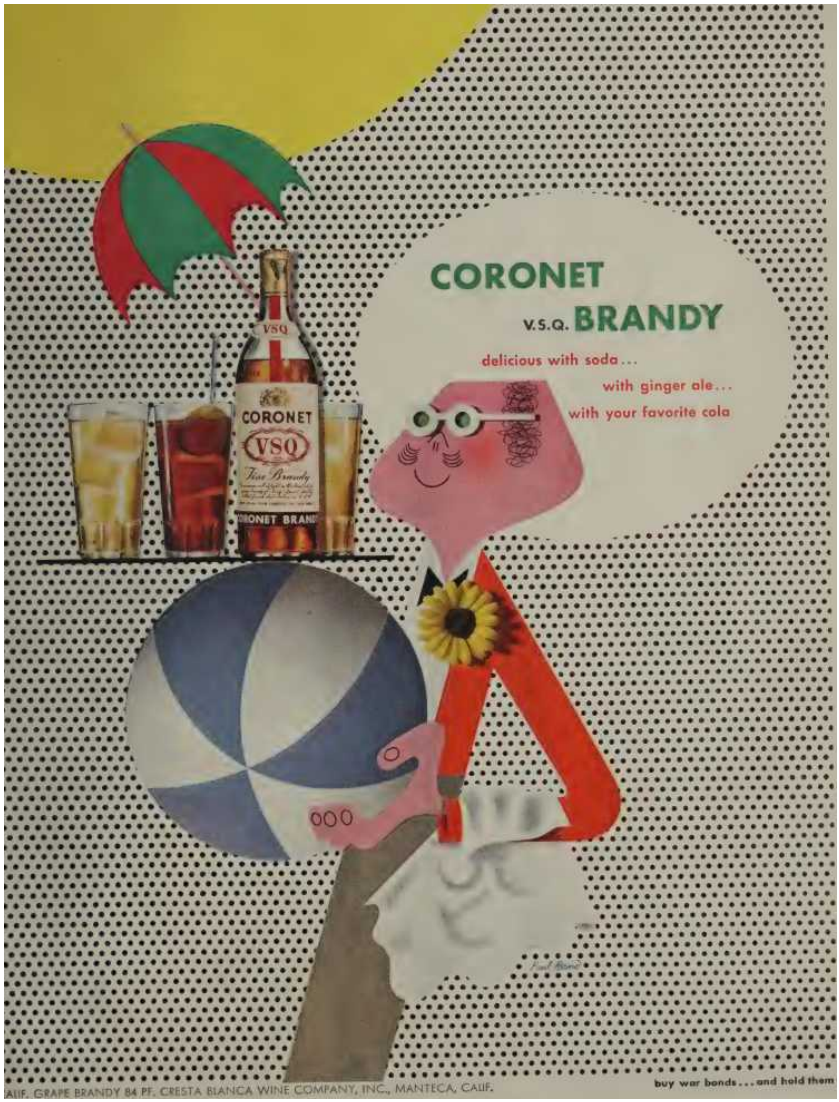

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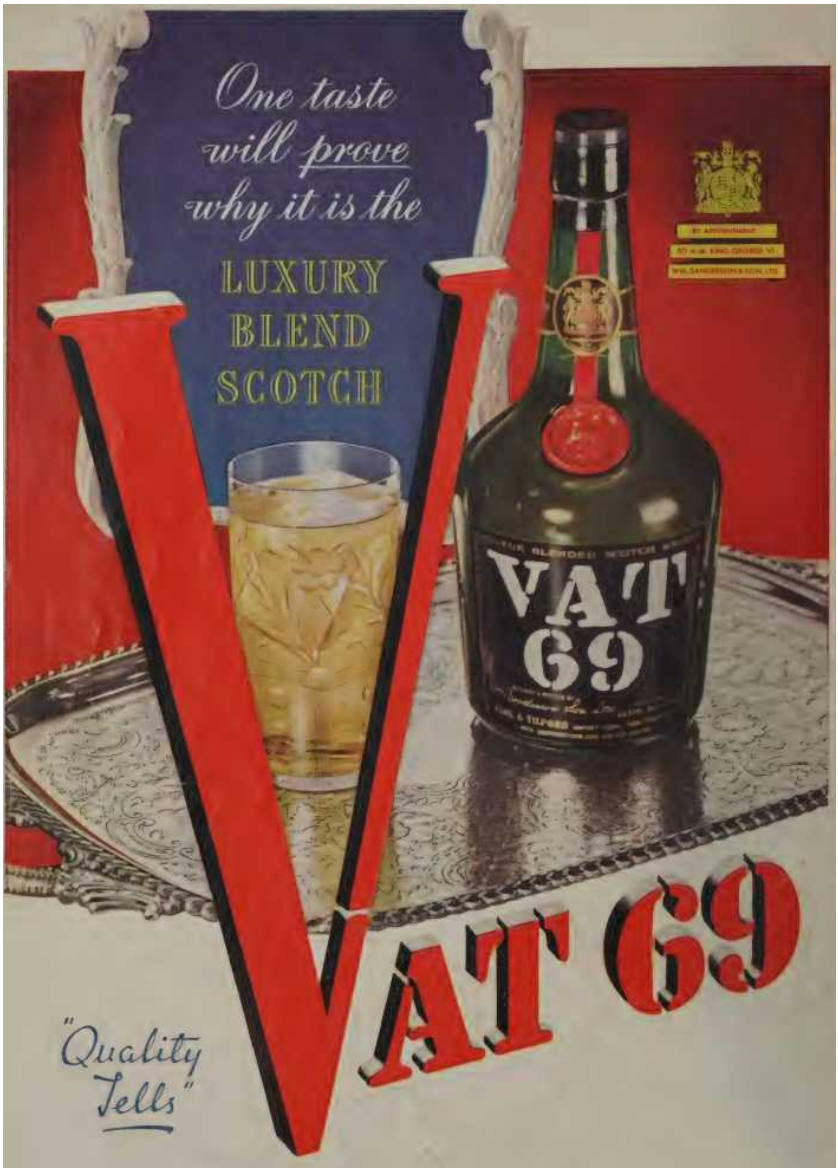

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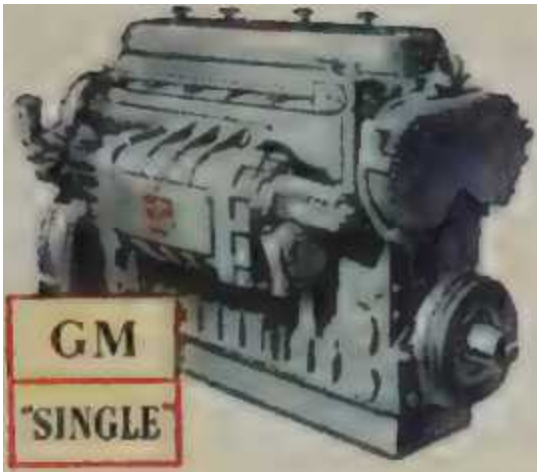
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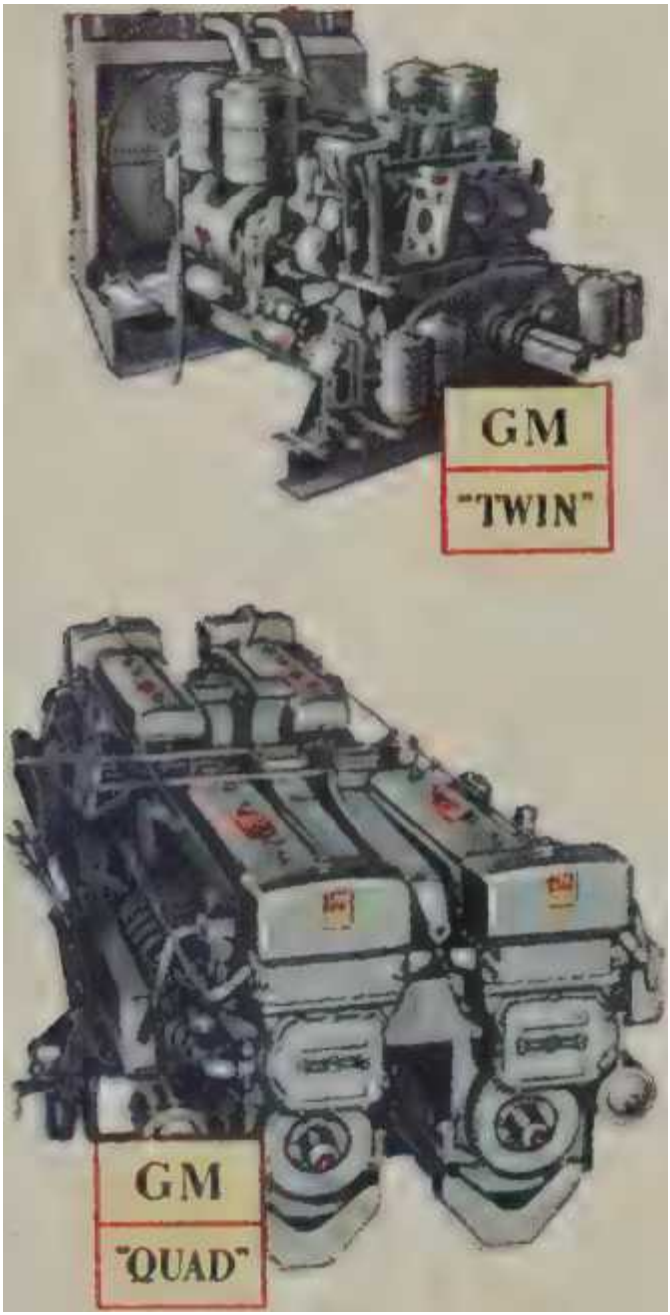
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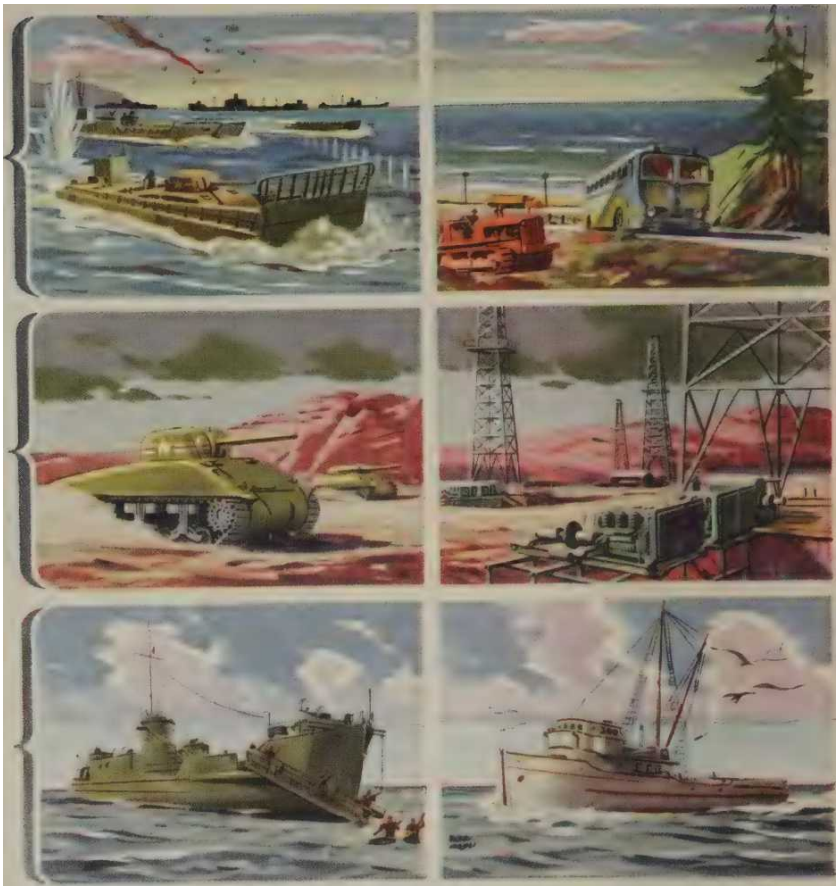

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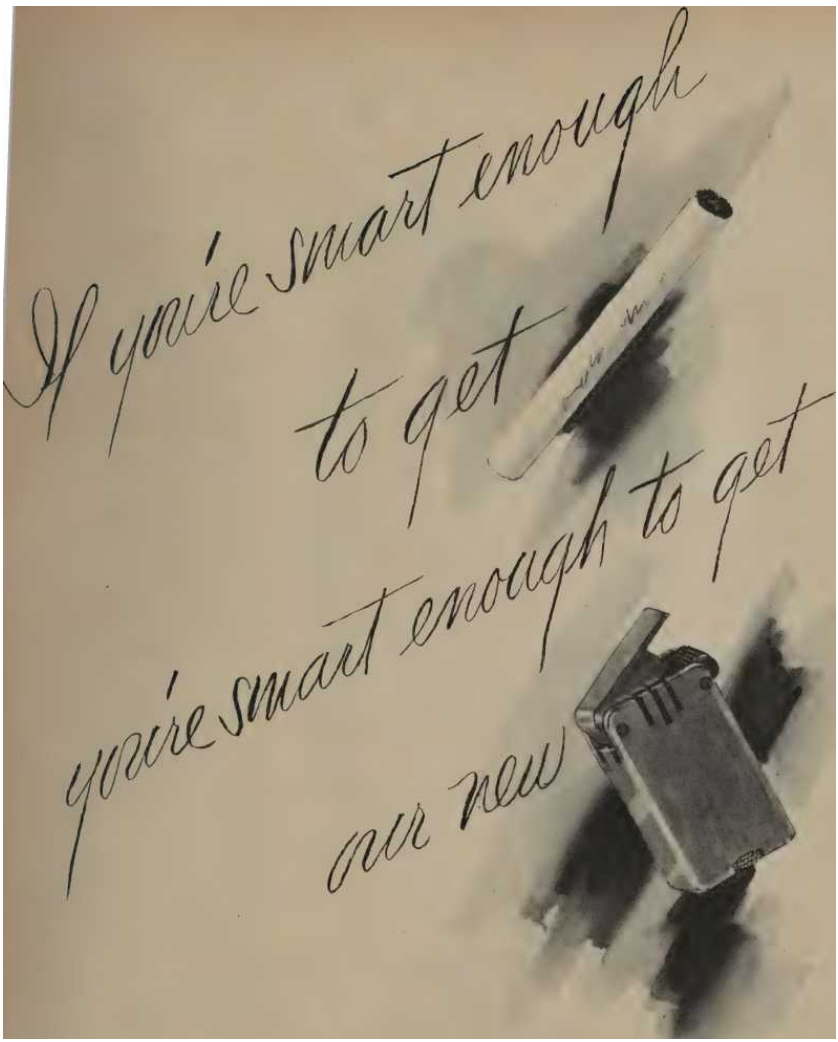

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PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an allNegro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47. W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne in a revival of the 1931 hit. Directed by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., June 9.)

A Bell for Adano—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March's restrained performance makes up for whatever defects there may be in the script. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. Virginia Gilmore, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith are in the cast. (Henry ' Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Foolish Notion—A lot of people try to imagine what it would be like if a dead hero came back, including Philip Barry, the author.

Nobody seems to get very far with the idea, with the possible exception of Tallulah Bankhead. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., June 9.)

Foxhole in the Parlor—Elsa Shelley's rather dreamy prescription for a permanent peace as voiced by a psychoneurotic soldier. With Russell Hardie, Flora Campbell, and Grace Coppin. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9 3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Hasty Heart—A rather contrived play about how a beautiful nurse and some sympathetic comrades humanize a dying soldier. Anne Burr and Richard Basehart have the leading roles. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel (to be replaced by Frances Heflin on Mon., June it) and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein 11 are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. Cl 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Kiss ano Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a competent cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Moves on Mon.. June 11, to the Biltmore,

47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40)

Kiss Them for Me—Richard Widmark, Dennis King, Jr., and Richard Davis in an adaptation of “Shore Leave,” that seems to lack a little something of the quality of the original. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Late George Aplet—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand’s novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect With Janet Beecher anrl Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based

A CONKIENTIOUI CALENDAR.

OF EVENU OF INTEKEJT

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FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 16.

on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE, 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Othello—A brief return engagement of the Margaret Webster production. With Paul Robeson, Uta Hagen, and Jose Ferrer. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Fri., at 8:20. Mat. Sat. at 2:20. Closes Sun., June 10.)

The Overtons—A familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis (through Sat., June 9), Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. <Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not

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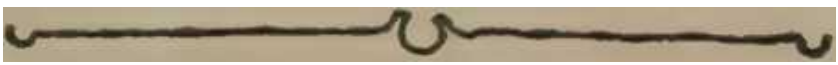

exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, which includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rou-ben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, 1 except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.) , . .

Concert Varieties—Billy Roses latest enterprise is long on dancing but a little short on everything else. The acts include the Katherine Dunham Dancers, Rosario and Antonio, Zero Mostel, and Imogene Coca. Deems Taylor is Master of Ceremonies. (Ziegfeld. 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8130. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 3.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and the cast includes Jackie Gleason. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Hollywood Pinafore—Sir Arthur Sullivan and plain George S. Kaufman have transplanted Buttercup and her friends to California with not very happy results. Victor Moore and William Gaxton head a cast that includes Shirley Booth, Mary Wickes, Annamary Dickey, and Gilbert Russell. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun.,

at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—Frank Libuse does his best to redeem this latest Olsen and Johnson frolic, but it is still pretty dull and tasteless stuff. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Memphis Bound—Bill Robinson stirs his ancient stumps with amazing agility in this all-Negro musical that is very fine in a burlesque of "Pinafore" but a little mixed up the rest of the way With Avon Long, Sheila Guys, Billy Daniels, and the Delta Rhythm Boys. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Moves on Mon., June it, to the Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., June 7, at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a good job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by M ichael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Moves on Mon., June 11, to the Broadway, B'way at 53- CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—“Hats Off to Ice,” produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49- CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves, at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Dance Recitals—The New Dance Group, including the Dudley-Maslow-Bales Trio and Pearl Primus, in a series of programs: Thurs. through Sat. Eves., June 14-16, at 8:30, and (for children) Sat. Aft., June 16, at 2:30. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

Children's Entertainment—The Children’s Opera Company presenting “Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs”: Sat. and Sun., June 9-10, at 2:30 p.m. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 6 Ave. at 58. CI 7-7000.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or

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have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd

better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice or less.) Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules

Lande's orchestra playing its polite dance music in this cool and subterranean summerhouse.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An old favorite, uninhabited for quite a while, is again in business, with Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), the dance team of Fred and Elaine Barry, and Henry Busse's orchestra.

Cafe Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)— Grade-A merriment by Jimmy Savo, folk songs by Josh White, dances by Beatrice Kraft, and slightly overwrought music by Phil Moore's orchestra.

Cafe Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737) —This timeless cavern has Imogene Coca and her cantankerous comedy, jazz piano by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson, songs by Ann Hathaway (Ann Solloway's newest name for herself), and fervent music by Edmond Hall's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO S-6374)—For an ornate but pleasant dinner or supper to the chipper dance music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of • our largest and most luxurious tropics, fitted out mostly with a chromium-plated clientele. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band play nonstop music.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Through Sun., June 10, Wally Boag, the skillful balloon man, will be in the elegant Cotillion Room along with some dancers and a magician. On Tues., June 12, Myrus will return with his mind-reading business (very neat). Stanley Melba's orchestra will continue to play for dancing. . . . Another

Melba orchestra plays in the Cafe Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room, Hildegarde acting very Hildegarde, with Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's bands alternating on the stand.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3 4500)—This pretty pink penthouse has Paul Sparr's subdued dance orchestra and the handsomest view in town.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The elaborate Cafe Lounge presents a lot of vocal choruses accompanied by the sweet music of London's Roy Fox and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every day.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The young folks almost too much at home. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band are on hand all evening. Tea dancing for those who can't wait.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—blue angel, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): comic monologues by Eddie Mayehoff and all sorts of nice music by Mildred Bailey, the Delta Rhythm Boys, and the Herman Chittison Trio. . . . ruban bleu, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): brightsome sinking by Monica Boyar, Thelma Carpenter, and a quartet; a prodigious variety of good piano playing by Garland Wilson, Jose Melis, and Julius Monk. . . . spivy's roof, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy, still talking those songs about what shouldn't happen to a dog, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof, evidently in the market for the kiddies, has a magician and some acrobats; Nat Brandwynne's orchestra provides better than usual dance music, with Mischa Borr's orchestra alternating at supper. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the coo rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing. . . . Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Jane Pickens, back in harness, along with a show full of delectable young ladies who sometimes seem tired of it all; dance music by Maxmillian Bergere. On Wed., June 13, Jerry Cooper will replace Miss Pickens. . . . i-l-l club, 123

E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet, broken only mildly by Roger Stearns' piano. . . . casino russe, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; Cornelius Codol-ban's orchestra. ... el chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): good Spanish dishes and even better Spanish music. . . . Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Through Mon., June 11, Xavier Cugat's orchestra and a show of sorts, in which the biggest noise is Georgie Price. On Tues., June 12, Russell Swann (a fairly cerebral entertainer for this establishment) and his magicianly tricks will arrive, with Mitzi Green and Enric Madriguera's lush orchestra to help out. Upstairs in the Cabana Room, a rumba band. ... astor roof, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large, cool, and full of helter-skelter young people, egged on by Sammy Kaye's orchestra (to be replaced by Harry James' orchestra on Mon.,

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 7. THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 16.

June 11).... Essex house, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500) : Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. . MADISON, 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Bob Knight's orchestra. . . . new yorker hotel, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): George Paxton's orchestra.... roosevelt, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200); Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At nick's, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683) : classic welkin ringing by Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, I 78 7 Ave. S., at I I (CH 2-9355): just a small hole in the ground, nicely fitted out with Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . downbeat, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins and his saxophone, Al Casey and his new trio, and, now and then, Billie Holiday; dancing. . . . onyx, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith's trio, and Hot Lips Page huffing, puffing, and occasionally blowing the house down. . . . jimmy ryan's, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio which includes Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. . . . three deuces, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Erroll Garner in a band

of their own.

Al Fresco—The claremont inn, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and dance music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . tavern-on-the-green, Central Pk. W. at 67: a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then. . . . museum of modern art, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . central park zoo: the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but nice for a midweek breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafes: brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; fifth avenue hotel, 5 Ave. at 9; longchamps, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

American—At the American British art center, 44 W. 56: a nineteenth-century show with Hassam. Inness, Hunt, Kensett, and twenty-some other artists. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 r.M.; through Sat., June 16. . . . international blog., Rockefeller Center: the Encyclopaedia Britannica collection of contemporary art. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 6 p.m.; through July 8. . . . milch, 108 W. 57: artists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Mon. through Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 12 noon; through Fri., June 15.

American Academy, B'way at 155—Painting and sculpture by Edward Hopper, Paul Manship, and others. Tues, through Sun., 2 to 5 p.m.; through June 29.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The development of the water color in America, with emphasis on the work of Winslow Homer. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.; through June 17.

Arthur G. Dove—The artist's work from 1922 to the present: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 3 to 6 r.M.; through June 22.

Jacob Epstein—Six bronzes and. in a quick change of pace, water colors of flowers: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays

to a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., June 16.

Max Ernst—Sculpture, in his first real try at this medium; and some paintings: Julien Levy, 42 E.

57. Daily 10 a.m. to 5:30 P.m.; through Sat., June 9.

European—At the niveau, 63 E. 57: Dufy, I trillo, Pascin, and other French painters. Weekdays to a.m. to 6 p.m.; through June 30. . . . kleemann, 65 E. 57: paintings and prints by Redon, Daumier, Masson, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 1 p.m.; through June 30.

Frick Collection, i E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been hidden away for safekeeping since we entered the war are now back in the Museum. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.;

Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.

Groups—At the jurlacher, ii E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31. . . . Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.; through June 23. . . . passeooit, 121 E. 57: paintings and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, Jose de Creeft, and others of this group. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.; through June 30. ... macbeth, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by contemporary American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 29. ... 67 gallery, 67 E. 57: fourteen painters, centered about Hans Arp, in whose general style the gallery sees signs of a new "ism." Weekdays 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through June 30. . . . perls, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through June 29. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 71 I 5 Ave., at 55 : work by artists who have had one-man shows at this gallery. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., June 16. . . . pinacotheca, 20 W. 58: abstract, and a few non-abstract, paintings by Josef Albers, Karl Knaths, Adolph Gottlieb, and twenty-three others. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., June 16. ... contemporary arts, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 10:30); through June 30. . . . a.c.a., 63 E. 57: paintings submitted for the gallery's annual competition for one-man shows. Daily 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., June 9. . . . nierendorf, 53 E. 57: work by contemporaries. Weekdays 9:30 A.m. to 5:30 P.m.; through June 30.

Randolph Johnston—Sculpture: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 p.m.; Sat., 2 to 5 p.m.; through Fri., June 15.

Sarkis Katchadourian—Impressionist paintings with a touch of the Oriental in them: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Mon., 1 to 5 p.m.; Tues, through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Fri., June 15.

Edward Laning—Drawings of wartime Italy with a less journalistic approach than is usual in such things: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Thurs. and Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.; through Sat., June 9.

Boris Lovet-Lorski—Sculpture of heads, figures, and whimsical animals: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., June 16.

Aristide Maillol—A memorial show, 1861-1944: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 30.

De Hirsh Margules—Water colors: Feigl, 601 Madison, at 57. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., June 16.

Merchant Seamen—Water colors and sketches with a non-amateurish sharpness, mostly by a half-dozen men: National Maritime Union, 354 W. 17. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.; through Thurs, June 14.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, newly arranged to show the development of Greek civilization; also, prints and drawings by Goya. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. 1 to 5 p.m.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54_Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 p.m.; through Sept. 4.

Alfonso Ossorio—Water colors; also, mosaic sculpture by John Stephan: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 22.

Alice Rahon Paalen-—Oils, gouaches, drawings, etchings: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57, Daily 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., June 9"

Photography—Prints by Paul Strand, from his early abstractions and candid photographs to his recent series on Vermont: Museum of Modern Art, 11 XV. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun. 1 to 7 - p.m.; through Sun., June 10.

Wilma Prezzi—Paintings of Chinese objects: Knoed-"r I4t V- Daily 9:30 AM- t0 5 P-M.; through Fri., June 8.

Note—The semi-annual outdoor art exhibit in Wash-'Piston Square

is now open, and will continue daily through Sun., June 10, from 11 a.m until dark.

MUSIC

Jazz Concert—Such musicians as Don Byas, saxophone; Teddy Wilson, piano; Slam Stewart, bass;

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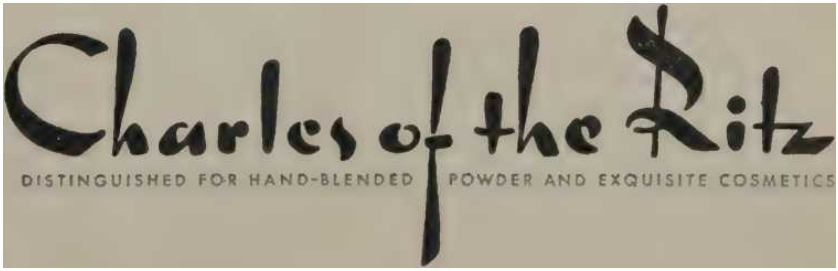

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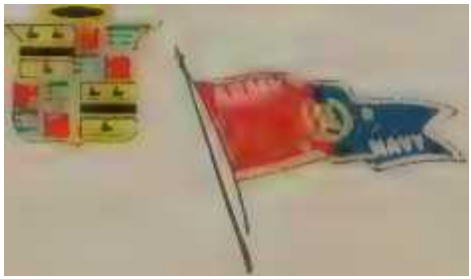


and others. Sat., June 9. at 2:30 p.m. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.)

Sperry Symphony Orchestra—Norman Pickering conducting. Sun., June 10, at 8:45 p.m. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7 7460.)

Goldman Band—Central Park Mall, Wed. and Fri., June 13 and 15, at 8:30 p.m. . . . Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Thurs. and Sat., June 14 and 16, at 8 130 p.m.

Josh White and Elwood Smith—Ballad singers. Mon., June 11, at 8:30 p.m. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the polo grounds: Giants vs. Dodgers, Thurs., June 7, at 2:30 p.m.; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri., June 15, at 2:30 p.m., and Sat.. June 16, at 8:45 p.m. . . . Yankee stadium: Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat.. June 8-9, at 2:30 p.m.. and Sun., June 10, at 2:05 p.m.; Yankees vs. Washington, Tues., June 12, at 2:30 p.m. . . errets field Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat., June 8-9, at 8:30 p.m., and Sun., June 10 (doubleheader), at 2:05 p.m.; Dodgers vs. Giants. Tues., June 12, at 2:30 p.m.. Wed., June 13, at 8:30 p.m., and Thurs., June 14. at 2:30 p.m.

Boxing—Preliminaries at 8:30 p.m.; main bouts at 10 p.m.—At madison square garden: Ike Williams vs. Willie Joyce, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 8. . . . polo grounds: Ray Robinson vs. Jimmy McDaniels, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 15.

Crew—Columbia vs. Cornell. Sat., June 9, at 6 p.m. (Harlem River.)

Fencing—National Championships: Women's Team, Tues., June 12, at 6:30 p.m.; Foil, Individual, Wed., June 13, at 6:30 p.m.; Women's

Foil. Individual, Thurs., June 14, at 6:30 p.m.; Epee. Individual, Fri., June 15, at 6:30 p.m.; Sabre, Individual, Sat., June 16, at 2 p.m. and 8 p.m. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

Golf—New Jersey State G.A. Amateur Championship, qualifying rounds. Sun., June 10, Canoe Brook C.C., Summit, N.J. . . . Metropolitan G.A. Senior Championship, Thurs., June 14, Baltusrol G.C., Springfield, N.J. . . . New Jersey State G.A. Amateur Championship, Match Play Rounds, starting Sat., June 16, Canoe Brook C.C.. Summit, N.J.

Racing—Weekdays at Belmont, at 1:30 p.m., through June 23. (The Juvenile, and Metropolitan Handicap, June 9; Roseben Handicap and the Suburban, June 16.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 1 1 105 a.m. and 1:10 p.m. and Sat. between 10:45 a.m. and 1145 p.m.

Track-—N.Y.A.C. Meet, Sat., June 9, at 3 p.m. (Randalls Island.)

Trotting—Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 p.m. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 p.m.)

Yachting—Championship regatta on the Sound: Manhasset Bay Y.C., Sun., June 10, at about 2

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions At the norlyst gallery, 59 W. 56: the poetry, prose, art, and newspapers of the French Underground during the Nazi occupation, including reproductions of work by the artist Jean DuBuffet, and Midnight Press publications. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through June 19. . . . Chrysler blog., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 p.m., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. ; Sun., 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. . . . museum of science and industry, R.C.A. Bldg.. 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the “Gunairstructor.” a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.;

through June 30. . . . new york historical society, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Tues, through Fri., 1 to 5 p.m.; through July 31.

Housing—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other lead ing architects: Museum of Modern Art. 1 1 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 3.

Transportation--About a hundred prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built New York's first omnibuses, horsecars, early subway trains, and other rolling stock: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 103. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.; through Sept. 30.

Note—"The Fighting Lady," a 103-foot model of an aircraft carrier, is on view in the Sunken Plaza of Rockefeller Center. Purchasers of War Bonds, at the Plaza, may go on board.

ON THE AIR

State Department Archibald MacLeish and others in a discussion of our international policy; broad-

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 7, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 16.

cast from San Francisco, Sat.. June 9, at 7 p.m., WEAF.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sun.. June 10, at 3 p.m., WABC. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra. Sat., June 9 and 16, at 5 p.m., WJZ.

Sports—Racing: the Preakness. Sat., June 16, at 4 p.m., WEAF. . , . Boxing: Ike Williams vs. Willie Joyce, Fri., June 8; Ray Robinson vs. Jimmy McDaniels. Fri., June 15; at 10 p.m., WOR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 p.m., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues, at 10:15 p.m., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 p.m., WABC. . .

. Frank Kingdon, Tues, through Sat. at 10:30 p.m., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M.. WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 p.m., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 p.m., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 p.m., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 p.m., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 p.m,. WABC. . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 p.m., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 p.m., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 p.m., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson (from Europe), Sun. at 9:45 p.m.. WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

The Corn Is Green—Screen version of the Emlyn Williams success, with Bette Davis instead of Ethel Barrymore. If you can believe that Miss Davis's interest in her handsome young miner is quite platonic, you can believe practically anything. (Hollywood. B'way at 51.)

Guest in the House -A very sensible adaptation of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed. Aft., June 13. ...Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., June 9-12. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues, through Thurs., June 12-14. • • ■ Terrace, g Ave. at 23; Tues, through Sat., June 12-16.)

A Medal for Benny—In spite of some rather obvious comedy and pathos, John Steinbeck's story of an old man whose son wins a posthumous award for valor is quite affecting. With J. Carroll Naish, Arturo De Cordova, and Dorothy Lamour. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Tues. Aft., June 12.)

Meet Me in Sr. Louis—Mainly about the four Smith sisters and their emotional problems. Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien. Mary Astor, and Leon Ames are in this extremely attractive version of Sally Benson's stories. (68th Street Playhouse. 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Wed., June 9-13.)

National Velvet—An adaptation of Enid Bagnold's novel about a little girl who wins a horse in a lottery and then rides him in the Grand National. Nonsense, of course, but very appealing. With

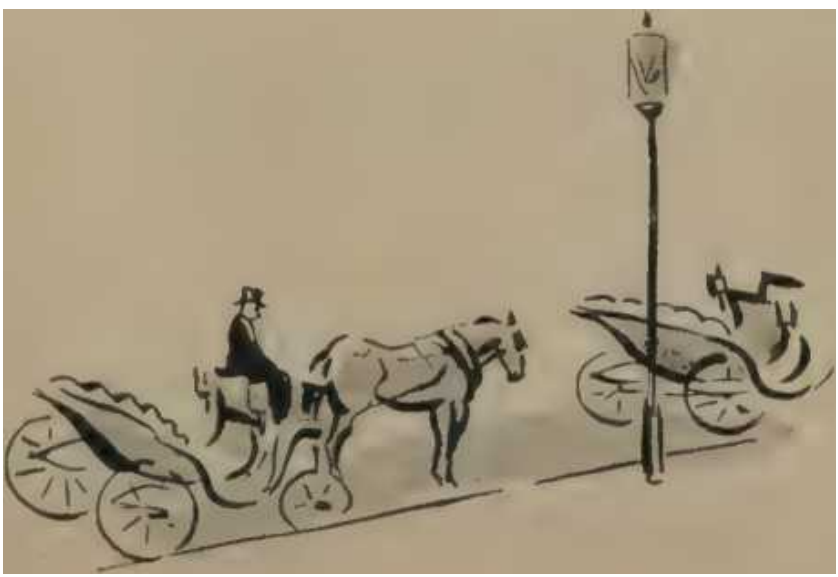
Elizabeth Taylor and Mickey Rooney. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., June 8.)

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay—Gail Russell and Diana Lynn as a couple of rich and slightly simple-minded girls touring Europe in the nine-tecn-twenties. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Tues., June 12. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Olympia. B'way at 107; through Wed.. June 13.)

The Way Ahead—Excellent British import about how a group of young British civilians were conditioned for the army. With David Niven. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

Without Love—It's hard to believe that Philip Barry would recognize this Donald Ogden Stewart version as his Broadway play, but it's very lively and amusing just the same. With Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., June 13.)

The Woman in the Window- Edward G. Robinson as a murderer who really meant no harm in par



ticular. With Joan Bennett and a surprise ending that is hardly

likely to surprise anyone. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 7.)

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer (1938)—Tommy Kelly and May Robson as Tom and Aunt Polly. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., June 10-11.) The Big Store (1941)-—The Marx Brothers take over a department store. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sati, June 9. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues, through Thurs., June 12-14.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (55th Street Playhouse. 154 W 55; starting Wed., June 13.)

Desire (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain. Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., June 9.)

Grano Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the first World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Wed., June 13.)

The Heart of a Nation (1943)—France, from the eighteen-seventies to the present. In French, with Michele Morgan, Raimu, and Louis Jouvet, and with an English narrative by Charles Boyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues, through Thurs., June 12-14)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—About a prize-' fighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter.

Robert Montgomery and Claude Rains. (World, 153 W. 49-)

In Name Only (1939)—Kay Francis. Carole Lombard, and Cary Grant in the usual triangle mess. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., June 11-12.)

In Our Time (1944)-—Poland in 1939. With Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs.; June 7.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty. Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 7.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne as a female Enoch Arden and Cary Grant as her husband. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., June 8.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; and Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., June 7. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues, and Wed., June 12-13.)

On the Avenue (1937)—Rich girl marries poor actor. Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye. Dick Powell, and Irving Berlin music. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., June 10-11.)

Once Upon a Time (1944)—Whimsy about a dancing caterpillar. With Cary Grant and Janet Blair. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues, through Thurs., June 12-14.)

Our Town (1940)—The Thornton Wilder play. Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden. (Beverly, 3 Ave, at 50; through Fri., June 8.)

The Prisoner of Zenda (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Beverly. 3 Ave. at 50; Sat. through Mon.. June 9-11. . . .Terrace, 9 Avc. at 23; Sun. and Mon., June 10-11.)

The Rainbow (1944)—The German occupation of a Ukrainian village. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., June 8-11.)

Thunder Rock (1944)- -The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., June 7. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., June 13-14.)

To Be or Not To Be (1942)—Ernst Lubitsch. with the help of Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, takes the Gestapo apart. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., June 7.)

Torrid Zone (1940)—Life among banana pickers, with Ann Sheridan, James Cagney, and Pat O'Brien. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3;

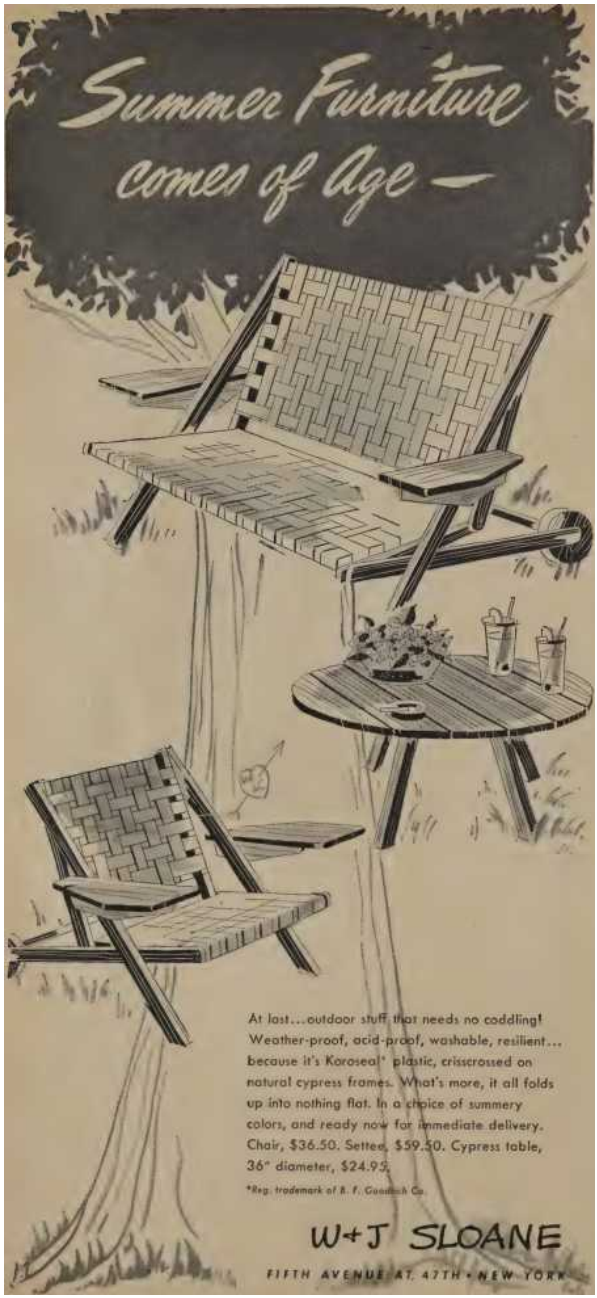
Mon. and Tues., June 11-12. ... Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues, and Wed.. June 12-13.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Bronte moors. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues, and Wed., June 12-13 □

Note—The Museum of Modern Art. 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 p.m. and Suu. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 p.m. on the following schedule thurs., June 7. "Beau Geste" (1926). with Ronald Colman and William Powell. . . , fri. through sun,, jult e-10: "Underworld" (1927), directed by Josef von Sternberg. . . . mon. through thurs., july ii-i4: "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1927), directed by G. W. Pabst. . . . from fri., june is: "Sunrise" (1927), with George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor; and "Hands" (1928), by Stella Simon.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Service-Men- New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short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Chair, $36.50. Settee, $59.50. Cypress table, 36" diameter, $24.95,

GOING5 ON ABOUT TOW

periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the civilian defense volunteer office, i E. 44 (MU 2-4310) I men and women to work in canteens at least one shift a week, night or day; men and women to take a short training course and then work a minimum of two full days a week as group-leaders in summer playgrounds. . . . red cross, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work four daytime hours a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN women's VOLUNTARY services, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050) : women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for service men's clubs; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply at 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.) . , . united hospital fund, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150) : men to take a short training course and then work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the

day, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and diet kitchens, or as receptionists from 7 to 8:45 A.M. . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE corps, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100) : women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

Harvesters—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

Seventh War Loan Drive—The War Bond campaign is on, and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), are recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

Salvage—Wastepaper, which is vitally needed, and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifu, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The United National Clothing

Collection wants to accumulate a hundred and fifty million pounds of practical clothing, shoes, bedding, and linens for destitute families overseas. Drivers of laundry trucks will pick up contributions on their regular routes, or, for the location cf the nearest depot, call Cl 5-7350. . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410).. . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Aston, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—Thurs., June 7: "The Enchanted Cottage," Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall. . . . From Fri., June 8: "The Wonder Man," Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—"Thrill of a Romance," Esther Williams, Van Johnson.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—Through Fri., June 8: "That's the Spirit," Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie. . . . From Sat., June 9: "Son of

Lassie," Peter Lawford, Donald Crisp.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-o8oo)—Through Fri., June 8: "Flame of Barbary Coast," Ann Dvorak, John Wayne. . . . From Sat., June 9: "It's in the Bag," Fred Allen, Jack Benny.

Gotham, B'way at 47 (CI 5-9516)—Thurs., June 7: "Molly and Me," Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall. . . . From Fri., June 8: "Delightfully Dangerous," Jane Powell, Ralph Bellamy.

Hollywood, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—the corn is green, Bette Davis, John Dall.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Wed., May 13: "China Sky," Randolph Scott, Ruth Warrick.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—"Out of This World," Diana Lynn, Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)— "The Valley of Decision," Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Donald Crisp.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—Through Tues. Aft., June 12: a medal for benny, Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova. . . . Tues. Eve., June 12, at 8:30: special War Bond performance, picture to be announced. . . . From Wed., June 13: "Junior Miss," Peggy Ann Garner, Allyn Joslyn.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—"Where Do We Go from Here?," June Haver, Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie.

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., June 13: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—"Pillow to Post," Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet.

Victoria, B'way at 46 (CI 6-7429)—the way ahead, David Niven.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Alden, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Revivals— Through Sat., June 9:

desire, Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper; also the big store, the Marx Brothers. . . . Sun. and Mon., June 10-11: on the avenue, Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye, Dick Powell; also "Let Us Live," Maureen O'Sullivan, Henry Fonda. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 12-13: "Break of Hearts," Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer; also "Maryland," Fay Bainter, Walter Brennan.

Belmont, 121 W. 48 (BR 9-0378)—Spanish films, no English titles—Thurs., June 7: "En el Viejo Buenos Aires." . . . From Fri., June 8: "Mi Cuate, el Rey."

Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50 (EL 5-8790)—Through Fri., June 8: our town, revival, Frank Craven, Martha Scott, William Holden; also my favorite wife, revival, Irene Dunne, Cary Grant. . . . Sat. through Mon., June 911: the prisoner of zenda, revival, Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman; also "Slightly Dangerous," revival, Lana Turner, Robert Young. ...From Tues., June 12: "Roughly Speaking," Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson; also "House of Fear," Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (GR 5-9738) — Revivals—Through Tues., June 12: "The Last Millionaire" (in French), Annabella; also "The Emperor Jones," Paul Robeson. . . . From Wed., June 13: "Amphitryon" (in French), Henri Garat; also "32 Rue de Montmartre" (in French), Gaby Morlay, Erich von Stroheim.

55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-9438)—Revivals, French films—Through Tues., June 12: "Heart of Paris," Raimu; also "L'Alibi," Erich von Stroheim. . . From Wed., June 13: carnival IN FLANDERS, Louis Jouvet; also GRAND ILLUSION, Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)—"We Accuse," documentary film.

Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—"The Ural Front" (in Russian).

Thalia, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Thurs., June 7: the woman in the window, Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, Raymond Massey; also the lady vanishes, revival, Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 8-11 the rainbow (in

Russian), revival; also “They Came to a City,” J. B. Priestley, John Clements, Googie Withers. . . . From Tues., June 12: the heart Or a nation (in French, with English narrative by Charles Boyer), revival, Michele Morgan, Raimu. Louis Jouvet; also “Mister V,” revival, Leslie Howard.

World, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—here comes mr. jordan, revival, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—-Thurs., June 7: in our time, revival, Ida Lupino, Paul Hcnreid. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 8-11: “Thunderhead—Son of Flicka,” Roddy McDowall. Preston Foster. . . . From Tues., June 12: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope.

Gramerct Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660) — Through Fri., June 8: “Belle of the Yukon,” Gypsy Rose Lee, Randolph Scott, Dinah Shore; also “Betrayal from the East,” Lee Tracy, Nancy Kelly. . . . Sat. through Tues., June 9-12: “I’ll Be Seeing You,” Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple; also “Escape in the Fog,” Otto

AT THE MOVIE HOU5E5

THURSDAY, JUNE 7. THROUGH WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE7. UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

Kruger, Nina Foch. ... From Wed., June 13: “Roughly Speaking,” Rosalind Russell, Jack Car-son; also “The House of Fear,” Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)— Through Mon., June n : “Here Come the Waves,” Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts; also “Dark Mountain,” Ellen Drew, Robert Lowery. ...Tues, and Wed., June 12-13: “Thunderhead —Son of Flicka,” Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster; also “Mr. Emmanuel,” Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Wed., June 13: our hearts were toung ano gay, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell; also “And Now Tomorrow,” Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, Susan Hayward.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434) -—Thurs., June 7: “Belle of the Yukon,” Gypsy Rose Lee, Randolph Scott, Dinah

Shore. ... Fri. through Tues., June 8-12: “The Picture of Dorian Gray,” Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders. . .. From Wed., June 13: “The House of Fear,” Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Through Fri., June 8: “A Tree Grows in Brooklyn.” Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, Peggy Ann Garner. . . . Sat. and Sun., June 9-10: “Between Two Women,” Van Johnson, Gloria De Haven, Lionel Barrymore. ... Mon. and Tues., June 11-12: “Keep Your Powder Dry,” Lana Turner, Laraine Day, Susan Peters. ... From Wed., June 13: thunder rock, revival, Michael Redgrave, Barbara Mullen.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Through Fri., June 8: “Tonight and Every Night,” Rita Hayworth, Lee Bowman, Janet Blair. . . . Sat. through Mon., June 9-11: “Between Two Women,” Van Johnson, Gloria De Haven, Lionel Barrymore. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 12-13: naughty marietta, revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)— Through Wed., June 13: “God Is My Co-Pilot,” Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark, Raymond Massey; also “Zombies on Broadway,” Wally Brown, Alan Carney.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Thurs., June 7: “I’ll Be Seeing You,” Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 8-11: “Thunderhead—Son of Flicka,” Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster. . . . From Tues., June 12: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302) — Through Fri., June 8: national velvet, Mickey Rooney, Elizabeth Taylor, Donald Crisp. . . . Sat. through Wed., June 9-13: meet me in st. louis, Judy Garland, Margaret O’Brien, Mary Astor.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)— Through Wed., June 13: our hearts were young and gay, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell; also “And Now Tomorrow,” Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, Susan Hayward.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180) — Through Mon., June 11: “The Picture of Dorian Gray,’ Hurd Hatfield, George

Sanders. . . . From Tues., June 12: “Roughly Speaking,” Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900) — Through Wed., June 13: “God Is My Co-Pilot,” Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark, Raymond Massey; also “Zombies on Broadway,” Wally Brown, Alan Carney.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)— Through Fri., June 8: “Thunderhead—Son of Flicka,” Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster; also “Mr. Emmanuel,” Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt. . . . Sat. through Tues., June 9-12: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also “See My Lawyer,” Olsen and Johnson. ... Wed., June 13: "The Sign of the Cross,” revival, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Charles Laughton; also “One Heavenly Night,” revival, Evelyn Laye, John Boles.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., June 11: “Here Come the Waves,” Bing Crosby,

Bettv Hutton, Sonny Tutts; also “Dark Mountain,” Ellen Drew, Robert Lowery. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 12-13: “Beyond Tomorrow,” revival. Maria Ouspenskaya, Charles Winninger; also “Tom Brown’s School Days,” revival. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3 (CH 3-9019)—Through Fri., June 8: “A Song to Remember,” Merle Oberon, Paul Muni; also “Crime Doctor’s Courage, Warner Baxter, Hillary Brooke. . . . Sat. and Sun., June 9-10: “Belle of the Yukon,” Gypsy Rose Lee, Randolph Scott, Dinah Shore; also “Betrayal from the East,” Lee Tracy, Nancy Kelly. . . . Mon. and Tues., June 11-12: in name only, revival, Kay Francis, Cary Grant, Carole Lombard; also torrid zone, revival, Ann Sheridan, James Cagney, Pat O’Brien. . . . From Wed., June 13: “The Sign of the Cross,” revival, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Charles Laughton; also “A Night to Remember,” revival, Loretta Young, Brian Aherne.

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Through Fri., June 8:

“I’ll Be Seeing You,” Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple. . . . Sa.t. through Tues., June 9-12: “Mr. Emmanuel,” Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt. . . . From Wed., June 13: “The Stars Look Down,” revival, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., June 11: “Here Come the Waves,” Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts; also “Dark Mountain,” Ellen Drew, Robert Lowery. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 12-13: “Beyond Tomorrow,” revival, Maria Ouspenskaya, Charles Winninger; also “Tom Brown’s School Days,” revival, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)— Thurs., June 7: naughty marietta, revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; also thunder rock, revival, Michael Redgrave, Barbara Mullen. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 8-11: “Belle of the Yukon,” Gypsy Rose Lee, Randolph Scott, Dinah Shore; also “Betrayal from the East,” Lee Tracy, Nancy Kelly. . . . From Tues., June 12: once upon a time, revival, Cary Grant. Janet Blair; also the big store, revival, the Marx Brothers.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440) — Through Wed., June 13: “God Is My Co-Pilot,” Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark, Raymond Massey; also “Zombies on Broadway,” Wally Brown, Alan Carney.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., June 9: “I’ll Be Seeing You,” Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple; also “Escape in the Fog,” Otto Kruger, Nina Foch. . . . Sun. and Mon., June 10-11: the prisoner of zenda, revival, Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman; also the adventures of tom sawyer, revival. Tommy Kelly, May Robson. . . . From Tues., June 12: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also “See My Lawyer,” Olsen and Johnson.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B’way at 81 (TR 7-6160)— Through Wed., June 13: “God Is My Co-Pilot,” Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark, Raymond Massey; also “Zombies on Broadway,” Wally Brown, Alan Carney.

Loew's 83rd Street, B’way at 83 (TR 7-3190) — Through Wed., June 13: our hearts were young and gay, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell; also

“And Now Tomorrow,” Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, Susan Hayward.

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)— Thurs., June 7: “A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,” Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, Peggy Ann Garner. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 8-11: “A Song to Remember,” Merle Oberon, Paul Muni. . . . Tues, and Wei, June 12-13: torrid zone, revival, Ann Sheridan, James Cagney, Pat O’Brien; also wuthering heights, revival. Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier.

Stoddard, B’way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Wed. Aft,, June 13; guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also “See My Lawyer,” Olsen and Johnson. . . . Wed. Eve., June 13, at 8:30: special War Bond performance, picture to be announced.

Carlton, B’way at 100 (AC 2-3862)—Thurs., June 7: naughty marietta, revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; also to be or not to be, revival, Carole Lombard, Jack Benny. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 8-11: “Tonight and Every Night,” Rita Hayworth, Lee Bowman, Janet Blair; also “Power of the Whistler,” Richard Dix. . . . From Tues., June 12: “Between Two Women,” Van Johnson, Gloria De Haven, Lionel Barrymore; also “Nothing but Trouble,” Laurel and Hardy.

Olympia, B’way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Wed., June 13: our hearts were young and gay, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell; also “And Now Tomorrow,” Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, Susan Hayward.

Nemo, B’way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Through Wed., June 13: "God Is My Co-Pilot,” Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark, Raymond Massey; also “Zombies on Broadway,” Wally Brown, Alan Carney.

Loew's 175th Street, B’way at 175 (WA 7-5200)— Through Tues., June 12: our hearts were young and GAY, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell; also “And Now Tomorrow,” Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, Susan Hayward. . . . Wed., June 13: “Vampire’s Ghost,” John Abbott; also ‘ The Phantom Speaks,” Stanley Ridges, Lynn Roberts.

Coliseum, B’way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Wed., June 13: “God Is My Co-Pilot,” Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark, Raymond Massey; also “Zombies on Broadway,” Wally Brown, Alan Carney.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE. TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Counter-Inflation Note: The prewar dollar is worth $1.17 on the White Plains-to-Mount Vernon bus. The fare has miraculous-lv gone down from thirty cents to twenty-five.

ONE of our West Coast undercover men has flashed us that he has discovered one California outfit that is not concerned with reconversion. This man stumbled on the place while he was on his way from La Jolla to Los Angeles. It was a small building, near the ocean, and the sign said, “stepping stones, hanging baskets, AND TRELLISES.”

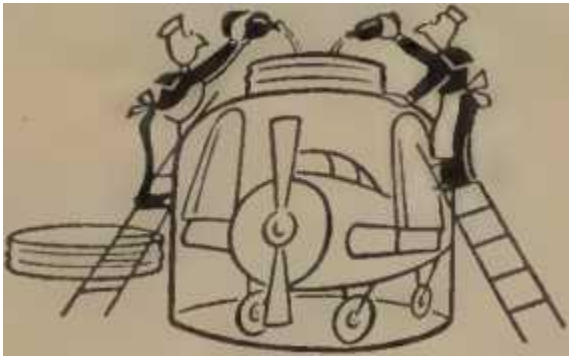
THE most wonderful thing about the new cloverleaf and reinforced concrete municipal airport in Queens where the runways will have hard shoulders and end in Calcutta and where ten years from now three hundred and thirteen planes will arrive at the peak hour from London and Salt Lake City and Guam and where forty thousand men and women will be employed many of them happily and through whose gates thirty thousand passengers with their thirty thousand pairs of pajamas and their thirty thousand toothbrushes will pass daily on their way to and from Omaha and Auckland and Chillicothe and Alexandria and which will be approached by a new six-lane express highway from the Heart of the City and whose administration building will contain over a million square feet of. floor space with loading decks radiating from the semicircular structure is its name. Its name is Idle-wild. Not Jetwold, not Dynamoor, but Idlewild.

I TSUALLY, after a war, a lot of valuable stuff is scrapped, partly

as a gesture of good will and partly be

cause a lot of materiel hanging around (planes and stuff) competes with new enterprise and annoys postwar pioneers, who want a clean board. This time, however, it looks as though we may not scrap anything much. The Army and the Navy, those thrifty housewives, are tying on their aprons and preparing to preserve everything in sight. It is now feasible to can an airplane and to put

up a tank—and if you have the drag the Army has, you can get the sugar. To put up an airplane, you place it in an aluminum container and seal it,



first throwing in a handfid of some chemical that eats moisture. In addition to being airtight, corrosion-proof, and moisture-eating, the container is equipped with an indicator on the outside to notify watchers of any trouble within. It has been estimated that a tank or plane, properly canned, would be good for fifty years. The backers of the idea feel that it would be a fine thing for world peace if we had a cellar full of canned tanks and planes and guns. They say it would make other nations think twice before starting anything. One sometimes wonders. At the rate things are going in the laboratories, a fifty-year-old airplane emerging from its can will probably look as formidable as the same amount of raspberry jam.

THE late Stephen Vincent Benet was obsessed with the possibility of the machine's turning on man in vengeful fury and destroying him, and he wrote several terrifying poems on that theme. W. A.Dwiggins, a distinguished typographer of our time, has recently written and published a melodrama, called "Millennium 1," which chal

lenges this unhappy view. Far from being savage, the machine, he feels, is patient and intelligent, and is much more apt to enslave man than destroy him. There is always evidence for Mr. Benet's thesis, like the mechanical corn picker in Nebraska that caught its master the other day and husked him of all his clothes, but lately a few signs have shown up to support Mr. Dwiggins' opinion. A woman we know, unable to get an electric phonograph, bought a

fine old aristocratic wind-up model, a head taller than she is, and discovered that it would play all her records but an album of Red Army songs, over which it simply passed its needle in silent scorn. And from Life comes word that plexiglas, one of the new plaStics, has “memory”—that if, under heat, it is compressed from one shape into another, it will, on reheating, return to its original shape. If it also will remember who tortured it into its unnatural shape and will flow along the ground after him, mankind might just as well prepare to take to the galleys and the mines.

WE were glad to see that Morris

Anmuth, the Dewey booer, was acquitted the other day by a jury. The judge told the jury that in this country a man had a right to boo Dewey and thereby become a Booey dewer—pardon us, a Dewey booer. The question is a fundamental one and involves the right to take political utterances or leave them alone. Also acquitted were the two cops who had tried to shush Anmuth. These Anmuth shushers had

picked the wrong Dewey booer to mix with, and there was confusion all round. Anmuth, incidentally, is a Re-

“There’s nothing really complicated about it: if you live in a strategic-base area you come under the supervision of the World Security Council and its military staff, whereas if you live in a trusteeship area you are governed by a trusteeship council which, like the economic and social council, serves under the authority of the General Assembly.”

publican and was not booing Dewey in a perfunctory manner, but was inspired.

/I Little Hazy

HE first American soldier officially to make contact with the Russian

Army (we'll explain that a bit later) is Lieutenant Bill Robertson, a short, dapper ex-pre-medical student (U.C.L.A.) with a blond mustache. By the time we got to talk with him, he had told his story exactly twenty-seven times—in Torgau, where the meeting occurred, and in Wurzen, Weimar, Reims, Paris, London, Washington, and New York. When we saw him, he was glassy-eyed with reminiscence. "People ask me what the Russians think of the Lublin government, whether they're going to fight the Japanese—all kinds of impossible questions," he told us. "And then when I can't answer they want to know exactly what the Russian major said to

me, and exactlv what I said to him, and I'm ashamed to tell them I'd had so much schnapps—German whiskey— that I'm a little hazy on what really did happen."

Tovarisch Robertson, as the world knows by now, crossed the Elbe by a ruined bridge and shook hands with a Russian standing on some steel girders that were sticking up out of the water. Two days later the photographers staged a meeting—remember the picture of Russian and American soldiers standing on a bridge and shaking hands? Credit for being the actual, though unofficial, first man to meet the Russians goes to a soldier named Kotzebue, who got nothing out of it but a hangover. "He went to a party at a Russian command post and stayed there two days," Robertson said. "Had such a good time that he just stayed on. That's why we're official and he's not."

For days and days the forward ele-

ments of the Sixty-ninth Infantry Division—in common with American newspaper readers—had been anticipating the meeting. Patrols were told not to range far, and the men received lectures on how to spot Russian equipment. "All patrols were supposed to take interpreters with them," Robertson told us, "but that day my patrol was just going up the road out of Wurzen to keep the refugees moving toward town. Well, we got about a half mile up the road,

and somebody said there were some American P.W.s at Torgau, a little further on. At Torgau we heard firing across the Elbe, and we knew it must be the Russians. We freed a lot of P.W.s, and one of them came along with us—we call him Ensign Peck & Peck, because his father owns some kind of a store in New York. That's when we broke into the drugstore and got paint for a flag. Everybody wanted that flag when we finally got back to our lines. We took it to General Eisenhower at Reims and he asked us what he was supposed to do with it and we said we didn't know and he said he wished he'd been there, and that was that."

A party of three—Robertson, Peck & Peck, and a

Pfc. Huff, who drove their jeep—crossed the Elbe and were immediately surrounded by Russians who, they later learned, belonged to the Fifty-eighth Guards Division of the First Ukrainian Army. Robertson started transacting business with the major in command, who spoke pretty good schoolboy English, about when and where the higher-ups would meet. "Over by Huff was a crowd of Russians, about forty of them," Robertson said. "They kept kissing him on the cheeks, then they'd point to the jeep we'd left on the other side of the river and yell 'Willys! ' They know that from lend-lease. Huff kept yelling 'Tovarisch ! ' and a guy with a harmonica was running all around playing a polka, until somebody told him to stop. The Russians don't wear helmets—just garrison caps—and they tried to throw Huff's helmet in the river, to show what they thought of it. He grabbed it back in a hurry—he'd have had to pay for a new one, you know. Finally we

all sat down on the rocks in the bright sunshine and started drinking toasts, and that went on for three-quarters of an hour. We had sardines, too, and canned meat, and some biscuits they'd taken from German civilians. We got happier and happier, and shook hands ifter every toast.'By the time we got up to go, Huff and Peck & Peck and I were plenty wobbly, happy as hell, and awfully tired."

Lieutenant Robertson has three souvenirs of the occasion—a Russian wedding ring, the ten-pointed silver star of the Order of Alexander Nevsky, and a watch he got bj' swapping his with the Russian major. He has an idea that the Order of Alexander Nevsky will allow him to travel free if he ever goes to Russia. The watch

doesn't work. The minute hand fell off the next day. "The major sure got the best of the bargain," Robertson observed.

Ornithology

is also the Sanjak of Alexandretta, which is somehow or other now a part of Turkey. We will go no further with the Sanjak of Alexandretta.

What you have in Syria is a/egion a little smaller than Georgia, in which are a fertile coastal plain, two mountain ranges stretching back from the sea, with a pleasant valley between, and beyond it a rather dreary desert of gravel. The fertile parts of Syria are lush—there's no other word for it. Licorice grows wild, truffles sprout after a rainfall, and on the terraced hillsides grapes, mulberry trees, cotton, olive trees, corn, and citrous fruits grow in profusion. On the coast the climate is so mild that people from other parts of the Near East go there for vacations. Back in the desert the temperature goes as high as 128. Syria has only the most piffling sort of fauna—polecats, badgers, squirrels, and the like—and there are innumerable fleas. According to the Bible, there was nothing like the cedars

of Lebanon for building houses and ships; now, however, only five small cedars-of-Lebanon groves are left in the whole district. Syria is a hodgepodge of races and religions. There are Arabs, Bedouins, French, Greeks, Armenians, Circassians, Algerians, Jews, Metawalas, Persians, Druses, Kurds, and a lot more. Most of the natives are of Semitic origin. There are at least thirty religious sects, each one full of jealousy and suspicion of the others. Two-thirds of the population follow the Moslem religion, in one way or another. T he national language is Arabic, but the Syrians have never been able to get together and agree on an Arabic name for their homeland; "Syria" is a Latin word, probably derived from the Babylonian name Suri.

The great days of Syria were pretty well back n.c., when the Phoenicians lived there and went out on voyages of exploration. From the very beginning, Syria managed to get mixed up in whatever empire was Lining at the time—-

AVERY young Southern boy arrived at one of the Navy's arctic outposts before the channel to the place froze up last fall. Over his bunk he pinned a single, brightly colored feather. Through the winter his companions looked at the feather and wondered, and finally one of them inquired about it. "What you got that feather up for?" he asked.

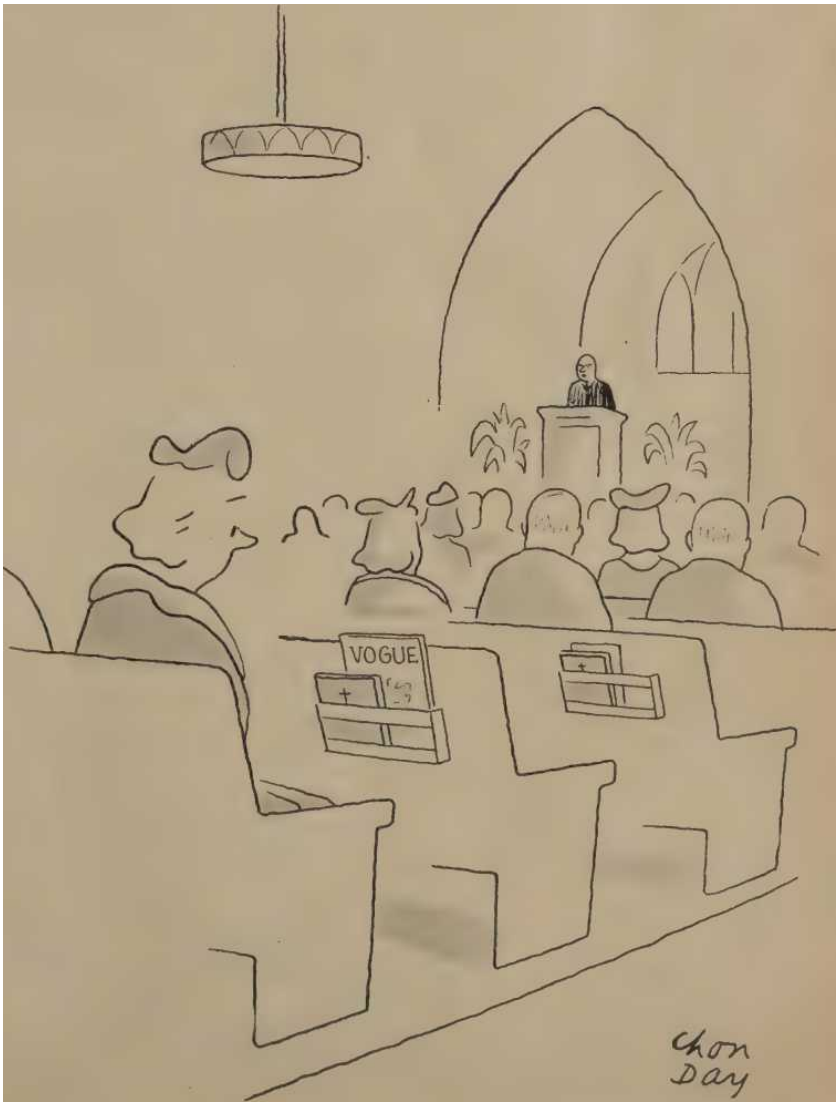
"Reminds me of down home." "What sort of bird is it from?" "Snuffin'-bird."

"Why are they called snuffin'-birds? "

"You hunt 'em with snuffin'-dawgs."

(Jar Own Baedeker

SYRIA is a loose name for four more or less independent states set up by France after the first World War, when she received by mandate some of the land the British had taken from the Turks. There's the Republic of Lebanon, a long, thin republic which takes in a thirty-mile-wide strip of coast from Palestine halfway to Turkey. Beirut, the capital of Lebanon, is the best-known Levantine citj', full of crafty traders, wealth}ˆ merchants, intellectuals, shad}- diplomats from every country of Europe, and several men with suspicious-looking bulges over their hips. There is also, in addition to Lebanon, the Government of Latakia, to the north; the Government of Djebel Druse, to the southeast; and the remainder of the hinterland, which is called simply Syria. There



Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Turkish. Out in the desert are a number of ghost cities that apparently have not been inhabited since the seventh century. There are no oases near these cities, which leads archeologists to believe that the land was once fertile. Damascus, the oldest city in the world, is in Syria. Antioch, another Syrian city, has the reputation of being the unluckiest in the world; it lies within two zones of seismic disturbances and has twice as many earthquakes as

if it lay in one; and it has gone through innumerable floods, famines, and plagues, and has had its share of political woe besides.

Syrian mules and babies wear blue bead necklaces to guard against the Evil Eye. Family portraits are always hung at the top of a wall, touching the'ceiling. There are a lot of one-eyed men in Syria; one explanation is that they were maimed by their parents to help them escape military conscription. Within Syria there are still a few scattered bands of Ismailites, members of the Mohammedan sect which sought martyrdom by getting hopped up on hashish and killing Crusaders or political enemies. Latakia tobacco is famous among pipe smokers. In the tobacco country is an attractive pagan tribe, the Alaoutes, who worship fertility in ways which they prefer to keep secret. One of these pagans got converted, came to the United States, and wrote a book on the customs of his tribe; after he got back to the Old Country, he was found dead, with his tongue torn out. Not only that, but an American in Syria who bought a copy of the book was found dead, with his tongue torn out. What's that behind you?

1945

/I MATRON in Germantown got in an extra part-time maid to help out at a supper party she gave last Sunday. While everyone was at table, the girl tidied up the living room. The whole place was spick and span when the guests went back to sit down—the cushions were plumped up, the chairs rearranged, and the ashtrays wiped out. Every butt over an inch in length had been put back in the trays, too.

Wolf Licenses

WE presume that all our readers have their Wolf \ Licenses by now and would like to know something about the

man who thought them up. Only a back number or a flat tire would need to be told that a Wolf License is a small fibreboard badge, like a wartime doglicense #tag, bearing the inscription "WOLF LICENSE," plus one of a number of categories such as "Male," "Female," "Armed Forces," "4-F," or "Over-age." Wolf Licenses cost

fifteen cents apiece and are hard to avoid at any newsstand. The entrepreneur is a slight, round-eyed, thin-mustached man named Benjamin Franklin Falter, Jr. He has a partner named Mr. Flaherty, but the idea was his, or pretty much his (readers of mature years will remember Chicken Inspector badges and similar insignia once affected by the sporting set).

Falter told us he got the idea for the Wolf Licenses while waiting in line for a dog license. He assured us that it was neither his first idea nor his best one. On the production list now are a pocket whistle for cabs and various emergencies, a measuring device that works on the principle of a speedometer (for figuring out distances on road maps), a pocket cigarette roller to be sold for a quarter, and a mirror with shelves and bottles painted on the glass, to represent real' shelves and bottles in front of a mirror. (Can we have that right?) "And," said Mr. Falter, "I'm willing to bet I get a dozen more ideas as good as those in the next few months. I won't talk about them. Those other Wolf Licenses that went on the market the same time as mine—they weren't as clever as mine, and they're out of business now, but they taught me a lesson." Falter admits that the idea he considers his best to date has been a definite flop. This was for an actual raincheck, to be handed to those jaunty types who say they will take a raincheck when declining an invitation to have an ice-cream soda or go to the movies. There was a blank space on these checks, which were of cardboard, where the nature of the promised treat could be written in. Unfortunately, it turned out that not enough people knew about rainchecks to make the idea commercially practical. Falter is not a man to give up easily and he tried to bring rainchecks

into the public consciousness by writing a song called “A Raincheck for You.” That didn’t penetrate the public consciousness either.

Falter came to New York from Chicago, where he was born and brought up, and went to work for an advertising agency. Then he went back to Chicago and sold insurance. Of recent years he has been doing business in Jersey as Valerie Sweets (candy). He had a few samples of Wolf Licenses made up and placed them in candy stores, and the craze was on. On the basis of these sample sales, he told us, he learned two things (we quote) : “All the world loves a lover, and those tags would sell better at fifteen cents than ten because a thing that costs ten cents has no value to the public now.”

AXZE’VE heard—from a highly un-’ * reliable source, to be sure—of a soldier who seemed a cinch for a discharge on points, what with three years in the Army, fifteen months overseas, a daughter born last year, and a decoration. The officer who took charge of his case found just one little flaw. “For three years you have been serving under another man’s serial number,” he announced after a lengthy study of the documents involved. He toyed with a file folder for a moment, then added, “It’s just possible that the Adjutant General may want you to start all over again.”

Rigid

HE scaffolding that has hidden the ceiling of the Grand Central

Terminal since last September is now being dismantled. Painters and plasterers have finished refurbishing some sixty-four hundred square yards of heavens there, and the golden constellations, slightly amended to fit the requirements of a barrel vault, gleam in a fresh green-blue sky. It took the Chesebro Whitman Company eight weeks to set the scaffolding in place, but Fred Faulkner, vice-president of the firm, the man in charge of the job, told us last Monday night that he hoped to remove it in three. “We’d have got it up faster but for the hurricane,” he said. “The weather that week was fierce up under the ceiling —-so close a man couldn’t draw

a decent breath.” The fact that the dismantling takes place only between eleven-thirty at night and seven in the morning, when traffic in the concourse is very

(CI hope that left rear holds up.”

light and there’s little danger of a dropped wrench or plank picking off a passing traveller, doesn’t measurably add to Mr. Faulkner’s difficulties. “My men are all sensible, middle-aged fellows, and

don't seem to mind working all night," he told us. "We rope off the section of the concourse over which we are working, but so far we haven't dropped so much as a single nut or bolt." .

Mr. Faulkner led us, first by elevator and then up a series of ladders, to where we felt our readers would expect us to go—up on the scaffolding, a hundred and sixteen feet above the floor of the concourse. It was just midnight as we got there. The information booth, a round, golden well way below us, seemed abandoned. Through a crack between the planks on which we were standing, we watched a couple of sailors work their way uncertainly from the direction of the Lexington Avenue subway entrance toward the Biltmore, turn, and as uncertainly work their way back. Mr. Faulkner stamped on the scaffolding to show us how rigid it was, and we cowered among the steel tubing. "This is the largest suspended scaffolding ever built anywhere in the world," he said, "and it was a bit tricky. In engineering, you know, a lot of things that look good on paper don't work out

so well in practice." He laughed in what struck us, under the circumstances, as a highly inappropriate way. Then he patted the section of steel tubing beside our head. "Look at these clamps. They hold the whole thing together. Nothing but friction. When we first showed our plans to the New York Central engineers, they said, 'Why, you can't build that! It won't stay up five minutes.' " Mr. Faulkner laughed again. "It's staying, isn't it?" he demanded. We said, "Yes," firmly.

We were about to descend a nearby ladder when Mr. Faulkner laid a hand on our shoulder. "My company worked out this patented system of steel tubing," he said, with painful deliberation, "after the scaffolding we put up during the building of the Sherry-Netherland tower caught fire and burned down. The joints lock into one another horizontally and vertically, and we lay these spruce planks over them. They're fire-resistant. The weight is suspended on cables which run from the tubing through the ceiling and are attached to the steel girders that support the roof of the Terminal. We used a good deal of this same scaffolding during the building of the Trylon and Perisphere, so you can see it lasts a long time." He beamed at us.

A workman started to go past us and Mr. Faulkner stopped him. “Show the

gentleman your wrench, Sam,” Mr. Faulkner said, and the workman lifted a large wrench with an odd, egg-shaped head. “That’s one of our patents,” Mr. Faulkner said, “one of the things that speeds up the work. Show the gentleman how it works, Sam.” Sam knelt down and began to unbolt the length of steel tubing under our feet. He turned the wrench a couple of times on the friction clamp attached to the tubing and said, “See? Loose already. A cinch.”

We said, “And you tighten it the same way?”

“Not the same way,” Sam said. “The other way.”

“Oh, the other way,” we said. “You mean—”

“Look,” Sam said patiently. “Like this.” Then he spun the wrench and tightened the clamp. “There!” he said. “Now it could stay a t’ousand years.”

“That’s fine,” we said.

Isolationist

A FRIEND of ours heard a lady on a bus announce to her companion that she was expecting in December. “But, darling, that’s the third inside of four years!” the other lady exclaimed, plainly astonished. “Well, after all,” the pregnant lady said, with some spirit, “it keeps me out of politics.”

“Do you happen to know where we could find a good sitter?ˆ

WHITE BIMBO, OR., THROUGH DULLEST AFRICA WITH THREE 5LEEPY PEOPLE

TAKE one thing with another, there are'few places I know better than the heart of Africa. Set me down in Bechuanaland or the Cameroons and I will find my way home with less difficulty than I

would from Rittenhouse Square or Boylston Street. My entire youth, in a sense, was spent on the Dark Continent. By the time I was eleven, I was probably the world's foremost authority on the works of Sir H. Rider Haggard, or at least the foremost eleven-year-old authority in Providence, Rhode Island. My impersonation of Allan Quatermain tracking down a spoor was so exact and so forthright that a popular movement sprang up among my fellow-citizens to send me to Mombasa. I was, however, not quite ready for Mombasa and begged off. At fifteen, I could quote Mungo Park and Paul Du Chaillu so glibly that my sponsors revived their project, this time offering to send me to Tanganyika. It became sort of a good-humored tug of war to get me out of New England. I to

to

don't want to sound chesty, but I suppose I've done more harm to Africa in my day than Cecil Rhodes.

It came as a pang, therefore, to learn that my achievement had been overshadowed by that of a complete unknown, a person whose name occurs in no encyclopedia or reference work on Africa. Armand Brigand may well be a familiar figure in the Explorers Club, and he can probably be seen any afternoon shooting billiards at the Williams After-Shave Club with Denis Conan Doyle, Burgess Meredith, and Lauritz Melchior. Frankly, I never heard of him until yesterday, when I picked up a yellowing copy of a pulp magazine called Jungle Stories and read his novelette, "Killers on Safari." Though it costs me an effort, I shall give the man his due. In "Killers on Safari," Armand Brigaud has written finis to the subject of Africa. After him, the deluge. Me, I'll have a double deluge with very little soda, please.

TO be quite candid, the safari the author celebrates in his title is about as exciting as a streetcar journey from New Haven to Savin Rock, and his fiora and fauna suggest the lobby display accompanying a Monogram jungle him. What lifts "Killers on Safari" from the ruck is a cast of characters out of Daisy Ashford by Fenimore Cooper, with Superman acting as accoucheur.

Their adventures are recorded in some of the most stylish prose to flow out of an inkwell since Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona." The people of Mr. Brigand's piece, beset by hostile aborigines, snakes,

and blackwater fever, converse with almost unbearable elegance, rolling out their periods like, Edmund Burke. Here, for example, Diana Patten and Walter Huntley, a couple of the characters, in a sylvan glade, as their porters take a short breather:

“A coarse forest pig shuffled out of a ravine and began nibbling on a bamboo root. The shapely hand of Diana Patten made a gesture which encompassed the whole scene as she said softly : ‘These beasts of the wilderness know when it is safe for them to come near the most murderous of all mammals: man! ’ Walter Huntley stared adoringly at her symmetrical features, which became so girlish and gentle when her red lips parted in a smile. For the thousandth time he thought that she was unusually tall, but breathtakingly gorgeous, from her wavy blonde hair down her statuesque body to her shapely feet. The big pig trotted back into the ravine.”

This tropical idyll pauses for approximately twelve hundred words of exposition to establish Diana’s and Walter’s identity, and then:

“The forest hog emerged again from -to o to

the ravine, leading a sow and four piglets. ‘Are they not coarse, rough, and as perfectly alike as rain drops in every detail excepting size?’ Diana chuckled, snuggling against Walter’s shoulder.” I cannot recall a more engaging passage in fiction, and I’ve been trying for almost eighteen seconds.

The principals of “Killers on Safari” are three: Dr. Hargrave, a goatish New York physician travelling through Sierra Leone on a scientific mission vaguely related to rejuvenation; Walter Huntley, his guide, a former patron of alcoholic beverages, seeking redemption; and Diana Patten,

the doctor's nurse. Judged by ordinary hospital standards, Diana is the least conventional nurse ever sent out by a registry. The decorative heading represents her as a toothsome showgirl, clad in a minute swatch of rayon and transfixing a gigantic black warrior with an assagai. "As a student in a women's college, she had won prizes in archery and javelin throwing contests," Mr. Brigaud fluently explains. Diana, in all

justice, has her softer side; somewhat later, when she and Walter are rushed by a savage, she cries out instinctively, "Don't kill him, but put a bullet into one of his legs!" Diana's innate sentimentality continually gets in her way; further on, a black chieftain named Wambogo invites her to share his pallet and she taunts him into duelling with javelins, with this result: "It would have been easy for her to disembowel Wambogo before the latter could bring his own spear into play. But she preferred to maim him. . . . Therefore she split open Wambogo's breast muscles, and cut his tendons under his armpit. Then, as he howled with pain and rage, she. slid out of his grasp, leaped back, and pinked him through a leg." Lucky for Wambogo that Diana was only pettish, or she might really have unsheathed her claws.

The story opens with Diana warning Walter that their employer, Dr. Hargrave, has become jealous of their attachment and means him no good. Her apprehensions are justified, for the Doctor is everlastingly crouched in the shrubbery, tremulous with desire, cooking up schemes for eliminating the guide. At length he eggs on a treacherous native named Itira Nlembi to ambush Walter, but the latter draws first claret and the aggressor slinks off into the potted palms with the equivalent of a broken neck. The party now

proceeds sluggishly to the territory of a tribe of fierce hallboys called the Amu-tu, where Dr. Hargrave divides his time between healing the sick and pinching Diana. She finds his attentions odious and haughtily terms him a boor. Dr. Hargrave smarts under the insult:

“ ‘So I am called a boor! ’ he mouthed angrily. ‘I begin to have enough of your sponsoring the cause of the former tramp, Miss Patten!’ And turning on his heels, he strode furiously toward the central pavilion. . . . When the portly bulk of Hargrave disappeared behind the lap [jL] of the pavilion acting as a door, her spirits sank and she moaned: ‘From bad to worse!

It is bad, very bad, to be under orders of a man on the verge of insanity! I wonder how it will all end!’ ” It all ends quite spiritedly, with Hargrave putting a slug in the guide’s ribs and Walter bringing his revolver butt down on the Doctor’s skull. This surprisingly restores good-fellowship all around, and the rivals unite to repulse an attack by the Amutu. Hargrave herewith exits untidily from the plot, struck down by

a battle axe, but thanks to a homemade avalanche and some fast spear work by Diana, Walter and she get clear. It then transpires how foresighted Diana was to major in archery at college; she keeps

the larder well stocked with antelope meat and liquidates a black leopard who waylays her in the greenery. Some index of her pluck on this occasion may be gained from Walter's words following the event:

" 'You acted with amazing spunk and skill. You are a marvelous heroine. But, damn it! For a moment I nearly got a stroke at the thought that that awful lion was about to tear you to shreds!'" He implores Diana not to

go hunting unescorted in future, but, womanlike, she disregards him and sallies forth. Thereupon her lover behaves much in the manner of a Keystone two-reeler: "Walter tore his hat from his head, slammed it on the ground, and kicked it." Whether he jumped up and down on it or flung a custard pie after her is not indicated. His blood pressure again starts vaulting when a courier reports that Diana has been taken captive by Itira Nlembi: "Walter saw blood on his face, and on one of his arms, and almost got a stroke." Walter, in fact, constantly appears to be hovering on the edge of a syncope; the next time he sees Diana, in Itira's lair, he reacts char

acteristically: "Walter nearly became apoplectic at the sight of her dishevelled hair, bruised arms, and torn clothes." My knowledge of hypertension is elementary, but it seems to me Walter would be far better off rocking on the porch of a New Jersey milk farm than mousing around Sierra Leone.

The story (for want of a better term) now develops what is unquestionably the tiniest crescendo in the annals of modern typesetting. Itira Nlembi, overcome by Diana's charms, offers to make her his queen. Diana responds in her usual polished forensic style: "'I have been waiting for some hare-brained proposals ever since your evil-smelling grub-eaters ambushed and overcame me by sheer strength of numbers! ' " Nevertheless, playing for time, she pretends to accede on condition that he court her for two months, as befits a lady of rank. Itira, anxious not to breach the rules of etiquette, assents. Then, aided by two ladies of the harem, the lovers vamoose and race to meet a British relief column they have magically notified. Itira's hatchetmen, of course, give pursuit. At the couple's darkest hour, just as Walter's arteries are snapping like pipestems, comes deliverance: "Walter's calm voice was belied by

the feverish look of his eyes and his twitching lips. Suddenly he beamed ecstatically and shouted at the top of his lungs: ‘Oh, my dear, there will be no reason of hurting that pretty head of yours! Look down there, toward the north! Don’t you see gun barrels gleaming under the sun? They are coming, the British!’” A few rounds of grape disperse the blacks, and the British officer in command benignly advises Walter and Diana to get themselves to the nearest chaplain. “ ‘And,’ he adds, with a gruff chuckle, “ ‘could I be best man? I sort of think it would round up my memories of this chapter of adventure spiced by human interest.’ ”

And so, as apoplexy and archery join lips under the giant cliches and Kipling spins in his grave like a lathe, let us bid adieu to Armand Brigand, a great kid and a great story teller. See you around Lake Chad, old boy, and don’t take any wooden rhetoric. — S. J. Perelman

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“Die Walkure” by Wagner will be presented Friday night In the title role will be Emery Darcy, formerly of Minneapolis. Also in the cast are Helen Traubel, Emanuel Liszt, Herbert Janssen, Astrid Var-nay, Blanche Theobom and the eight Valkyries.—University of Minnesota Daily.

A sister act?

POOR. MAR.Y

AT the last minute, Nicholas remem-rA hered flowers. He went out and -*- gathered some primroses from the hedgerow, hardening himself not to notice the snap’ of their stems. It was one of his fidgets to dislike picking flowers.

The road sloped away downhill. Here and there the leafless hedge was tufted with white where the blackthorns had come into bloom. It was like a black wave breaking into lips of foam. Down in the valley a plume of white steam rose up, its summit catching the pink light of sunset. It was still hanging there when he heard the train go on. And he knew that his wife, shouldering her pack, had handed in her ticket and joined the nondescript civilian group waiting for the

bus. The white plume thinned out, the train gathered speed, snorting on toward London. Mary had got out at East Wickering.

“I want to spend this leave at home,” she had written, “unless you’d rather not. It’s more than time I saw you in your hermit cell.” If it had not been for the last sentence, he would have supposed she wanted to spend her leave with her family.

“Flowers for the guest room,” he said to himself, setting down the spotted mug in the center of the bureau. The bed, an old-fashioned double bed with brass end rails and a white quilt, suddenly seemed a bed in which he had never slept. It looked like Wordsworth’s bed, so monumentally domestic.

He must manage that she saw the camp bed first. For the last week, he had spent his spare time preparing for her, scrubbing the floors, polishing the windows, putting away his clothes, his books, his papers, so that his dwelling might offer its most impersonal face to her inspection. Now that he had remembered flowers, everything seemed ready. The food on the table was covered with a napkin to keep the flies off it, the kettle was in a state to boil when he wanted it to, the water cress was keeping cold in a damp cloth. He sniffed at the ends of his fingers, and once more wished his hands very carefully. He had been cleaning out pigsties all the morning. Then he set off to meet his wife.

He had not seen her since 1941. A conscientious objector, he had applied for exemption from military service. '1 he day after the tribunal had granted him exemption, provided he worked on the land, Mary had volunteered for the

A.T.S. They had never agreed about war, so neither was surprised by the other. “But as we are bound to argue,” she had said, “and people will only laugh at you if you have a military wife coming on visits, I shalln’t come. Unless you are ill, of course. Then I will apply for compassionate leave.”

One of the things he had learned in four years as a farm laborer was an exact computation of time. So he met her where he had intended to meet her, fifty yards from where the bus had set her down. He knew she would be wearing a uniform, but it was a surprise to see

that part of the uniform was a skirt. He had been similarly astonished on their wedding day, when apparently he had been assuming that she would come up the aisle wearing white satin trousers. Seeing the skirt, he also saw her legs below it, and that they were fatter than they used to be.

“Hullo, Nicholas,” she said.

“Hullo, Mary.”

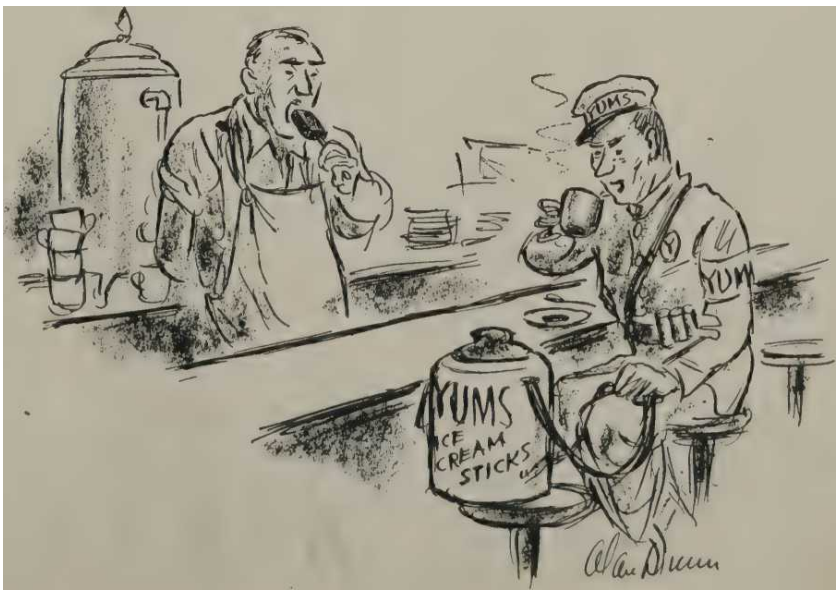
She smells of metal, he thought, as much as I smell of dung. We are subdued to what we work in. He had smelled her; he had seen her legs. He did not seem to have seen her face. He took her pack and said, “Look! There’s a hawk! ”

“I suppose they do a lot of harm to the crops,” she replied.

“Wood pigeons are worse,” Nicholas said.

She set off, walking with quick, resolute steps—marching, in fact. Just as

there was a difference between their smells and a difference in their gait, there was a difference in their man-



ner of speech. Her voice had grown rather common and twano-ino-; it sounded uncared-for. And she jumped from one subject to another. She seemed to preface every remark with “Gosh,” and he to inaugurate every reply with “Um.” Listening to himself, he thought, “Do I sound more like the village schoolmaster or the village idiot?”

A melancholy tenderness that was almost entirely the dusk suffused him. Blackbirds shot across the path from hedge to hedge, scolding at them. Beyond the hedges, lambs bleated and rushed away at a ghostly gallop. He had been working since six that morning and was tired and craved tea. Yet each time they paused for Mary to recover her breath, he was glad to postpone the moment of reaching his house, and when the one chimney pot reared into view above the hedge and beneath the evening star, he said gloomily, “Here’s where I live.”

“It’s nice. And all to yourself?'-Lucky bastard!”

“There are only two rooms,” he said defensively. “The third one leaks.”

“Is it old?”

“Run up after the last war by a chicken-farming ex-service man,” Nicholas explained. “When he was ruined, my farmer bought it. As he bought it very cheap, naturally he doesn’t trouble to keep it in repair. So we sit in the kitchen. But I’ve got a chemical closet.”

It was strange to hear her feet on the floor of concrete slabs. Not strange to her, though, who had been living

for four years in Army constructions. The only strange thing to her would be to hear two pairs of feet instead of

CLASSIC

Who rose up like a goddess from the sea, A vision of beauty to haunt so many houses, Dies in a marble stasis, gallery goddess.

And only the prurient children will discern

How wet flanks gleamed in the sunlight, the very waves Shone admiration through the racing foam.

It comes to this: the bleak memorial halls, T he guide in sour serge, the tired feet, And faint through the mausoleum walls the sound Of streetcars. T hese patterns have their meanings far. From the grove of olive trees, the passionate dancers Hot in the frenzy of Etruscan summer.

It comes to this: the middle-aged on camp chairs Sketching those marble limbs that once were love's.

RENAI55ANCE

Princeling in velvet and furs, the fair-haired boy With a sly smile and a goblet of gold wine. Also the costumed dwarf, the chained falcon, The spotted hound arrogant by the throne. Such profusion of wealth, such suffocating beauty! And all set down with a genius for the rich Self-confident detail. But time is traitorous.

Easily the baize walls confer their apathy.

Time closes in, an anonymity

Of dust and varnish. The sly smile will induce No further rubies. No emeralds will mingle With the stuffed bird, the manuscripts swearing Perpetual devotion. No more gold collars To please the almost lifelike hunting bitch.

NINETEENTH CENTURY

A grace like swans, and swanlike gleaming at T he stage's center, turn and turn again Those beautiful dancers. Oh, simple to understand The fashionable painter disowning his faubourg Of expensive portraits. Simple to understand How in an age of dying gods this grace

Is godlike. Fairer than swans, they float in the blue light, Over the blue lake hover in a white radiance, Glide and fall, rise up, circle, like swans, While legato the music calls each swanlike gesture.

Oh, at this instant the complex is simple;

Time poses no problems, Art is volition.

But already, poised in the future, the apotheosis

Of the meatpacker, the thwarted anguish of the slums.

CONCLUSION: THE GALLERIES

The doors are closed. The lights turned down. The dog Trots through the galleries sniffing the air For some possible intruder. The streetcars creak In the night, and the camp chairs are stacked in a storeroom.

Oh now, surely, the haunting spirit of beauty Rises from its long sleep, now, surely, In the empty silence, delivers its messages.

The archaic lips open, and reaffirm;

The fair-haired boy reads in the dim light

The perpetual parchment and is glad and proud;

The dancers tremble in a reawakened music;

And sure in the darkness achieve an affirmative meaning, Where love whispers softly, heard at last, Whispering, consoling, promising: I am Love.

—William Abrahams

thirty. He moved the kettle forward on the range, removed the napkin from the table, and lit the candles.

“Candles!” she said appreciatively.

“Because it’s a party. Ordinarily T use an oil lamp.” His voice was still heavy with gloom.

“What queer, squat candlesticks! They’re clay, aren’t they? Did you make them?”

“No,” he said. “I bought them at a sale. T hey’re called corpse candlesticks. The idea is that you leave them by the body all night,

you see, and the rats can't knock them over."

"I wonder you don't use them every night," she said as she began to eat. "Have you got any other cheerful curiosities?" She had taken off her cap and unbuttoned her tunic. The candlelight softened the contest between her natural high color and the too tawny makeup she had applied to it.

Seeing that he was looking at her, she said, "Isn't it calamitous how fat I've grown? It's that Army food—incessant gorges of starch. Gosh, those pud

dings! Enough to make any girl look like a prize ox."

"When I first came here, I got covered with spots and boils," he said consolingly. "I thought I'd caught it from the pigs till I discovered it was my well. Now I boil the drinking water."

"I'd hate to have to do with pigs," she said.

"They're clean animals, really. It's just that they are overcrowded, and dirty feeders."

"Sounds like the A.T.S.," she said.

He cut more bread, reflecting that he would need to bake again on the morrow. Habit, of course, and mass feeding, and the goaded appetite of the disciplined, though that would not account for the scatteration of eggshell,

the jam spooned onto a salted plate, the wide periphery of crumbs and cigarette ash. Nerves, he thought. Poor Mary's nerves are strained. His own strained nerves obliged him to sip his tea as though it were Napoleon brandy and frown at an iron mold on the cloth.

"Lovely bread, Nicholas," she said.

"Soda bread," he explained. "I bake it myself."

"You seem to have a lot of time. Don't you ever do any work?"

"Fifty-six hours a week. Sometimes overtime. Pigs on Sunday. But it fits in, somehow, and I don't dislike it. And the alternative would be to have a woman in."

He had not meant the unkind implication and she did not perceive it. Staring round her as though in a foreign country, she said, "And the polish on everything, too! You've been wasted, Nicholas. You ought to have been in the Army."

"Yes, Sergeant."

She flushed and refused to eat any-

thing more, like an abashed child.

"Walk round and see the rest of it," he said, and got up and moved to the bedroom door. "Here's your room."

"Pretty flowers," she said, and walked into the bedroom.

Glaring at the double bed, he remarked, "I've got a bed in the third room."

"But that's the room that leaks. You said so." She had turned around from the mirror, and it was as though the mirror had given back to her her former countenance, at once innocent and domineering, as in the kitten's face one sees the face of next year's mother cat.

"It doesn't leak in dry weather," he said. "I expect the cat's there

now. She comes in and out by the window."

"Cat? Why, you used to hate cats. You said they tortured birds."

"So they do. So I do hate them. But I found this animal in a trap and dressed its paw, and the damned beast has adopted me. It's a female, too."

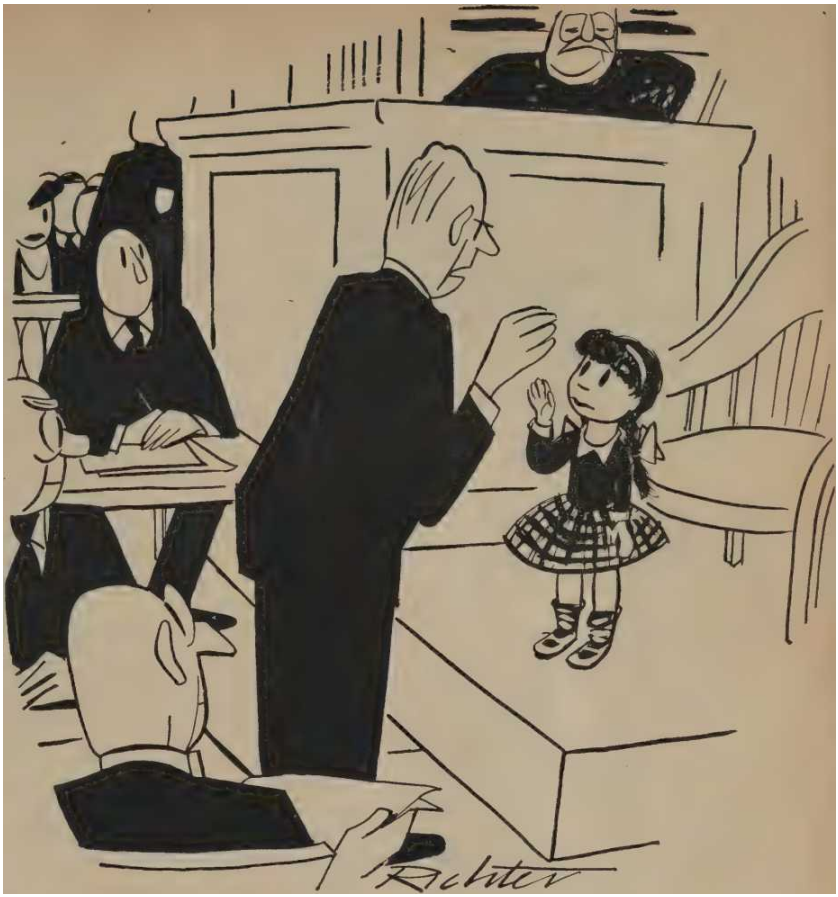
"Life's harder in the country, I expect," she said. It was for such slanting ironies that he had first loved her—for that, and for smelling of geraniums, and for the chivalrous, quarrelsome disposition which had. kept her by his side before his exemption was assured, saying hopefully that he might need someone to scrap with the authorities. But, unseeing, she went on to undo it by saying, "You know, a lot of people are awfully interested when I tell them my husband is a C.O. You'd be surprised how many feel the same way. All these murder cases, you know. Everyone's dead against the death sentence."

"It doesn't surprise me very much," he said. "I was in the train the other day —I had to go to a dentist—and there was a bomber crew in the same carriage, and they were talking about a murder. They all agreed that it was wrong to take human life. I asked one of them why, and he said because you can't know what you're meddling with."

"Exactly!" she exclaimed. "I've heard dozens say the same thing. I'm beginning to think so myself. I think they ought to abolish it. I expect they will, now the war is over."

"They'll abolish war, my dear. Belligerents always abolish war after a war. It's harder to part with a death sentence. And impossible to give up hunting and shooting, because hunting and shooting make us what we are. Have a cigarette?"

"I don't think you've grown any



“Now repeat after me, ‘I cross my heart and hope to died ”

pleasanter,” she said. “Is that an owl? Let’s go back to the kitchen.”

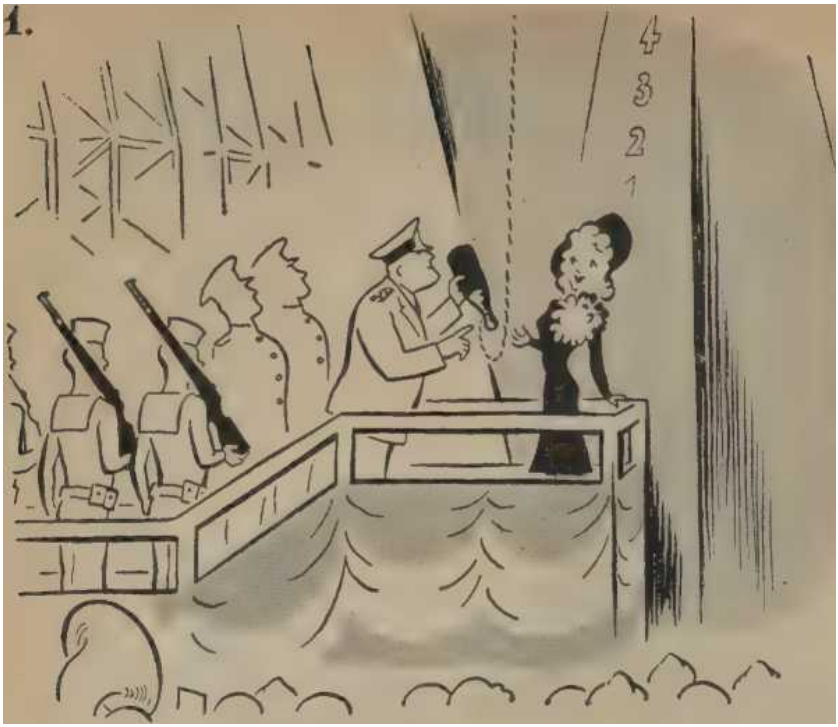
IN the kitchen the clock was ticking, the kettle was boiling. Three hours earlier the bed had not seemed his own. Now his kitchen was not his, either, hut some sort of institutional waiting room where two people had made an inordinate mess of a meal. At last, irked beyond bearing, he rose and began to clear the table and to wash up. The hot Water in the bowl, the feeling of the crockery, dried and still warm as he stacked it on the dresser, the reassumption of his ordinary evening routine began to console him. He moved to and fro more nimbly, preparing for the two breakfasts he would get in the morning, pouring the remains of the tea into the bottle he

would carry to work with him—he had grown to enjoy cold tea—rinsing out the teapot and standing it on its head, throwing out the slops and bringing in the kindling for

the morrow's fire, winding the clock and putting the cat's saucer down on a sheet of newspaper. Now, had he been by himself, he would have raked out the fire and gone off to read in bed. Instead, hospitality constrained him to say, "Have you brought a hot-water bottle?"

She did not answer. With the kettle in one hand and the wood basket in the other, he glanced at her. Her head was resting against the back of her chair and her eyes were closed. She was not asleep. She was openly and abjectly crying.

He built up the fire and put on the kettle. This, whatever it was about, would mean more tea. Then he patted her shoulder and said, "Poor Mary!" She put up her hand, that was so plump and so demonstrably manicured, and clung to his wrist. She's going to have a baby, he thought. The cat in the trap that had clawed him to the bone, clawed and clung, had been within a few days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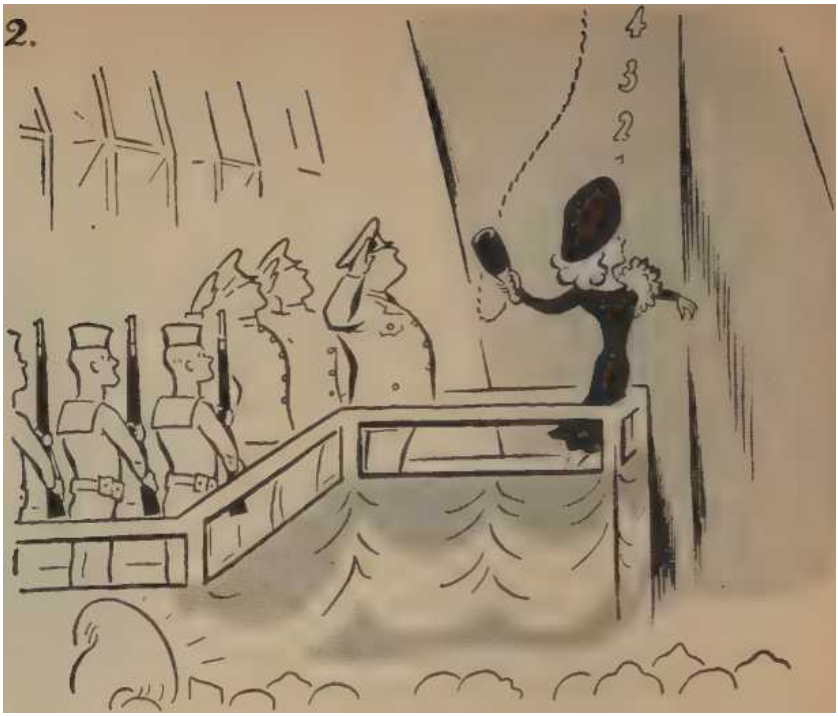

of giving birth. He had made her a nest in the wood house, but she had limped off to hide under a gorse brake. The kittens had grown up and gone their wild way, and now the mother was pregnant again. But for poor Mary there was nothing but some sort of nursing home.

She clung to his wrist and rubbed her head against his arm. Molting, he thought, still clinically remembering the cat. She was going to have a baby, no doubt of it. It accounted for every-thing— for her nerves, for her legs, for her appetite, for her coming. Poor Mary. Patriotism had not been enough; she had had no hatred in her heart for anybody, and so she was going to have a baby. The fortunes of war. Some get killed, some get maimed, some get with child. There ought to be a pension from the War Office. And in that dreadful uniform, too, that pitiable skirt. I hope to God, he thought, I shall not have to meet the father— one of those strenuous noodles, I suppose, who think badly of the death sentence. I'm damned if I will. And the next instant he was thinking, "My poor Mary. I hope it wasn't a rape." Meanwhile, his indifferent body was complying with

the routine of his daily life, and he felt himself to be growing more and more sleepy and knew that unless he spoke he might yawn.

“If you’ll let go a minute, Mary, I’ll make some tea.”

She let go. The hand that had been so strong fell on her lap and crept into the other hand. Presently it moved again and pulled out a khaki handkerchief, and she began to mop her eyes and snort back her tears.

“The damned war! It’s the damned war, Nicholas.”

He groaned assentingly.

“Now that it’s over, how I hate it!” she said.

With an effort he refrained from pointing out that it was only in Europe that the war was over.

“If they’d let me fight, as I wanted to,” she said, “I might be killed by now. If we’d stayed in London and I’d driven an ambulance or a pump, I might be killed by now. As it is, I’ve never been so healthy in all my life.”

“You don’t look well,” he said. “I noticed at once that you looked tired. And you get frightfully out of breath walking up the hill.”

“Fat! My healthy Army fat! When I come out of the Army, Nicholas, I shall come out healthy, hideous, middleaged, and without an interest in life. And there will be hordes and hordes of me, all in the same boat. Gosh, what a crew!”

Giving up the hypothesis of a baby, he realized how much he was relinquishing. Once it was born, she would have been happy enough. “We shall all be in that boat, dear,” he said. “Besides, you’re a sergeant, aren’t you? That’s something. You’ll soon get thin, once you’re out in the rough and tumble of civilian life. Once you’re thin, you’ll take hold. You’ll get interested in something or other. Probably you’ll fall in love and make a fresh start that way.”

The kettle was boiling. He began to prepare for more tea. “Fall in love? Fall in love?” she cried. “Not again! You see, I did it.”

He paused, kettle in hand. Would nothing rid him of these turbulent kettles? “And he was killed? I’m sorry, Mary.”

“He wasn’t killed. He chucked me, and now he’s married to another bitch.”

“And that’s all?”

“And that’s all,” she said.

He glanced toward the clock. It felt like midnight, but it was only half past ten. If he could give her something stronger—some whiskey, some rum. A little rum, now, in her tea. But a pigeonshooting party last week had cleaned out the Red Lion Inn of everything except aniseed cordial. “Sugar?” he inquired.

She looked at him.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry,” he said. “I asked you that only three hours ago, didn’t I? I qm an insensate clod.”

“That’s all right, Nicholas. Actually, I never take sugar. You could have had all mine, you see. Think what you’ve missed. Actually, why I came back was to see if you’d ever want to live with me again. Not that I thought it likely. Why should you? Anyhow, it’s plain you don’t. So that’s over. What good tea you make!”

She drank in gulps, swallowing violently, swallowing tea and tears. “You were always domestically inclined, weren’t you?” she said. “It will be a comfort to me, yes, really it will, to think of you being so happy and tidy and self-contained, with your cat and your corpse candles and your books and your flowers. Did Robinson Crusoe have flowers on his table, as well as his old cat sitting up to it like a Christian? I can’t remember. Perhaps when we are both very old, I may come and spend the afternoon with you on your island. And you can make me some of your nice tea and ask me if I take sugar with it. But of course I’ll give you ample warning. I won’t be a disquieting footprint. I did warn you this time, you know.” She had risen. She had picked up her cap and her pack and her cigarette case and her lighter and her lipstick and all her bits and pieces. “I think I’ll go to bed,” she said. “I’ve got rather a headache.”

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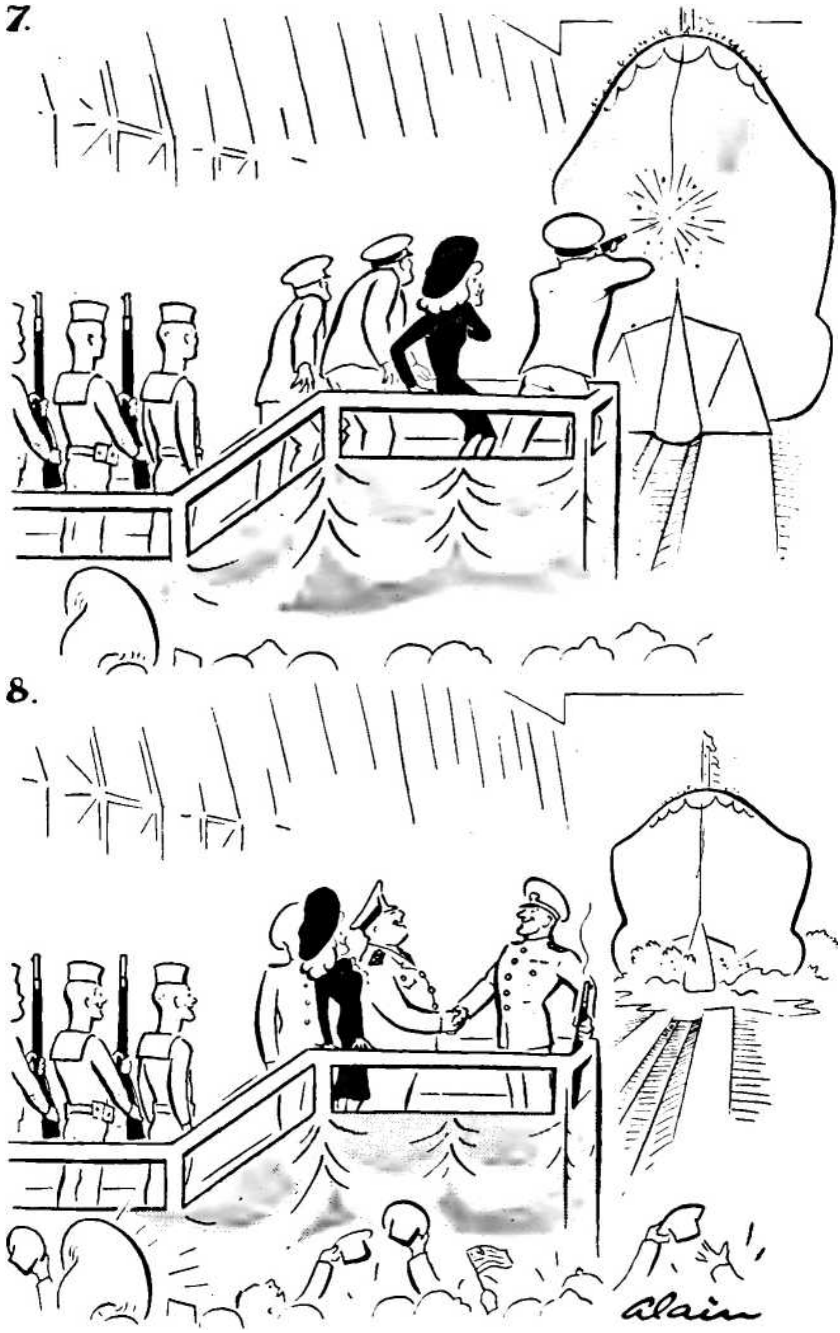


“Yes,” he said. “We’ll go to bed.”

Leaving the room all anyhow, he thought, staring at her submissive military back in the doorway. Whether it made things better, whether it made them worse, it was the only thing he could do, the onlv way he could comfort her. They would lie in the Words-

worthian bed, their smells of dung and of metal would mingle, her shoulder would feel like greengages and her hair would get in his mouth, and she would be silent. It was one of her graces that she was silent in bed. And afterward, when she had gone to sleep, he would straighten himself and lie on his back,

letting the day's fatigue run out of his limbs as the fleas run out of the body of a shot rabbit. And probably his last waking thought would be of the alarm clock, poised to wake him at five-thirty, and of the limpid, innocent morning in which he would go out to his work.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

A REPORTER. WITH THE B-295

I-PO55UM, KO5Y, AND THE THOUSAND KIDJ

I HAVE been with the Twenty-first Bomber Command of the Twentieth Air Force in the Marianas since some weeks before the first B-29 stiike against Tokio, on November 24, 1944, Guam time, which was T hanksgiving Day, November 23rd, here at home on the Eastern seaboard. I was physically and mentally and spiritually all present, duly accounted for, at my Bomber ' Command Headquarters on Guam last Monday afternoon, Guam time, which was last Sunday night here. Now, as I begin to put down these words with a yellow pencil on a pad, the calendar on the desk in my hotel room in Washington shows incontro-vertibly that this is the Saturday morning after the Sunday morning on which I flew out of Guam. The morning newspaper on the bed bears this out. I have been gone from Guam, then, about a week. By Guam time, I left that Pacific island on a Monday afternoon and arrived at the National Airport in Washington the following Thursday morning. Or, by Eastern war time, I left Guam on a Sunday morning and arrived in Washington on the following Wednesday afternoon.

I arrived in Washington, spent two busy days at the headquarters of the Twentieth Air Force, in the Pentagon Building, and then was ordered to take twenty-one days' leave and to report back to the Pentagon for some additional duty, after which, presumably, I will proceed back to Guam. I am looking forward to this leave. I have been overseas—in India, in China, and in the Marianas—for two years. Like many men in the Army, I have had no furlough. I am, however, more fortunate than most of the

living, the unwounded, and the unshocked. I got home for a while on my way out to the Marianas from Calcutta last summer, and before that I had four semi-official and delightful days off in Bangalore, India, in February of 1944. Yet all that being as it may, here I am in a Washington hotel room at 5:35 a.m. Eastern war time (3:35 p.m. of the following day, by Guam time), putting these

words down on this pad.

I am doing this, I think, because I am still, in a sense, on Guam. The human body may be carried from Guam to Washington, a distance of some eight thousand miles, in sixty-eight hours total elapsed time, but it is my sober conclusion that the human brain, the human spirit, has to take such a trip by easy stages. Parts of me, in their own good time, are making their way over land and water from Guam and Kwajalein, from Honolulu and San Francisco. It may be a very sound idea indeed for me to spend parts of these days and nights before the brain, the spirit, is whole again in doing just what I am doing. By thinking about the Marianas, about Guam and Tinian and Saipan, by trying to recreate on paper a few moments of the life out there which I found so full, so satisfying, I shall perhaps be able to set up for the stragglers of my personal insides an irresistible temptation to hurry up and get here.

THERE was a wonderful urgency and an exhilarating secrecy about the B-29 outfits in the Marianas in what the Air Forces now think of as the early days, or the first phase, of the Twenty-first Bomber Command operations from Saipan. Out there, we still called it the V.L.R. program. V.L.R. stands for Very Long Range. The phrase was coined in the days before the first B-29 raids by the Twentieth Bomber Command on southern Japan from Chinese bases back of Chungking. In June, 1944, everybody in Washington, and in India and China, avoided saying B-29 or Superfortress. In August of that year, when the first service units of the Twenty-first Bomber Command

were landing on Saipan and only a half dozen or so of its officers and a dozen or so of its enlisted men had reached the island, we in the Marianas spoke softly, if at all, of the Twenty-first Bomber C ommand and hardly ever of what kind of airplanes we were going to have. Yet everybody on Saipan knew that the B-29s were coming, including, we later learned, some uncaptured Japs in the hills who had told Tokio about it with

hidden radio sets. The island commander knew it—an Army infantry major general charged with the defense of to

Saipan from possible enemy counterattacks and with looking after

the administration of the whole island, yet with no responsibility for the B-29 operations. The truck drivers hauling coral for the Aviation Engineers who were building the first landing strip knew it. The last of the Marines and Army troops moving off the island they had taken, and making way for the permanent garrison troops, knew it.

I do not know when again, in war or peace, any of us will have exactly the same feeling of a secret gathering of strength in a remote place for a great cause. We were preparing for an incredible and, as many very expert experts in all the armed services, including the Army Air Forces, thought, a practically impossible and maybe even foolhardy air operation, aimed at the heart of the Pacific enemy's home island of Honshu—at the city of Tokio, untouched since Doolittle's exploit in April, 1942.

Saipan is the northernmost of the three main islands of the Marianas. The two others are Tinian, across a narrow channel from Saipan, and Guam, some hundred and fifty miles to the south. Saipan has an area of seventy square miles, Tinian fifty, and Guam two hundred and six. Saipan is hilly and rather bare, but there are some pine trees in the hills and along the seacoast and there is some land suitable for growing sugar cane in the valleys. Its barrenness is not unattractive; you get a feeling of lots of space and air on Saipan. Some of the beaches are quiet and pretty, with white sand and clear, green water, and some are noisy, full of coral, and beautiful as some of the rocky beaches of California are beautiful. Tinian is green and flat, a stationary and roomy aircraft carrier of an island, and everything on it (including old stone walls, reminiscent of Connecticut and dividing what were once rich, flat farmlands) could easily be removed to make way for B-29 airfields. Guam is tropical, whereas Saipan and Tinian are only semi-tropical. Guam has palm trees, some fairly high mountains, and great jungles full of towering mahogany trees, jungles that are impenetrable except when Aviation Engineers or Seabees get to work on

them with caterpillar tractors and bulldozers.

Certain dates convey the urgency felt by all in the Marianas in those early days. Saipan, the first of the three main islands of the Marianas to be taken, was invaded on June 15, 1944, and declared

secure on July 10th. Aviation Engineers landed a few days after the invasion and began building the B-29 airstrip. Ground units of the Twenty-first Bomber Command landed in August, were assigned some acres of sugar-cane fields, and began building their own establishments for the supply and maintenance of the B-29s, whose crews were then still in training in Kansas, Colorado, and the Caribbean. The head-

“Pardon me, can you tell me what this line is for?”

quarters for the first wing of the command, which was to be responsible both for combat operations from Saipan and for servicing planes on the island, began to arrive by boat on September 7th. Brigadier General Emmett (Rosy) O’Donnell, who was to command the wingon Saipan, arrived on October 20th. Then Brigadier General Haywood S. (Possum) Hansell, Jr.,commanding the Twenty-first Bomber Command, the over-all parent organization of B-29s in the Marianas, flew out the first B-29 and assumed command. He was under orders from the Twentieth Air Force headquarters in Washington, which got its directives straight from the Joint Chiefs of Staff. After personally taking his B-29 off from the Saipan strip for a test flight with a full load of bombs and gas, Hansell radioed his chief in Washington, General of the Army H. H. Arnold, that he could put on a maximum effort against Tokio as

early as November 6th, if such an effort was desired. He estimated that this force would consist of about a hundred B-29s. The date for the first strike was finally set for November 14th. It will not benefit the enemy now to know that this first mission would have been run on the earlier date, in conjunction with a strike by naval carrier-based aircraft, had it not been for the Second Battle of the Philippine Sea, which made it necessary to de

lay the carrier strikes until later on in the Battle of Japan.

The position of Hansell in relation to O'Donnell is clear if you understand that the Twenty-first Bomber Command, which Hansell commanded, was eventually to include (and now does include) at least three wings such as the one O'Donnell had on Saipan in those early days I am talking about. There would, in time, be Brigadier General John H. Davies' wing on Tinian and Brigadier General Thomas S. Power's wing on Guam, in addition to O'Donnell's wing, Hansell was to command the whole business from his permanent headquarters on Guam—a headquarters tactfully established some thirty minutes by jeep, or five minutes by airplane, from the wing which Power was to command on the same island. Except for a small staff that had been flown to Saipan, the personnel of Hansell's Bomber Command headquarters were on transport ships en route from the West Coast to the Marianas at the time of the first B-29 strike on Tokio. And in those early days there was just the one wing, on Saipan.

Hansell is called Possum in the Air Forces and O'Donnell is called Rosy. I shall use these nicknames because those are the names I think of when I think of these two men. Face

to face with either one of them, I use the title "General." Possum is forty-one years old, Rosy is thirty-eight.

The night I shall remember ever above all others in that early period is not the night of the first takeoff for T okio, though that had its moments. There were four or five nights before that first takeoff which had their moments, too. Although the first mission was finally set for November 14, 1944, it was not run until November 24, 1944 (Guam time). Weather conditions over both Tokio and Saipan caused an almost unbearable but quite justified

series of postponements. I am Staff Press Censor and Public Relations Officer for the Twenty-first Bomber Command, and at that time I had some thirty-odd war correspondents on my hands, all of them wanting very much indeed to get the story of that first mission out to the world. I was anxious to help them get it out to the world. But what occupies a special place in my memory, and will always be there, glittering with clarity, is a part of a night some ten days after the first mission was finally run—twenty-five minutes of that night, when I was with Possum and Rosy and neither of them uttered a single word. It was in the silence of those twenty-five minutes that I got to know those young generals.

I lived and worked in a tent twen-

ty yards from Possum's and I made a point of trying to know at all times, as we say, where Possum was going, why he was going there, and how long he would be there. That seemed the best way of keeping in close touch with what was going on, which was an important part of my job.

I had first met Possum in the Pentagon Building, when he was Chief of Staff of the Twentieth Air Force. That was in June, 1944, when I got back to the United States after seventeen months in India and China, where the Twentieth Bomber Command of the Twentieth Air Force had just begun its first strikes against the steel mills around Yawata, near the upper tip of the southernmost of the main Japanese islands. I was taken in to see him after it had been explained to me by those in authority that I was not going to have the twenty-one days' leave I had been expecting, or even fourteen days' leave, hut that, instead, after maybe a couple of weekends in New York, I was going very rapidly to Honolulu and thence to Saipan, Tinian, and Guam to get communications channels, censorship directives, and other public-relations matters fixed up well in advance, so that the news of the first B-29 operations from the Marianas would, with the assistance of the high naval command in the Pacific, get out fully and fast to the world.

When I was taken in to see Possum, he knew that he was going to be given command of the Twenty-first Bomber Command, then tactically disposed and stamped Top Secret, with some of the ground echelons and service organizations preparing to embark

from the West Coast for Saipan by ship transport. He knew that I had been relieved of my post in India and assigned as his Staff Press Censor and Public Relations Officer. I knew that he was going to get the job, but he didn't know that I knew. And since it had not been officially announced, Possum didn't tell me, and since he didn't tell me, I didn't let him know that I knew. We hypothetically and briefly discussed general policies. I suggested ways and means of cooperating with the public-relations and censorship staffs of the high naval command in the Pacific, basing my suggestions on experience I had had with the complex command channels, communications facilities, and censorship setups in the China-Burma-India 1 he-atre. Possum approved in principle. "I may be seeing you out there," he said. "I hope so, sir," I said.

The operational problems of the B-29 program in the Marianas were enormous. To fly fifteen hundred miles over water (most of it enemy water) and back again on a mission, and to land on bases on pin-point islands in the middle of the vast Pacific—there wasn't anywhere else to land—was something unprecedented even in the Army Air Forces, in which tough problems, such as flying fifty thousand tons a month over the Himalayas from India to China, were considered routine. Everything about this proposed operation was both difficult and unprecedented: the fact that the B-29 was a fairly new airplane, untried except in the short experience of the Twentieth Bomber Command in China; the unknown mental effect on air crews of a dangerous over-water flight to their target, of unknown hazards to be met there, and of the additional strain of an extremely hard and long flight back to the island bases, finding the bases, and landing on them in patterns of air traffic that would be called overcrowded at such commercial airports as LaGuardia Field. All this, and much more, Possum had weighed and considered with other precedent-breaking minds on the Air Staff in Washington. The citation for the Distinguished Service Medal he got later on tells in official language what sort of mind, what sort of imagination, he had. I shall quote it in full:

"For exceptionally meritorious services to the Government in duties of great responsibility from November 1943 to November 1944 as Army Air Forces member of the Joint Staff Planners, as Chief of Staff, Twentieth Air Force, and Commanding General, Twenty-first

Bomber Command. Gen

eral Hansell was active in the formulation of strategy in the war against Japan and in the effective employment of the Very Long Range bombardment weapon. His recommendation was a material factor in the final decision made by higher authority to seize the Mariana Islands. With aggressive faith in the Very Long Range

bombardment weapon and inspiring enthusiasm for its strategic potentialities, this officer inaugurated a determined program of planning to get the maximum number of B-29 groups into the Mariana Islands within the time schedule allotted for the operation, to insure that the success of the Army and Navy in obtaining base areas in the Pacific could be fully exploited. General Hansell, by his great ability and untiring energy, succeeded in overcoming the obstacles that stood in the way of successfully implementing the approved conception of Pacific strategy. He personally followed up his plans by taking units of the Twentieth Air Force to the Island of Saipan and started operations which have clearly demonstrated the proficiency of this weapon in daylight raids on Japan's strategic targets. General Hansell's effective participation in the planning, preparation, and introduction into combat of one of the most important strategic weapons of the present war has made a material contribution to the over-all war efforts of the United States."

I asked Hansell, many weeks after our first meeting, how his nickname happened to be Possum. He has a way of half closing his eyes, not in a relaxed manner but tensely, as if focussing them inward, when he is about to reply to a question which requires some consideration. He focussed his eyes inward for a moment. A small wrinkle, an admission that humor was being recognized and appreciated somewhere inside the head, appeared on one side of his tight, purposeful mouth. He said, "I must answer that with a negative statement. The nickname does not suggest that I resemble the beast in question either in physiognomy or habits. I have no accurate information as to the explanation of its origin." He grinned, and then his eyes focussed inward again. 1 hey gave me no clue to what considerations had abruptly taken possession of a mind which by that time I knew was able to operate with the precision of automatic bomb-bay doors opening and closing, and with effects as devastating.

As a matter of fact, Possum looks

“It’s the same old story. Everything I hate is coming up and everything I like isn’t coming up!”

like a wide-awake, smart, kind, somewhat preoccupied, and very efficient possum. He has a charm that is increased by an obvious and honest inner effort to overcome a shyness which might be mistaken for primness. He told me once that when he was a young man he had worked in a steel plant. Old friends of his say that he was a machinist’s helper one year, a machinist the next year, something better the next, and chief engineer of the whole plant the fourth year, after which he decided to go into the peacetime Air Corps as a pilot. Another time, he told me that as chief engineer of the steel plant he had had to carry out all sorts of social obligations that seemed beyond his income, and that he never had either peace of mind or very much fun. As an officer, he found that his social obligations were standardized by Army economics, since nobody had very much money and people lived comfortably on what they had. He had no more money worries after he went into the Army, although he had reduced his gross income, even counting

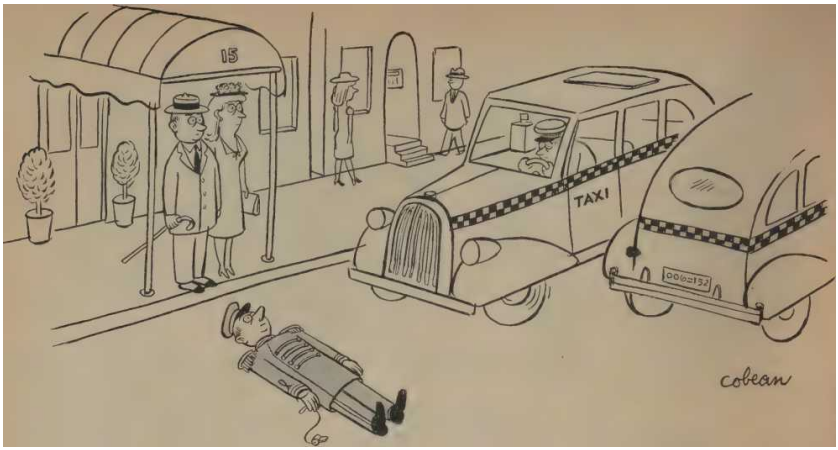
rent allowance and everything, by more than half. He is a very good pilot. He used to do air acrobatics with Major General Claire Chennault, now commanding the Fourteenth Air Force, in China.

Ten years ago, the two would go up to three thousand feet or so and make graceful and rhythmical passes at each other while Mrs. Chennault watched from the front porch of the Chennaults' quarters at Maxwell Field, Alabama. She would criticize their maneuvers constructively and with detachment when they got back on the ground. The war put Possum into combat flying, and after a brief, successful tour with the Eighth Air Force in England in its beginning days, when he first commanded a heavy-bombardment wing and then had one or two even bigger operational jobs, he became Air Planner for the Joint and Combined Chiefs of Staff in Washington, then Deputy Chief of Staff of the Army Air Forces, later Chief of Staff of the new and potentially great Twentieth Air Force, and finally commanding general of the

Twenty-first Bomber Command of that Air Force.

THERE are three specific times during an operation of the B-29s in the Marianas when a certain tenseness pervades the base. The first is the time of the takeoff, the second is the time of the first bombs-away message from the airplanes over the target, the third is the time when the earliest returning airplanes come in for their landings. These three periods are separated by a good many hours, because it takes the B-29s about fifteen hours to make the round trip between the Marianas and Japan.

On the memorable night I have spoken of, the night on Saipan, I was watching for Possum to come out of his tent and climb into his jeep, which he always drove himself. It is a policy of the Twentieth Air Force that the conduct of Public Relations should be of a sort which helps the correspondents learn everything there is to know about everything that is going on and which



censors their dispatches only for military security. Correspondents are asked to support certain general policies, mostly concerned with undesirable overstatement and exaggeration of the results of our operations, and they do this almost without exception, because they think it makes sense. On this night the correspondents were up at the landing strip, waiting for the airplanes to return. They usually got some interesting but not always dependable statements from crew members about how the bombing results had looked from thirty thousand feet. I was not planning to do much myself that night until I could get from Possum his opinion of the success of the mission, based on his interviews with the pilots, bombardiers, and gunners at the squadron interrogations, which he usually attended. I would get that later in the evening and pass it on to the correspondents. But I was at this particular time that evening concerned, as was everybody else, about the weather at our base.

To describe in a phrase or two the weather that had settled down around our airfield on Saipan that night, after the airplanes had dropped their bombs and started homeward over fifteen hundred miles of water, would perhaps require five or six words much used in the Army and Navy and elsewhere that in print would create a bad impression. It was the kind of weather everybody who knew anything about the matter had feared more than any other one menace to the early operations from

Saipan. The weather was a big, black, dark thunderstorm, teamed with a heavy, tropical rainstorm, and it had reduced the ceiling

over our landing strip to zero, zero, zero, and zero.

As Possum came out of his tent, I left mine and saluted him. “Hello, there,” he said, then asked, “Anything on your mind?” I said I had no public-relations problems at the moment. He said he was going up to the Operations tower on the field to watch the airplanes come in. I said that I would like to go along to the tower and accompany him to the interrogations afterward, if I wouldn’t be in the way. “Get your extra raincoat,” he said, with the thoughtfulness that is part of his nature. “You’ll need that in the jeep. The seats are sopping wet.”

In the tower were Brigadier General O’Donnell (Rosy) and three or four of his staff officers. It was the airplanes of Rosy’s bombardment wing that were coming in to land after a strike on the Japanese main island of Honshu. We stood on an open, circular platform in the rain while the officers and operations clerks inside the enclosed middle of the tower, behind half-open glass windows, tried to pick up on their radio sets the first of the homecoming airplanes.

It should be explained that, with the navigational and other landing aids we had at that time on Saipan, nobody could have been expected to land an airplane by instruments in that weather.

The future held very few possibilities:

The airplanes coming in after their three-thousand-mile flight would have anywhere from ten to two hundred gallons of fuel left in their tanks when they settled on earth, provided they could get home and land after circling the field only once or twice. Exactly how much fuel they would have left would depend on how efficiently they had conserved it on the way up to Japan and, if battle-damaged, how much extra power they had had to use on the trip back. When a B-29 engine has been shot out, you have to pour more . fuel into the three others than all four would require under normal conditions; furthermore, reserve tanks get shot up and have to be sealed off, or certain mechanisms fail or are damaged and prevent you from transferring your gas feed lines from one tank to another, and so on.

It was possible that the new airplanemaintenance field at Guam, a hundred and fifty miles south of us, would have a ceiling better

than ours within the . next hour. Although the weather over Guam was the same at this moment, it might improve before ours did, and a good percentage of our airplanes might have enough fuel left to get down there and land.

It was possible that, through some meteorological freak, a landing strip on Saipan normally used only by B-24s and some transport airplanes but big enough for B-29s would find that its ceiling had lifted before ours had.

There was, of course, also the pos-

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sibility that our own airstrip, right here under us, would come into the clear in time for our airplanes to land on it.

Those were the favorable possibilities.

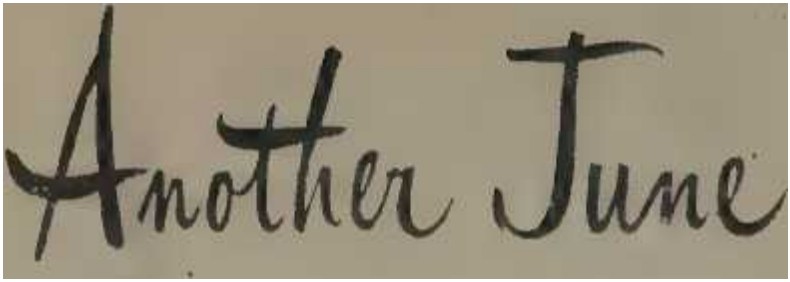
The only other possibility was a major catastrophe involving some hundred B-29s and their crews, eleven men to an airplane. The airstrip on Tinian was not finished and could not be used even in an emergency. And there were no other landing strips anywhere in the Pacific within range.

AFTER Rosy had said hello to Possum, and after the rest of us had c' changed a word or two about the weather, there occurred the twenty-five-minute period of utter silence to which I have referred.

Rosy is probably called Rosy because at West Point, in the nineteen-twenties, it was clear to all his friends that he was not rosy and would never be rosy. His face is pale—not in an unhealthy way but in what I would call a good, hard way. He is all vividly articulate Irish-American Brooklyn-born lightheartedness, humor, and spiritual gaiety, except for an inner toughness and thoughtfulness which the pale face subtly intimates. Possum had been grounded shortly before the first B-29 strike at Tokio, in line with the Air Forces policy for air officers in top command positions. Rosy therefore had led the first mission to Tokio. When Rosy climbed out of his airplane on Saipan after that first mission, he said to the war correspondents gathered round, “Well, I think we gave them a hell of an afternoon.” The next day, his young son, in Brooklyn, made an equally engaging remark to newspaper reporters who went to Rosy’s home to see his family. “I guess my father can do just about anything,” the boy said.

The morning after that first Tokio mission, Rosy was busy studying, with his engineering officers, the possibilities of reducing the gas load in order to increase the bomb load, now that a flight by B-29s from the Marianas to Tokio and back was a matter of history. He was talking to dozens of airplane commanders and crew members to try to determine for himself the effect on them of the long flight, with the idea of recommending to his superior, Possum, whatever action he thought might be advantageously pursued on these operational and personnel matters. Possum, after the first mission,

which he sweated out on the tower as he was sweating this one out" tonight, was off on other trails



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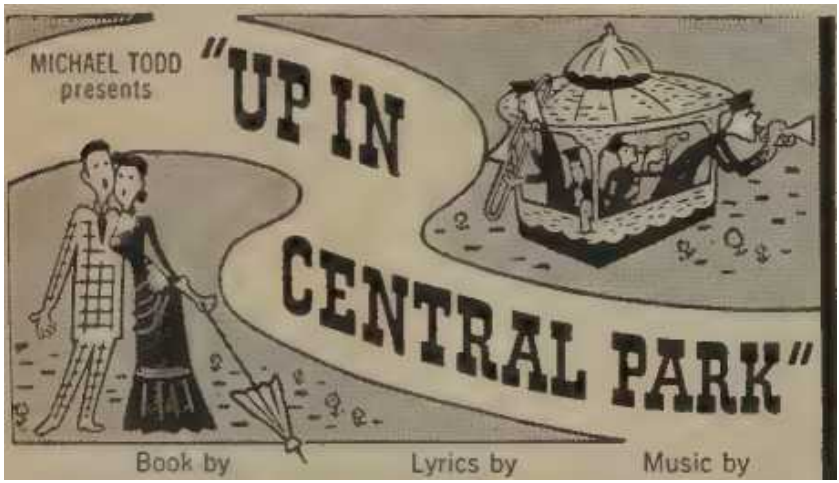

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and tracks, all on a somewhat higher level of planning and improvement than Rosy’s. Since he was the over-all commander in the Marianas, Possum was thinking of three wings or more, wings on Tinian and Guam as well as on Saipan. Rosy was quite properly occupying himself with problems of his units on Saipan, the problems of a wing commander. There were healthy disagreements between the two young generals over tactical and strategical problems and they discussed these matters informally at mealtimes and before supper in one another’s tents.

This night, this unforgettable night, Possum and Rosy stood in the rain for twenty-five minutes in a silence that ached and groaned with agony, screamed with apprehension, and made no sound. Overhead, the first airplanes coming in and circling were occasionally visible on top of the rain and fog which had settled down over the stretch of earth on which they wanted to land. Their red and green flying lights and their orange landing lights winked and shone and flashed and moved in the distances of the sky like those colored necklaces of faraway railroad trains that run through American childhood—lighted trains seen from upstairs windows, beyond hills, through twilight, on rainy summer evenings.

The operations clerks and officers inside the tower told the airplanes to keep circling, that the weather was breaking. The weather officer did not know if it was breaking or not and neither did anybody else.

The rain fell uninterruptedly, the thunder sounded, the lightning glowed through the thick, soupy atmosphere. This was not the familiar, delightful, sudden tropical shower that comes, stays for three or four minutes, and goes away, fully satisfied. Meteorologically, as well as perfectly obviously, this was a storm of another quality, a storm that might last a quarter of an hour, a half an hour, an hour, two hours, and it was covering Guam and Tinian as it was covering us.

The two generals knew that everything had been done and was being done to prevent the catastrophe which might occur within a half hour, within an hour, there before their eyes and in the sea all around the landing strip. Long before the time the returning airplanes were due over the base, additional lights had been set up around the strip— searchlights which, in a code for just such an emergency as the one we now faced, signalled the location of the strip high into the sky, through the clouds

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It takes a modern horse about 125 seconds to run the Kentucky Derby, but it takes Ted Husing three weeks to prepare for his annual broadcast. Husing, who has broadcast the last five races on CBS exclusively, leaves for Churchill Downs about three weeks before the running, attends the early morning workouts, talks to the

jockeys, trainers, and owners, looks over the favorites. Then on the big day he goes on the air and concentrates in a half-hour commentary the color and tension of racing's most memorable event. The nearest thing to the excitement of seeing the race is listening to Husing this Saturday, June 9, at 6 p.m. EWT, on your local CBS station. ★

A worthy cause, a forthright speaker and the reaching power of a radio microphone is a hard team to beat, as witness the story of WDOD's one-day war bond campaign on May 24.

The Rev. J. Fred Johnson, pastor of the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church of Chattanooga, and a noted War Loan salesman, broadcast his first appeal for bonds on Columbia's affiliated station at 6:30 a.m. He made his last appeal at 11 p.m. He was on the air 28 different times for a total of 7 hours and 20 minutes. During the interval 500 people pledged subscriptions. When he signed off that night the citizens of Chattanooga and Hamilton County had pledged a total of $1,047,000, of which 80% were"E" bonds, subscribed in the name of a service man, living or dead. Then Dr. Johnson went home, sat down at his desk and his Sunday sermon wrote itself. ★

A few weeks ago Collier's printed a poem by Norman Corwin called Memo to the Living.' o read it was to be deeply moved. But on Sunday, June 17, at 7 p.m. EWT, you can hear it on CBS, amplified and orchestrated for broadcasting, and for millions doubly affecting. It is the first of a series of 13 new radio dramas entitled Columbia Presents .Conein by the leading craftsman of his time and medium.

★

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and rain. Ambulances and fire-fighting bulldozers stood by. Improvised navigational and other landing aids had been rigged up to help the airplanes as far as such improvisations could help them. These things, and many others, had been done in accordance with plans worked out weeks before as a matter of routine. Thus far, the decision of Hansell, backed by Arnold, approved by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, concurred in by the high naval command in the Pacific, to strike the war industries of Japan at practically the earliest possible date, instead of waiting until we had a perfect, fully equipped, fullstrength force to operate from perfect, fully equipped bases, had been paying off. MacArthur's men, invading the Philippines, had benefited by our unexpectedly early blows at Japan, which had thrown the enemy into at least a certain degree of confusion and had kept the Jap air force at home. Among Americans and their allies all around the world—so we had been told by the highest authorities at home—the news that Tokio itself was at last under heavy attack by American airplanes had raised morale, had given a glimpse of a Pacific campaign that was closing in on the enemy in that part of the world just as the European campaign was closing in on Germany.

And right now, this night on Saipan, there was nothing to do but wait and watch while the returning airplanes gathered over our landing strip and could not land.

The rain fell on the just hardened concrete of the runway, on the blacktopped asphalt of the taxiways and hardstands, splashed into the faces of the ground crews crouching in pup tents alongside the places where the home-coming B-29s would park, if they ever did park. It fell on the surrounding white-capped sea. It washed away some of the unfinished roads leading from the airstrip to the air crews' quarters; it flooded already muddy roads and walks in wing and group and squadron establishments along the bluff over the sea; it ruined the previous day's work of the Army Engineers, who were building three-lane asphalt highways to the impressive headquarters of the island commander on Saipan's highest hilltop; and it made a mess of the carefully graded terraces between the closely packed Quonset huts where the administrative business of the island would be carried out weeks later when a fresh invasion force took off from Saipan to invade Iwo Jima. It fell on the cemeteries of the Marine and Army men who had been killed in

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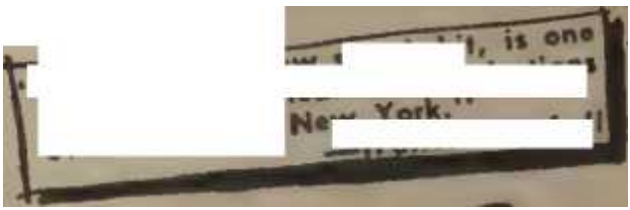

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THE NEW YORKER

37

the battles that won the Marianas from the Japanese.

The rain fell and drained inside Possum’s and Rosy’c raincoats, streamed down their backs, down their chests, over their stomachs, down their thighs, their legs, their ankles, into their muddy,

soldier's shoes. It trickled off their hats into their ears, into their eyes. -They stood looking into the almost impenetrable sky, walking up and down, looking to east, to west, to north, to south, and saying nothing. There was nothing they could do and there was nothing they could say.

It was Possum who, after twenty-five minutes, saw something that could be put into speech. "It's breaking over there," he said.

Rosy took a look as Possum pointed. "That ought to be it," said Rosy, nodding.

In three minutes some stars could be seen. In four, the circling airplanes no longer were distant lights, wandering the sky in loneliness and uncertainty, but had become the great, familiar, graceful forms, w'ith their high tails and long, intent noses. T here were not yet enough of them circling over the single airstrip to create more than a difficult air traffic problem. There would have been enough in another ten minutes to create a traffic problem something more than difficult, the way they were streaming back from Japan. They began landing one by one and an hour or so later they wore all down and safe in the arms of their ground crews, their grease-monkey mothers and fathers.

Everybody on the platform began speaking to everybody else as soon as the rain stopped and the stars came out, as soon as the first airplanes had begun to land. One of the officers said, "I don't want any more of that, with a hundred damn airplanes up there and no place for them to go."

Possum heard him, smiled happily, and focussed his eyes inward on some thought known to him alone.

Rosy said, "Yeah. A hundred airplanes were up there—and a thousand kids." Then Rosy, too, smiled happily.

—St. Clair McKelway

(This is the first of a series of articles on the Twenty-first Bomber Command.}

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KAUFMAN’V CKU5ADE

AVING been co-author of two vehement assaults on the cinema —“Merton of the Movies” in 1922 and “Once in a Lifetime” in 1930 —George S. Kaufman came up with a third last week in “Hollywood Pinafore,” a work borrowing from W. S. Gilbert only to the extent that the principals are vaguely counterparts of his originals but retaining Sir Arthur Sullivan’s score intact. In spite of the enchanting music and the presence in the cast of a very great man called Victor Moore, I’m afraid that it isn’t ˆtogether a happy inspiration, since, ˆtially, it consists of interminable (ons of that joke, apparently an ob-fvith Mr. Kaufman, about a sys-puts a premium on illiteracy, od writers at the Alvin are paid ive dollars a week, doormen [dred, child stars eight thou-

Frforming dogs ten thousand, •oducers five million, with bo-The writers, in convict stripes, ained up in cells while they work, agged and blindfolded when they ai released to attend a story conference; producers talk about buying the rights to the Bible and the fine opportunities for a jungle sequence presented by Poe's "Raven;" beautiful stars regard the legitimate stage as a sort of liv-

ing death, since a girl appearing on can get as little as a thousand dollars week and is even required to '.now how to act, and so on, all night. While broad strokes are undoubtedly necessary in musical comedy, it is hard to believe that they have to be quite as broad as all that, and the effect is further diminished by the fact that the movies, while by no means adult, have at least grown up to a point where burlesque contemporaneous with quips about the Model T is no longer valid.

In addition to having these complaints, I strongly suspect that a lot of the allusions in "Hollywood Pinafore" are apt to seem moderately cryptic to audiences less knowing than the one assembled on opening night. For instance, a character not too

subtly billed as Louhedda Hopsons has notable exception of a blond classic

a lyric containing the lines:

Poor Rita's divorcin'

That awful man, Orson—

I made that up just to please Hearst. ..

it a

which requires an amount of special domestic and political information about the film colony that can hardly be expected from the casual customer, and there are copious references to such West Coast phenomena as the Holly-icood Reporter, Darryl Zanuck, Mocambo, and other matters hilarious to the initiated but possibly just exasperating to sequestered types to whom the word Romanoff still suggests a dynasty rather than a restaurant.

Altogether, I should say that, aside from Sir Arthur's pretty tunes, last week's "Pinafore" hasn't much to recommend it except the always engaging personalities of Mr. Moore and William Gaxton (though the former is somewhat handicapped by the fact that his part calls for a purposeful lechery certainly foreign to his gentle and hesitant nature); some expert comedy, often independent of the script, provided by Shirley Booth, George Rasely, and Mary Wickes; and two very pleasant singing voices belonging to Annamary Dickey and Gilbert Russell. A ballet contrived by Antony Tudor has as its theme the story of a country girl

who forsakes her home-town beau for a Hollywood career (only to find all the glory quickly turned to dust) and while it is professionally executed, the whole notion seems a little too obvious

and simple-minded to be worth the bother. Finally, I am obliged to report that the young ladies employed largely for purposes of decoration are, with the

.named Pamela Randell, getting money under false pretenses.

-*■ heard just about everything in Billy Rose's "Concert Varieties," at the Ziegfeld, since most of the performers

are celebrated in

night clubs, on

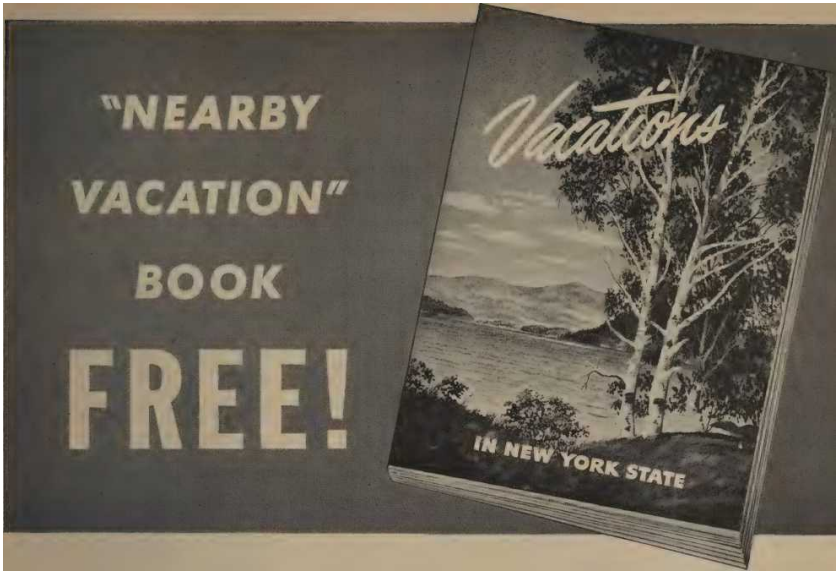
the stage, or on the radio.

The pro-

gram is heavy with talent, but it mav be that, having been assembled to please a wide range of tastes, it will prove completely satisfactory to none. To a customer for whom the Rockettes or Bill Robinson represent the ultimate in dancing, it is likely to seem that the evening is top-heavy with those singular and incomprehensible artists whose activities are only partially cleared up by a footnote in the program explaining that they are executing an ancient Hopi ritual in which the handsomest young man in the tribe is annually sacrificed to placate Ho-Pat-Cong, the Resort Goddess. Mr. Rose has furnished no less than six numbers of this approximate design, danced by Rosario and Antonio and the companies headed by Jerome Robbins and Katherine Dunham, and while much of it is beautiful and exciting, the total effect is a little overpowering.

To those who admire comedy, two appearances by Imogene Coca and one each by Eddie Mayehoff and Zero Mostel are hardly apt to seem enough, and I'm not sure that their material has been as wisely selected as it might have been. Miss Coca has a fine routine, demonstrating that a girl looks lovely in fur, using samples clearly of no further interest to the moths, and her "Apres-midi d'un Faune," danced with William Archibald, is parody of an exalted order. Her other offerings, however, suggest a very early edition of "New Faces" and it may be time they were put away. Mr. Mayehoff has an unfortunate time, in that his rendition of a pep talk by an

overstuffed businessman, quite a funny piece, is almost precisely duplicated by Mr. Mostel's one



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about a senator addressing his constituents. Mr. Mostel, of course, likewise suffers because of Mr. Mayehoff, but since he is also equipped with an imitation of an Italian opera singer and another of a coffee percolator, I guess he comes out ahead.

The acts that come under neither of these headings are the Salici Puppets, who amazed me by being able to light cigarettes; Nestor Chayres, a Spanish tenor with admirable lungs; Ammons, Johnson, and Catlett, who play two pianos and the drums, with special and deafening emphasis on the last; and Deems Taylor, who serves as master of ceremonies with the genial and cultivated air of one addressing a ladies’ club.

Mary Orr and Reginald Denham, a pair of authors who have misbehaved mildly in the past, reached a really spectacular low in “Round Trip,” a nuisance committed last week at the Biltmore. Written with staggering vulgarity and acted in a manner fit to curdle the blood, it ejected me so prematurely from the theatre that I’m afraid I can’t tell you in what dark backward and abysm of foolishness the sorry piece wound up. When I left, Mrs. Albright, an Ohio matron charitably described by her husband as a damn silly woman, was sitting on a bed swapping innuendoes with an unemployed actor, described with equal charity by somebody else as a chromium-plated son of a bitch. There were frequent jocular references to “a roll in the alfalfa,” and at one point, on the telephone, the lady cried archly, “No, no! Not Allnight. Albright. B as in bed.” The cast employed to grapple with the Orr-Denham pleasantries included June Walker, Sidney Blackmer, Phyllis Brooks, Eddie Nugent, and Jack Kirkland’s little daughter, Patricia, who, I hope, is still too young to know what the hell she was talking about.

—Wolcott Gibbs

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[From The Bedrock of Management," a booklet by Charles IF. Gremple}

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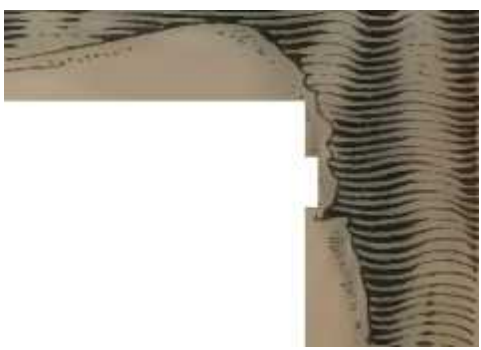

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BALTIMORES 9ˆi/HOTEL

OF ALL THINCA

THE situation in the Levant is too complicated for most of us to get through our heads. It would seem that the problem has eight or nine angles, all of them painfully acute.

The Big Three at San Francisco have agreed emphatically that they will stand by the decisions reached at Yalta. The only trouble is that each of them has a different recollection of those decisions.

In his review of the Pacific situation, President Truman gave some timely advice to the people of Japan. He suggested that they leave the big, noisy cities and go out in the country and study nature.

Many citizens, enraged by the meat shortage, are writing letters to the newspapers demanding the abolition of the 'O.P.A. A vegetable diet probably affects the minds of some people that way.

There are indications that the political campaign in Great Britain will be a rough affair. Any noises we may hear from England in the next month will be made not by bombs but by Tories and

Labourites paying their disrespects to one another.

A Japanese broadcaster says that “we people of the nation must become one ball of fire.” American bombers will do everything in their power to aid this worthy cause.

William O’Dwyer is now being mentioned as one of the most likely candidates for Mayor of New York. There is an astonishing possibility that this big Democratic city will be captured next November by the Democrats.

During the coming months our railroads must move millions of service men en route to the Japanese w'ar. All civilians should spend their vacations at Ik me this summer, if it ever comes.

• .

We are told that there will be seven per cent less meat for civilians in June than there was in May. This program is brought to you by the National Tight Belt Company.

—Howard Brubaker

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BABE5 ON F1FTY-5EVENTH 5TKEET

SHORTLY after Pearl Harbor, □ when some work turned up that made it imperative for my wife and me to move from the East River to the Potomac, we decided, rather reluctantly, to sell a medium-

sized painting by Dufy that had been hanging over our living-room mantelpiece for several years. The storing of our furniture and the move to temporary quarters in a Washington hotel, at daily rates, raised slight problems of expense that made the sale seem a wise, if melancholy, course. We had to sell quickly, too; there was no time for extended negotiations.

We had bought the picture in Paris during the Exposition of 1937. A landscape hanging in the big show of modern French painting at the Petit Palais that summer was the first Dufy that had interested us. It was one of his views of the

OPEN THURS. till 9 P.M DAILY to 6

bay of Nice, with intense blue water and sky, violet mountains, a colorful crescent of shore-front buildings, and beaches dotted with figures. We asked our friend Mademoiselle Desgarets, who was in charge of sales at the show, how much it was, and she said it would be the equivalent of about nine hundred dollars. That was a good deal too much for us

and we hopefully offered a lower sum. A few days later Mademoiselle Des

garets called us to say that the owner wouldn't come down a sou. "He's a wealthy man," she said, "who doesn't

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have to sell the picture and doesn't particularly want to. He put that astronomical price on it just as a kind of joke, to see whether some crazy American might really be willing to pay it. He asked me to

congratulate you on not being willing to." We laughed and thanked her.

A week or so later, Mademoiselle Desgarets telephoned us again. "If you're still

interested in a Dufy 'Nice,' " she said,

Lucullus

475 FIFTH AVE,, NEW YORK

“I know where there’s one you might like. It’s a little smaller and a lot cheaper than the one in the Petit Palais, but exactly the same view and of the same quality. A friend of mine has it in his gallery on the Boulevard Montparnasse.”

She told us the address and we went around in a day or two to have a look. Mademoiselle Desgarets had been quite accurate, we found; the picture an-

swered her description in every particular. The equivalent of two hundred and fifty dollars was the asking price. We offered two hundred, the customary haggling ensued, and eventually the proprietor told us that we could have the picture at our figure on one condition. According to inside information in his possession, he confided, the franc was going to he devalued before morning, and he would have to he paid in dollars at once. Taking him and the Dufy in a taxi, we drove to our bank, where the dollars were handed over to him and we bade him farewell. We were riot too surprised, the next morning and subsequent mornings, to find no news whatever concerning franc devaluation in the papers. We hung the Dufy in our hotel room and brought it back to America with us.

WE might not have thought of selling the picture when we moved

to Washington had it not been for a discovery I had made a few weeks before. One morning, casting a passing gDnce at the show window of a gallery on the south side of Fiftyseventh Street, I had stopped in surprise

at the sight of the picture on display. It was the other Dufy “Nice”—the one

we’d been congratulated, four years before, for not buying at the Petit Palais for nine hundred dollars. And when my

curiosity drove me in to ask how much it was, I was told twenty-five hundred.

Needless to say, I took our picture to that gallery. It was, I found, a rather haughty place—noted, as I later learned, for what the trade calls a “Long Island clientele” and for prices generally higher than other prices in town. I left the picture overnight for consideration, saying that my

price was a thousand dollars. When I

phoned the gallery the next afternoon, I was told that I could call for it any time I wished to. No, they did not care to make an offer. The picture did not interest them. Feeling rather hurt, I took it away and my wife telephoned another gallery, this one just off Fiftyseventh Street on Fifth Avenue, whose dapper French proprietor—I’ll call him Mr. Beaulieu—we had met socially a number of times He came to the apart-

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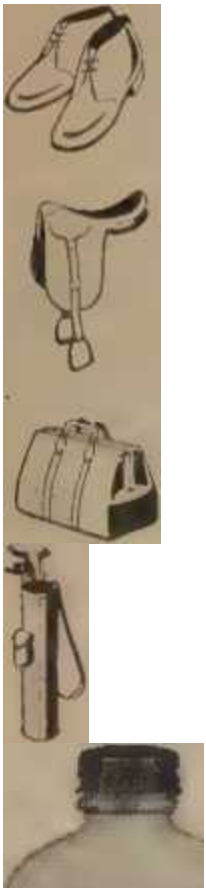

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ment the next morning, when I was out. My wife asked him to make an offer on the picture but, after looking at it briefly, he shook his head. “Oh, no, Madame,” he said without hesitation. “Too small. Much too small to interest me, I am sorry to say. Thank you, Madame. I am sorry, Madame.” He stayed a little while, talking of other things, and then left, without relenting.

These rebuffs discouraged us considerably. In the light of the twenty-five hundred dollars being asked for the other picture, they made us question our judgment. We had apparently bought a Dufy whose quality was insufficiently good to compensate, even in part, for its slightly smaller size. But we were determined to sell—all the more determined since our confidence in the picture was now so shaken. We entrusted it to a young American lady whom we’ll call Miss Wilkins and who, although she had no gallery of her own, bought and sold paintings up and down Fifty-seventh Street on commission. We told her to get a minimum of two hundred and fifty dollars for it, and the next day she phoned to say that she had got two hundred and seventy-five. “I sold it to a friend of mine,”

she said, “a man who’s a modest collector. I tried to get three hundred, but he said he couldn’t quite go that high. I believe him, too; I happen to know he’s not very well off.” Miss Wilkins immediately sent us a check for the amount of the sale, less ten-per-cent commission for herself. We found some consolation in, the fact that we hadn’t lost on the picture; we’d even made a few dollars. But our pride was hurt. We had apparently chosen our Dufy badly.

DOWN in Washington, we were a good deal too busy, both before and after we’d found a furnished place to live in, to think about the Dufy very much, and the only time we saw any pictures was on occasional Sunday afternoons when we visited the National or the Phillips Gallery. It was on one of these excursions, after several months in Washington, that we ran into Mr. Beaulieu, wandering among the Chester Dale collection. We greeted him and, considerably to our surprise, he hurried over and attached himself to us, speaking volubly and in a way that was at once arch and reproachful. “Ah, bonjour, Monsieur et Madame. What a coincidence to see you! I have— how do you say?—a bone to pick with you. Yes, indeed. The other evening I was invited to dinner at the home of my good friend Miss Wilkins,

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and there in her dining room I saw the beautiful Dufy that she bought from you, and . . .”

My wife and I stared at each other. “A friend ... a man who’s a modest collector . . . not very well off.” Was that the customary phrase used by a lady on Fifty-seventh Street to describe herself? Apparently it was. And Miss Wilkins had taken a ten-per-cent commission for making the sale.

But Mr. Beaulieu was still talking to us. “And she was boasting about the low price she had paid for it. I must confess I was astonished, Monsieur and Madame, that you should have let so fine a picture go for so little. That is the tiny bone I have to pick with you. It is very unfair to us dealers, who have to make our living selling pictures, to dispose of a canvas at a figure so far under the market price as that. Do you not see that if the word of such a transaction should begin to circulatej the artist’s reputation would suffer and we should find it impossible to maintain the prices we get for his work? It was very painful for me, I assure you, to sit there at dinner with Miss Wilkins the other night, with that beautiful Dufy on the wall opposite me, and listen to her tell me about her coup.”

We stared at Mr. Beaulieu in astonishment. “But you saw the picture-before Miss Wilkins ever did!” my wife exclaimed. “You came to the apartment and I asked you to make an offer on it!”

Mr. Beaulieu made deprecating gestures. “Ah, Madame! An offer! That is so difficult. A dealer assumes that connoisseurs like you and Monsieur know the market value of pictures, and he dreads offending you by offering the lower price which he has to offer if he

is to make his living. A dealer has to think of people like you and Monsieur in the light of buyers as well as sellers, and he must avoid antagonizing you. A subtle relationship, a difficult position. I did not dream, Madame, that as soon as I was gone you would sell the picture to one of my competitors for so much less than the price which you could reasonably have asked."

"But we wanted to sell the picture, Mr Beaulieu," my wife said. "Why didn't you ask me to set a price on it, since you didn't care to make an offer, instead of saying it was too small and uninteresting? "

"One has to be so careful in these matters, Madame. One has to hint, to speak delicately. It is not a mere matter of business with us but of friendship. Ah, Monsieur and Madame, when I

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saw you here today and thought of the advantageous position in

which, quite without meaning any harm, I realize, you have placed my good friend Miss Wilkins, I could not refrain from picking this little bone."

My wife and I detached ourselves as quickly as we could from Mr. Beaulieu, there among the Chester Dales. His company was too irritating, too bewildering, to be agreeable. The kind of subtlety which considered it less offensive to say that a picture was too uninteresting to make any. offer on at all rather than to offer a fair buyer's price was not something we could hope to understand. And a dealer who earns a ten-per-cent commission by selling a picture to herself . . . We felt sombre for a while after that, whenever we thought of our Dufy—sombre and rather raw and shamefaced.

A MONTH or two later, when my wife and I were in New York for a weekend, we visited Mr. Beaulieu's gallery to see a show of modern French pictures that the critics said was particularly good. Our Dufy was among them. An assistant who didn't know us was in the room, and when we asked him the price, he said eighteen hundred. Mt is one of Mr. Beaulieu's most recent acquisitions," he said. "Isn't it a beau-

It was indeed a beauty. It was shining with a new coat of varnish and was set in a flattering old frame, and it gave pleasure to everyone who looked at it—even to us. Mr. Beaulieu came into the room as we were staring at it meditatively, and he had the grace to flush as he caught sight of us. "Ah, Monsieur and Madame," he lamented, "if you knew what I had to pay, to get that picture, to my good friend Miss Wilkins! "

There was just the least bit of satisfaction to be got out of that, of course, and my wife got a little more, or claims she did, by saying, "It's beautiful, of course, Mr. Beaulieu, but don't you think it's just a trifle small?" He gave us a reproachful smile.

Miss Wilkins, the lady who sold our Dufy to herself and then to Mr. Beaulieu, we have never seen again; she joined one of the women's branches of the armed services not long after and is out of the country. But we —or at least I—did see the Dufy again, this last winter.

Not so long ago there was a big loan exhibition of Dufy in the gallery to which I had first taken our picture

—the gallery on the south side of Fiftyseventh Street with the show window and the “Long Island clientele” which had offered me the nine-hundred-dollar Dufy from the Petit Palais for twenty-five hundred. By this time my work in Washington, and I with it, had been moved to New York, and I could roam around the galleries during lunch hour. It was just after lunch one day that I visited the Dufy show. The only other person in the place was a charming, debutantish creature at the desk—an assistant, apparently culled from the “Long Island clientele,” who was in charge of the place while the proprietors were out to lunch. Included in the show was our Dufy, still in its elaborate frame and still gleaming beneath its new varnish. “Is this one for sale?” I asked the debutante. “It belongs to Mr. Beaulieu, I think. What do you ask for it?”

“Oh, no,” the debutante said. “It did belong to Mr. Beaulieu, but it doesn’t now. It’s the gentleman who bought it from Mr. Beaulieu that’s loaned it to this show. It is for sale, as it happens. Three thousand dollars.”

I couldn’t resist a low whistle at that, and the debutante, smiled. “I know it sounds mad,” she said, “although I assure you we’ve sold loads of Dufys of that size and quality for that price or even more. And, of course, the bay of Nice is a favorite subject. This one happens to belong to somebody who doesn’t have to sell and isn’t particularly keen to. He just put that fantastic-sounding price on it to see if anybody would pay it. He’s making a mistake, though, if he really wants to keep his picture. I’ll bet anything it’s sold before the show’s over.”

That was a subject I wasn’t making any bets on with anybody. I just told the debutante I wouldn’t be surprised if she was right.

—Francis Steegmuller

What is there about you that attracts men P"

1 To me you were just a pretty uniform. I never ■ dreamed how much more of a person I’d be than the shy kid who joined the Cadet

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O I know he thinks I'm wonderful. And

I want to be... for him. Here at the Navy hospital I give treatments, alcohol rubs (and how they love'em), change dressings, take temperatures and blood pressure readings. A smile or a corny joke from me is almost like a letter from home.

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is like a sorority house . . . living room, playroom, music room, and a bedroom like my own at home. We have sports and free movies. We eat in the Officers' Mess. Uncle Sam pays for everything . . . tuition, board, rooms, uniforms, laundry.

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[J. Otis Swift in the IForld- Telegram]

On the high sidehill the butterfly weed or pleurisy-root, light orange from June to September, looks down (until some cruel wildflower picker pounces on it) at its light crimson sister of the boglands and remembers Aesculapias, father of medicine, for whom the milkweed family was named, and wonders if his daughter Hygeia, goddess of health, would have preferred the hot sunshine of the wornout old fields where the orange milkweed glows, and the field sparrow sings, to the cool pale green twilight of the swamp with its catbirds, marsh wrens and swamp sparrows where the cheek of the swamp milkweed is such a ruddy dull light crimson— and the plant looks so sturdy and healthy!

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THE RACE TRACK

Guessing Game

IT is now time to pick the winner of the Kentucky Derby this Saturday. I am tempted to adopt the practice of those helpful tipsters who send their clients the straight-from-the-feed-box tips known as one-horse wires, which give different selections to different customers. The Derby seems to be an unusually open race this year. On figures, you can make any one of a dozen three-year-olds look like a real good thing for this race, provided you use the right figures. If my wishes were Whirl-aways or Count Fleets, Ed

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Bradley would win it, because he's such a gallant old sportsman. After the Blue Grass Stakes of three years ago, I talked to him about his Bless Me, who had just been beaten in that race by Shut Out. "He's not Derby class," Bradley said. "I guess I'll have to wait until Bimelech's colts grow up, three or four years from now, and win it with one of them." Bradley was then going on eighty-three. Perhaps Burning Dream, who is by Bimelech, can bring this Derby off for him. Your guess is as good as mine, and probably a lot better. Burning Dream won the Derby Trial a fortnight ago, but he finished next to last in the Blue Grass Stakes on Saturday. However, the Blue Grass Stakes shouldn't be taken too seriously. My spies report that it was just a third-class rodeo, in which the more fancied runners were knocked about during the running. These horses, all Derby possibilities, included Calumet Farm's well-trained Pot o' Luck; Charlie Howard's Sea Swallow, who had won the Tia Juana Derby; Bymeabond, who was a stablemate of Burning Dream until J. K. Houssels of Las Vegas, Nevada, a new man in racing, bought him recently for $25,000; and Jay Paley's Best Effort, who has lots of friends but whom I can't see for sour apples. As you may know, the Blue Grass Stakes was won by something called Darby Dieppe, who isn't to be confused with Darby Doodit. No, I didn't make that name

up. There really is a horse named Darby Doodit, I can't guess why.

The longer I think about Jeep, the less sure I am that he is a sound Derby favorite. He had to be ridden out smartly in the Wood Memorial to beat Gal-lorette, a filly hardly thought to be the equal of the best colts. Also, the

dockers whisper that he tires in his longer workouts. I must admit now that Hoop Jr. is a fast colt, but I insist that he hasn't the conformation of a good one. As for Alexis, I'm sorry to say that he looks too little and too light to stand the strain and stress of mile-and-a-quarter races.

HE only Kentucky Derby bet I want to

make, in fact, is that there were more people at Jamaica on Memorial Day than there will be at Churchill Downs this weekend. Large crowds

at the Long Island tracks long ago ceased to be news, but they still manage to clutter up the premises in a way that keeps the conservatives in a high state of dissatisfaction. For the record, the jam of 64,537 at Jamaica on Memorial Day was an all-time high hereabouts. Also, it was something of an experience in a grandstand

with a seating capacity of 13,500. It was something of an experience, too, to put a bet down in that crowd.

I can't say that the $10,000 Excelsior Handicap, which was won by Saguaro earlier in the meeting, and the $15,000 Grey Lag, which was won by Stymie last Saturday, were worth going miles to see. I can tell you, though, that the cloudburst which broke just as the Grey Lag started cleared twenty thousand spectators off the lawn in a minute and forty-nine seconds by Colonel Martingale's infallible stopwatch.

THE two-year-old who caught my eye last week was Enfilade, from Colonel C. V. Whitney's stable, who won the Rosedale Stakes by ten lengths. She is a smooth black filly by Boojum, with a turn of speed that is going to give Beaugay and others something to worry about. Horseplayers with long, white beards (and long, white memories) immediately recalled that another filly named Enfilade, owned by Morton Schwartz, won the Rosedale twentyeight years ago and that she was a runner, too. —Audax Minor

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* big ship's four Wright Cyclones, two men talk. One is a veteran airline pilot who lives and works in a world most

The Westerner operates a ranch that was literally made possible by power — ' electricity and irrigation from the great Boulder Dam harnessing the Colorado River. Power which made possible the conversion of millions of acres of barren wilderness into fertile ranches and farms!

people haven't yet begun to know or understand or even to imagine! The other, a man who has seen a whole vast western section of America change in his lifetime as if by magic!

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LETTER. FROM BER GHTESG ADEN

June 1 (by wireless) 1IKE the Reich that Hitler built to last a thousand years, his Berch--* tesgaden is now a grotesque and instructive heap of rubbish. A visit here can be highly rewarding, especially to archeologists, anthropologists, isolationists, and anyone who has ideas of sometime becoming a Fuhrer. Better still, it makes nice sightseeing for American troops, hundreds of whom swarm over the charred grounds every day and poke through the dismal relics of the man who brought them to Europe in the first place. I have been doing a little poking myself.

To begin at the beginning, or at the foot of the Obersalzberg, you drive through the village of Berchtesgaden, pass American Army signs reading “To Hitler’s Home,” cross a simple, rustic bridge at the edge of town, and shift into low gear for'the steep climb up the mountain. The glistening concrete highway is intact and very smooth. The vistas are breathtaking—now acres of pine forest, now snowcapped Alps, now green valleys below—and all along the roadside you see neat fences and dainty flowers. The first gatehouse is disarming, a naive wooden chaletlike structure with an archway across the road. Except for two M.P.s standing guard, this could be the entrance to the estate of a gentleman, a gentleman with an

appreciation of the countryside. The second gatehouse is more ominous. It is of wood and stone, standing forbiddingly on the hillside, and it is the first break with the setting, the first hint that perhaps the master of the estate was afraid of someone. Turn sharp right, inch up a steeper grade, and the road becomes broad and level as it runs along a shelf

of the mountain lined on both sides, as far as you can see, with a vast tangle of camouflaged, bombed-out buildings, all green.

Instantly you realize that, even when these buildings were intact, they were a desecration of the surroundings, utterly without beauty —a bulky, brutal set of structures thrown together in haphazard fashion, spreading every which way, as though to satisfy a boundless and ugly dream. “In the name of God,” said the corporal who drove me

up, “who ever called this place a retreat? ”

There are few signs that Hitler had, or wanted, solitude. On the contrary, lie seems to have had a passion for providing accommodations for hundreds of his cohorts. Above and behind his house, the Berghof, he constructed a massive, rectangular barracks to house eight hundred S.S. men. The barracks is badly in need of repair; there are gaping holes in the roof and piles of debris in the courtyard. Large sheets of ragged green metal, once used for camouflage, have been blasted from the roof and lie scattered over the ground. In the basement are garages, with their gasoline pumps and No Smoking signs. Except for one Mercedes-Benz, telescoped and fallen into a bomb crater, the cars are gone. The S.S. men are gone, too. According to German workmen around the place, they were the last to leave, after the heavy bombardment of April 25th. Adjoining the barracks are the remains of a long, low administrative building, and across the road is a hothouse, which catered to Hitler’s love for flowers. Also on the estate were another building for S.S. men, close to the master’s house; a guest house; a home for Goering, which is now crushed and silly-looking, as though stagehands at the Metropolitan had taken hatchets and ripped apart a setting for “Hansel and Gretel;” a home for Bormann, successor to Hess, and reputedly commanding officer of the estate in Hitler’s absence; a nursery for the sturdy Kinder of the elite (the little Fuhrers of the future); tunnels connecting all these buildings with one another and with Hitler’s house, and leading up the hill to the final proof that privacy was certainly not want

ed—a three-story hotel known as the Platterhof, with three hundred and fifty rooms and hot and cold running water.

Important visitors—field marshals, satellite premiers, high Party officials, and so on—were put in the guest house, but lesser Nazis always stopped at the Platterhof. The Fuhrer’s hospitality didn’t

include free room and board for the guests at the Platterhof; they paid their way. Now the 101st Airborne

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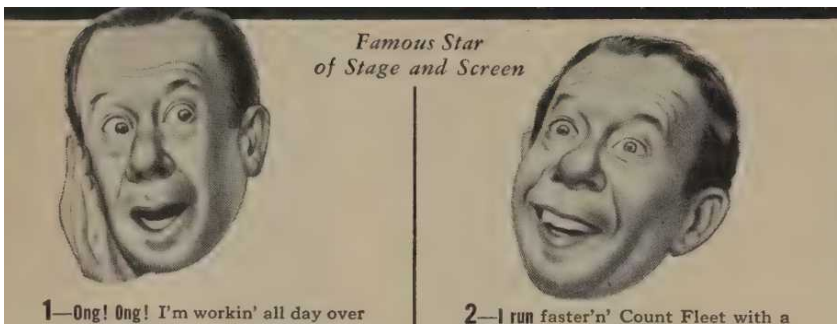

n hot footlight, and a jerk sez to me, "Bert, how can you be a glamour-puss when yer kisser's so rough?"

hot foot to my nearest pharmaceutical emporium. "Give me Personna blades!" T yell. Sure enough . . .

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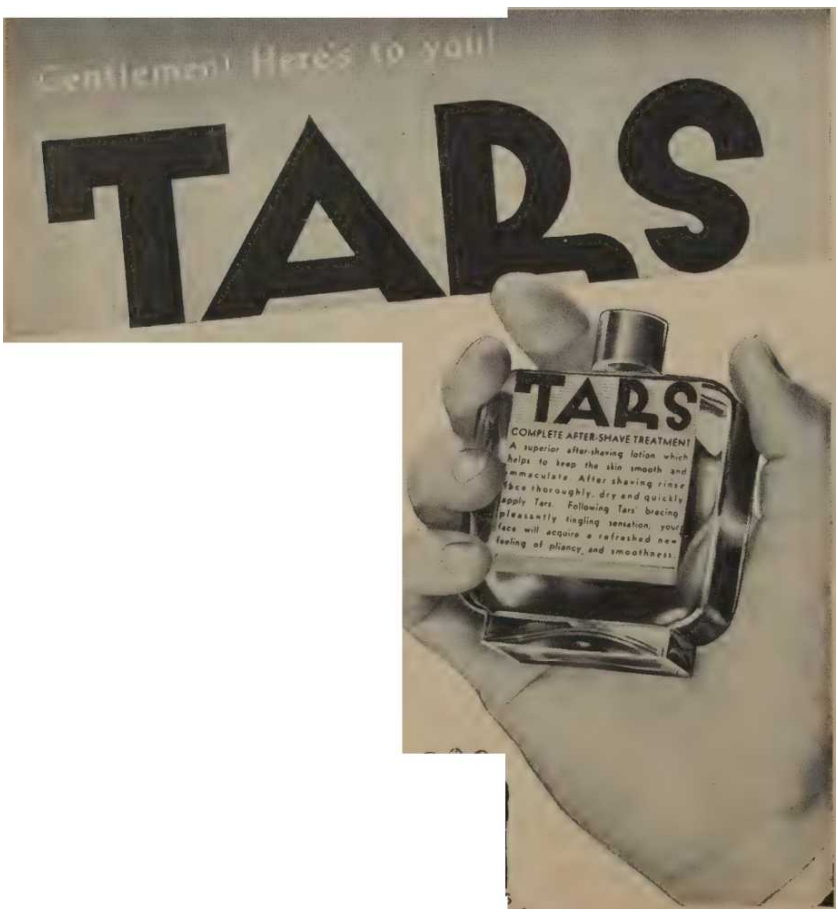
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NEW YORK 3, N.Y.

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The Complete After-Shave Treatment

Division, Army of the United States, occupies its low-ceilinged, cell-like rooms, each with two pine beds and a desk lamp. Most of the furnishings were destroyed by the French troops who were the first to break into the place and who, apparently under the impression that it was Hitler's house, smashed most of the windows and made off with china, glassware, wall decorations, and the hotel's plentiful stocks of fine wines. (Senator Wheeler, who came along several weeks later to view the wreckage of an establishment where he might easily have been made to feel right at home in the old days, was seen by someone tearing a telephone from a wall as a souvenir.) Behind the desk in the bare, uninviting lobby, a sergeant divides his time between acting as room clerk and passing out, to visiting troops, maps of the estate politely labelled "Obersalzberg, Hitler's Mountain Retreat." A model of the unsuccessful camouflage plan for Berchtesgaden, designed by a Munich architect, stands in the lobby; it is dotted with tiny buildings, trees, green nets, and so on.

Guests at the Platterhof ate their meals under gold-and-white wooden chandeliers in a vaulted pavilion adjoining the hotel. It sits on a bluff overlooking Hitler's house and has a large hatcheck room, a kitchen with a caffe espresso machine, some deep-freeze tubs for ice cream, and a beer tap. A German electrician detailed by our Army to clean up some debris told me that Hitler's final military conference at Berchtesgaden took place in the pavilion last June, after our invasion. Two hundred generals, including Keitel and Guderian, attended. The meeting went on for more than two

days, almost without pause. Hitler shouted so loudly that workmen in remote parts of the estate could hear his rasping voice as it pierced the clear mountain air. “He kept banging so verdammt hard on the table,” the electrician said, “that on the second afternoon he knocked a heavy lamp onto the floor and I had to rush in with a new bulb.” While the bulb was being put in, the Fuhrer stopped his harangue and the generals watched the electrician in silence. The moment the electrician stepped outside, the Fuhrer resumed.

THE right wing of Hitler’s house received a direct hit in the great raid. The resulting fire spread to the rest of the building, destroying all the fittings in the main entrance hall except some squat red marble pillars. The big front room, with its famous large win-

dow, is charred and empty. There is only the frame of the window and, at the opposite side, a large wrought-iron fireplace decorated with the figures of three German soldiers. The main staircase is in fairly good condition. Where its marble balustrade is chipped, you can see that the marble is no more than an inch-thick veneer on concrete. Hitler’s workroom, upstairs, runs the width of tlie house; its walls have been thoroughly scorched and only the sockets of three windows and a hideous brown Kachcl-oien remain. His bedroom, which adjoins the workroom, has also been burned. The Fuhrer’s bathroom is in better shape. It has green tiled walls, in the best Good Housekeeping tradition.

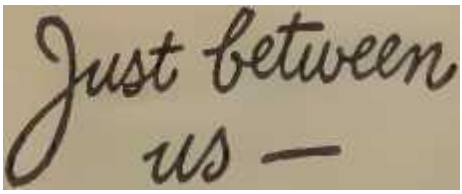
In the basement, I came upon a narrow, gray-walled shooting gallery, the sort of thing you’d expect to find in an F.B.I. school. There are also numerous pantries and kitchens; the entrances to many tunnels, mostly blocked, into which vast quantities of food were put in the last months before Germany’s defeat; a room cluttered with overturned chairs and tables, phonograph records, birth certificates, X-ray plates, and piles of old magazines, including a November 15, 1930, issue of the Kolnische Illustrierte Zeitung containing an article violently demanding that outworn treaties be discarded.

The German workmen I have talked with here agree that Hitler left the Berghof last June, after his meeting with the generals, and never returned. “Eva Braun drove off in June, too, with a captain and lots of luggage,” one of the men said. Goering hung around the

place long after Hitler had gone, prowling through the hills in Alpine shorts and with a hunting gun. During the bombardment of April 25th, he took to his bomb shelter. “He trembled tremendously,” this man said. The last gay times at Berchtesgaden came shortly after the conference, when Eva Braun’s sister married a colonel general and then five hundred guests went to Hitler’s Adlerhorst, or Eagle’s Nest, on the Kehlstein and got plastered. In March of this year, after Hitler consulted a stomach specialist in the nearby town of Bischofswiesen, orders were given to install a diet kitchen in the Berghof; this started the rumor that he would soon return. Some people thought they saw his car in Berchtesgaden shortly afterward, but nobody saw the Fuhrer.

During his last weeks at the Berghof, Hitler walked with a slight limp and carried a cane. He occasionally visited

"What do you think I'm doing down here?"



Just between us, he's looking for the button that popped off his shirt.

And if this fellow is as foxy as he looks, he's going to have it sewed right on again —and wear the shirt instead of chucking it back into the drawer.

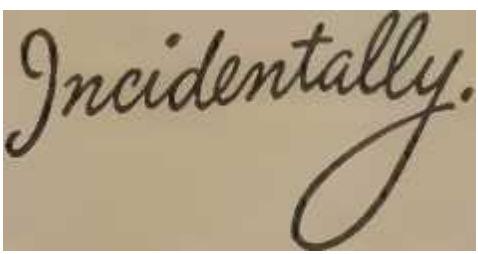
^^/

A swell idea for everybody these days of conservation.

Incidentally, if that were an Arrow Shirt, that button would still be grimly

ARROW SHIRTS ^^^

hanging on. Arrow buttons don't give up easily! What's more, all Arrow Shirts— and only Arrow Shirts—have the perfect



fitting Arrow Collar, the Sanforized label, and the Mitoga figure-fit.

So when you need a new shirt, visit your Arrow dealer. If he can't satisfy you the first time, remember that much of Arrow's production is going to Uncle Sam.

So try your Arrow dealer again. He's doing his level best to please you in spite of wartime conditions. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

BE SURE TO BOIL BABY'S WATERGIVE SPECIAL CARE TO HIS FOOD

By Meredith Moulton Redhead, Ph. B.

Baby Food Counselor of Heinz Homo Institute

Until a baby is at least twelve months old (some doctors say eighteen months) all of his drinking water should be boiled —the year 'round. And every utensil used in preparing his food should be sterilized. For a baby cannot resist infection as well as an adult can. And his digestive system is easily disturbed.

• • Foods of unquestioned cleanliness and high nutritive value are also important to

baby's well-being. So millions of mothers rely on Heinz Strained and Junior Foods. They know they can depend on the makers of the 57 Varieties for baby foods that are nourishing, tasty and uniform in quality.

Notice the difference in flavor, color and texture of—

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MADE BY H. J. HEINZ CO., MAKERS OF QUALITY FOODS FOR 76 YEARS

some Gestapo cronies at the nearby Schloss Klesheim, once the castle of one of Kranz Josef's brothers. When lie did, all roads in the neighborhood were closed off. He also enjoyed short walks down the mountainside to a summer house known as Mooslahner Kopf, adjoining some farm lands he owned. He was invariably preceded and trailed by three or four hundred Gestapo men. Inside the Berghof, Heil Hitlers were forbidden. His housekeeper, a Frau Middelstrasse, was instructed to say "Griiss Gott" whenever she encountered him. "Fithrt cuch Gott" he would reply, sweeping past. Just before his final departure, he told her, "Now that I am going away, you will no longer have to bother with my needs and you can busy yourself with many things about the house."

FOUR o'clock on Sunday afternoon was the Fiihrer's brooding hour.

He was driven rapidly up the Kehlstein, past long lines of Gestapo guards, and then took the elevator to the building on its summit, the Adlerhorst, known to everybody on the estate as the Tearoom. While he brooded, as many as a thousand S.S. and Gestapo men surrounded the place.

I went up to the Adlerhorst. I drove along the twisting mountain road (hundreds of Yugoslavs are said to have died building it) until I reached the end, a thousand feet below the summit. At this point, in a broad pocket cut out of the mountain, I faced two bronze doors leading to the elevator which reaches the building itself. An inscription over the doors says “Erbaut 1938.” The day I was there, the elevator wasn’t running and Army engineers were, in the shaft removing mines, so I took a footpath to the peak. It was a brisk fifteenminute walk, past ice fields and small,' snow-covered shrubs. Perched on the top of the mountain and surrounded on all sides by the jagged peaks of other mountains is the Adlerhorst, a hexagonal granite structure from which an L-shaped rear juts out. Both inside and out it reveals Hitler’s madness and his exquisite bad taste. Taking Nietzsche’s words literal!}'—Superman lives on the mountaintop—the master of Europe went into the clouds. And what did he build? From the outside, the place could be the guardhouse of a state penitentiary. Inside, everything is out of proportion or off key—ceilings too low, windows too small, bronze doors here, wooden doors there, some rooms right out of an ad for Men of Distinction, others designed like a cheap bar-and-grill. Clouds sweep in

through the doorways and windows. The master went so high that for only a few hours a day, and then only when the weather was very good, is there any view at all. The elevator opens on the entrance hall, and beside it is a metal panel with thirteen lights to show the position of the car. On it, too, are the words “Vorsicht! Aufaug!” and the information that the capacity of the elevator is -1125 kilograms, or fifteen persons. Twenty-four bronze hat-and-coat hooks hang in the hallway, and opposite them are lavatories large enough to handle a Music Hall crowd. At one end of the hallway is a taproom with a bright-blue table and seats with bright-red leather cushions. In the kitchen are shiny pots and pans, stoves, and a meat block that has never been touched; there isn’t a cleaver

mark on it.

Off the main hall is a long conference room with an oak table, twenty-six chairs, and blackout curtains, and off that is a huge hexagonal room—the brooding room, the room where Hitler could think his long, lonely, megalomaniac, bloody thoughts. And into this room he crowded forty-six chairs, one more ugly than the next —low-slung chairs covered with sickly blue imitation needle point. On the floor is a machine-made imitation Chinese rug. Before a massive red marble fireplace stands an overstuffed rust-colored sofa that no Kansas farmer would allow in his house. A huge white circular table is in the center of the room. The wall lights are garish gold strips arranged fanwise to simulate tongues of flame.

Furthermore, the Adlerhorst had mice. In a closet I found a half-empty cardboard box of powder. An absolute guarantee against Feldmause, the label said. —Philip Hamburger

Two entrance requirements
for summer finishing school...
helena rubinstein
MINUTE
STOCKING
FILM
by
Helena Rubinstein

Notes

[1] Isaiah XV: 5

■Isaiah XVI: 3 and 4

- Isaiah XIX: 25

[4]Jeremiah XLIX: 11

-] remiah XLIX: 6

Jeremiah XLIX: 39

“Jeremiah XLVIII: 31, 36

jsaiah 1:2-4, 10-15,21-23

[9]Anos III: 2

”"Psalms CXV: 1

[n]Isaiah X: 5; Jeremiah L: 7, 11, 17, 33; Ezek. XXXVIII

’ Jeremiah XXV: 9; XXVII: 6; XLIII: 10; Ezek. XXVI: 7

Isaiah LIII: 3-8, 10

ˆNew York Times, July 31, 1938

—From a pamphlet published by the Union of American Hebrew Congregations.

Hello, there!

First requirement for an enviable summer finish— your liquid sunshine. Bask to your heart’s content— liquid sunshine welcomes Old Sol’s advances, but resists burning effects. Helps you get all the benefits while it encourages a flattering, golden tan. Delightfully fragrant with the delicate scent of summer days. 1.50, .85

For sheer convenience and excitingly beautiful, sleek limbs—minute stocking film. A cleverly formulated cream. Easy to apply . . . dries quickly on your legs. Comes in a handy tube—so practical . . . can’t spill. Perfect for travel. An alluring sun-kissed shade. 1.00

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THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), ITO., KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.WX

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

All Around the Town

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MAKES THE BEST IN RUM

Because the modern steel industry was developed in Pittsburgh, this city is world-famed as the home of high-quality steel products.

In the same way, JAMAICA has been a byword for finer rums since 1661. You'll find the centuries-old, pot-still method and rigid British Empire controls are your assurance of richer, smoother rums for all drinks and your favorite cooking recipe. Remember, JAMAICA RUM5 - "Byword" of Connoisseurs — "Buyword" for greater satisfaction!

aMatea

“ˆT'he Way Ahead,” an English I picture, belatedly released over here, tells one of the most familiar stories of this war or any great war fought by a non-military nation—the ever-recurring miracle, that is, of the transformation of a diverse group of civilians, some soft and bewildered, some cynical and lazy, all indignantly conscious of their rights as free citizens, into a competent fighting unit. There is the rather dubious assumption, almost inevitable in British war films and plays, that every man is potentially a soldier, tempera

mentally fit for military service, but, allowing for this romantic point of view, the result of both a national literary tradition and the propaganda demands of the moment, I think it is an excellent piece of work, far superior, for instance, to such sweet marching songs of our own as “Winged Victory.”

The plot, contrived by Eric Ambler, offers very few surprises. Eight men, deferred in the early days of the war, are called up after the catastrophe at Dunkerque. They represent the conventional cross-section of society, ranging from a spoiled public-school boy to a cockney furnace man, and they are all rebellious, fiercely resentful of the indignities and hardships of intensive training. The realization that what they are going through is really designed for their own protection comes slowly and painfully, but by the time they are considered fit to be shipped to Africa, they are ready for anything. This is probably just as well, because their subsequent experiences include every conceivable form of violence. Their transport is torpedoed and, barely seconds before she blows up, they are transferred to a destroyer; once ashore, they are bombed by German planes, shelled by mortars and tanks, and driven at last from the crumbling village that has sheltered them out to an apparently suicidal counterattack in the desert. The basic pattern of the picture is as elementary as that. Its great virtue is that it is written about a group of quite commonplace men who have to

endure the dirty, tiresome, and murderous business of war as best they can rather than about the picturesque band of heroes usually dispatched from Hollywood for our patriotic information. It is also admirably acted by a cast of whom only

David Niven is likely to be familiar to American audiences.

The Body Snatcher" is based on a story by Robert Louis Stevenson, who was in turn inspired by the activities of those men of ferocious memory, Burke and Hare, and their chilly patron, Dr. Knox. For the purposes of the cinema, the Stevenson original has undergone a good many alterations, the most tiresome of which is that the end, once frankly and magnificently supernatural, has been tamely explained away as a halluci

nation. In spite of all the tampering, however, the story of the Scotch surgeon who, running out of subjects for dissection, is first obliged to connive at murder and finally to commit one himself is a horror item considerably better than most. The scene in which that wicked sawbones, Henry Daniell, plunges over a cliff in the relentless embrace of the corpse of Boris Karloff is especially recommended to your morbid attention. ... From the synopsis furnished by my associate, it seems that "Flame of the Barbary Coast" is just another, though slightly superior, version of the one about the suave gambler, the beautiful singer, and the innocent cowboy, played in this instance by Joseph Schildkraut, Ann Dvorak, and John Wayne. It has the usual quota of love, mayhem, and gambling for fancy stakes, and the San Francisco earthquake shows up on schedule, wrecking the city but tidying up the plot. "I can't help thinking it would be much more fun to act in a picture like this than to have to go and look at it," the report concludes, more or less irrelevantly. . . . " 'Pillow to Post,' " and again I'm quoting, "presents Ida Lu-pino in the rather unusual role of a saleslady for oil-well supplies who has to produce a husband in order to get a room at an auto court. Finally a young lieutenant obliges, only to find that his commanding officer has the cabin next door. From then on, of course, everything gets terribly mixed up, but I'm afraid I wasn't much more amused than poor Miss Lupino was when she was trying to get a little sleep stretched out across a couple of chairs." . . . "Molly and Me" is about an unemployed actress (Gracie

Fields) who takes a job as housekeeper to an irascible old millionaire (Montv

Woolley). Miss Fields, buoyant as ever, sings a rather fetching song about “The Artfulness, the Sinfulness, the Wickedness of Men,” and Mr. Woolley, slipping back into the lacy idiom of Sheridan Whiteside, sometimes describes her in such fond phrases as “a gold mine of rather revolting physiological information.” On the whole, though, it is a very minor workout for these two gifted romps. . . . “That’s the Spirit” is a routine spook item in which Jack Oakie, granted a week’s leave of absence by God, comes back to earth to arrange his daughter’s theatrical career. A ten-year-old guest of mine was only mildly entertained. ... A Russian documentary film called “We Accuse” deals with the Kharkov trial and the Nazi atrocities that led up to it. It is irritatingly repetitious, some sequences appearing two or three times, and marred by an unfortunate English commentary, in which the Germans are made to address one another in comic-strip dialect, but the piled and burned and mutilated bodies and the dull, despairing faces of the survivors are unanswerable. The indictment stands.

—W. G.

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WHICH NEWSMAGAZINE D'YA

READ?

Then, with the breachblock of the deck guns removed and torpedo tubes empty, the U-249 waited. An American Liberator patrol plane spotted the submarine and kept it under observation until two British sloops steamed up to escort it to Portland Harbor.—Newsweek.

The first one to slink in was the U-249, which put in at Weymouth Harbor, in southern England, with ten unfired torpedoes aboard.—Time.

Comprising about 400,000 well-supplied men and commanded by General Franz Boehme, this force [the German army in Norway] might have exacted a heavy toll from the Allies. However, after much breast beating, the Germans decided to surrender. An Allied mission flew to Norway and secured Boehme's signature on the capitulation agreement at his headquarters in Lillehammer.—Newsweek.

Norway, where the Germans could have made it hard, was easy. German officers bearing suitcases full of maps flew to Scotland, spread their deployment secrets before the British and agreed to surrender 300.000 troops.—Time.

Outside Dunkerque, Rear Admiral Fri-sius ... signed over approximately 15,000 men in that port. At the same time, 83,000 more Germans quit at St. Nazaire, Lo-rient, and LaRochelle.—Newsweek.

At the' French ports of Dunkirk, Lo-rient, LaRochelle and St. Nazaire... some 75,000 Germans downed arms.

—Time.

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ANYBODY CAN CATCHEM WITH WORMS.. BUT JUST TRY USING K- RATION I

DRAWN BY THE FAMOUS ENGLISH CARTOONIST.

L. B. MARTIN. FOR THE MAKERS OF ALLEN'S TOFFEE

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

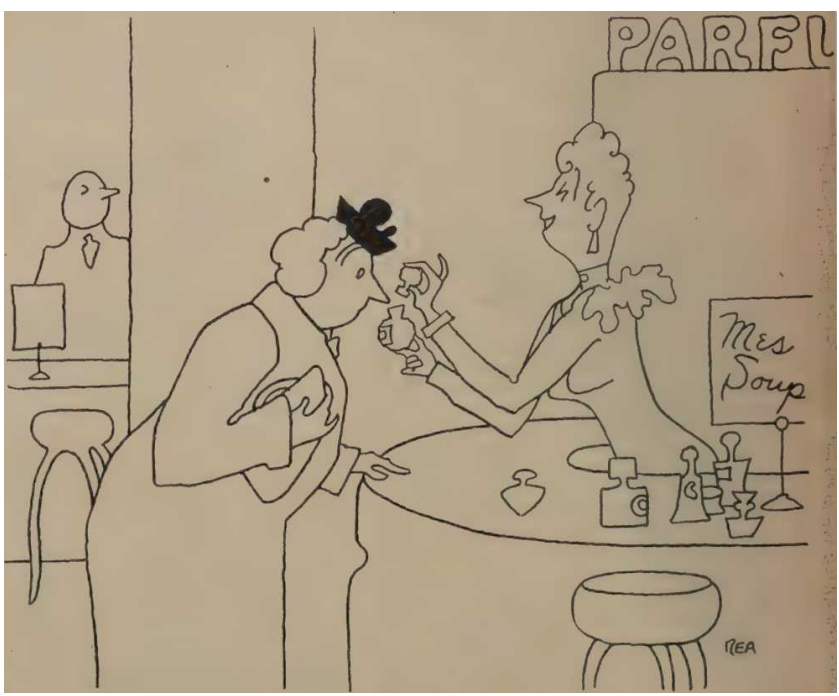
fe^{z}T"^{s}HIS is the scat-terbrained season, when women turn their attention from “basic” black dresses to clothes and incidentals more pertinent to warm weather. We can begin with Bergdorf Goodman’s fine, inexpensive lingerie—slips, nightgowns, and pants in white or blue rayon crepe, sprigged with roses and bluebells and trimmed with tiny, two-toned embroidered scallops. As for other Bergdorf lingerie, a white or rose rayon crepe bed jacket, called Samba, is made like a Mexican blouse. The neck is gathered on a drawstring, so it can be worn off or on the shoulders, and the jacket is trimmed with narrow bands of ecru flowers. It’s $11.75. Romantic peignoirs in pink or blue rayon challis have Alencon-tvpe lace on the turnover collars and on the cuffs of the long sleeves. Among the dinner-at-home gowns, which range from $20 to $25, is one with a V neck, short sleeves, and a tiny tab peplum in back above the full skirt. It’s in a peacock- or raspberry-and-white plaid cotton or in a striped rayon taffeta. A more informal cotton one is black with peacock-blue checks or navy with chartreuse or pink checks, and has a squared-off neckline. One of the useful odds and ends here is the Sweater bra, which, despite the name, may be worn with any sort of clothes. It’s a lace business with crisscrossed bands of pink ribbon through the middle, only moderately pointed, and more substantial than you’d think. It’s $3.50.

Bendel, too, has noteworthy handmade lingerie. In rayon sheer sprinkled with tiny field flowers, there are pants and slips, both trimmed with self scallops, and Empire nightgowns; in junior sizes, thirteen to seventeen. There are handmade nightgowns (up to size forty-four, and very bridal-looking) in white •rayon crepe, complete with satin applique and nice wide lace; $19.75 for a lot of luxury. Matching slips are $14.75, pants are $11.75. And hand-, finished rayon crepe gowns (also up to size forty-four), slips, and pants, all trimmed with hand embroidery and ecru lace, are on hand, and a lot less expensive.

THE Casual Shop at Jay Thorpe has dresses in Swiss silk (that’s right, silk), a smooth material that re

sembles shantung. One tailored number has gold-metal buttons down the front, a turnover collar, cap sleeves, a set-in belt, and stitched-down pleats in the skirt. A more youthful idea has a U neck, a buttoned-down bodice, and buttoned pockets in the dirndl skirt. Both dresses are done in dark or neutral colors, as well as in lime or Shocking, and both are $39.95. There are also silk shantung dresses here, with necks that can be tied high or worn open in a V. These come in big floral prints on black, or in solid colors—citron, Shocking, pale blue, or black. They're $69.95. A very fine weekend tailored ensemble in natural-colored tussah has a fitted jacket with either a round or a fairly high V neck, a gored skirt, and matching slacks. The suit is $85 and the slacks are $35. The Izod of London silk-and-rayon suits, which have sort of a shantung look, are something, too. You may have your choice of a collarless bolero jacket or a fitted jacket with one button and lapels. These suits are $29.95 and $39.95, respectively, in gold, aqua, or rose.

Bernath, 571 Madison Avenue (56th), has excellent linen-and-rayon summer tailored suits at $55, in black, white, navy, or beige. Their cardigan



“/t’s an unassuming little scent we call Evening in Scarsdale.”

jackets have flap pockets and are partially lined; their skirts are gored.

Gunther, at 666 Fifth Avenue (53rd), has opened a new department for clothes and accessories on the third floor. I noticed some nice dark summer-in-town rayon sheer dresses— a two-piece job that has a suit-jacket top, with spaghetti bows instead of pockets, and a one-piece dress in which knife-pleated ruffles form the short sleeves. Other one-piece affairs have a peplum, pleated across the front and plain in back, or a pleated jabot. These range from $39.95 to $69.95. Tailored dresses of American linen (in about the same price range) are either plain or trimmed with simple white braid em- k broidery. A ou can choose between a straight or a diagonal closing.

HILDREN’S play clothes, good ones, in sizes seven to fourteen, are

hard to find these days, as no one need be reminded. De Pinna can astound you with some attractive if rather Cote d’Azur bare-midriff sun suits in flowered or polka-dot cottons. The tops knot high on the diaphragm and have extended shoulders; the shorts are pleated. There are also more conventional navy-

RCA radio-relay towers—like those pbantomed above—will leap the hurdle of distance in post-war television.

Coast-to-Coast Television.• . through "Radio-Relay

For a long time it looked as though post-war television might be confined to local stations. Only persons within a fifty-mile radius of New York, for example, would see the important television broadcasts from NBC's pioneer station WNBT, atop the Empire State Building.

That was because the ultra short waves that carry television do not bend with the curvature of the earth. They go in a straight line out to the horizon —and then keep on going into the sky.

But today, television's big handicap of

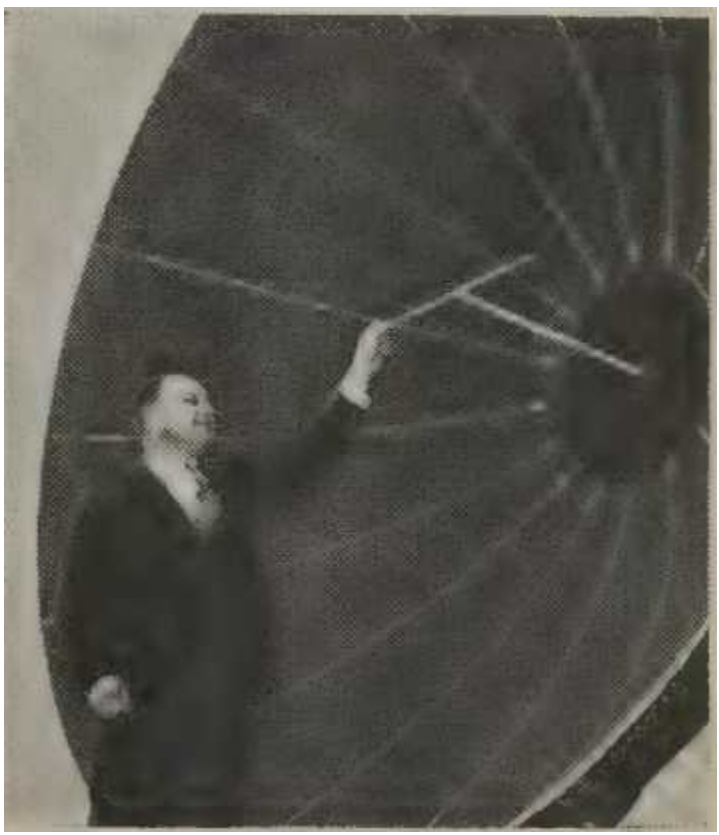
short range has been completely overcome —by RCA scientists and engineers.

The radio-relay was developed—a tower that "bounces" television

programs to the

next tower 30 to 50 miles away. Through a network of these automatic, unattended, radio-relays, coast-to-coast television is made practical.

This is but one more example of how RCA research constantly "makes things better." Such research is reflected in all RCA products. And when you buy a television set, or radio-phonograph, or anything made by RCA, you enjoy a unique pride of ownership. For if it's an RCA you can be sure it is one of the finest instruments of its kind that science has achieved.



C. W. Hansell, RCA specialist in transmitters and relays, is shown here with a radio-relay reflector that can "bounce" radio messages, radiophotos and Frequency Modulation programs at the same time

that it relavs television!

RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA

Oh, can we change a conversation !

People accuse us of having a one-track mind.

Vi e don't deny it. Start talking about any subject in the world, and somehow we ll switch the conversation to Liederkranz cheese.

How do we do it?

Well. ..

Suppose you mention duck shooting. We say, "Now there’s a man’s sport.” You nod your head. We go on ". . . and speaking

we are on Liederkranz! For this great and honored cheese—so robust, so distinctive—is just naturally a man’s favorite.

Or mention bridge. We switch the con-versationoff thegame to what comes after —Liederkranz with crackers and beer. (And incidentally, does anybody know

a better way to end an evening?)

Yes, mention anything at all — taxes, taxis, beefsteaks, women’s hats. Then watch us leap to Liederkranz!

Once you’ve tried this noble cheese, it’s our guess you'll do the same thing yourself!

TIEDERKRANZ CHEESE

One of Borden's Fine Cheeses

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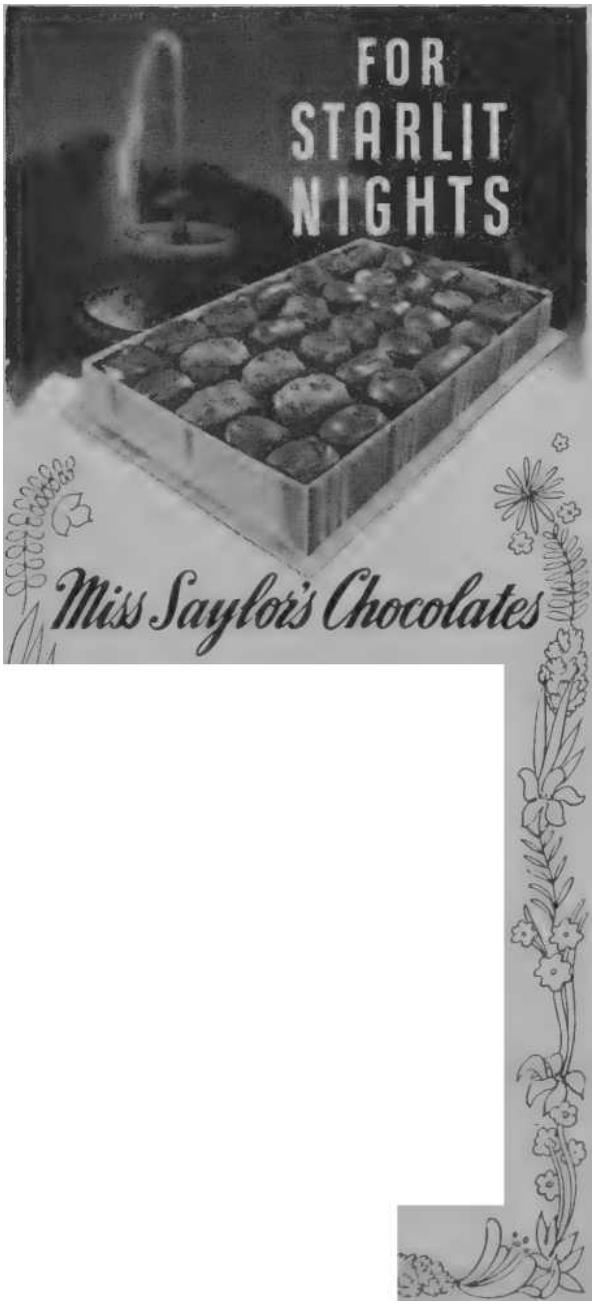

STARLIT NIGHTS

These lovely Chocolates are made for magic moments. The flawless flavor of pure cream, fresh butter and fragrant chocolate, subtly blended by good cooks, creates for you an exquisite taste temptation.

Your dealer may have them soon, so keep trying.

French Cream Chocolates and Coffee-ets.

or red-and-white striped seersucker play suits with turnover collars and separate dirndl skirts. White pique play suits have a print pattern of French poodles in color and dirndls that reverse the color scheme. These range from $4.95 to $6.95. For brats up to three, there are endearing sun suits, in plaid gingham with eyelet trimming or chambray with white braid, that have open-crowned bonnets to match; $4.95 for the set. Paratwill, used with the shiny side out, makes double-breasted summer raincoats for children (sizes three to fourteen) in gentian blue, peony, American Beauty, and the usual beige; sizes three to six are $9.95, sizes seven to fourteen are $12.95. These also have matching hats, which are extra, of course.

Mark. Cross gloves are always just about right. The English chamois-colored doeskin slipons at $5, which are hand-sewn and have slightly flaring cuffs, are a particularly good example. Short gloves in white or chamois English doeskin have one button at the wrist, and there are four-button-length slipons that have an exceptionally adroit machine whipping; both are $3.95. The most recent version of the Noah handbag ($24), which has an oval base and a drawstring top, comes in bright red, black, coffee bean, or navy goatskin and is trimmed with saddle stitching. It's roomy and light, and has a pocket and cosmetic pouch to eliminate groping. There's an adjustable strap, too, for over-the-shoulder addicts. The Cross morocco bags, in red, coffee bean, navy, black, or brown, are very special. First of all, there are ten-inch envelopes with rolled tops, saddle-stitching trimming, and leather lining; $15.30. Then there are more expensive square, flattish pouches with leather-covered wooden tops, which are much lighter than metal ones, and there are bigger pouches with the retractable handles you see on very modern masculine brief cases. Little folders in dark or bright morocco, with a zipper pocket for cosmetics along one side and a

change purse and separate billfold section on the other, are very handy; $9. Taxes, by the way, are included in all these prices.

Sunlight Corner: Squinting is unbecoming and causes wrinkles, but any woman who tries to avoid this trouble by getting herself a pair of twenty-five-cent sun glasses has my deepest sympathy. Meyrowitz has a large collection of really good glasses that begin at $2 and go on up and up. He has frames in all shapes—diabolically up-

THE NEWEST SHOP--sr INTOWN ˆr

.FOR MEN ONLY• ' iˆ .. --------- ,y

L & v s ˆ

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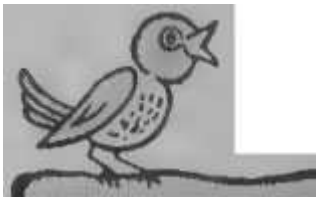
i & c has added another distinctive little shop to its famous collection. Here, in this exclusively-for-men corner you'll find everything a man's burly heart could desire—from shaving items and toiletries to cigarette cases and wallets. Frantic femmes can stop scurrying from store to store to find the things men really like and need. Here they are —all in one spot—attractively displayed and specially demonstrated. And you men who've shuffled hesitantly to cosmetic counters to buy your shaving lotions and toiletries can now stride into the masculine aura of the Spruceways Shop with complete aplomb. It's new— it's different—it's devoted exclusively to men and it's exclusively at Lewis & Conger. Come in and look around!



GRAND OPENING

JUNE 9th

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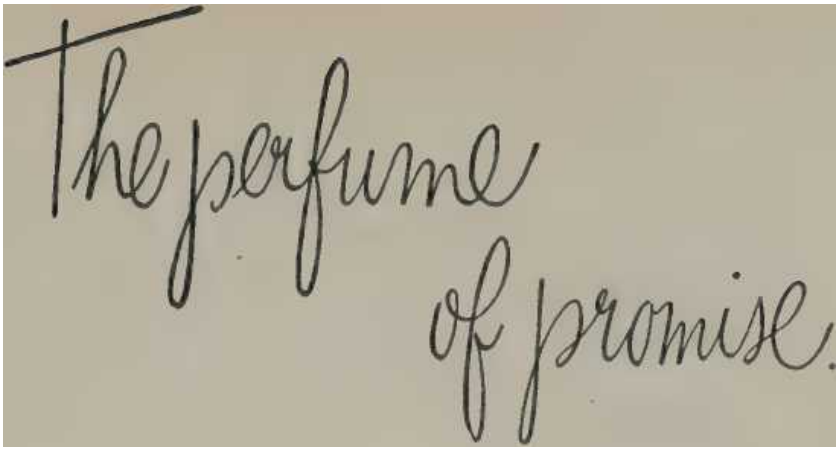
BASS OUTDOOR FOOTWEAR

swept, streamlined, oval—either in white or colors. There are glasses to fit any sort of face, from tiny kitten faces to massive, bloodhound ones. The lenses come in several colors; the shop’s favorite is Meyrogreen, a medium sage. . . . A lot of women for whom summer means acquiring a tan still cling to the idea that it’s nice to be sauteed in oil, but there are an increasing number who prefer a greaseless process. For such females, there are two useful lotions. The Unguentine people, who have so far devoted themselves to healing painful sunburns, have now entered the realm of preventive medicine with a little business called Norwich Sun Tan Lotion. It is a liquid which disappears into the skin, encourages a tan, and also smells very fresh and floral and not a bit medicinal. At drugstores, next to the candy counter. The newest example of the Lentheric Suntan, the second of these useful lotions, is a white cream with a lovely floral scent. . . . Elisabeth Rae-Lamont’s new version of Sheertone, for leg makeup, is in compact form. You apply it with a wet sponge or wet cotton and then buff it into a nice sheen. It’s $1.50 (plus tax) at Franklin Simon.

Weil has a new perfume called GriGri, a sultry scent that many will adore (Bonwit Teller). . . . Tu-vache has some new bath-oil and skin perfumes, among them Lilac and Violet, which should delight people who like floral scents for summer but deplore the fact that most of them haven’t depth or character. At Saks and Bonwit. . . . Yardley has a lavender oil that does away with that dry, seaweed look your hair gets in summer and gives it a nice lustre. . . . Frances Denney’s Oils of the Wilderness now comes in a five-dollar size. You put this stimulating cream on a clean face at night, leave it on until the skin tingles, then wipe off the surplus, and go to bed. The smell is herbal and tangy and wonderful.

Pure Foolishment: At Alfred Orlik, up at 680 Fifth Avenue (53rd), there are hand-painted fans, the kind that fold. Either in paper, with dinnerchina roses on black or bright backgrounds, or in fabric, with roses or scenery for decor. —L. L.



JE BBS

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’Twas another custody case and resulted in some loose talk.

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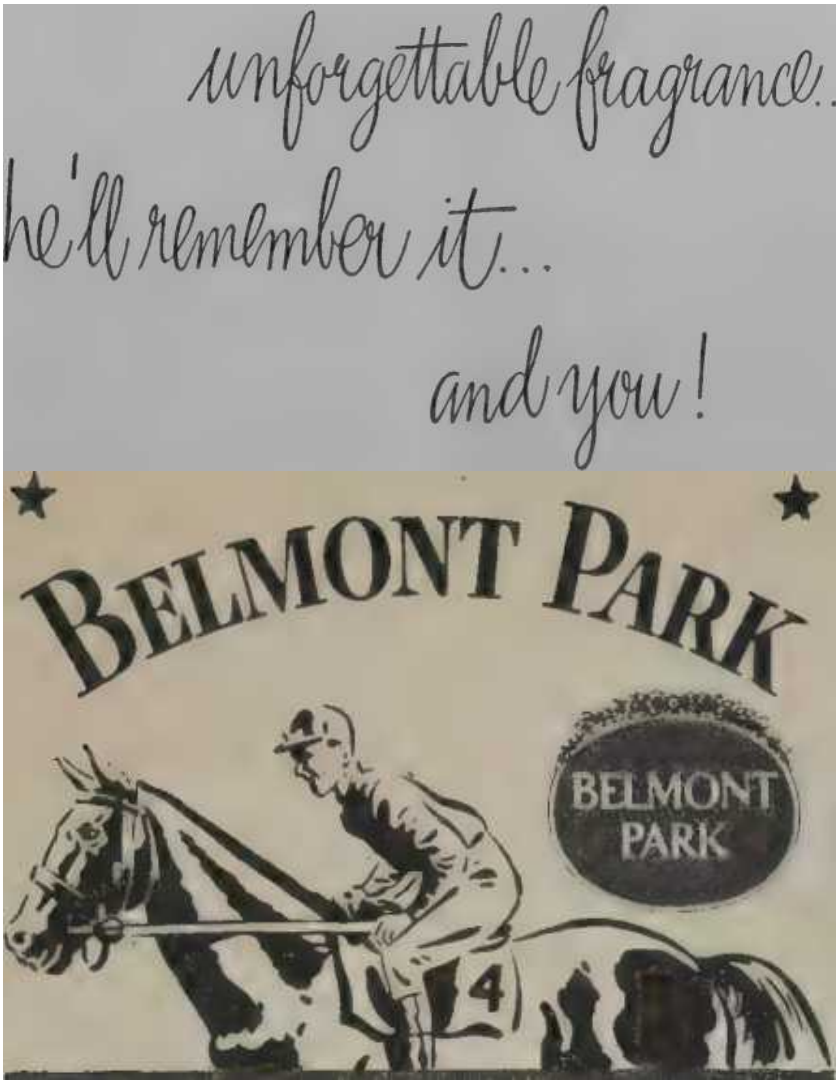
—Washington Times-Herald.

All right, that’s enough.



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THE GARBAGE PAIL5

THE back door of our apartment and 6F's are mere inches apart, although 6F's front door is nowhere near ours. The apartments in our house are laid out that way. Nobody will be surprised to learn that until the affair of the garbage pails, neither my husband, our small son, John, nor I knew anything of our neighbor. We knew that 6F wasn't vacant, because a quart of milk was delivered to the back door every other morning and a garbage pail was put out every evening. We assumed that 6F was a single person, probably a woman.

We really never gave 6F a thought until one morning, several months ago, when Annie, our domestic, came to me and said that the garbage-can cover wouldn't close. It is one of those step-on things, very cheery in bright red. I pushed on the pedal six or eight times before I realized what the trouble was. The inside pail, the one to be set outside nightly, full of garbage, and brought in empty in the morning, was an inch too high for the outer can. For a while I suspected that the pail had grown; then it occurred to me that the garbage man must have put our pail in front of 6F and vice versa. It would have broken tradition to speak to our neighbor and get our pail back, for who could tell what might result from such a step, so what I did was nip out early the next day and switch pails. The matter, I felt, was satisfactorily settled, but the following day Annie took the pail in and again found it too big for our garbage can.

Annie was the one who discovered that it was more than a question of two almost identical galvanized-iron pails, one a bare inch higher than the other. 6F's pail had a huge hole in the bottom. Annie explained that

liquid seeped through the paper lining she had put in the pail, through the open bottom of our outer garbage can, and stained our pretty red-linoleum kitchen floor. If it wasn't six of one pail and a half dozen of the other, if the exchange was to 6F's advantage—to the advantage of her linoleum floor, that is —then maybe the switching was due not to the impartial absent-mindedness of the garbage man but to the conscious manipulation of an interested agent—6F.

Our neighbor had at last begun to materialize. I spoke to my husband of the affair. He was amused, but not wholly amused; pretty red linoleum is hard to come by these days. I he next morning it was he who reminded me, screaming over the buzz of his electric razor, to be the first one at the pail. I got ours in promptly. "Isn't it proof that 6F has been taking our pail," I asked, "since this morning ours was outside our own door, where it belonged? Doesn't this completely exonerate the garbage man, once

and for all? ”

My husband said only if we had seen it there and later found it gone. “We,” you notice. By now it was a family affair.

Our son John, who is almost four, also began to take an interest. When he made it his personal chore to get our pail in every morning, I felt that 6F didn’t have a chance. John gets up earlier than God.

ONE morning several weeks afterward, John, in pajamas, reached out of our back door to get the pail in and found that it was gone. He raced to our bedroom to tell us the news.

“Oh, take hers,” my husband said. “Get ours back tomorrow.”

John shook his head. There was no other pail out there, he explained. There simply was no pail at all.

“This is too much,” my husband said.

He is a New Yorker; a knock-down, drag-out fight with a neighbor isn’t in him. He sighed and said he imagined that there still were pails to be had, and suppose I bought one and got this over with. I decided to follow his advice, but not just tamely. I would buy a new pail, all right, but I would tie a ribbon to the handle and -present it to

6F. When I called Macy’s, however, they said they had no garbage pails at all. Some came in occasionally, the girl told me, but at present there were none.

That day and the next day, Annie had to line our can with a paper sack and then rush it, damp and horrid, out the back door. After three days, she complained. I rang the service-elevator bell and waited until the garbage man came up, and then I said sternly that our garbage pail had been gone

since Thursday and what was he going to do.

He said he would see about it. Annie used a paper sack three more days, but her complaints grew ominous. Then I had my inspiration.

It came before dinner, so we were all in a state of suspense until the deed could he accomplished. We waited until we heard two thumps outside 6F's back door. One light, papery thump was her trash basket; a second, metallic thump was our pail. We gave ourselves a couple of minutes' grace, in case 6F had lingered ; then my husband went out, took our pail, emptied the contents into a thick fold of newspaper, and deposited it at her door. All of us went into the kitchen to see our pail, back home again.

The thing about garbage pails is that they traditionally go out nights. Before Annie left, after dinner each evening, she was supposed to take the full pail outside, lift out the lining, and return the pail to the kitchen, but within a week Annie forgot. She left the pail out one night and again we had none.

It was John, the direct younger generation, who settled the affair. He popped out one morning, very early indeed, to retrieve our property, and 6F opened her door and caught him redhanded.

He reported later that she was an old, old lady, but everyone is old to John. He said she said, "What are you doing with my pail, little boy?"

"It's not your pail," he said to her. "It's ours." I can imagine how self-righteously he spoke; children have a terrific sense of property.

"Your pail," he told her succinctly, "has a hole in the bottom." He thumped the sound bottom of our pail at her and 6F gave up.

We still have our own garbage pail. We put it out at night and there it is, smug and empty and completely devoid of drama, in the morning.

—Merriam Modell

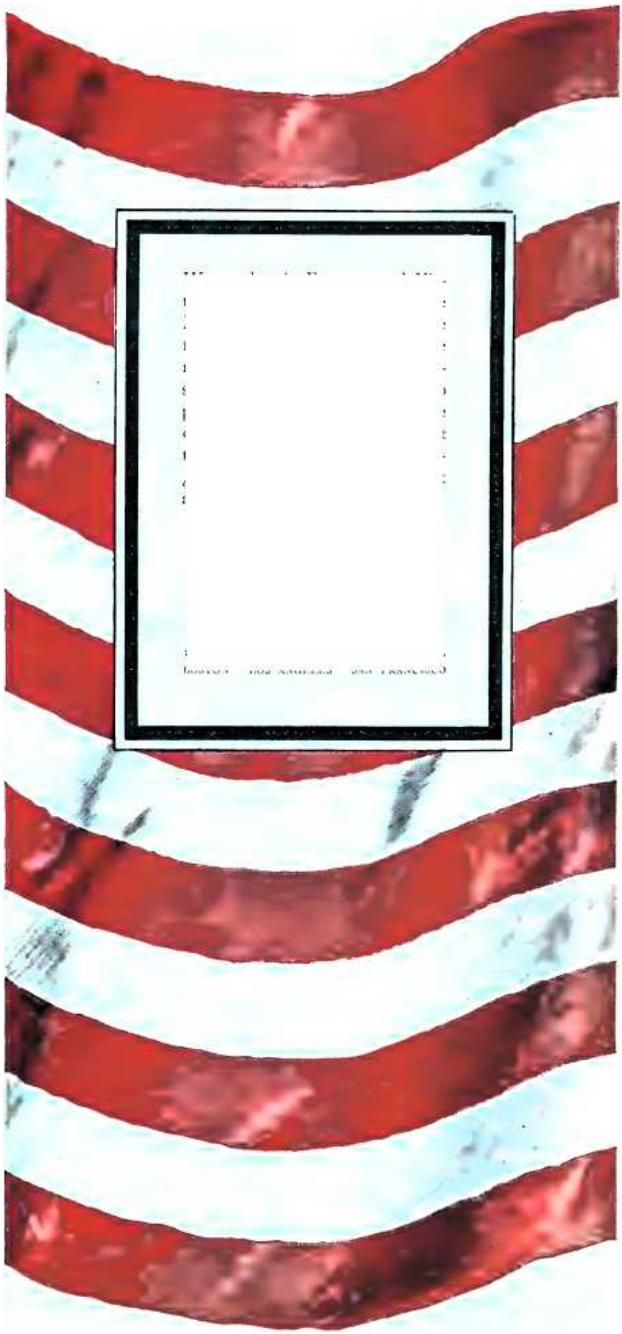
514609—John Dwyer vs John Revelt, etc., 1379 West 25th. $7500; personal injury; folding chair folded. Jos. Feniger, atty.—Cleveland (Ohio) Legal News.

There you are—the old "it can't happen here" skepticism.

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK [From "Puzzle for Puppets," by

Patrick Quentinˆ

He was, I felt, an ox that could very quickly change into a rampant bull, when roused.



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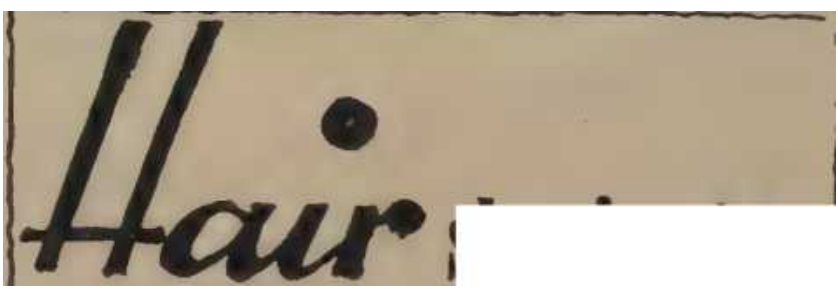

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THE ABT GALLERIE5

Ancient and Modern

HE two main questions that confront us this week have to do with museum planning and small-house design —the first in relation to the newly reopened Greek Wing at the Metropolitan, ^^^ and the second in

relation to the exhibition of scale models

of medium-cost country houses at the Modern Museum. I can't lay claim to authority in either field; I'm just a layman. But on the other hand, laymen do live in houses and frequently go to museums, and it is possible that they have as much right as the experts to be heard about the places they are going to do their sleeping, their eating, and their culture-getting in. In the case of the Metropolitan, it seems to me that,

given the existing facilities—in other words, the major part of the Museum's south wing—and what is available for exhibition, the management has done about as well as could be expected.

Admittedly, the wing, with its long, narrow central corridor and the row of

four rooms flanking it on either side, is ponderous. Admittedly, too, the Greek collection at the Museum is scattered and heterogeneous. There are no really (<^b" pieces to build a display around, like the Elgin Marbles at the British Museum or the "Victory of Samothrace" at the Louvre, and it is notable

more for its historical range than for any particular excellence of items. What the Museum people did, and quite wisely, was to arrange the collection chronologically, and the result, if one follows

the sequence of rooms (it's carefully posted on the walls), is both extremely impressive and illuminating.

Most of all, what one gets from it is a renewed impression of the vastness and majesty of Greek culture. The first room is given over to the Minoan and later eras, dating back as far as 3000 B.C., and though the majority of the works from this time are purely utilitarian—jars and vases, cooking pots, and so on—one can see the Greek feel

ing for form and delicacy of ornament already beginning to assert itself, and there is a easeful of engraved coins and of seals, carved mainly in semiprecious stones, and dating from around 1100

B.C., that are marvels of lapidarian perfection. The remaining seven rooms continue the process, and it would be tedious for me to describe it in detail. It is not till you come to the sixth and seventh rooms that you reach what is commonly called the "golden age" of Greek sculpture, and here the paucity of striking pieces In the Museum collection becomes evident. There is a "Venus Genetrix" from about 400 B.C., a standing figure in marble, very delicate in modelling and with exquisite draperies, but beyond that there is little to suggest the great impetus art received in the administration of Pericles, and in that sense the effect of the showing is unclimactic and vague.

But if the exhibit ends indeterminately, it has advantages in other directions. The Periclean period is the most famous in Greek art. It is the one, too, that had the widest influence, through the later Hellenistic and Roman cultures on down to the present day. But it is wrong to assume, as some do, that it contains all that is best in Greek art; in point of fact, the seeds of Greek decline were 'apparent even then, and despite the technical perfection of the pieces of the great years, there is a softness in the modelling and an inclination toward overembellishment that contrast unfavorably at times with the virility and directness of the earlier periods. The show's strict emphasis on chronology brings these earlier styles into sharper focus than customary; it reveals not only how rich Greek sculpture was in its flowering but also how deep its roots •went in time, and by so doing makes the process of development a good deal more understandable.

MODERN architects, because of the pressure of their profession, I suppose, are mostly city dwellers, and this leads them, when they get started on country-house design, into two important errors, both of which appear in the dozen or more designs, otherwise excellent, in the Modern Museum exhibition. The first mistake is the belief that everybody who lives in the country is a sun worshipper, although what every country dweller really wants— around the house, at least—is shade. The second is a tenacious conviction that you can get along perfectly well in ' the country without a cellar. The first merely leads to a tendency, now almost universal, to make one fagade of the house, usually the southern one, of window glass. Such big windows are handsome, both inside and out, and I'd have no objection to them if they were prop-

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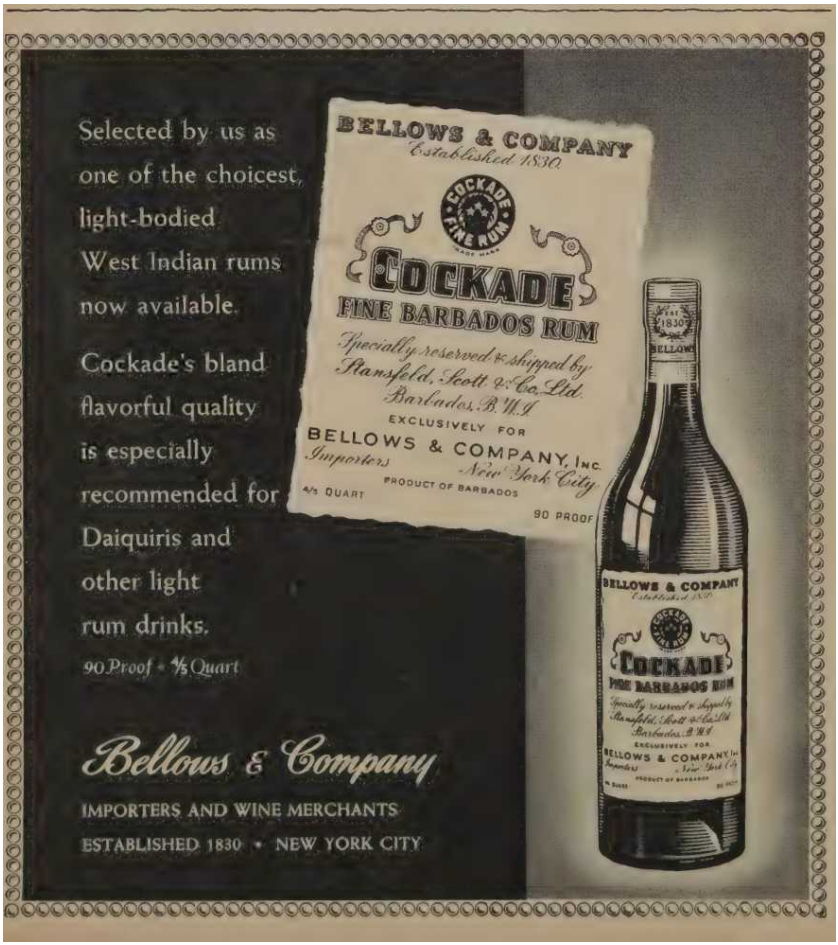

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erly sheltered from glare. They never are, however, except possibly when Frank Lloyd Wright has a hand in them, and so I never see a design of this sort without imagining the inhabitants of such a house slowly baking to a crisp inside it, in full view of the outer world.

The other error is more fundamental, or perhaps it would be better to say that the cellar is fundamental arid all the devices that have been dreamed up to get around it—workrooms, storage rooms, furnace rooms above ground, and so on—are merely makeshifts. To be sure, you can air-condition the workroom ; you can fit out the storage room with a refrigeration system. But the cellar still has the advantage—the great one, to any person who knows about rural electric-power lines—that it takes more than a summer thunderstorm to put it out of commission. It is naturally cool, and it is a rational part of a really complete house in more ways than that —in, for instance, its rummagy quality, in its capacity to absorb odds and ends and still have room to spare, and most of all in its cool, moist, noise-muffling half-darkness, so beneficent for 'plant and vegetable storage and so soothing to the putterer who wants to make a shelf or mend a bicycle.

I don’t know what the modern architects have against cellars. They don’t cost much to dig, in most locations, and there is no maintenance on them; moreover, the earth dug provides fill, and it’s rare that some fill isn’t needed when a house is in construction. But

whatever their grievance is, the architects had better get over it if they want my trade.

The exhibition is very handsomely presented, the models shown, each on a scale of an inch to the foot, being little miracles of detailed fidelity, and though there is not much variation in fundamental designs—the box-shape and flat-roof-with-overhang types predominate —there are enough differences in the application to provide interest.

—Robert M. Coates

•

Dear Marie Rose:

When 1 went home on furlough, I found my wife had been running around with another man. I could take that because I haven't been friendly with her since I was drafted. But when I got back to camp I found the Wac I liked had been dating my first sergeant. Naturally, I went to see my girl in Columbus for consolation, and believe it or not, she was out with another man. I've lost all faith in women. Perplexed.—Atlanta Journal.

Broaden your field. You're working in too narrow a range.

LETTER. FR.OM LONDON

June 3 (by cable) T is now nearly a month since the surrender of Germany, but except for the happy knowledge that many of the menfolk will soon be home for

good and that from now on people can use their Anderson shelters for toolsheds, it still doesn't feel much like peace here. The worrying began almost before the V-E Day flags were down. The French troubles in the Levant, coming on top of the Polish and

Trieste problems, have convinced some Britons that even if peace on this side of the earth is official, good will among men is still some distance away. (The Times reported a debate in the House of

the Soviet Union could weaken it. Nevertheless, a lot of people would be heartened if Stalin would make such a reciprocal gesture as agreeing to attend a conference in London. On the whole, these first weeks of peace have been memorable for a lack of friendliness between friends and for an abundance of proofs that almost six years of suffering have changed neither human nor national nature. Thirty-nine years ago, William James, discussing the San Francisco earthquake, wrote, “At San Francisco the need will continue to be awful and there will doubtless be a crop of nervous wrecks before the weeks and months are over, but meanwhile the commonest men,

“GIVE IT A DASH”

Lords last week on the awful possibilities of really scientific warfare —troglo-dytic alchemists dealing out deaths to millions of people— under the grim headline “Weapons in the Next War.”) After hearing Mr. Eden’s statement to the Commons on the Levant situation, the member for Cambridge University spoke of England’s profound affection for France and the French people and then added candidly that, of course, “we all knew with V-l and V-2 we could not sleep in our beds ever again if France were not on our side.” This sort of profound affection, compounded of one part cordiality, one part

caution, and two parts sheer fright, seems to be flourishing today.

For tired Londoners who had twenty-four hours of perfect, rosy happiness in which nobody bothered to look beyond the beautiful fact that the bombs had stopped falling, such post-V-E Day reading has not been cheering. You frequently hear the remark that it would have been different if Roosevelt had lived. However, one of the few bright omens of the last month has been the growing confidence here in the ability of the new occupant of the White House to measure up to the big international problems ahead of him. Possibly the only thing that would raise the spirits of those who had found encouragement in the conference in Yalta would be the announcement of a new meeting between Truman, Churchill, and Stalin— this time, ideally, in London. The papers have been suggesting that a meeting be held here, but they haven't sounded very hopeful about it. Good will toward Russia in this country is as strong as ever; only immense maladroitness or indifference on the part of

simply because they are men, will go on singly and collectively showing this admirable fortitude of temper." It was a wise comment, and in all the talk, hopeful and pessimistic, about today's situation in San Francisco, no one has made a better one.

HOW this confused international background will affect the coming elections in England is naturally a matter of opinion. There are those who believe that Anglo-Soviet relations would perk up under a left-wing government and that the electorate will bear this in mind when it goes to the polls. There are those who feel that in future foreign dealings Churchill's experienced statesmanship will more than compensate for his Tory blue blood and that anyway Russian observers do not distinguish between British Conservative and British Labour members. There are those who think that Churchill will gain now by going to the country with the memory of the German defeat fresh in everyone's mind, and those who think that the recently reduced food rations and the Government's uncertainty on housing and other domestic issues may have weakened his position a bit. The ordinary voter probably would have preferred to see the Coalition continue to the end of the Japanese war, but there is no doubt that Parliament was in need of

a refreshing pig lire. It has been sitting for nine and a half years and is thus within nodding distance of England's longest Parliaments, the Parliament of 1572-1584, the Long Parliament of 1640-1653, and the Pensionary Parliament of 1661-1679.

Some of the procedure governing this

If you overhear a brawny fire chief order his men to "give it a dash" — don't raise your eyebrows. He's only using a cryptic phrase to describe one of the many functions of the seemingly-simple controlling nozzle, that protrudes so aggressively from the end of the hose.

In firemen-ese, to "give it a dash" is merely to permit a small volume of water to strike a blaze, and then to shut it down immediately to examine the extent of the fire. A neat trick, if you can do it; and that's where the versatile controlling nozzle really shines. For in the hands of an experienced pipeman this fascinating gadget applies just the amount of water needed to subdue the most fractious flames.

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general election also goes back to such distant times. The 1696 ruling that an infant or anyone under twenty-one years of age cannot be a candidate is still in effect. Infants, unpardoned felons, and peers still may not vote. On the other hand, "a deaf, dumb, dullish, or infirm person," a drunkard, or a lunatic may vote if he can convince the presiding officer at the polling station that he

understands what it is all about. It is possible that even the unfuddled portion of the electorate may have trouble deciding what it is all about in the little time between now and Election Day, July 5th. T he other day a group of factory girls startled an inquirer by declaring that they were all going to vote Socialist, “because we don’t want to lose Mr. Anthony Eden.” Such evidences of confused political thinking may be cleared up by polling day, but a little preelection scouting reveals a surprising amount of apathy among the voters. The Labour Party is said to be counting on a heavy service vote, and observers returning from the fighting fronts think that the majority of young service men and women, unless they decide not to vote at all, probably will swing that way. At the moment, the election doesn’t look like a walkover for anybody. If the general feeling of the country counted for anything, this would seem to be a good time for the Liberal Party, whose trump card of course is Sir William Beveridge, to make a comeback. All that anyone feels like predicting with any certainty is that the task of whatever government England gets a couple of months hence will not be enviable, and that the defeated parties can settle back comfortably to wait for the inevitable clamor of public criticism, which next time may turn out to be their cue. —Mollie Panter-Downes

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ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

.My birthdate is October 3, 1896, 1:00 a.m., 44 N. Lat., 88 W. Long. What have I to look forward to? Divorce, desertion, death?
A. Libran.

—From a letter in American Astrology. Death.

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MU5ICAL EVENT5

Still More Premieres

I 5 H e Quiet Don,"byIvan 11 Dzerzhinsky, was J given its New York premiere by the Rus-sian Grand Opera JI ■ Company last week in Carnegie Hall. Sholokhov's "And Quiet Flows the Don," the novel on which the opera is based, has had wide circulation hereabouts, but the name of the composer is not so familiar. On the basis of this opera, Dzerzhinsky seems to be a sound craftsman who writes effective, singable, and well-scored music. However, it didn't reveal much about his individuality as a musician. The design of the work follows some of the conventions of earlier Russian opera. Opera of this kind requires a completely integrated handling of stage action and music, and "The Quiet Don" didn't get it in Carnegie Hall. The management of scenery, lighting, and grouping was too tentative to be of great assistance to the total impression. On the other hand, the singing was generally good, and there were especially convincing contributions from Maria Maximovitch, Nadia Ray, and George Doubrowsky. There also was a large and capable orchestra, and the conductor, Michael Fiveisky, displayed understanding command of the score and the performers. One of the interesting voices heard on the opening night wasn't listed on the program. It emanated from row L in the parquet, and its owner was a soprano who gave an unusually good performance during the customary playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" before the opera began.

A CONSIDERABLE number of newspaper music critics are writing music as well as words these days. The most recent one to be introduced as a composer was Arthur V. Berger of the Sun. He made his debut at Town Hall, at the introductory session of a new organization known as the New Chamber Music Concerts, which presented a group of a half dozen musicians in a program consisting chiefly of French music. Mr. Berger was represented by music for three poems from W. B. Yeats' "Words for Music Perhaps." According to the program notes,

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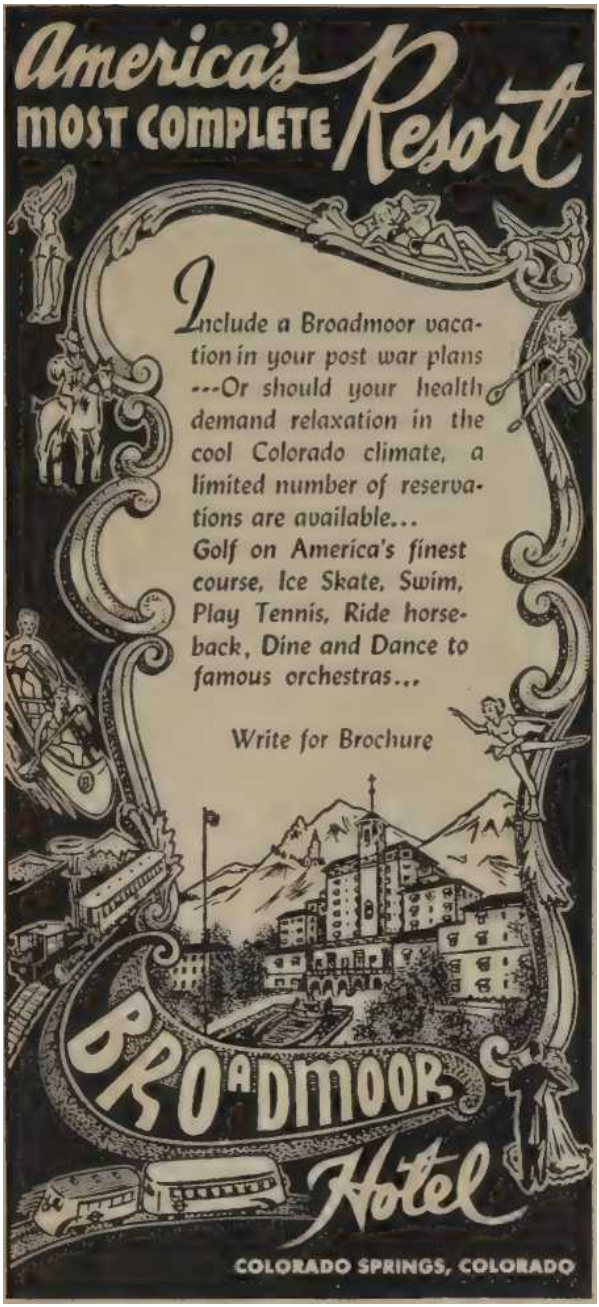
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the poet intended his title to be a challenge to composers. Mr. Berger met the challenge, and met it boldly, with music that is terse, skillful, and modern in tone. The critic-composer was seen as well as heard at this concert; he played the piano accompaniments of his songs for the accomplished tenor soloist Romolo De Spirito. If Mr. Berger had been reviewing his own performance, he would have been justified in giving himself a thoroughly favorable notice. Other new songs on the program included three attractive versions of La Fontaine fables by Marcelle de Manziarly, who also added some adroit pianism to the evening's events. Two songs that sounded as if they might become very popular with concert audiences were Theodore Chan-ler's "The Doves" and "I Rise When You Enter," both of which have bright verses by Leonard Feeney. Among the instrumental novelties was a sonata for violin and piano by Francis Poulenc. It is a melodious work, but it doesn't have the distinction of many other Poulenc creations.

, One of the various excellences of this well-diversified and unhackneyed concert was the consistent expertness of the performances, vocally and instrumentally. The chances are that the New Chamber Music Concerts will become a valuable addition to the city's musical institutions. —Robert A. Simon

PITTING CHEKMET

Bright fruit, By sleight of hand Relieved of seeds, Slips through my fingers Like a strand Of beads.

How hot it is!

The sun

Through stained-glass sky Has sought me out; None more devout

Than I.

How deft

My left!

My right

From plucking stones

Is puckered, Acid-shrivelled, Like a crone's

Grown old at this, A wrinkled devotee

Telling again <

Her ruddy rosary. _

—Mildred Weston

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DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

The Editors, The New Yorker., Dear Sirs:

THOUGH I am not a reader of your magazine,, a friend of mine who knows I am interested in everything that pertains to the “Emerald Isle” has been good enough to send me a clipping of an article published in your issue of May 26th, in which, under the unusual title of “Our Own Baedeker” (which I take to be some sort of reference to the guidebooks of that name), you affirm that in the past thirty years only three people have kissed the Blarney Stone. This is a monstrous misstatement of fact, and it is a great wonder and pity that it should ever have been printed at all. A little inquiry in the proper quarters would have set you right. When I was last in Ireland, in 1939, I kissed the Blarney Stone, my w·fe, who was pregnant at the time, kissed the Blarney Stone, and my brother, who has a weak heart and a fear of high places, also kissed the Blarney Stone. Furthermore, Mr. T. Costello, an old friend and an authority on sucfi matters, assures me that he has kissed the Blarney Stone at least once in the last thirty years and that six friends kissed it with him—not at the same time, to be sure, but one after the other.

The Stone is located in the battlements of the tower of Blarney Castle and is the devil itself to get at. You must bend backward through an aperture in the battlements, with someone (a fat attendant is stationed there for the purpose) sitting across your bent legs to keep you from falling onto a wickedlooking pile of rocks about a hundred feet below. You grab a couple of iron bars at either side of the aperture, bend your head back as far as possible in order

to reach the Stone, which is set in the outer wall of the battlements, kiss the Stone, and are pulled to safety. The Stone itself looks very little different from any of the other stones of which the tower of the castle is composed, but there can be no doubt as to the fact that the Stone has a special quality and that the kissing of it imparts to the kisser a gift of eloquence; else why should so many hundreds—indeed, I venture to say, thousands—of people risk their lives and limbs to complete the act, much less pay the cost of admittance to the castle grounds?

Risky as kissing the Blarney Stone appears to be, I have-no personal knowl-

BECAUSE THE JOURNAL

SMASHED ^' A PRECEDENT

ARINE EDITOR SMASHED

CHAMPAGNE!

The Oregon Journal boasts the only marine editor in the United States who ever launched a ship ... because The Journal's marine editor is a "she"! That launching was the climax to the story of how The Journal met and walloped a wartime problem by combining editorial imagination with old-fashioned gumption I

It all began back in September, 1943, after The Journal's last qualified male marine editor left for the armed services. Here was the crowded, bustling Port of Portland including immense lend-Iease activity, three major maritime shipyards and three important navy shipyards ... all needing the uninterrupted attention of a capable newspaper person.

' ^L In this teeming port, Russian |women were "manning," even skippering, lend-lease ships . . . American women were making history, building ships, and only women were launching ^iem- So Journal editors smashed a W precedent, and put a woman

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Tiny, vivacious Marine Editor Louise Aaron has more than

vindicated The \ Journal's selection. She has I given the people of Portland

' I H consistently thorough coverage of a complex wartime port.

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city's waterfront on foot and by

automobile, aloft in giant whirley cranes; and over 320 miles of the

PEOPLE MAKE A NEWSPAPER!

It took a war to prove a woman could be a marine editor. But, Portlanders have always known that come petticoats or trousers, The Journal gets the news .. . first! The creative enterprise of the entire Journal staff from publisher to pressman has made The Journal Portland's preferred newspaper. . . . These loyal people with ideas, with vision, with ambition and ability are keeping it so! Little wonder that The Journal sets the pace in Portland!

Columbia River, from the Umatilla Rapids on the east to the Pacific Ocean at Astoria, Oregon. Wherever Portland's marine news is .. Louise is.

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edge of any fatal accidents having taken place. Still, careless or overweight tourists may well have fallen to their deaths there, and, to give your magazine the benefit of the doubt, I wonder if what you meant to say was not that only three people had kissed the Blarney Stone in the past thirty years but that only three people had missed it? I have a cousin in the magazine “game,” as he calls it, and I know how likely misprints are to creep into the text of hurriedly thrown-together" articles.

Yours,

Michael Gates

New York City, N. Y., May 29, 1945.'

[The word “kissed” was not a misprint and the article was not hurriedly thrown together—at any rate, no more hurriedly than any other article. What we might have said was that the custodian of the castle declares he has seen only three people actually kiss the Stone. Though he has seen hundreds of people lowered through the aperture, most of them, finding the Stone out of reach or losing their nerve, have pecked at the nearest hard surface, and, on being restored to a normal position, have falsely claimed to have completed the act. We don’t for a moment suppose that Mr. Gates, his wife, or his brother failed to kiss the Stone. In all likelihood they are the people the custodian has in mind. We have our doubts about Mr. Costello and his six friends.

—The Editors]

Simoon. Henri Rene Lenormand (French). Drama. 3 Acts. 1920. Reveals the perturbations of a father who is subconsciously in love with his daughter yet unaware of . what really troubles him. This incestuous state prompts the father to refuse to give permission for his daughter, Clotilde, to marry a young Arab. The refusal incites the Arab to retaliate by seizing French messengers sent to the coast in a simoon. Clotilde is slain by her father’s mistress, and he is relieved, since he will be free from the torment of his evil love.—From "Theatre Handbookedited by Bernard Sobel.

Those messengers must have been surprised.

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[From Mary Haworth's column in the If ashinc/ton Post]

Reading your letter, I can actually feel the girl shriveling up, the sails of her hope, confidence and roseate ardor ripped to shreds, as she receives the injection of your nervous Bourbon viewpoint.

BOOK5

A Portrait of Alexander Woollcott

TF you come to the biography of Alexander Wooll-cott, “A. Woollcott: His Life and His World,” by Samuel H opkins Adams (Reynal & Hitchcock), from, say,

George Santayana’s memoirs, you may be let down and even disgusted. There is so much in Santayana’s head and there

was so little, by comparison, in Woollcott’s. Woollcott said once that he was “a great writer with nothing to say,” but he was hardly even a first-rate

writer; and his enthusiasm, his prejudices, and his jokes are likely to seem rather empty and cheap when detached from their journalistic background and isolated for special attention. Yet it is stimulating, unexpectedly stimulating, to read about Woollcott's career for anyone who has had any experience of the journalistic world in New York during the period in which he flourished. That period was a relatively exciting one; it differed sharply from the period just before it, and it seems already to

have given way to a new era which in a different way is also quite unlike it. Mr. Adams points out that it was only after the war that names among the writers of regular departments in the newspapers and magazines became really important to the public, and he attributes this to the influence of the Algonquin group. He may exaggerate this latter a little, but certainly there occurred at this time a great outburst of self-assertion, after the timidity and anonymity of so much of the journalism of decades in which it may perhaps be said that God kin stands out as the only conspicuous name. The journalists of the new era were not afraid to express themselves, and they soon lost any in

hibitions about exploiting their personalities.

Today you still have the names, though they are rarely the same names, but the product is standardized. A column is not a feuilleton of criticism— with the exception of Virgil Thomson, not one first-rate critical journalist has appeared since Woollcott's time—nor is a column even a first-rate performance on the part of an accomplished "trained seal," as such writers used to be called. With the exception of Westbrook Pegler, one cannot think of a single current

columnist who has the talent to put on a good show. Such a feature at the present time is simply a length of chatter or, better, simply a length of type as

streamlined and insipid as a broadcast, and with the same dispiriting flatness of tone. And the result of this state of things is that Woollcott comes to look like a genius; he is becoming a hero, a myth. One would never, while Woollcott was alive, have looked forward to reading his letters or a full-length biography of him; one

would hardly have imagined, even, that such books would one day be published, any more than one would have expected that Hollywood would one day devote itself to glorify-

uWhere do you suppose John Steinbeck learned such terrible words?"

ing the theatrical careers of Florenz Ziegfeld and George M. Cohan. But both phenomena have now been seen, and for precisely the same reasons. The new period of economic depression and war has fostered nothing but a dependence on formulae: people are too poor, too fearful, too much played upon by pressure groups or too completely committed to the causes, the services, or the government projects in which they have had to enlist to have been able to

think themselves personalities or to have been free to make their careers; but they like to imagine great figures who have been drunk with their own identities

and done things for fun or love.

Mr. Adams' biography of Woollcott is not precisely a brilliant job. It is not in the least well written and it does not do much, as they say, to recapture the atmosphere of the period. Mr. Adams was too old to be a part of the period— he belonged to an earlier era—but this has, in some ways, its advantages: it gives him a sober detachment. He succeeds in seeing around his subject, without either allowing himself to be irritated by Woollcott's unpleasant traits

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or catching his contagions sentimentality. The book is written in good spirit, yet not in the spirit of a A\ oollcott fan. Mr. Adams is not subtle or imaginative in analyzing the contradictions of Woollcott's personality, but he shows a threat deal of good sense and presents some little-known but relevant facts: the rather unsound mentality and the misadventures of the elder Woollcotts, and the physical effects on Woollcott of a case of mumps in his early manhood. And as a fellow-alumnus of Hamilton, he is in a position to have special lights on Woollcott's college years.

The quality of Woollcott's that comes through least well in Mr. Adams' presentation of him is a certain crisp clearness he had that partly redeemed his self-indulgence in the maudlin. 1 he writing of Mr. Adams himself is rather blurry and clumsy, and he does not

appreciate the force of his subject's exasperated insistence on accurate English usage. It is not true, as he seems to imply, that Woollcott was wrong in protesting, in a letter to Ira Gershwin, against the use of "disinterested" in the sense of "uninterested." Nor is Woollcott's campaign against common but illiterate usages really weakened, as Mr. Adams would have us believe, by the fact that, like everyone else, he sometimes mispronounced and misquoted. "You have destroyed my inner structure," wrote Woollcott to the Reader $ Digest. ."I have raised the semicolon to its zenith." There is a perceptible accent of derision in Mr. Adams' report of such incidents, which comes ill from so careless a writer and betrays a complete lack of awareness of the fact that semicolons and sentence structure are a very serious matter.

But the book is most entertaining to read: full of the subject's sharp bon mots, waspish letters, and ridicule of heroic exploits, and full of good stories about him. Perhaps the most extraordinary of these stories is that of the elaborate April-fool hoax which somebody played upon Woollcott at the time of his great radio popularity. One day he received a letter which played upon his sense of brave pathos in an irresistible wav. It purported to come from an old lady, an impoverished captain's daughter from upstate, who took care of her invalid sister and supported herself by her sewing machine. They lived only for Woollcott's broadcasts, and they begged him to read the Twenty-third Psalm. He complied and got another letter. The joke was carried to astonishing lengths. Woollcott went to much effort and expense to find out where the sisters

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FOB MEN

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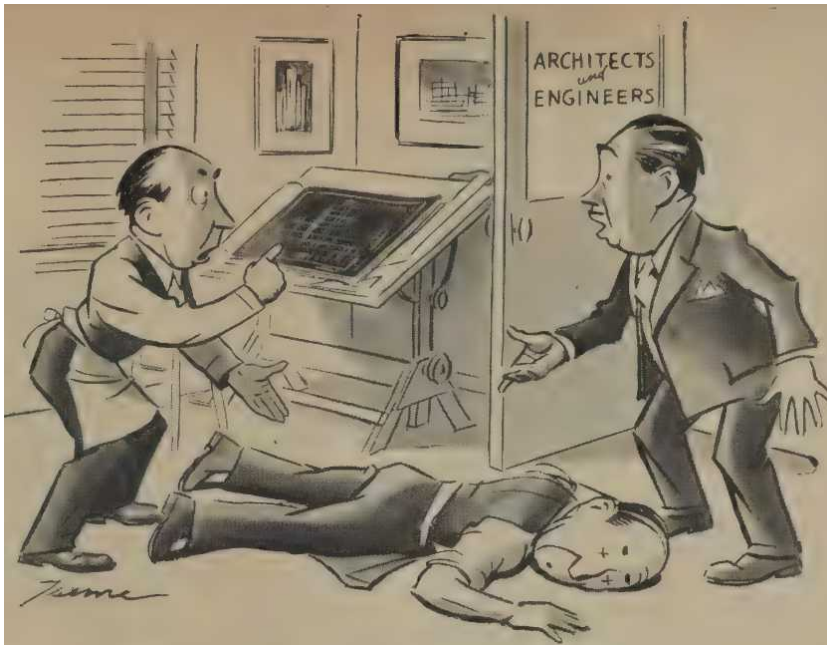
lived. 1 hey had given no exact address, so he could not make them the object of a benefaction; and a whole novel in letters was concocted involving the death of both sisters and ending with a deathbed scene, supposed to be reported by an Irish nurse. It may be thought that Woollcott's sentimentality had let him in for being scored off in a disastrous way; yet it was, after all, perhaps Woollcott, in a sense, who had the advantage in this extravagant episode. The truth was that Woollcott had led somebody to go to a great deal of trouble to supply him with his own ideal. The incident proves his power, for it is the test of the imaginative writer that he can make other people act out his fictions. —Edmund Wilson

BKIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Thai' Girl from Memphis, by Wilbur Daniel Steele (Doubleday, Doran). One of the many troubles with recent fiction is the apparently total lack of a sense of form. Mr. Steele's latest novel, which is undistinguished in any other way, offers an almost perfect example of this defect. The narrative begins in the eighteen-eighties by chronicling the growing pains of a guileless young Kansan who sets out to make his fortune in an Arizona mining town. There he falls in love with a beautiful prostitute, kills the lady's rich beau, and becomes a fugitive from justice. In no time at all, a legend is built up around his lawless career. That would be plenty of novel for a less prodigal writer, but Mr. Steele, perhaps not unmindful of the publishers' current taste for inflated fiction, has scarcely begun. The author sees his hero through a Methodist divinity school and brings him back to Arizona, where he does a bit of soul saving. Then he becomes a miner and a labor agitator, throws a bomb at some mine owners, and spends twenty-seven years in prison. When he gets out, he bums around the country a while and then goes back to the prostitute. But look here, hasn't everybody had enough of this without seeing these preposterous people to the bitter end?

The Tables of the Law, by Thomas Mann, translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter (Knopf). The story of the young manhood of Moses, the exodus from Egypt, and some sharp bargaining between the Lord and His chosen servant at Sinai. When



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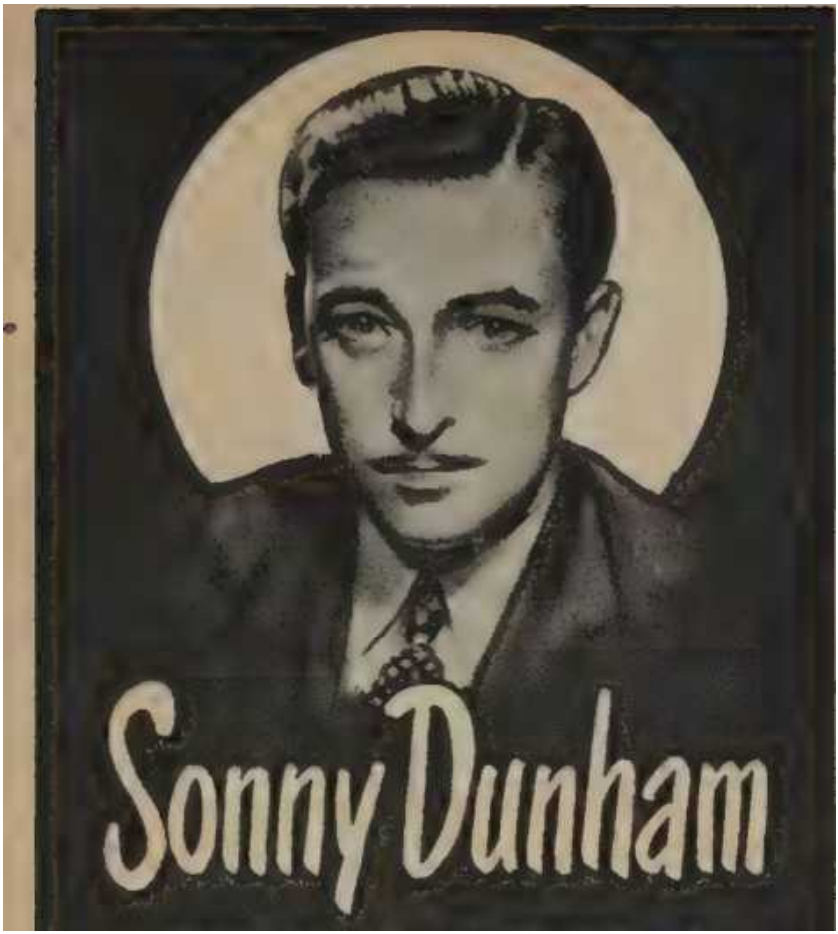

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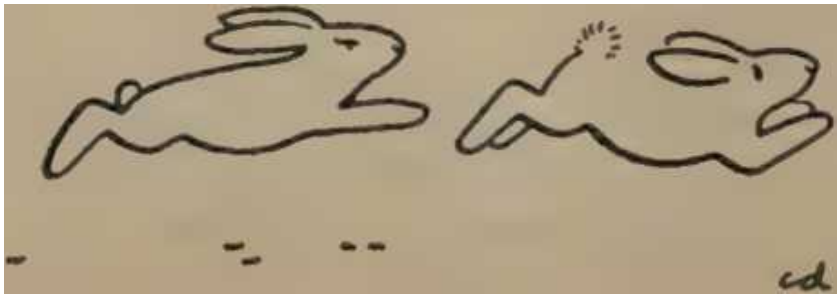
this short novel appeared a while back in “The Ten Commandments” (a collection of stories, by several writers, dealing with the evils of Nazism), this department could see no great subtlety in the present-day implications Herr Mann finds in the story of Moses. Though it has now been more expertly translated and beautifully got up in a volume by itself, this still seems a not so worthy effort of a great novelist.

Half a Hundred: Tales by Great American Writers, edited by Charles Grayson (Blakiston). Mr. Grayson has departed from the time-honored anthology pattern of choosing material from other anthologies by presenting a collection of little-known tales of well-known writers. This is an intelligent and welcome procedure and it has produced a volume of unfamiliar and lively reading. The fact suggests itself, however, that the better-known stories of these fifty writers are better known because they are better stories. There is also the question of whether all these authors deserve that “Great” in Mr. Grayson’s title.

GENERAL

Fate and Freedom, by Jerome Frank (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Frank, jumping right into the midst of the ideological free-for-all, takes on every one of the historical deter-minists (those who hold that history is determined by certain obscure but inexorable forces) and invites them to come out and fight—even men like Marx and Spengler, who naturally can’t accept the invitation. Rejecting the whole determinist argument, and holding that man is as much the master of history as history is the master of man, Mr. Frank, who has a fine talent for polemics, defends his position with wit, imagination, and considerable good sense. He is not going to convince anyone who belongs to one of the determinist schools, and his book is certain to give orthodox Marxists a bad case of fits, but less opinionated readers (if they don’t mind some heavy going now and then) should find it rather profitable, and encouraging, too.

Woodrow Wilson and the People, by H. C. F. Bell (Doubleday,



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Doran). A careful, sympathetic biography of Wilson, with special reference to the many startling similarities between his time and our own. Mr. Bell, following what is beginning to look like a trend, also emphasizes what is now being called Wilson's "human warmness" (as opposed to what used to be called his "human coldness"), but the value of his book, particularly for those readers who are just finding out what happened immediately following the first World War, lies in the way he has organized his material into an ably written, constantly interesting narrative.

Seven Plays, by Maxim Gorky, translated by Alexander Bakshy, in collaboration with Paul S. Nathan (Yale). The text of "The Lower Depths," Gorky's most famous play, along with those of six more not so well known—"Barbarians," "Enemies," "Queer People," "Vassa Zheleznova," "The Zykovs," and "Yegor Bulychov and the Others." Mr. Bakshy also contributes a short essay on the Russian theatre in Gorky's time.

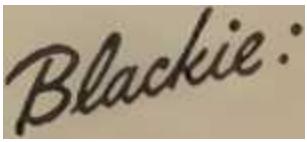
On A Note of Triumph, by Norman Corwin (Simon & Schuster). Putting most radio scripts into book form is a waste of ink, glue, and paper, but this one, written by Mr. Corwin to celebrate V-E Day, doesn't have to apologize for being in type. The author claims that it is not a poem, but that is what it is—a sort of poem, anyway. Although it's not one of the high-water marks in American literature, it is certainly on a par, as poetry, with some of the incantations composed for the radio by Archibald MacLeish.

City Development, by Lewis Mumford (Harcourt, Brace). A sheaf of essays, written between 1922 and 1945, having to do with various phases of urbanism. Mr. Mumford, whose leadership in city planning has been recognized from Buenos Aires to Moscow, gives his attention to the metropolitan milieu, the city, mass production and housing, and the social aspects of postwar building. He writes rather lushly at times, but he is much more acute in these short pieces, which add up to a philosophical consideration of modern society, than he was in his recent and more ambitious "The Condition of Man."

Note: "All in Line," a volume of one hundred and twenty pages of drawings by Saul Steinberg (Lieut, s.g.,

Very Encouraging!

"The news is encouraging. Whitey—but I'm waiting for a definite sign that normal times are returning/*



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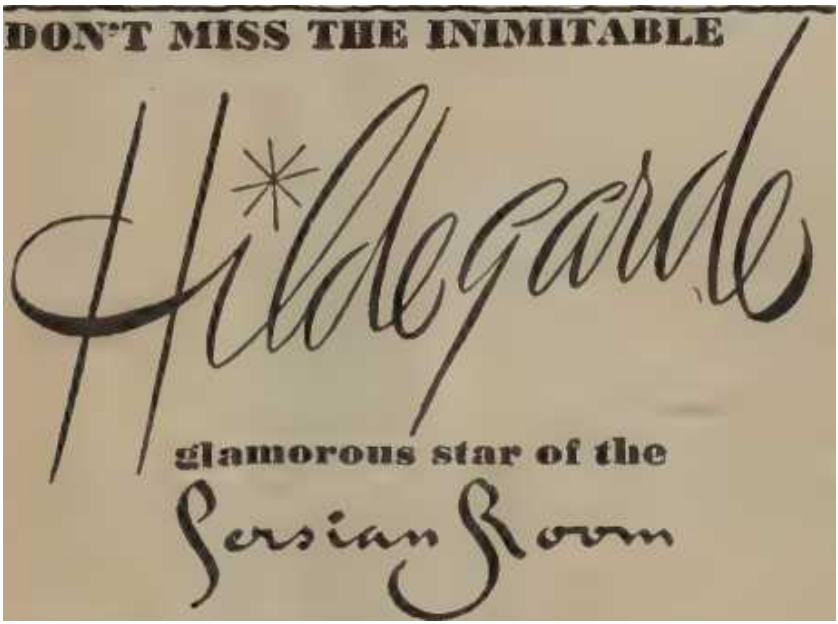

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THE PLAZA

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U.S.N.R.), has been published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce. The majority of the pictures are from The New Yorker and almost everything Lieutenant Steinberg/has drawn for this magazine is reprinted, including his sketches of American Army life in China, India, North Africa, and Italy. •

M^JTEKY AND CRJME

Lay That Pistol Down, by Richard Powell (Simon & Schuster). Arab Blake, the young amateur detective with a rather excessive fondness for firearms, buys an eighteenth-century English coach pistol some dubious characters in and around Washington have their eye on. Arab's husband, Andy, who dislikes guns, gets dragged into the

resultant trouble, most of it of the senseless but very active variety that appeals so much to the Blakes' admirers. Not as funny as the author's recent "All Over but the Shooting."

Proof of the Pudding, by Phoebe Atwood Taylor (Norton). More of those homespun doings down on Cape Cod, where Asey Mayo, helping to tidy up after last year's hurricane, finds the body of a local heiress among the debris. The clues, which are numerous, seem to incriminate almost everybody in town, but Asey, in his leisurely way, sorts them out and provides a plausible enough solution. Fine for Mayo fans and those who like lots of church-supper atmosphere.

•

Tabulation ribbon ... left on Country Club car; good only on tabulator: answers to name of Otto. VA. machine; reward. HA. 1453.—Adv. in the Kansas City Times.

Has it got one black ear?

•

He stood holding her hand, his cheek pressing her hair. In the silence, while they stood together, while he waited, he felt something begin to beat in his breast, faintly, uncertainly. Was it his heart? —From a story in the Woman s Home Companion.

Offhand, we'd say yes.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times]

Nevada, Mo. (AP)—Ray Buchanan tried all known methods of dissuading a setting hen without success. Finally he placed a tray of ice cubes under her. Still the hen sat.

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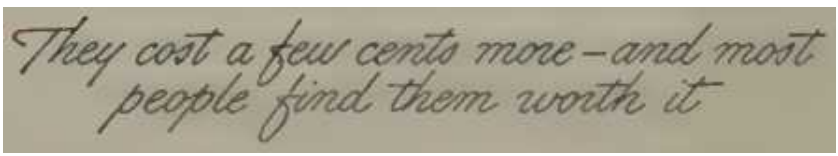

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 66075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

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Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her elder sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. Virginia Gilmore heads the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40).

Foxhole in the Parlor—Montgomery Clift as a soldier whose horror of war has temporarily unbalanced his mind. Unfortunately, Elsa Shelley's treatment isn't quite up to her theme. With Russell Hardie, Flora Campbell, and Grace Coppin. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969.

Moves on Mon., June 18, to the Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

”

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Hayaon, Eadie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally very effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading role is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. Win-aier of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Hasty Heart—A beautiful nurse (Anne Burr) and some sympathetic comrades humanize a crusty' Scot practically on his deathbed. As written by John Patrick (and played by Richard Basehart), he doesn't seem quite worth the bother. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2=35-)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

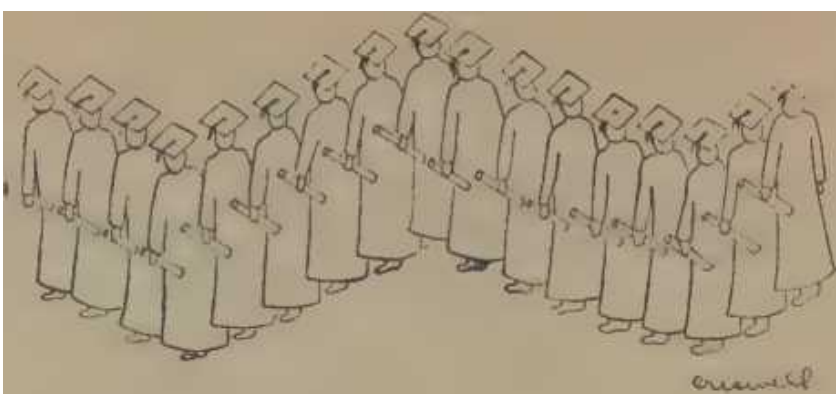
Kiss Them for Me—This stage version of "Shore Leave," about three aviators who couldn't quite adapt themselves to civilian life, starts out very well but trails away badly somewhere in the middle. With

Richard Widmark, Dennis King. Jr., and Richard Davis. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Late George Arley—An adaptation of the Marquand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll in the title role is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 140.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Overtons—Familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR.

OF EVENTS OF INTER.EST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 23.

but somehow never do. With Glenda Farrell and Arlene Francis (to

be replaced by June Knight and Judith Evelyn on Sun., June 17), Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—In Agatha Christie's book everybody got killed, but in the play there are two survivors. Not terribly exciting, but still well above the general level of mystery shows. Among the doomed are Estelle Winwood and Halliwell Hobbes. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, with a small, expert cast consisting of Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. The cast includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with very agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Concert Varieties—Billy Rose's attempt to uplift vaudeville is handicapped by a little too much intricate dancing but it is satisfactory enough on the whole The acts, introduced by Deems Taylor, include the Katherine Dunham Dancers, Rosario and Antonio, Zero Mostel, and Imogene Coca. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 3.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary,

entertainment. The cast also includes Jackie Gleason, and Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst. 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Hollywood Pinafore—George S. Kaufman has fixed Sir Arthur Sullivan up with a new book and

DEPARTMENT; IN THI5 I55UE

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THE NEV YORKER, to VEiT 43RD 3TREET TELEPHONE advertising * JuercKirTioNj, dryany 9-6300 EDITORIAL OFFtCU. BRYANT 9-8200

lyrics, but many are likely to prefer the originals. William Gaxton, Victor Moore, and Shirley Booth are prominently displayed. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—This is the third Olsen and Johnson exhibit, and the boys seem to be running out of ideas, not to mention taste. With Frank Libuse. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. Cl 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Memphis Bound—A fine burlesque of "Pinafore" is the high point of this Negro musical, but it is all very fast, and cheerful. Bill Robinson, miraculously agile at sixty-seven, heads a cast that includes Avon Long, Sheila Guys, Billy Daniels, and the Delta Rhythm Boys. (Belasco. 44. E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.) *

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about

three sailors and their girls. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4 3 3 7. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30-)

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Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-louk-ing and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss. Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ur in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances arranged by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evan take care of the romance. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Sun. Eve., June 17, :t 8:30, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Oh, Brother!—Hugh Herbert and Arleen Whelan in a farce by Jacques Deval. Directed by Bretaigne Windust and produced by Maximilian Becker and Peter Warren. Opens Tues., June 19. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Wind Is Ninety—A play by Ralph Nelson, with a cast including Blanche Yurka, Bert Lytell, and Frances Reid. Directed by Albert DeCourville and produced by Mr. DeCourville and the Shuberts. Opens Thurs.. June 21. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves, at 8:15; other Exes., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Dance Recitals—The New Dance Group, including the Dudley-Maslow-Bales Trio and Pearl Primus, in a series of programs: Thurs. through Sat. Eves., June 14-16, at 8:30, and (for children) Sat. Aft., June 16, at 2:30. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed entirely or have fill-in performers on Sunday. Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules

Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this cool, subterranean cavern.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (ML! 9-7920)—This old favorite is open again, with Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), the dance team of Fred and Elaine Barry, and Henry Busse's orchestra.

C fE Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)— The practically impeccable Jimmy Savo and his frenzied pantomiming, and those sombre folk songs by Josh White. Dances by Beatrice Kraft, and music by Phil Moore's band.

Cafe Society Downtown 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXI, No. 18, June 16, 1945. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879, Copyright, 1945, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The N w Yorker. P. nted in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan America and Spain, $6.50; Canada,

$7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

England in 1812 was indeed the “sceptered isle,” a “demi-paradise.” In spite of war, the arts flourished, inspired by such Royal Academicians as Sir Henry Raeburn, whose canvas has preserved for posterity the . brunette beauty of Margaret Suttie, daughter of the 4th Baronet of Balgone. In fine homes such as the Baronet’s Preston Grange were to be found furniture by Hep-plewhite, and silver by such London craftsmen as John Robins. II is exquisite coffeepot, below, bears these hall marks ® ® ˆ @ ® and proves that then, as now, fine coffee was the hall mark of hospitality in fine homes.

Today, coffeepots by John Robins are hall marks of hospitality in cultured American homes. But today, Mrs. George Hamlin Shaw, Vice-President of the Travelers Aid Society of New York, and Chairman of its Committee on Troops-in-Transit, pours coffee unequalled in Margaret Suttie's time . . . Yuban Coffee, that was once the private blend of America's greatest coffee merchant who, drawing from
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Coffee

*****

Today, coffeepots by John Robins are hall marks of hospitality in cultured American homes. But today, Mrs. George Ilamlin Shaw, Vice-President of the Travelers Aid Society of New York, and Chairman of its Committee on Troops-in-Transit, pours coffee unequalled in Margaret Suttie's time . . . Yuban Coffee, that was once the private blend of America's greatest coffee merchant who, drawing from

the world's sources of supply, created this incomparable blend. Renowned for its distinctive character, fine flavor, and rich aroma, I uban has been known as "the guest coffee," for generations.

YUBAN *The Guest Coffee*

—Imogene Coca making fun of almost anything, jazz piano by Cliff

Jackson and Mary Lou Williams, songs by Ann Hathaway (who used to be Ann Solloway), and music by Edmond Hall's lively orchestra.

Ei Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Where Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band supply the sound and the customers supply the scenery. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—In this gilded palace, a peaceful dinner and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Madison Avenue's largest and coolest all-weather tropics. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the ingenious mind-reader, a dance team, and Stanley Melba's agile orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Cafe Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, rooming across the Persian Room again in that power-dive fashion of hers, with Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras alternating on the stand.

Sr. Regis Roof, 5 Ate. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just about as peaceful and pleasant as nighttime on a rooftop can be. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Cafe Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by the lush dance music of London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—What to do with the children on Nurse's night off. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band are on hand at night.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has a magician and some acrobats (you know the Waldorf) ; Nat Brandwynne's sonorous orchestra for dancing, plus Mischa Borr's band. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—blue angel, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626) : Eddie Mayehoff and his merry monologues, Mildred Bailey and her sultry songs, along with the cheerful music of the Herman Chittison trio and the Delta Rhythm Boys. . . . ruban bleu, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787) ; Monica Boyar singing Central America style, Thelma Carpenter singing Fifty-second Street style, hacked up by the music of Cedric Wallace's trio and the piano playing of Garland Wilson, Jose Melis, and Julius Monk. . . . spivy's roof, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-9322): Carter and Bowie dispensing their special brand of piano duets, and now and then Spivy herself, singing about her special brand of world-weariness.

Miscellaneous—At the coq rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887) : Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing in a highly decorative setting. . . . 1-2-3 club, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns providing a muted piano obbligato tor the young people's table talk; no dancing. . . . casino russe, >57 W. 56 (CI 6-6116) : more for the cotelette a la Kiev than for the goings on in the floor show; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310) : a fairly standardized show, with Jerry Cooper and a collection of delectable show girls; Maxmillian Bergere's orchestra. . . . el Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646) : semi-Spanish, with some strolling singers and a fine rumba band. . . . Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060) : Russell Swann, the bright magician, being very untypical of the conventional Copacabana show, which at the moment includes Mitzi Green and the orchestras of Enric Madriguera and Joel Herron. . . . astor roof, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000) : Harry James and his orchestra on this large, cool rooftop, playing for what look very much like jitterbugs. . . . Essex house, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300) : Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500) : Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. . . . madison, 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Oscar Day's orchestra. . . . new yorker hotel, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000) : George Paxton's orchestra. . . . Roosevelt, Madison at 45 (MV 6-9200) : Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At nick's, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683) : Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and their helpmeets scorching the midnight air. . . .

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at II (CH 2-9355) : one of the town's best cellars, since it now has Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; and Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . onyx, 5 7 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): the stertorous Hot Lips Page leading his new band, and Stuff Smith at work on his electric violin. ... downbeat, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511)-Coleman Hawkins and his saxophone, Al Casey and his new trio, and (at unpredictable intervals)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 23.

Billie Holiday; dancing. . . . jimmy ryan's, 53 Y 52 (EL 5-9600) : a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing.... three deuces, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

Al Fresco-—The claremont inn, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and dance music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . tavern-on-the-green, Central Pk. W. at 67: a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then. . . . museum of modern art, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. ... central park zoo: the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but nice in midweek for a late breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafes: brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; fifth avenue hotel, 5 Ave. at 9; longchamps, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

American—At the American British art center, 44 W. 56: a nineteenth-century show with Hassam, Inness, Hunt, Kensett, and twenty-some other artists. Daily 10 a.m. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 16. . . . international bldg., Rockefeller Center: the Encyclopaedia Britannica collection of contemporary art. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through July 8. . . . milch, 108 W. 57: artists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Daily 9 a.m. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 15.

American Academy, B'way at 155—Painting and sculpture by

Edward Hopper, Paul Manship, and others. Tues, through Sun., 2 to 5 p.m.; through June 29.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The development of the water color in America, with emphasis on the work of Winslow Homer. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.; through Sun., June 17.

Marc Chagall—Small drawings and water colors: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 23.

Walt Dehner—Water-color landscapes: Kraushaar, 32 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 22.

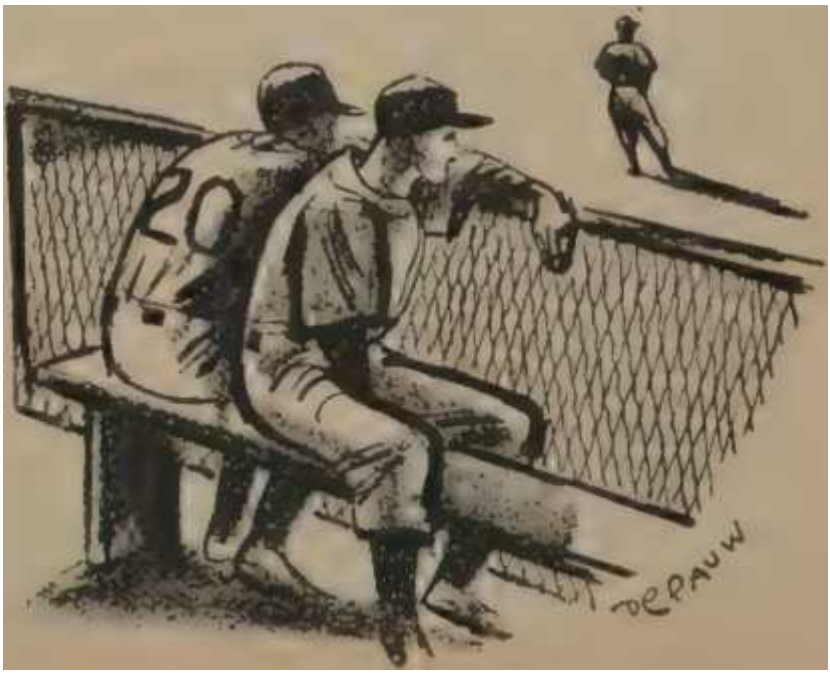
Arthur G. Dove—The artist's work from 1922 to the present: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 3 to 6 p.m.; through June 27.

Jacob Epstein—Six bronzes and, in a quick change of pace, water colors of flowers: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., June 16,

Frick Collection, i E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been hidden away for safekeeping since we entered the war are now-back in the Museum. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Groups—At the durlacher, ii E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to (> p.m.; Sat.. 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.; through Sat., June 23. . . . passedoit, 121 E. 57: paintings and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, Jose de Creeft, and others of this group. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.; through July 31. . . . macbeth, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by contemporary- zXmerican artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 29. ... 47 gallery, 67 E. 57: fourteen painters, centered about Hans Arp, in whose general style the gallery sees signs of a new "ism." Weekdays 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through June 30. . . . perls, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri.. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through June 29. ...

associated American artists, 71 i 5 Ave., at 55: work by artists who have had one-man shows at this gallery. Daily 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., June 16. . . . pinacotheca, 20 W. 58:



abstract, and a few non-abstract, paintings by Josef Albers, Karl Knaths, Adolph Gottlieb, and twenty-three others. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Sat., June 16. . . . contemporary arts, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 10:30); through June 30- • ■ • nierendorf, 53 E. 57: work by contemporaries. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 30... babcock, 38 E. 57: new paintings by artists of the gallery's group; also a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31.... rosenberg, 16 E. 57: work by Rattner, Hartley, Helion, Avery, and Weber. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through July 13.... art of this century, 30 W. 57: painting and sculpture by Loren Maclver, Gypsy Rose Lee, I. Rice Pereira, and other women. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through July 7. . . . ferargil, 63 E. 57: paintings by around a hundred contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30

p.m.; through July 6. . . . midtown, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through July 13. . . . niveau, 63 E. 57: Dufy. Utrillo, Pascin, and other French painters. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through June 30. . . . klee-mann, 65 E. 57: Corhino, Eilshemius, Bosa. and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 12 noon; through June 30. . . . jane street, 35 Jane: abstractions. Mon. through Fri., 3 to 5 and 7 to 10 p.m.; Sat. and Sun., 2 to 6 p.m.; through June 25.

Randolph Johnston—Sculpture: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Daily 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 p.m.; through Fri., June 15-

Sarkis Katchadourian—Impressionist paintings with a touch of the Oriental in them: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Fri., June 15.

Boris Lovet-Lorski—Sculpture of heads, figures, and whimsical animals: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., June 16.

Aristide Maillol—A memorial show: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through June 30.

De Hirsh Margules—Water colors: Feigl, 601 Madison, at 57. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., June 23.

Merchant Seamen—Water colors and sketches with a non-amateurish sharpness, mostly by a half-dozen men: National Maritime Union, 354 W. 17. Thurs., June 14, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, newly arranged to show the development of Greek civilization; also, prints and drawings by Goya. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues, through Sat.. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 p.m.; through Sept. 4.

Alfonso Ossorio—Water colors; also, mosaic sculpture by John Stephan: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to.5:30 p.m.; through Sat., June 23.

Note—The semi-annual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square will continue daily through Sun., June 17, from 11 a.m. until dark.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Opening concerts of the season: Artur Rodzinski conducting, Mon., June 18; Alexander Smallens conducting, Tues., June 19, and Thurs. through Sat., June 21-23, Highlights: Nathan Milstein, violin, June 18; James Melton, tenor, June 21; General Platoff Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers, June 23. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 p.m. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57, CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 p.m. over WNYC.)

Goldman Band—Central Park Mall, Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 8:30. .. . Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., at 8:30.

Jazz Concert—Dizzy- Gillespie, trumpet; Slam Stewart, bass; Erroll Garner, piano; and Others. Fri., June 22, at 8:15 p.m. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447-)

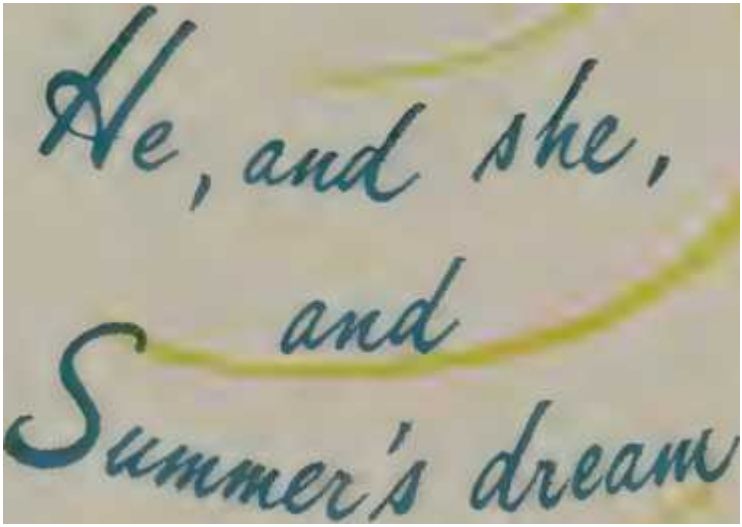
SPORTS

Baseball—At the polo grounds: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri., June 15, at 2:30 p.m., Sat., June 16. at 8:45 p.m., and Sun., June 17 (doubleheader), at 2:05 p.m.; Giants vs. Boston, Tues., June 19, at 2:30 p.m., and Wed., June 20. at 8:45 p.m. . . . Yankee stadium: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat., June 22-23, at 2:30 p.m. . . . ebbets field: Dodgers vs. Giants, Thurs., June 14, at 2:30 p.m., and Mon., June 18, at 8:30 p.m.; Dodgers vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat,, June 22-23, at 8:30 p.m.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Ray Robinson vs. Jimmy McDaniels, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 15; Fritzie Zivic vs. Harold Green,

The wedding march from “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” by Mendelssohn, painted for the Capehart Collection by Andre Girard.

In this delightful scene, the artist depicts Duke Theseus and his bride Hippolyta wending through the woods from Athens, followed by the four lovers . .. Hermia, Lysander, Demetrius and Helena, and a procession of Shakespeare's figures, as Queen Titania and her elfin company look on. Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your Capehart dealer, or you may write direct to Fort Wayne 1, Ind.



Love is a never-never land, where days are but dreams and nights are deep in summer's magic. Yet even lovers must sometime face the winter of the outside world. Youth's vision seems lost . . . the green years, fled.

Music, then, can help the heart find its way back to that first enchanted realm. Through the glory of the Capehart or the Farnsworth, romance's songs are newly radiant. Old favorites, from opera to rhapsody, hold fresh promise for the present hour.

Now, many thousands can again look forward to exquisite Capeharts and new, modest-priced Farnsworths. From the hands of men who today make Radar and precision military equipment, these phonograph-radios and radios foreshadow new vistas of music pleasure.

Finer record reproduction will be yours, for one, and richer tone, as

well. FM reception will be available in many. Reliable record-changers, too, with the assurance of time-proved dependability. And television sets when tomorrow's programs arrive in bright realitv.

Make a place in your plans for a Capehart or a Farnsworth . . . confident that there will be a wealth of cabinet styles and sizes to afford a perfect choice. Confident, too, that whichever you select, it will be a product of beauty and of skill, the highest possible quality at its price. Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne i, Indiana.

O CORPORATION

AMERICA'S STRENGTH IN W iR AND PEACE -THE PARTNERSHIP OF MAN AND WOMAN

SHE salvages paper for plasma containers

SHE saves every scrap of waste basket paper; bundles up each week's accumulation of newspapers and magazines; rummages through the attic and cellar for long forgotten periodicals and miscellaneous boxes and packagings left behind by many a holiday season.

She's glad to do her part for she knows that paper is our No. 1 Critical J7 ar Material. She knows that every hundred pounds of waste paper can make two hundred blood plasma containers — or six hundred fifty Ration K containers —or more than a thousand cartons for yellow

fever vaccine. Again, in her role as family purchasing agent, she helps in a practical way to conserve paper by accepting articles unwrapped wherever possible.

McCall's Helps Condition 3,500.000 Families

Paper salvage is only one of the subjects McCall's Magazine is covering in the conditioning of its readers for their responsibilities in the war effort. In war as in peace, McCall's provides inspiration and guidance for the women in more than three and one half million homes.

(Magazines use only 4% of all paper, and salvage drives recover much of that for re-use. ˆ ith other publishers, McCall Corporation has introduced economies that save thousands of tons of paper. Because the supply of McCall's is limited, readers help, too, by sharing their copies with neighbors and friends.) /W&£

THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE

welterweights, 10 rounds. Fri.. June 22. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.) Fencing—National Championships: Women's Foil,

Individual, Thurs.. June 14, at 6:30 p.m.; Epee, Individual, Fri., June 15, at 6:30 p.m.; Sabre, Individual, Sat., June 16. at 2 and 8 p.m. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

Golf—-Metropolitan G.A. Senior Championship, Thurs., June 14. Baltusrol G.C.. Springfield, N.J. . . . New Jersey State G.A. Amateur Championship, Match Play Rounds. Sat. and Sun., June 16-17, Canoe Brook C.C.. Summit. N.J.

Racing—Weekdays at Belmont, at 1 130 p.m.. through Sat.. June 23. (Red Cross benefit day, June 14; Rost ben Handicap and the Suburban. June 16; Peter Pan Handicap. June 19; Coaching Club American Oaks, June 20; National Stallion and the Belmont. June 23.) Frequent trains leave Pen'll Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 a.m. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:45 p.m.

Tennis—Bill Tilden, Alice Marble. Frank Shields, and others, in a series of exhibition games for the benefit of the Red Cross, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, Fri. through Sun., June 22-24, at 1 :3o p.m.

Trotting—Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 p.m. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 p.m.)

Yachting—Stratford Shoals Overnight Race. Riverside Y.C.. Sat., June 23. at 9 P.M. . . . Championship regatta on the Sound: Larchmont Y.C., Sun., June 17, at about 2 p.m.

OTHER EVENTS

General Eisenhower—The General will arrive at La Guardia Field early Tues., June 19. During the day he will drive through the city and participate in several activities; definite plans to be announced.

Veterans' Parade—An Infantry Day parade of two recently returned battalions and of 200 jeeps carrying nurses and wounded soldiers, will be held on Fri., June 15, starting at Fifth Ave. and 34th St. at 12:30 p.m.. and proceeding north to 59th St.

Seventh War Loan Drive—A sham attack on a Bougainville pillbox, with flame-throwers, bazookas, rocket launchers, and other equipment seldom seen by civilians: Fri., June 15, at 8 p.m. (Ebbets Field. Tickets can lie obtained by buying War Bonds at any major department store.) ... A big program of speeches by Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, Philip Murray, William Green, and others; and entertainment by Lawrence Tibbett. Sono Osato, and many, many others: Sun., June 17, at 1:30 p.m. (Central Park Mall.) . . . "The Fighting Lady," a 103-foot model of an aircraft carrier, on view in the Sunken Plaza of Rockefeller Center. (Purchasers of War Bonds, at the Plaza, may go on board.)

Wartime Exhibitions—At the norlyst gallery, 59 W. 56: the poetry, prose, art, and newspapers of the French Underground during the Nazi occupation, including reproductions of work by the artist Jean DuBuffet, and Midnight Press publications. Week days 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Tues., June 19. . . . Chrysler bldg., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 p.m., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. ; Sun., 11 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Housing-—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m.; through Sept. 30.

Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave at 104— About a hundred prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built New York's first omnibuses, horsecars, early subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in drawings, photographs, uniforms, and documents: Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to‘5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.; through Sept. 30.

ON THE AIR

General Eisenhower Addressing a joint session of Congress, Mon., June 18, at 1 p.m., all major stations.

State Department -Archibald MacLeish and others in a discussion of our international policy; broadcast from San Francisco, Sat., June 16, at 7 p.m., WEAF.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, George Szell conducting, Sun., June 17, at 3 p.m., WABC. . . . Stadium Concerts, Tues., June 19, and Fri., June 22, at 8:30 p.m., WNYC. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., June 16 and 23, at 5 p.m. WJZ.

Sports—Racing: the Preakness, Sat., June 16, at 4 p.m., WEAF. . . . Boxing; Ray Robinson vs. Jimmy McDaniels, Fri., June 15; Fritzie Zivic

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 23.

vs. Harold Green, Fri., June 22; at 10 p.m., WOR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 p.m., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues, at 10:15 p.m., WJZ. ... Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 p.m., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdom Tues, through Sat. at 10:30 p.m. WMCA. . . . Max Lerner. Sun. at 7:45 p.m., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from

London), Sun. at 1:45 p.m.. WABC. ... Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 p.m.. WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 p.m.. WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 -p.m.. WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer. Sun. at 5:45 p.m.. WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 p.m., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 715 p.m., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. ... Dorothy Thompson (from Europe), Sun. at 9:45 p.m.. WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

The Corn Is Green—Bette Davis in the part once performed by Ethel Barrymore on Broadway. Miss Davis seems slightly implausible and so does the picture. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Guest in the House—A very sensible adaptation of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., June 14. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., June 16. . . . 8th Street Playhouse. 52 W. 8; Fr'., through Mon., June 15-18. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., June 17-19.)

A Medal for Benny—John Steinbeck wrote the original story for this rather disappointing film about the death of a hero and its effect on his native village. With Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova, and J. Carroll Naish. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; Thurs., June 14.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien, Mary Astor, and Leon Ames. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., June 17.)

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay—Wholesome little rich girls abroad in 1923. The treatment is light, nostalgic, and sometimes funny. With Gail Russell and Diana Lynn. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., June 16. . . , Orpheum. 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., June 18.)

A Royal Scandal—Tallulah Bankhead, as the Empress of all the Russias, in a comedy that probably has little to do with either Catherine or history, but is pretty funny anyway. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O.

23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street. B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., June 20.)

The Way Ahead—This account (not a documentary) of how young Englishmen were trained for war is a fine and exciting picture, though unfortunately dated. (Victoria, B'way at 46; through Fri., June 22.)

Without Love—Donald Ogden Stewart's version of Philip Barry's play that has practically nothing to do with the original but is very gay and charming anyway. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy head the cast. (Loew's 175th Street. B'way at 175; through Tues., June 19. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave, at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Olympia, B'way at 107; through Wed., June 20.)

Wonder Man—Danny Kaye plays twins in this funny film about love, murder, and ghosts. With Virginia Mayo and Vera-Ellen. (Astor. B'way at 45.)

Note-—"To the Shores of Iwo Jima," a stirring and sometimes shocking picture of the marines' victory in the Pacific, in Technicolor, is being shown at the following theatres—Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., June 16. . , . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., June 18. . . . R.K.O. 58th

Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O, 81st Street, B'way at 81; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., June 20.

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer (1938)—Tommy Kelly and May Robson as Tom and Aunt Polly. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Tues., June 19.)

Alice Adams (1935)—The Booth Tarkington novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues, through Thurs.. June 19-21.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers take over a department store. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., June 14.)

The Black Swan (1942) — Pirates in Technicolor. Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, and George Sanders. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues, and Wed., June 19-20.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)- -Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet.

- (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

Daybreak (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., June 20.)

The Garden of Allah (1936) The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Wed.. June 20.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the first World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

The Heart of a Nation (1943)-—France, from the eighteen-seventies to the present. In French, with Michele Morgan, Raimu, and Louis Jouvet, and with an English narrative by Charles Boyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs.. June 14.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery and Claude Rains. (World, 153 W, 49; through Thurs., June 21.)

The Informer (1935) — Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 .Ave. at 68; Mon. through Thurs., June 18-21.) Lifeboat (1944)—Tallulah Bankhead and William Bendix torpedoed and set adrift by Alfred Hitchcock. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., June 14.)

Once Upon a Time (1944)—Whimsy about a dancing caterpillar. With Cary Grant and Janet Blair. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., June

Pepe le Moko (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. With Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., June 15-18.)

The Prisoner of Zenda (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Stoddard. B'way at 90; through Tues., June 19.) Roberta (1935)—The old musical comedy, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irene Dunne. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues, through Thurs., June 19-21.)

The 39 Steps (1935)— Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Wed., June 20.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs.. June 14. ... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., June 17-18.) Top Hat (1935)—Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irving Berlin music. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., June 17-18.)

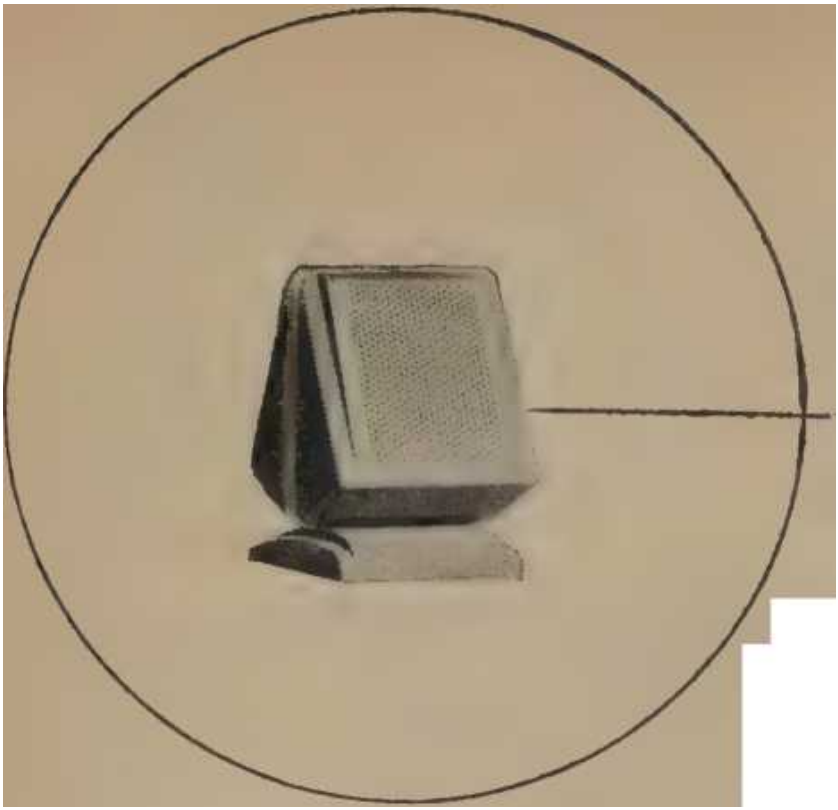
Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 p.m. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 p.m. on the following schedule thurs., June 14: "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1927), directed by G. W. Pabst. . . . fri. through sun., june is-17: "Sunrise" (1927), with George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor; and "Hands" (1928), directed by Stella Simon.... mon. through thurs.,

june Ie-21: “Ten Days That Shook the World” (1928), directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . , from fri., june 22: “Storm over Asia” (1928), directed by Pudovkin.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Service Men—New A’ork residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers’ Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing (preference given to service men). 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

Volunteer Work Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the civilian defense volunteer office, 1 E. 44 (ML! 2-4310): men and women to work in canteens at least one shift a week, night or day; men and women to take a short training course and then work a minimum of two full



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GOING! ON

ABOUT TOW

days a week as gronp-leaders in summer playgrounds. ... red cross, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . American women's voluntary services, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for service men's clubs; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply at 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.) . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 LeX-ington, at 41 (CA 5-7150) : women to work in hospitals at least eight hours a week as aides in children's wards, or as receptionists from 7 to 8:45 A.M.; men to take a short training course and then work at least one evening a week as ward aides. . . . amer.can women's hospitals reserve corps, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers. Harvesters—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

Seventh War Loan Drive—The War Bond campaign is on, and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), and the C.D.V.O., I E. 44 (MU 2-43! o), are recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

Salvage—Wastepaper (still very important) and food cans should be kept separate from other rtfuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The United National Clothing Collection wants to accumulate a hundred and fifty million pounds of practical clothing, shoes, bedding, and linens for destitute families overseas. Drivers of laundry trucks will pick up contributions on their regular routes, or, for the location of the nearest depot, call HA 2-0290. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church, New York 7 (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for games, playing cards, radios, records, floor

lamps, and small furniture. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5 366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220. . . . Bibles, in English and foreign languages, are needed for service men and for people in liberated countries. They can be taken or sent to any A.W.V.S. office; for the address of the nearest one, call RE 4-6050.

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!

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JOURNAL

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way nt 45 (CI 6-4642)—wonder man, Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—"Thrill of a Romance," Esther Williams, Van Johnson.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—"Son of Lassie," Peter Lawford, Donald Crisp.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—"It's in the Bag," Fred Allen, Jack Benny.

Gotham, B'way at 47 (CI 5-9516)—"Delightfully Dangerous," Jane Powell, Ralph Bellamy.

Hollywood, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—the corn is green, Bette Davis, John Dall.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Mon. Aft., June 18:

"China Sky," Randolph Scott, Ruth Warrick. . . . From Mon., June 18, at 8:30: "Those Endearing Young Charms," Laraine Day, Robert Young. (Opening night admission by War Bonds only).

Paramount, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—"Out of This World," Diana Lynn, Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave, at 50 (CI 6-4600) — "The Valley of Decision," Greer Garson, Gregory Peck. Donald Crisp.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (Cl 7-1633)—Thurs., June 14: A medal for benny, Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova. . . . Fri., June 15: theatre closed. . . . From Sat.. June 16: "Junior Miss," Peggy Ann Garner, Allyn Joslyn.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000) -Through Tues. Aft., June 19: "Where Do We Go from Here?," June Haver, Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie. . . . From Tues. Eve., June 19, at 8:30: picture to be announced. (Opening night admission by War. Bonds only.)

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., June 20: "Frenchman's Creek," Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—Thurs., June 14: "Pillow to Post," Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet. . . . From Fri., June 15: "Conflict," Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, Sydney Green-street.

Victoria, B'way at 46 (CI 6-7429)—the way ahead, David Niven'.

FOREIGN. SPECIAL, ETC.

Alden, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Revivals-—■ Through Sat., June 16: "Private Worlds," Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer; also "Moon over Miami," Betty Grable, Don Ameche. , . . Sun. and Mon., June 17-18: top hat, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire; also "You're in the Army Now," Jane Wyman, Jimmy Durante. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 9-20: the black swan, Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, George Sanders; also "Song of the Islands," Betty Grable, Victor Mature.

Belmont, 12i W. 48 (BR 9-0378)-—Spanish films, no English titles—Thurs., June 14: "Mi Cuate, el Rey." . . . From Fri., June 15: "Melodias de America."

Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50 (EL 5-8790)—Thurs., June 14: Roughly Speaking," Rosalind Russell. Jack Carson; also "Crime by Night," revival, Jane Wyman, Faye Emerson. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 15-18: "Rulers of the Sea," revival, Margaret Lockwood, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "The Stars Look Down," revival, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 19-20: "Best Foot Forward," revival, Lucille Ball, William Gaxton, Virginia Weidler; also "Cheers for Miss Bishop," revival, Martha Scott, William Gargan.

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (GR 5-9738)— Revivals— Through Tues., June 19: "Amphitryon" (in French), Henri Garat; also "32 Rue de Montmartre" (in French), Gaby Morlay, Erich von Stroheim. ...From Wed., June 20: daybreak (in French), Jean Gabin; also "They Met in Moscow" (in Russian).

55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-9438)— Revivals, French films—carnival in slanders, Louis Jouvet; also grand illusion, Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (Cl 6-1365)— Tentative— "We Accuse," documentary film.

Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—"The Ural Front" (in Russian).

Thalia, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)-—Revivals— Thurs., June 14: the heart of a nation (in French, with English narrative by Charles Boyer), Michele Morgan, Raimu, Louis Jouvet; also "Mister V," Leslie Howard. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 15-18 pipe le moko (in French), Jean Gabin; also "Voice in the Wind," Sigrid Gurie, Francis Lederer. . . . From Tues.. June 19: alice adams, Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray; also Roberta, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne.

World, 153 W 49 (CI 7-5747)—here comes mr. jordan, revival, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Through Mon., June 18: "The Princess and the Pirate," Bob Hope. . . . From Tues., June 19: "The Picture of

Dorian Gray," Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)— Through Sat., June 16: "Roughly Speaking," Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson; also "The House of Fear," Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. ... Sun. through Tues., June 17-19: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also "The Major and the Minor," revival, Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland. . . . From Wed.. June 20: "Thunderhead—Son of Flicka," Roddy McDowall. Preston

AT THE MOVIE HOU5E5

THURSDAY, JUNE 14, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN.

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE7, UNDER “MOTION PICTURES."

Foster; also “Mr. Emmanuel,” Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)— Through Sat., June 16: our hearts were young and gay, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell; also "And Now Tomorrow,” Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, Susan Hayward. . . . Sun. and Mon., June 17-18: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 19-20: "The Vampire’s Ghost,” John Abbott; also "The Phantom Speaks,” Stanley Ridges, Lynn Roberts.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Wed., June 20: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball; also “Leave It to Blondie,” Penny Singleton.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434) —Thurs., June 14: “The House of Fear ’ Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 15-18: "Roughly Speaking,” Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 19-20: “Our Wife,” revival,

Ruth Hussey, Melvyn Douglas.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., June 14: thunder rock, revival, Michael Redgrave, Barbara Mullen. . . . Fri. through Sun., June 15-17: “The Picture of Dorian Gray,” Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders. . . . Mon. and Tues., June 18-19: “Tonight and Every Night,” Rita Hayworth, Lee Bowman, Janet Blair. . . . From Wed., June 20: “The House of Fear,” Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)-—Through Mon., June 18: “The Picture of Dorian Gray,” Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders. . . . From Tues., June 19 (tentative): “Roughly Speaking,” Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson.

R.K O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577) — Through Wed., June 20: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter; also “Tarzan and the Amazons,” Johnny Weissmuller.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)-—Thurs., June 14: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy. ... Fri. through Mon., June 15-18: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope. . . . From Tues., June 19: “Here Come the Waves,” Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302) — Through Sun., June 17: meet me in st. louis, Judy Garland, Margaret O’Brien, Mary Astor. . . . From Mon., June 18: the informer, revival, Victor McLaglen.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)— Through Wed., June 20: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball; also “Leave It to Blondie,” Penny Singleton.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs.. June 14: “Belle of the Yukon,” Gypsy Rose Lee, Randolph Scott, Dinah Shore; also "Betrayal from the East,” Lee Tracy, Nancy Kelly. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 15-18: "I’ll Be Seeing You,” Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple; also “Escape in the Fog,” Otto Kruger, Nina Foch. . . . From Tues., June 19: “Roughly Speaking,” Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson; also “The House of Fear,” Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180) — Through Fri., June 15: “Roughly Speaking.” Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson. . . . Sat. through Mon., June 16-18: “Thunderhead—Son of

Flicka,” Roddy McDowall. Preston Foster. . , . From Tues., June 19: “Remember the Day,” revival, Claudette Colbert, John Payne.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900) — Through Wed., June 20: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter; also “Tarzan and the Amazons,” Johnny Weissmuller.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566) — Through Fri., June 15: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon. ... Sat. through, Tues., June 16-19: “Here Come the Waves,” Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts; also “Dark Mountain,” Ellen Drew. Robert Lowery. ... Wed.. June 20: “Beyond Tomorrow,” revival, Maria Ouspenskaya, Charles

Winninger; also “Tom Brown’s School Days,” revival. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., June 18: our hearts were young ano gay, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell; also “And Now Tomorrow,” Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, Susan Hayward. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 19-20: “The Vampire’s Ghost,” John Abbott; also “The Phantom Speaks,” Stanley Ridges, Lynn Rob- . erts.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3 (CH 3-9019)—Thurs., June 14: “The Sign of the Cross,” revival, Claudette Colbert. Fredric March, Charles Laughton; also “A Night to Remember,” revival, Loretta Young. Brian Aherne. . . . Fri. through Sun., June 15-17: “Roughly Speaking,” Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson; also “The House of Fear.” Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. . . . Mon. through Wed., June 18-20: “Here Come the Waves,” Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts; also “Dark Mountain,” Ellen Drew, Robert Lowery.

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs., June 14: lifeboat, revival, Tallulah Bankhead, . William Bendix. . . . Fri.

through Mon., June 15-18: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy . . . Tues, and Wed., June 19-20 (tentative): “Here Come the Waves,” Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton. Sonny Tufts.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., June 18: our hearts were young and ga'.', Diana Lynn, Gail Russell; also "And Now Tomorrow.” Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, Susan Hayward. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 19-20: "The Vampire’s Ghost,” John Abbott; also “The Phantom Speaks,” Stanley Ridges, Lynn Roberts.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350) — Thurs., June 14: once upon a time, revival, Cary Grant, Janet Blair; also the big store, revival, the Marx Brothers. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 15-18: “Roughly Speaking,” Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson; also “The House of Fear,” Basil Rathbone, Njgel Bruce. . . . From Tues., June 19: “Lost Angel,” revival, Margaret O’Brien, James Craig, Marsha Hunt; also “The Lady Is Willing,” revival, Marlene Dietrich, Fred Mac-Murray.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)— Through Wed., June 20: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter; also “Tarzan and the Amazons,” Johnny Weissmuller.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., June 16: guest IN THE house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also “See My Lawyer,” Olsen and Johnson. . . . Sun. and Mon., June 17-18: “Janie,” revival, Joyce Reynolds, Robert Benchley, Ann Harding; also “Thunder Birds,” revival, Gene Tierney, Preston Foster. . . . From Tues., June 19: THUNDER rock, revival, Michael Redgrave, Barbara Mullen; also “Presenting Lily Mars,” revival, Judy Garland, Van Heflin.

77th Street, B’way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Revivals— Through Wed., June 20: “Stanley and Livingstone,” Spencer Tracy, Nancy Kelly. Richard Greene; also “That Night in Rio,” Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B’way at 81 (TR 7-6160) — Through Wed., June 20: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter; also “Tarzan and the Amazons,” Johnny Weissmuller.

Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83 (TP, 7-3190) — Through Wed., June 20: without love, Katharine Hepburn. Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball; also "Leave It to Blondie," Penny Singleton.

Stoddard, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Revivals— Through Tues., June 19: the prisoner of zenda, Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman; also the adventures of TOM sawyer, Tommy Kelly, May Robson. . . . Wed., June 20: "Beyond Tomorrow," Maria Ouspenskaya, Charles Winninger; also "Tom Brown's School Days," Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon.

Riverside, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Wed., June 20: a ROYAL scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter; also "Tarzan and the Amazons," Johnny Weissmuller.

Carlton, B'way at too (AC 2-3862)— Thurs., June 14: ."Between Two Women," Van Johnson, Gloria De Haven, Lionel Barrymore; also "Nothing but Trouble," Laurel and Hardy. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 15-18: "Roughly Speaking," Rosalind Russell. Jack Carson; also "The House of .Fear," Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 19-20: "The Keys of the Kingdom." Gregory Peck, Rosa Stradner, Thomas Mitchell.

Olympia, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Wed., June 20: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball; also "Leave It to Blondie," Penny Singleton.

Nemo, B'way at no (AC 2-9406)—Through Wed., June 20: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead. Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter; also "Tarzan and the Amazons," Johnny Weissmuller.

Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200) — Through Tues., June 19: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball; also "Leave It to Blondie," Penny Singleton. . . . Wed., June 20: the garden of allah, revival, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer; also the 39 steps, revival, Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat.

Coliseum, B'way at 181 (WA 7 7200)—Through Wed., June 20: a royal scandal, Tallulah Batik-head, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter: also "Tarzan and the Amazons," Johnny Weissmuller,

More beautiful than ever . . . in
Velva Leg Film
So easy to apply and quick to dry,
Elizabeth Arden's leg make-up stays on the legs
and off the clothes. Water-resistant. Clings, until
deliberately washed away, with a blemish-concealing
sheer textured beauty that trims the ankle —
slims the leg. Be sure to wear Velva Leg Film
with bathing suits or shorts, it makes your legs
look sun-burnished . . . far more lovely.
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Almost 50 pairs in the 12 oz. economy size, 2.00
VELVA LEG FILM BUFFER . . . for polishing after
applying Velva Leg Film. Must be thoroughly
dry, then buff lightly for a sheer-textured
finish, .50
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So easy to apply and quick to dry,

Elizabeth Arden's leg make-up stays on the leg:

and off the clothes. Water-resistant. Clings, until

deliberately washed away, with a blemish-concealing

sheer textured beauty that trims the ankle

slims the leg. Be sure to wear Velva Leg Film

with bathing suits or shorts, it makes your leg:

finish, .50

Approximately 20 pairs in the 5 oz. bottle, 1.00

Almost 50 pairs in the 12 oz. economy size, 2.00

Sun Beige (light)—Sun Bronze (medium)—Sun Copper (dark)

More beautiful than ever

VELVA LEG FILM BUFFER... for polishing after applying Velva Leg Film. Must be thoroughly dry, then buff lightly for a sheer-textured

look sun-burnished ... far more lovely.

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• Colorful lounge of the Seaboard's Silver Meteor.

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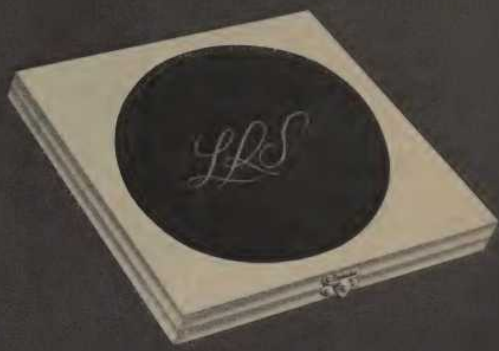
Irene is just in the middle of

a most interesting account

of how she came to buy her

first pair af KlMKR stockings."



Classic Simplicity

LUCITE VANITY

This exquisitely translucent, single, loose-powder vanity . . . for your monogram.

LENTHÉRIC

perfumes

NEW Oli K t 11

THE TALK OF THE TOW

Notes and- Comment

Desolation Note: The Minister of Reconstruction in the present Italian government is

Signor Ruin.

THERE is a footnote to the fare table on the back of T.W. A.'s new

schedule which is either provoking or provocative, depending on whether vou have a plane reservation to make or haven't. It reads, "T.W.A. is not responsible for errors or omissions in this fare table which is printed for information only." We detect a queer, gristly distinction here which is hard to cut through. The footnote may be merely a piece of light whimsicality unlooked for in a

transportation table, or it may represent nuance and flexibility in the use of language beyond the dreams of a semanticist, or, as seems most likely, it may be the work of a schedule maker who has developed an acute contempt for the word “information.” The last is something we can understand. It recalls bygone political campaigns throughout which, bombarded though we were with facts from both sides, our sense of enlightenment seemed to diminish as our information accumulated. Here, summed up in an offhand footnote, is a ferocious bugbear of today: information that isn’t. The wealth of statistics and the poverty of conclusion, assurance floundering in a sea of propositions true and false—this is a dilemma of modern man, so well informed, so far from

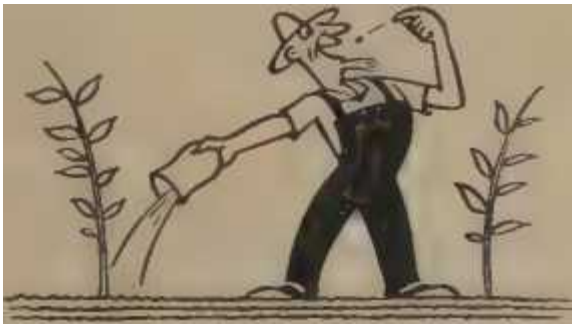
sure. -

THE Daily Mirror has been inquiring around among homemakers, and it reports that the prime desires of the American housewife a-re: (1) defeat of Japan, (2) economic security f >r her family in the future, and (3) a new vacuum cleaner.

We have seen the female American

dream expressed in many forms, but never so succinctly. National triumph, personal safety, and no dust.

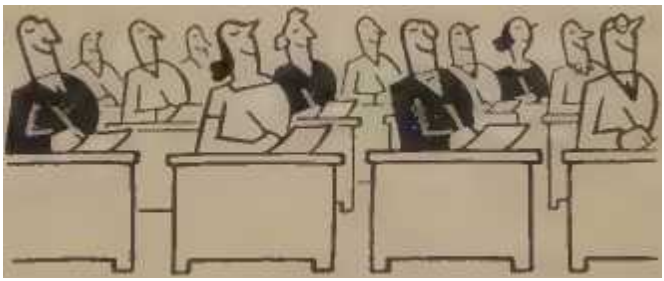
THE Mirror article went on to project a vision of the future, when our pent-up desires for household appliances and highway vehicles will be loosed upon a reconverted world. The vision was of a vast and expanding national health. It did not particularly impress us, any more than does Dr. de Kruif’s picture of the rejuvenated male. The hounds that track the nation’s health still sniff a doubtful tree. People will begin to improve their health when they begin seriously to improve their soil, not their sewing machines. It is not our high-octane lawnmower that matters, it is what we do with the grass clippings. (They must be composted and returned to all our gardens.) At home we should decentralize and add organic material to the field. Abroad we should federalize and add organic law to the planet. But instead, we add another bag of chemicals to quicken the young bean vine and a shot of de Kruif’s



testosterone propionate to brighten the old farmer. We spray our apples and our cabbages with lead poison and take another life-insurance policy to offset the degenerative effect of arsenate upon our kidneys. Tlte delegate from Lebanon was right when, addressing the plenary session, he said, “There is a security which is utterly insecure.” (French and British papers please copy.) And the Squire of Pleasant Valley is right, too, terracing his Bromfield slopes with the profits from books, and adding dung and leaf mold to Ohio’s dirt. Even the Bible, that best-seller, is right, and

the house built on a sandy place somehow slips off and goes downhill.

SPEAKING of Dr. de Kruif, the chief reason for his violent enthusiasm, he makes clear in his book, is that he has been taking the stuff himself and has been reborn. We have here a literary device which could easily become unbearable—the literature of the cured. In the last few years we have had a spate of volumes of reminiscence by professional men: country doctors, dental surgeons, ministers, bartenders, press agents, psychiatrists, corner druggists, civil-liberties lawyers, and so on. Some of them have been rather tedious. If de Kruif’s book



means that we are now opening the gates at the other end and are to be deluged with testimonials from satisfied customers, healed patients, reformed personalities, freed clients, and boozy converts, it will mark a dismal turn in humane letters. The only thing that encourages us is the knowledge that, on the whole, writers do not feel good, never have"felt good, and presumably never will. De Kruif is a sport.

ONE of the poems in the new Emily

Dickinson volume not only contains as clumsy a line as ever was penned but was not even written by Emily. It is the one beginning “My God, what is a heart?” The author is George Herbert, he of the seventeenth century. The clumsy line is “That thou shouldst it so eye and woo.” (My God, what is a mouthful?) Emily presumably liked this poem, jotted it down, and tucked it away in that famous camphorwood chest, where it lav until Mrs. Bingham

pulled it out with a glad crj and presented it to Harper & Brothers. We have no comment to make on this funny coincidence, except to point out to poets that it is dangerous to jot down any thought but your own, and sometimes inadvisable even to do that.

Our Own Baedeker

Argentina, the second largest coun-■4 try in South America, is only two-fifths the size of the United States; its length, however, is equal to the distance from Hudson Bay to A ucatan. Nine-tenths of the country is a plain, with a mild, subtropical climate; the central portion of the plain is the Pampa. In other nooks and crannies of Argentina, you can find almost any kind of landscape you want—high plateaus, tropical swamps, ice fields, mountains— and weather ranging from a hundred and five in the shade to twenty-five below. The Plata River carries forty-five per cent more water than the Mississippi. The wild life includes boars, pumas, jaguars, unregenerate politicians, crocodiles, ostriches, and condors. The ostrich furnishes us with the makings of feather dusters. The condor flies practically in the stratosphere, twenty-three thousand feet up.

Argentina’s history is soon told, thank the Lord. It was explored and

settled —here and there, at least—by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, and it was a Spanish possession until 1816, not long after an uprising in which the Spanish viceroy was deposed. Until 1853, civil war and dictatorships made things unpleasant; then a constitution patterned after our own was set up. It provided for the usual civil liberties, including freedom of the press, and guaranteed minority representation in the senate by forbidding any party to hold more than two-thirds of the seats. Since the Fascist coup, the constitution has been ignored, but we all ought to hope for the best. Argentina is still in the melt-iⁿg-p˚t stage. Of a population of more than thirteen million, only fifty-three thousand are Indians. Between 1858 and 1 937, six million people immigrated there. Today Argentina has four million Italians, a million Middle Eastern folk known in Argentina as Turcos, two hundred and fifty thousand Germans, and twenty-five hundred Americans. There are also colonies of English, "Welsh, Russians, and Basques. Everybody speaks Castilian Spanish and drinks yerba mate, a brew with a caffeine content not quite as high as that of coffee.

The Spanish introduced cattle to the Argentine in 1552. Grazing proved so popular and profitable that nobody bothered about farming until the Italians began to arrive in force, in the eighteen-seventies. The old-time gaucho was a prodigal fellow. He thought nothing of slaughtering a steer simply to have tongue for dinner. Farming proved just as easy as grazing, since a couple of hundred thousand square miles of the Pampa are covered to a depth of seven feet with a rich black loam Fhousands and thousands of acres of land elsewhere in the country are still kicking around and can be had by homesteaders for the asking. Argentina now exports beef, wheat, wool, corn, oats, rye, linseed, cotton, sugar, fruit, wine, casein, cheese, butter, and birdseed. She has no mineral resources to speak of, and imports seventv-five per cent of the manufactured products she uses.

The people of the Argentine are said to be not terribly fond of good-will missions from the United States, and another thing that makes them throw their hats on the ground and jump up and down on them is the fact that in Buenos Aires, the third largest city in the western hemisphere, American churches maintain a hundred and thirty-six missionaries. The Argentines don’t drink much and are

rarely seen drunk. When they want to say a girl is perfect, they say she's churrasca, the word for meat that's been roasted just right. The word goes for anything. A pretty girl who visits Buenos Aires has to get used to such remarks from men as "What a nice little bosom!" She may also be the recipient of a friendly pinch or so in elevators and other public places. All this is called piropo, and is considered great fun in the .Argentine. Family life in the hig cities is fairly sticky. A newly married pair usually move in with in-laws or take an apartment in the same building. As a result, the men spend a good deal of their leisure in clubs, of which

there arc five hundred in Buenos Aires alone. I he duenna thing is dying hard, but it's now O.K. for young ladies in groups of four or more to go to the six-o'clock showing of a movie. When presenting the check for a meal or a round of drinks, the waiter brings dice so

the guests can see who's stuck. When there's a death in the family, the women go into complete mourning—right down to and including their underwear—for two years. The Argentine has the longest stretch of perfectly straight railroad track in the world: a hundred and eighty-six miles without deviating more than six inches, right or left, up or down.

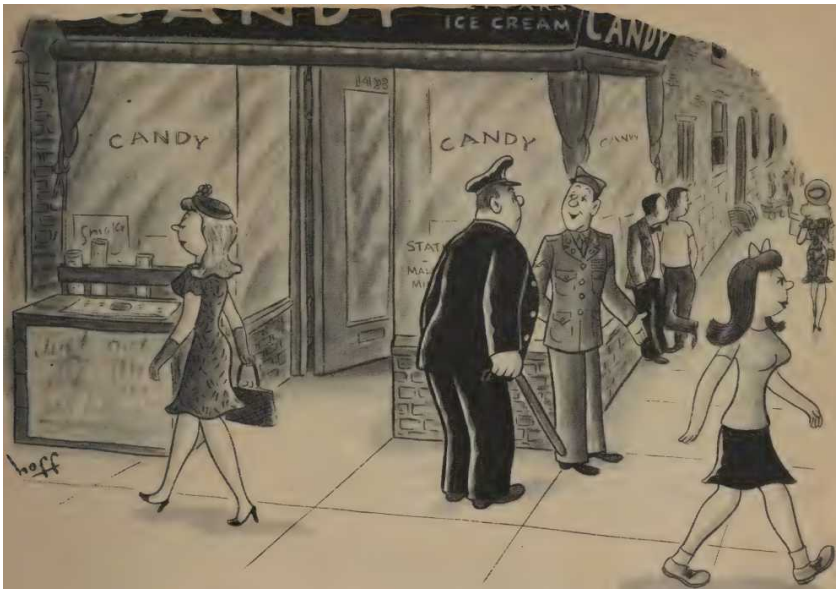
Kerns' Job

THE Department of Agriculture issues a Directory of Organization and Field Activities, and it is through this that we found out about Paul W. Kerns. On page 46 appears the name of William H. Clark, Jr., Dog Kennelman. Then, below, is this memorable entry: 'Paul W. Kerns, Under Dog Kennelman."

"Life" Eternal

WHAT with the low priority we have had to put on tales of the Rialto, we're only just now getting around to mentioning the twenty-three-hundred-and-twenty-eighth performance of "Life with Father," though this took place on the evening of May 28th. 7 he point, of course, is that "Abie's Irish Rose" ran only twenty-three hundred and twenty-jrw'w performances. Thus, "Life with Father" has achieved the second longest run in dramatic history. It can't overtake the champion, "Tobacco Road," until some time in June, 1947. Nobody connected with the management has any doubt that it will, however. Harry Forwood, the show's press agent, who has been on the job for five and a half years, feels that in one sense his contender is already ahead of "Tobacco Road." " 'Road' went in for cut rates, two-for-ohe, all sorts of tricks," he told us somewhat scornfull}'. "I am proud to report that it now costs more to see 'Life with Father' than it did on opening night, November 8, 1939."

The statistics of this theatrical miracle are, of course, fascinating. As of May 28th, the show's gross at the Empire Theatre was $4,125,076. The gross from all road companies was $4,319,500. Grand total, $8,444,5 76. The attendance at the Empire was



“If you knev: hov many tunes I thought Pel never stand here and v: his tie again . . .”

about 2,383,000, and out-of-town audiences brought the total to 5,848,000, in round numbers. Twice during the New York run the scenery has been completely repainted, the carpet replaced, and the furniture recovered. There are sixteen parts in the play, and a hundred and seventy-nine Equity members have appeared in them, here and on tour. Four of the original New Y irk cast are still at work: A. H. Van Buren, as Dr. Humphreys; Dorothy Bernard, as Margaret, one of the maids; Ruth Hammond, as Cousin Cora; and Richard Sterling, as the Reverend Dr. Lloyd. Mr. Van Buren understudies whoever is playing Father, and has gone on in that part more than a hundred times. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney, who created the parts of Father and Mother, swore off for good on June 17, 1944, after having appeared, off and on, some twelve hundred and fifty times.

Counting New York and the road, a total of eighty child actors have appeared in the roles of the four Da}' chil

dren. That breaks down to thirty-nine in New York and forty-one on the road. As they grew older, they’d move up one notch and be

replaced from below. Nobody, however, has played all four roles. Twenty-two of the boys are now in the armed forces, as aerial gunners, Seabees, paratroopers, pilots, bombardiers, and plain G.I.s; they are scattered in such remote places as Okinawa, British Columbia, Germany, Italy, and Arkansas. The original Clarence, John Drew Devereaux, is now a captain in the infantry; last spring he won the Silver Star for leading an attack on three German pillboxes in the Siegfried Line.

If ’/7/^ of Song

NE of the all-night radio programs recently played “The Blue Dan

ube.” An old gentleman sipping a beer in a Third Avenue bar remarked to the bartender, when it was over, that “The Blue Danube” was a beautiful piece. “Yup,” the bartender said. “Any bastid

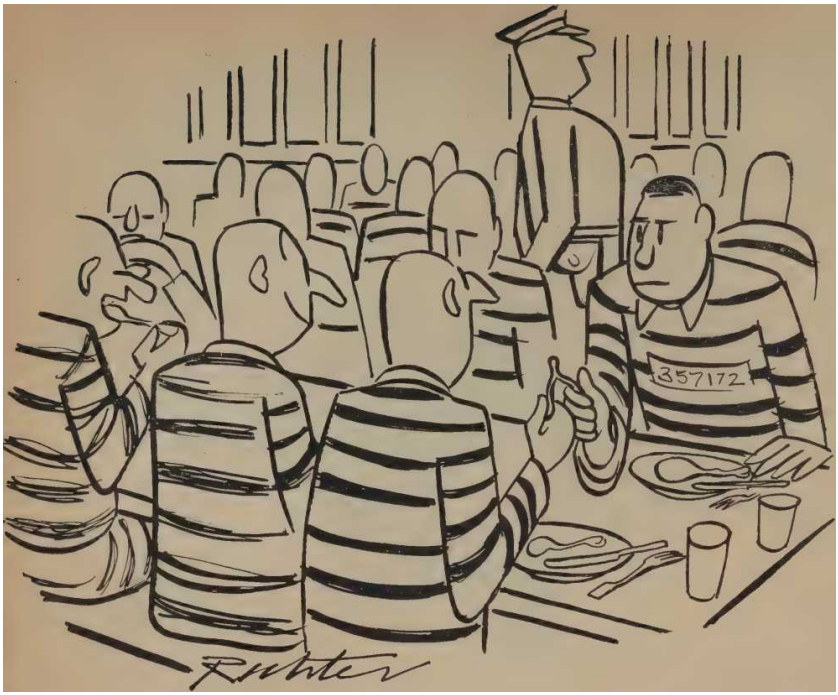
couldn’t waltz to that oughta have his teeth knocked down his throat.”

Military Government

HIS will be a refresher course on military government, which the

Germans have now begun to experience on a large scale. To those who think they know all about military government, we will put a test question: Just how is military government distinguished from military law, and how do these two differ from martial law? It’s not easy, you see. But fortunately we know everything. To get military law and martial law out of the way first, military law is what governs soldiers, wherever they may be, in peace or in war, and martial law is the enforcement of civil law by military action.

(However, when the English say “martial law,” they mean “military government.”) A typical manifestation of martial law over here is what is sometimes imposed during a strike. Military law has bˆ cn defined by our courts as “due process of law to those



in the military service of the United States.” It has also been held binding on civilians employed by the Army— cooks, stenographers, and the like.

Military government, which you may also call “the law of hostile occupation,” is really a rather new wrinkle in warfare. The traditional attitude, of course, was winner take all; this was summed up as recently as a hundred and thirty-five years ago when the Duke of Wellington shouted at somebody or other that military government (only, of course, being English, he called it “martial law”) was “neither more nor less than the will of the general who commands the Army; in fact . . . no law at all.” If a conqueror didn’t take over a defeated country, kill or enslave the inhabitants, and appropriate all public and private property, the losers felt that they were just that much ahead of the game. To be sure, historians have

zealously sought out instances of postwar magnanimity and played them up. For example, Philip of Macedon, after defeating the Athenians at the battle of Chaeronera, buried their dead and released his prisoners without ransom. And the Romans abandoned their early practice of putting prisoners to death, but this was only because they found they could sell them as slaves. Henry V, after winning the battle of Agincourt,

set up a stiff penalty for rape and devastation by fire, but you have to remember that he was courting the French Princess Catherine at the time and was out to make a good impression.

About the last wholesale plundering and ravaging in history, before this war, was wreaked on us by the invading British in the War of 1812. Very soon thereafter manners came to warfare. It was no longer good form to steal food or other supplies from the civilian population; officers requisitioned what they needed, paying cash, giving receipts, or at least saying thank you. The turning point came during our Civil War, with the promulgation of President Lincoln's General Order No. 100, which was subtitled "Instructions for the Government of the Armies of the United States in the Field." It was the work of an immigrant Prussian scholar, a Dr. Lieber, who appears to have been equally impressed by his early service in the Prussian Army and the new romantic literature about the rights of man. Order No. 100 had a profound influence on military law. It was adopted by other countries and became the basis of all subsequent international agreements dealing with warfare, including the Hague Conventions. The present War Department manual "Rules of Land Warfare" is simply Lieber brought up to date.

To be specific, military government invests the commanding officer of the occupying forces with all legislative, executive, and judicial powers. He may retain what he likes of the enemy's civil government or throw it all out and start over again. Whenever it seems a matter of military necessity, the rights of individuals may be suspended, including, obviously, the right of habeas corpus. Inhabitants of occupied countries may legitimately be forced to do any work required by military necessity—road repair, for instance, or hospital work. Taxes or fines may be assessed against them, and

upon requisition they must surrender anv property demanded of them, for which they are paid in cash. Perhaps it would be easier to list what the occupying forces cannot do. Well, we can't force the Germans to take an oath of allegiance to our flag, and they are not supposed to be harmed by tyrannical or capricious acts, and they are not supposed to be

sworn at or called bad names, and that's about all.

IM Heavy Laden

FELLOW who, for his own good reasons, attended divine serv

ice in a large and not noticeably denominational church somewhere in California reports that after the sermon and the prayer the pastor made an announcement. "My dear friends," he said earnestly, "if there be any among you who seek help in shouldering your worldly cares, if any of you would lay down your burden of sin and, through prayer and repentance, arise cleansed and refreshed, please get in touch with my secretary any morning before eleven-thirty."

En Greve

AVING been tipped off to the fact that there was a little friend

ly labor trouble at the Pavilion Restaurant, on East Fifty-fifth Street, we went around there the other evening. As we approached the place, two striking waiters, comprising a picket line, and a lady with blue hair were having a terrific argument in French. "Vous nˆavez jamais travaille chez Monsieur Soulethe lady declared vehemently.

" Mais, Madame " one of the pickets replied, "j'ai travaille chez

Monsieur 8 mle depuis les jours du World's Fair." It was the first time we'd ever heard French in a picket line. The lady got into a limousine, the strikers started picketing again, and we addressed the one who had done the talking. "What's the beef, brother?" we asked, with the merest trace of a French accent. "The lady," he answered, "say I no work for Mr. Soule. Ha! I have been with Mr. Soule ever since he was running the French Pavilion at the Fair." We inquired if Mr. Soule didn't pay enough. "Mr. Soule is a wonderful fellow," said the striker. "Two weeks with pay he gives us for vacation and a bonus on October fifteenth, anniversary of the Pavilion. A fine man to work for—clears off the dishes himself to help you out. For Mr. Soule I would rather work than anybody else. But Mr. Soule is stubborn. All the time he wants us to wait on the • same people." More specifically, we learned, the waiters are on strike to change stations each week.

We moved inside to have a talk with Mr. Soule, but we found that impossible. He and his headwaiter were too terrifyingly intent on an effort to serve some forty diners in a small room to the left of the entrance, the main dining . room having been closed down. They were assisted, frantically if not ably, by

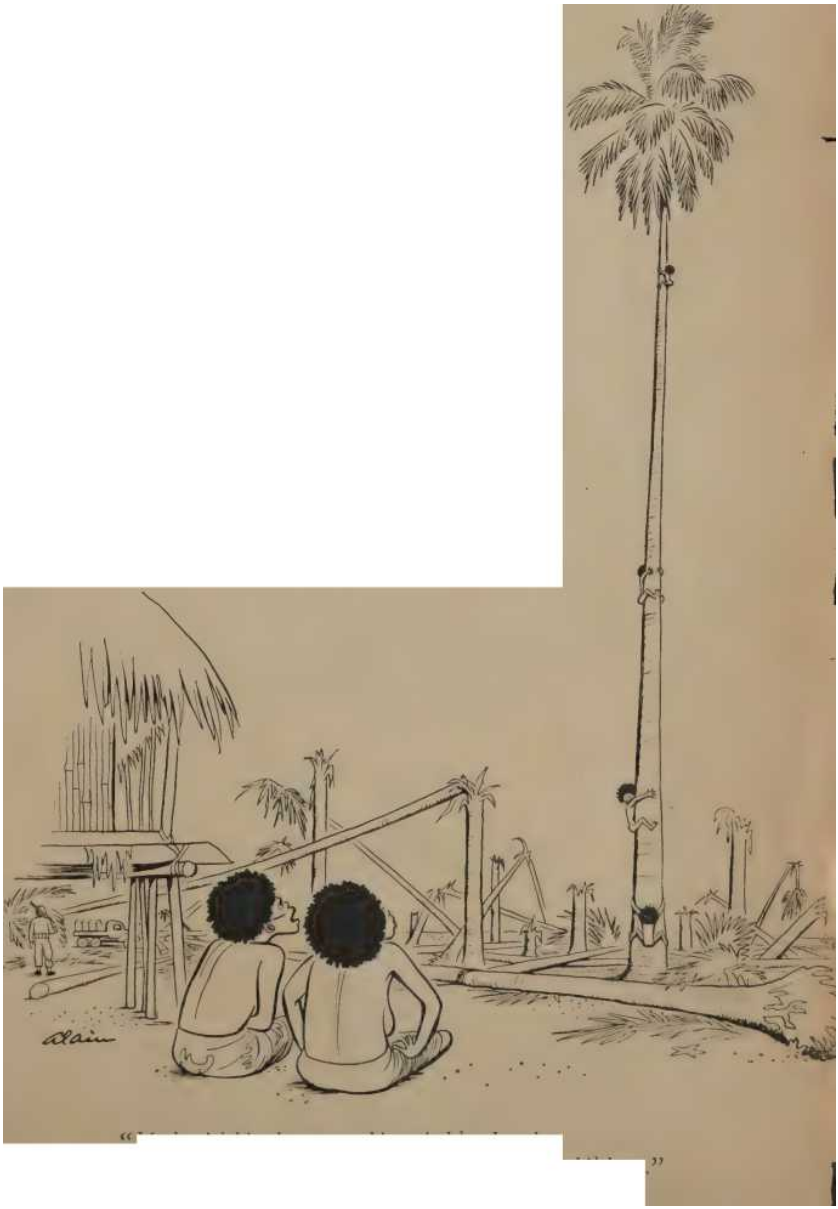
persons we later identified as the check girl, the cashier, and a lad had suddenly been promoted from dishwasher. The young lady passed us once, groaning. "Mr. Soule is killing himself! Oh., oh, oh!" We returned to the sidewalk to talk to our picket friend further.

"I am going to tell you truthfully all about this matter," he said. "Mr. Soule is old-fashioned. He thinks each •waiter must have same customers over and over and over. So then he makes us put all our tips in a trunk and share them. He does this so that the waiter wit!i tables that don't pay so good will not kick to change with a waiter that has nice people. But maybe some night I do twice as much work as another waiter —inake twenty dollars. I put the twenty dollars in a kitty and when everything is divided I get fifteen dollars. That is silly. Now Mr. Soule says that unless a waiter is with the same people all the time, he will not know exactly what they want.

Name me a Pavilion customer—I tell you what they like." "Lucius Beebe," we said. "Smoked salmon, plat du jour or sometimes

chateaubriant, asparagus, orange souffle, and demitasse," said the picket. "He does not change much and gets reduced prices. Another one never changes is Mr. Norris, and Mr. Soukthinks nobody can remember what he wants. For two years always the.same: petite marmite, grain Beausejour, charlotte aux pommes, demitasse. For his nurse—he's sick—a demitasse. For his wife a cup of tea." The picket was interrupted by a lady in a platina wrap. "Is this the way you help the war effort?" she said bitterly. "Madame," said the picket, "striking is American right." When she had gone, the picket added, "Whether we're inside or outside, the war will do all right, I think." He told us that the first day of the walkout had been a lively one. The Duchess of Windsor crossed the picket line in pursuit of frogs' legs. "Right away," said the picket, "we call PM and a photographer came. Then what happens? The Duchess gets out by another door. Personally, I like the Duke and Duchess fine. Always they sit in what we call the blue-blood station. That station is the one breaks your back: la Comtesse Camargo, Dubonnet, the Duchess, Colonel Benes, Cole Porter—all at once. My God! That Cole Porter is a fussy one. Exactly one hour before he come, we must

hat-who



If they'd hit that one, this neighborhood could certainly be no 'place to bring up the children.

put a bottle of Chilean chablis on ice. and when he orders he is very changeable. He knows'food all right, though. I wouldn't mind right

now bringing him a steak a la Bordelaise. But if Mr. Soule wants to be stubborn, we are stubborn back at him. Is the democratic wav."

Short Short Short Story

CHALKED up on a garage door over on East Forty-ninth Street, at a height of about three feet and a half, are four words as pregnant, probably, as any four words could be: "MAURICE IS ALWAYS SORRY."

HOME EDITION

IN the future I shall seldom read a newspaper h'eadline without wondering to what bizarre extent its meaning might be distorted by a willful and capricious mind—more specifically, by Mary Conley's mind.

Mary Conley lives in a small town in Illinois. I met her when the Army sent me there a while ago to see some tests run off at an ordnance proving ground. The billeting officer on the post, which is just outside the town, told me that all the available accommodations on the post were in use, so he was putting me in a very nice private home. He hoped I wouldn't mind. It was only about a mile from the main gate. He said that the house belonged to a Mrs. Conley, who loved having people in town on Army business stay with her.

I walked the mile to Mrs. Conley's house and rang the bell.

A very old lady opened the door. "I'm eighty-eight years old," she said. "Wipe your feet."

"Mrs. Conley![5]" I said, stepping inside.

"Before I was married I used to be Mary Brady, back in Somerville, Mass.," the old lady said cordially. "I had eleven offers before Mr. Conley proposed, and I had eight after he died. Excuse me while I go out to the kitchen and put my teeth in."

She brushed a hundred vagrant strands of hair away from her face and went to the kitchen. When she came back she asked me

suspiciously whether I had wiped my feet.

“Yes,” I said.

“The part is this,” she said. “I’m eighty-eight years old and I can’t be cleaning up mud all the day long. It’s hard enough as it is, with the Democrats and all, and Russia and that part. Do you understand, dear boy?” She led me to my bedroom, a neatly furnished cubicle on the first floor, just off the kitchen. “I live downstairs, too,” she went on, “because I can’t be running up and

down, up and down, all the day long. Not with that Henry Wallace and all the trouble we’re having! And the money the government gets for those bonds it sells—do you think it goes to the boys in the trenches? Well, it don’t! Not a penny! They keep it in Washington and spend it on themselves, the wicked things!” Indignant and out of breath, she sat down on the edge of the bed.

It occurred to me that I was in a part of the country which is famous for its irreconcilability.

“Do you happen to have a newspaper with tomorrow’s weather forecast?” I asked. I wasn’t really interested in the weather, but I was curious to see in what dark manner the affairs'of the world were presented to Mrs. Conley.

“Certainly, dear boy. Of course I have.” Then she added, gloating, “It’s got some terrible things in it today.”

I said politely that I was sure it had.

“A painted I-won’t-say-what, standing there just as the Lord made her, with only a little bit of a shift to cover places I won’t mention.”

She got up with sudden briskness and went to fetch the paper. To my astonishment, it turned out to be the Chicago Sun, a generally well-behaved publication. She showed me the terrible picture, and I was disappointed, I must say. It was merely a photograph of Tamara Toumanova interpreting something by Brahms.

I asked Mrs. Conley whether this was the paper she read regularly.

She said it was, and added ominously that she didn't know what we were all coming to. "That Mrs. What's-her-name who ran off with the King—-she started it. A lot of folks don't realize that she started it, but she did. Him and her!" Mrs. Conley looked very pleased with herself and cracked her knuckles.

"Started what?" I asked. "Everything!" said Mrs. Conley.

I was puzzled. "Mrs. Simpson started everything? "

"She certainly did! Running off with that Henry the Something-or-other."

I was about to proffer a courteous suggestion, but decided against it. I was afraid that if Mrs. Conley's conversation were deflected, even for a moment, she might not return to her interesting accusation. "I don't understand," I said. "What was it they started?" The old lady bridled. "Now you mustn't go quizzing me," she said, giving me

a grandmotherly slap on the shoulder. "That ain't manners! That ain't the way I was brought up to do in Somerville, Mass., and I know it ain't the way your mother taught you to do, either. Not at all! " She shook her head vigorously. Then, noticing that I was about to light a cigarette, she got up, darted away, and came back with an ashtray. "Not on the carpet, dear boy," she chided. This was the first rational thins

I had heard her sayyand it proved to be just about the last.

EACH evening when I returned from the post (I had my meals there and generally spent an hour or two with the ordnance people after dinner), I found Mrs. Conley sitting under a bridge lamp in the living room with the Chicago Sun in her lap. She loved to talk, and she employed a variety of conversational wiles to detain me as long as she could. Her opening remarks were especially startling. "I see Turkey's going to surrender," she announced the first night. The second night she began with "What do you suppose will happen to us, dear boy, now that we've lost our Navy?" And the third night she opened fire with the dramatic statement that the Congress of Industrial Organizations was running Italy and that she, for one,

had always predicted that something like this would happen.

Mrs. Simpson's goings on with Henry the Something-or-other had prepared me for anything. Having heard of the consequences of that little affair, I was not nearly so alarmed by Mrs. Conley's subsequent scareheads as I might otherwise have been. In each instance I merely uttered a few perfunctory words of concern and then asked to see the paper.

"Now, what do you want to see the paper for, dear boy ? " the old lady would ask indignantly. But I used to insist on seeing it, and she generally handed it over to me, reluctantly. She would seem infuriated, but I soon found out that she wasn't, really. It was a kind of Victorian archness by which she intended to convey that she had a poor opinion of any man who preferred looking at a newspaper to conversing with her. .

Turkey's surrender was what Mrs. Conley, in her infinite madness, had considered the import of a modest story near the bottom of page one. The main head was "TURKEY YIELDS TO FRANCE ON EXTRADITION DEMAND" and the item went on to explain how Turkey was going to turn over to the French a number of Vichyites who had been hoping to escape trial as traitors. "brazil to get u. s. warships," a Sun headline said, the second night, apropos of the transfer of some small coastal patrol vessels. And the big C.I.O. story proved to be "u.S.O. PRAISED FOR WORK IN ITALY."

The first night, I tried to explain to Mrs. Conley that Turkey had not surrendered but merely had agreed to permit the extradition of some French col-

“Another raniUaˆ Benny.”

laborationists so that they could be tried in French courts. Mrs. Conley wasn’t interested. “Turkey and that part,” she said with a contemptuous sniff, “and all them other foreigners, and Wallace and that part! ”

Inaccuracy was only one of Mrs. Conley’s specialties. Unquestionably, her forte was the nonsequitur.

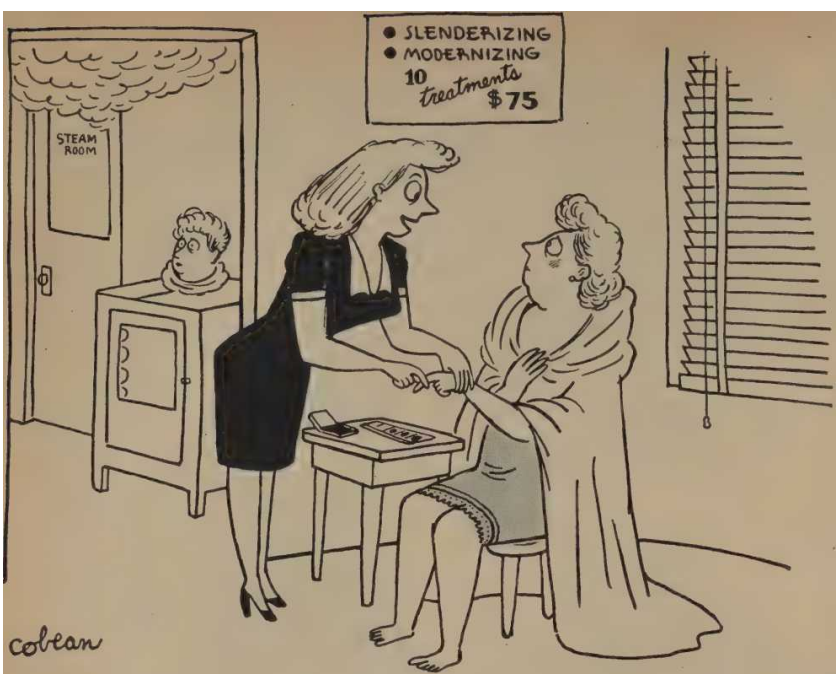
“But Mrs. Conley!” I used to protest at first. With considerable firmness she would say, “Now, don’t argue, dear boy. You mustn’t argue. That ain’t

manners. The part is this, I’m eightyeight years old and I know

what I'm talking about!"

For some reason I had assumed that Mrs. Conley was a thoroughgoing Republican, and I was distinctly surprised to find that she wasn't. Once, to cheer her up, I said something cordial about that harassed party. Her reply was bitter: "Bread and water's too good for them and that kind!" I asked her whether she liked Senator Taft. ("Riffraff!") I asked her whether she liked

Governor Dewey. ("I'll Dewey him!"') I asked her whether she liked Senator Vandenberg, but just then a loose shutter began to bang against the side of the house. I offered to fix it. When I came back, I said, "Well, what about Vandenberg? He's pretty good, isn't he?" She beamed. Evidently I had hit upon a topic that pleased her. "He certainly is," she said firmly. "He saves his best loin lamb chops for me and none of your shoulders, and if I say, 'I want a bit of suet,' he wraps it up along with the rest



"We always take these fingerprints for later identification."

and never charges me a penny extra." I explained that I had meant

Vandenberg the Senator, whereupon she went to some trouble to point out to me patiently that there wasn't any such person.

I asked her whether she was a Democrat. She was so hurt by this that she merely said "That part!" and, with a toss of her head, angrily drew some needles and yarn from a bag that hung beside her chair and began to knit.

It was no use inquiring about persons of prominence in Illinois. Either she hadn't heard of them or she didn't like them. Or both. For I soon learned that Mrs. Conley had a disparaging word to say about almost every member of the human race. For example, she had never heard of Harold Ickes, but she said "I'll Ickes him!" just as grimly as she had threatened to "Dewey" the Governor of New York.

There was only one man in public life, living or dead, who she conceded was not wholly bad, and that was an Irish aiderman who had laid suit to her heart some sixty years before, while she was spending the summer at a beach resort near Boston. She had discovered, in the nick of time, that he intended to use her money to save his trucking business, which was nearly bankrupt. But Mrs. Conley regarded him as weak rather than wicked, and often

reminisced about how fine a sight he had been in a bathing suit.

I HAD my fill of sensational news while I lived with Mrs. Conley. Of the many items I picked up, most, I fear, have been kept hidden from such sheltered persons as the readers of our own Times. Bulgaria, I discovered, is where a lot of rich Americans go to live with their mistresses. The United States Government is collecting evidence against Jay Gould, and when this evidence comes to light, it will reveal why butter is so scarce. The King of England and the King of France don't get along together; they quarrel all the time and fuss about money. As soon as Mary Pickford reached her twenty-first birthday, she married her childhood sweetheart and retired from the screen, and today she is all skin and bones from housework. England wants Fall River, Massachusetts, and someday she is going to try to get it. Coolidge is practicing law somewhere in New England ; it wasn't Coolidge that died, it was Hoover. Molotov is something you spray Hies with. All George Bernard Shaw cares

about is wearing flashy clothes and seducing young girls. Harry Hopkins, went to Boston once, many years ago, in an anti-Irish play, and there was a big demonstration about it. Italy is where all the murderers come from.

And William Jennings Bryan is too smartified for his own good.

I can't begin to tell you all the terrible things about Canada. We are in great danger of attack from that direction by an army of a million men. Every single person in Canada is descended from a convict, and the way they kill each other and carry on, you wonder anybody up there dares to go to bed at night. I can't begin to tell you about Mexico, either, except that down there it's murder, suicide, rape, "and that part," day in and day out.

There was no mistaking Mrs. Conley's predilections. Catastrophe was her dish, and so was sin. The fascinating part—"part" has wormed its way into my vocabulary, and will probably stay there for years—the fascinating part was that Mrs. Conley's unique budget of news apparently had been derived entirely from the Chicago Sun, for she kept nod-

ding toward it, as if in reference.

"Mrs. Conley," I said once, before I left Illinois, "do you read the Sun from beginning to end?" "Now, that's a very silly question!" she said, with the great show of indignation that she always liked to display at any question, no matter how casually or cordially it might be asked. "Of course I don't read it from beginning to end, dear boy! Of course not! I broke my reading glasses years ago!"

"But how can you tell what's in the paper? " I asked.

"I can see the pictures, can't I?" she demanded. "I can see all the funny little pictures, dear boy, that tell a story from day to day. And I can see the big black words, you know. I can see all of them, of course, just as well as the next person."

" 'The big black words'?" I repeated feebly.

"Certainly," she said. She consulted the paper that lay on her lap, as

it always did, and tapped it with her finger. “Russia!” she observed, in a scornful tone. “Russia and that part! Trying to pull the wool over an innocent man’s eyes! ”

“Whose eyes?” I asked, still captivated by her technique of breaking the news. “Who’s the innocent man?”

“Stalin,” she said.

“Stalin?”

“Of course, dear boy. If you’d only take the trouble to look at the paper, you wouldn’t ask such foolish questions:” —James Reid Parker

THE WEDDING CAKE

THE wind-up victrola stood open on the seat that ran around the scaly bole of the horse-chestnut tree, and two little, elaborately formed blossoms had fallen on the warped rec-, ord of “Make Believe.” Other records lay on the seat. It had been an unusually hot day for early June, but now the afternoon breeze that swept across the cove was cold from the still-cold sea outside, and Lydia Foster had an old coat thrown around her shoulders as she sat / in the shade sewing name tapes on her I stepdaughter Janie’s camp clothes. The uniforms had just come, and Lydia, who admittedly was one to tire quickly of a subject, had decided to sew on as many tapes as she could while her fancy was still taken by the neat blue shirts and shorts and the white towels and washcloths with blue stripes.

The lavender lilacs, thick and strong on the old bushes by the house, tossed in the wind, and the horse-chestnut blossoms blew down on the lawn. All the world was in motion; everything swung and bent this way and that. The water in the cove was blown along in short little waves, very dark and bright, and the new, tall hay in the field beyond the picket fence leaned sweetly down and rose again, changing its shades of green as it did so. Lydia finished sewing on the thirty-second “Jane M. Foster,” stitched in flowing blue script on white tape, clawed off the thread with a pair of dull-bladed shears, and dropped the labelled sock into a pile of clothing

beside her on the grass. She felt that something should be done about this kind of day—something eventful and unusual ought to happen at any minute now—but this was a youthful feeling, she told herself, she should certainly have gotten over long ago, for here she was, thirty years old and-quite domesticated after three years of a settled life with her husband, who had been a widower, and his two small daughters. So she stitched away with untid) stitches round and round little white tapes, while she sat in a wicker chair with a coat around her shoulders, like an old lady. Sometimes she actually felt old; she had, without any conscious effort and really without any sense of restraint, become nearly as old as her husband, who was forty-two and had never been young. When she had married him, she had had a certain lightness of heart and spontaneity of manner that had appealed to him, for various reasons, but he had soon discovered that with it went a casual treatment of the business of living

that galled him when he had it under his own roof. So, one way and another and before long, she had, as he described it to himself, been calmed down, for she was a tractable girl and fond of her husband, and she had come to be what everyone thought of as a wonderful wife —so devoted to poor John and the two poor little girls, who had been wifeless and motherless for five years.

This was one of the days when John came home early from his law office in town, and Lydia felt that she should not run off, in case he might have something he wanted her to do. So she threaded her needle and took up another sock. There was lots to be done around the place. The sailing dinghy, for instance, was not yet painted for the season, and neither were the doors and window frames of the old. carriage house, which was being rescued from a state of picturesque collapse and made very firm and substantial. All the buildings on the place had been painstakingly restored one by one, for John liked neatness and solidity. He also liked to do a certain amount of the work himself and so it did not progress very fast. It pleased him to have Lydia do some work, too, though he often regretted her sometimes rash methods with a paintbrush and always deplored her taste for strong colors. She was very agreeable, however, and gave in to his better judgment, so the old house and buildings now looked like all the other old houses and buildings

that had been revived in the village; that is, white with green blinds and doors, a white picket fence, with every pick- i

et in place, firmly dividing lawn from field, fresh shin-gles on all the roofs, and ev-erything that once had leaned now braced up and made square. There were also lots ˆyj of trellises, on which grew clematis and carefully sprayed roses. It all satisfied John very well, and Lydia herself had come to admire this tidi-ness, and agreed that it was easier to keep things neat than it was to let them get out of hand and then have to struggle to get them in order again.

But she never forgot the place as it had looked when they bought it, just after they were married. John had heard that the house was for sale, and he had driven her down from town to look at it late on an April afternoon. The old house was then painted yellow—at least,

what paint was left on the narrow clapboards was yellow—with pale, bluegreen blinds that were chalky from the weather. The garden beds were overgrown with grass and weeds, and there were no fences and no trellises. The field came right up to the tilted door stones, and through the dank grass ran the smooth little trails of mice and rats and snakes. A rabbit had dashed out of a syringa bush and raced off across the wet dirt road. It was low tide and the cove was drained out and a man was in the middle of it digging clams; he left watery footprints as big as a giant's behind him in the mud that shone in the afterglow. Through the wavy glass of the windows, they had peered in at the dim rooms, empty and dignified, and Lydia's heart had gone out to the house, bleak and handsome above the cove in the spring evening, and they had bought it.

Sometimes, too, she remembered another day, when they had come down to see about starting the necessary repairs. It was still April, and a sunny, quiet morning after a rain. John was indoors with the plumber, and Lydia, vacant and happy, was leaning over the low branch of a dying apple tree, looking off at the water. Behind her stood the old house, its doors and windows open to the empty rooms, the spongy dark shingles on the roof steaming in the sun. She heard someone coming toward her through the wet, dead grass, and then, as she turned, a voice said, "Hello. I was going by and I came in to congratulate you on your house."

Beside her was a tall, ugly young man, with wild, straight black hair and a cheerful, undis-tinguished face out of which sprang a ridiculous long nose. W His eyes were a very clear

L light brown and he looked at

zy her with a friendly regard that was warming to her. He had on a faded red-and-black checked shirt, hanging loose, and dungarees that were stuffed into muddy leather-tops. He looked energetic, and he smelled strongly of cedar shavings. “I’m a neighbor,” he said. “My name’s Dick Fiske and I live over there.” He pointed at a little-low gray house toward the village, away from the'cove. “So I thought I’d pay my respects.”

Lydia, who liked him at once, said, “I’m so glad you did. So you like our house? ”

“Oh, eery much,” he said earnestly. “It’s the best house here. I would have

bought it myself long ago if I could have afforded it, but I’ve always hoped somebody’d come along and take it.” He gave her a sharp glance and added, “You look like a nice girl, not the kind who’d tamper with it. Don’t be offended,” he went on, as she did not reply. “It’s just that I have a sentimental nature and I’ve got a kind of proprietary feeling about this house from living beside it so long. I don’t like change and decay. I like the house and I’m scared to death of having it spoiled.” He smiled at her quite frankly.

Lydia started to say that she was scared, too, but he interrupted her. “Well, I’ll go along,” he said. “If I can help you at all, 1’1ˆ be glad to.” He went rapidly away toward the road, jumped over the ditch that ran beside it, then turned and shouted to her, “What’s your name? I forget!”

“Lydia Foster!” she called. My husband’s John! Why don’t you go in and see him? He’s indoors talking about plumbing!”

“I won’t bother him now!” he answered. “I’ll come again! ”

“Do you live here all the year round? ”

“Most of it, yes!” he shouted. “I’m an artist by trade, but when things get thin, I work for Havener, the boat builder! Goodbye!” He waved a big arm and went off, his shirttails flapping, and for some reason Lydia began to laugh as she turned again to lean on the apple bough.

When John had come out of the house a little later, he had said, “Who was that you were calling to?” She had told him, and he had said, “Oh,” the disapproval in his voice reminding her that it is not dignified to hold a con-

versation with a strange young man at the top of your voice.

SO Lydia sat under the horse-chestnut tree three years after this, and the old yellow house was now white and fine, and everything was tidy and pleasant and cared for, the flower beds cut round with an edger and everything pruned into easy control. Dick Fiske had become one of the customary figures in hers and John’s life—a necessary evil, John seemed to feel. He moved across their

calm landscape like a waterspout,Vunpredictable, not often very close but still disturbing, by virtue of his natural violence. He and Lydia were friends, as far as John allowed them to be, and Dick was not troubled by the fact that John mistrusted him. In the beginning he had been attracted by Lydia and sorry for her, with her sedate husband and the two little stepdaughters, and he had suspected her of being flighty, but when she turned out to be an attentive and fond wife, and inclined to grow more so rather than less as time went by, he had dismissed her except as a nice, useful neighbor, kind and helpful. Often, though, when he saw her away from John, she was gay and young and feckless in an innocent way, and they always had a good time in each other’s company. He had never become reconciled to the glistening white paint and the trellises and the pickets, and sometimes when he and Lydia were alone they would become hilarious about it and she would forget that she had learned to admire calm and order, and they called the house “the Wedding Cake” between themselves.

Lydia wound up the victrola, took off “Make Believe,” and put on “There’s a Small Hotel,” for she was in a nostalgic frame of mind, and picked up a pair of blue shorts and another name tape and

knotted a thread. Then she heard John's car come in the driveway and go with a thump over the barn doorsill. Presently she saw him coming along the path by the brick walk, carrying some bundles, which he put down on a step by the house as he passed it. She shut off the record, for John did not like jazz, and called "Hello!" to him.

"Hello," he answered, and she saw with surprise how very gray his hair was in the sun and that he walked almost like an old man, slow and weighty, watching his step, as he left the path and came across the grass. She looked at him with enormous curiosity, seeing that the bright day did not become him. He bowed his head and walked under the tree, patted her shoulder, and sat down on the seat, saying, "Is all that Jane's camp clothes?"

"Oh, yes," she said, laughing. "I' can't imagine why I backed you up on sending her to such a fancy camp. I didn't bargain on such a pile of stuff to mark."

"It does seem rather silly for a ten-year-old girl," he said.

"How are you?" she asked him.

“Oh, I’ve got kind of a headache,” he answered.

“Have you?” She put down the shorts and looked at him kindly. “I wish you’d take some aspirin.”

He said, in a voice as near to petulance as he ever came, “You know I won’t take it. Why do you always suggest it?”

She sighed, and smiled. “Because I think you might try it someday.”

They sat there, and the wind was cold and the blossoms kept falling about them. John leaned his head carefully back against the trunk of the chestnut tree and shut his eyes.

“I was going to paint the dinghy,” Lydia said after a moment. “I finished sanding it yesterday and I would have painted it today, but then I thought I’d wait till you got home and see what you wanted to do.” She longed to have the little boat ready, to be able to sail out of the cove with the blunt little bow

smacking the waves and the sail wet halfway up the maˆt.

“I don’t want to do anything very much,” said John. “I think I’ll lie down a while.”

“Yes, why don’t you ? ” Lydia said. “And I’ll get you some tea and bring it up.”

“That would be nice,” he said. “Aren’t you cold out here?”

“Just beginning to be,” she said. She stuck the needle into the shorts and picked up the clothes from the grass.

Together they went in a side door that opened into a small

hallway off the main hall, and John, after looking idly at some letters lying on the table, started up the stairs. “Aren’t the children home vet?” he paused to ask her.

“No. Janie’s at the Millers’ and I think Edith’s got a date after school with Dick. He was going to take her to the yard to show her the ketch that’s being launched next week.” She dropped her coat and

the camp clothes on a little yellow chair with a bunch of grapes painted on its back, and went out into the kitchen.- Here it was hot and clean and cozy. They had kept the big coal range and a kettle simmered on it. There were two dishes for the cat on a newspaper under the sink, and lilacs, blown by the wind, tapped against the window. The afternoon sun was bright, lying in oblongs on the yellow floor. John would feel better after he had eaten something, and with the children both out he would get a nap. S ie moved the kettle to the front of the stove and yawned. She set a small tray and sat down on a high stool to wait for the kettle to boil.

THE front door opened and closed with a bang and a man's voice called, "Edith! Lydia!" It was Dick. Lydia called out to him, "Dick, I'm in the kitchen! Edith's not home yet! "

He came in, looking pale and dishevelled and blowing his nose; he had been working hard and he had had a bad cold. "Hello," he said. "How are you? I haven't seen vou for quite some time."

“I’m fine,” she said. “But you look a little peaked.”

“Well, I’ve got a hell of a head-&che,” he said, flinging himself down on a chair and tilting back in it, his hair hanging over his forehead. “Have you got any aspirin, Lyddy dear? Mine’s all gone, and the top of my head’s going to blow off if I don’t take something.” .

“Yes, right here,” Lydia answered, and she took the bottle from the cupboard, where it lay in a saucer with some Antrol and a card of thumbtacks. As she moved her hand away, she upset a can of dried mustard and it spilled <mt over the shelf, and she thought, in amused exasperation, Whv does everything always get messy and kind of hectic when Dick’s around ? Something gay, too, and relaxing always came into the house with him, she felt, something that was familiar and friendly and that went out when he went, leaving behind for a moment a faint sense of loss ■ \d mournfulness. As a rule, however,

"It’s been brought to my attention, Watson, that you’ve been venturing sums on the races lately. Tell me, what do you like in the sixth at Belmont?”

she did not think very much about it. She handed him the bottle of aspirin, shut the door on the mustard, and turned on the water in the sink to let it get cold.

“Where is Edith?” he asked her, shaking out two tablets. “She was supposed to stop at my house after school, but she never showed up.”

“Oh, she’ll be along. You know how kids are. Time doesn’t mean anything to them.” She filled a glass with water and gave it to him.

“How lucky,” he said, after he had swallowed the aspirin. “I’ve been bothered by time ever since I can remember.”

“You mean bothered by its fleeting,” said Lydia. “I never knew anyone who cared less about what the hour is than you do, except when you’re annoyed by being held up, like now.”

“Yes, that’s right,” he said. “There’s a capital ‘T’ to my time. I take the big view of it. John home?”

¥es. He’s got a headache too, though, and he’s resting.” She was bus \ moving things around on the tray. “I’ll take him some tea and then you and I can have some down here.” The tele

phone rang as she was measuring the tea into the pot.

“I’ll go,” said Dick, bringing his chair down on its four legs. “Maybe it’s Edith, at my house.” He went out to the hall and she heard him

shouting into the telephone, “For heaven’s sake, Edith, where are you? ” There was a pause, and then he said, “My poor girl, I have no idea of trailing all the way over to Judy’s after you. I will not go out of my way for a child of twelve, and if you want to go to the yard with me, you hustle yourself over here quick. Goodbye! ” She heard the receiver bang, and he called up the stairs, “John! You’ve got a daughter too full of airs for her own good.” If John made any reply, Lydia did not hear it; he would not stoop, probably, to answer what he would interpret as a piece of foolish criticism. Dick came back into the kitchen, saying, “You know, Edith’s developing the proper touch rather early, I’d say.”

“Well, see that you don’t encourage it,” said Lydia, taking up the tray. “Make a couple of sandwiches, will you? I’m starved.”

“Don’t you trust me?” he asked

plaintively. “You ought to pvww how reliable I really am.”

“There’s some tomatoes and cheese in the icebox,” said Lydia, walking out. “Help yourself.” And she reflected as she went up the stairs that he was indeed reliable, just as long, of course, as you weren’t in love with him. He was a deplorable character, she knew very well; that is, he had no character. You could so seldom count on him for anything, and yet you kept hoping. She felt very motherly, going carefully up the curving stairway.

John was lying on his bed, with the quilt pulled up to his chin. Lydia cleared a place on the table beside him and put the tray

down.

“What in heaven’s name is all the hubbub?” he asked. “Can’t Dick come in here without raising the roof? What’s all this about Edith, anyway?”

“Oh, nothing,” said Lydia, subdued by the sight of her husband motionless under the green quilt. “She was late from school and she was at the Adamses and she wanted Dick to pick her up there and he didn’t want to, that’s all.”

“Well, I don’t see why all the hubbub,” John said again.

“It’s just Dick,” Lydia said. “He can’t help it. I’m going to get him some tea, and maybe that’ll keep him quiet for a minute and you’ll get some peace.” John did not answer, and his silence made her feel guilty. A thread of steam went up from the spout of the small teapot, and outside the window the horse-chestnut flowers dipped and bent on the wildly swinging branches, dropping the little, elaborate blossoms lavishly far and wide on the grass. Lydia smiled at John—a smile that felt to her apologetic and alarmed—and went out and down the stairs.

IN the kitchen, Dick had poured out tea for both of them. They sat down and hooked their heels on the rungs of their chairs and huddled over their cups. Dick, although pale from his cold and headache, did not look any older than the day Lydia had first seen him, that balmy morning three years before. He was lost in thought as he sat there at the kitchen table, and apparently he took no notice of her whatever, but she knew that he would talk if he wanted to, or answer if she spoke to him. She could sit there or she could stand on her head; it was all one to him. It was a comfort to sit in a room for a change with someone who had no manners, the kind of manners you are taught to believe are important. Admittedly, there was a certain strain about John’s com-

I’LL GLADLY PULL OVER TO THE CURB

If I have one outstanding desire,

It is to know the answer to the question, Where’s the fire?

Shall I tell you about my environs?

They are populated exclusively by alarums and sirens.

No wonder I flunked my secret-agent course when, every time I tackled my cipher-and-code work,

Why, along came some hook-and-ladder on its road work.

The engines hoot by a dozen times per diem,

And to me it's Mysterious, and Mysterious with a big "M," not a wee "m," Because no matter how desperately I try to,

I can never spot hide or hair of the fires they are hooting by to.

I am dazed; please do not criticize my daze;

I guess I have heard a million fire engines hoot by, yet I have never seen so much as a doghouse ablaze.

Firemen, what is your destination ?

Is there really a conflagration ?

You have lickety-splitted by so often that my thoughts are utterly split-licketed;

I don't believe there ever was a fire, I believe I'm just being picketed.

—Ogden Nash

pany; he was always so terribly, conscientiously polite.

She picked up a big, wet tomato sandwich Dick had made and bit into it. Sitting opposite him, she realized that in her mind he belonged to the house as it had been when she and John bought it. What had appealed to her about it had appealed to him, and now the house was a different house and had lost its own self forever. She and Dick might pretend to be amused by the change, but she felt that something shocking had happened. "What would you have

done with the Wedding Cake if you'd had it?" she asked him.

He stirred his strong tea and took a drink of it and scowled. He glanced at her as she meditatively moved her spoon around in her cup, and then, falling in with her mood, he said, "Maybe nothing. It was wonderful just as it was. I'm not one for wanting to change things, you know."

"I remember you said that the first time I saw you," said Lydia. She went on stirring and added, "It would have fallen down if somebody hadn't fixed it."

"Maybe so," he said. "What would you have done with it if you'd had tour way?"

"I'd have left it pretty itiuch alone, too," she said. "Lived in it as it was,

maybe, and got used to it and not tried to change it so quickly. Imagine my painting all those trellises!"

"And the pickets," said Dick. They both began to giggle. Lydia, remembering John suffering sternly on his bed upstairs, was consumed with dreadful mirth, and Dick, amused because Lydia was, was glad enough to encourage her.

"Did you ever live in a place like this before?" he asked her.

“No, never,” said Lydia.

“It must have been a very refreshing thing,” he said.

“Oh yes, very,” she said. “I always did want a place for everything and everything in its place.”

The hell you did,” said Dick, quickly annoyed. “You want it just about as much as I do.”

Lydia as quickly sobered. With her short hair on end and her face still pink from laughing, she stared at him. Laughter could cover many truths successfully, but the irritation in his voice carried the ring of reality and it frightened her and at the same time made her feel reckless. Once and for all she knew now that there was no use trying to hide anything from him ; he was bad with the remorseless badness that sees through you at once and forever. Behind her the lilacs tapped the window; the sun lay on the dresser top which was littered with crusts and the ends of tomatoes.

Looking at her, Dick was a little con-science-stricken, still hearing in his head the sound of his own voice. Nevertheless, he was unable to stop, and he said, “Not only has the Wedding Cake got a complete coat of white paint; you’ve got one yourself.”

“Yes,” said Lydia, and the humb[1]

A REPORTER. WITH THE B~29j

ll-THE DOLDR.UMJ, GUAM, AND SOMETHING COMING UP

AFTER the high hours and moments, the stirring days and "*-nights, of the first phase of the B-29 operations from Saipan, in the Marianas, in the fall of 1944, there was a letdown, a reaction.. Those of us who were out there as members of the Twenty-first Bomber Command of the Twentieth Air Force no longer had to speculate about possibilities. The unknown now was known. Our great new graceful airplanes could take off from island bases fifteen hundred miles from Tokio, could fly there and bomb effectively either in clear weather or through thick overcast, with precision instruments, and could return to those island bases without heavy losses, sometimes without any losses at all. B-29s battered in battle had come home safe on two engines; two or three had got home after having been rammed, cither intentionally or unintentionally, by Jap fighters. The Jap air force ˆad tried to destroy us over Tokio, had sent five out of a hundred B-29s down in flames in the course of one raid, the hottest air battle we had yet run into, but had indisputably lost the battle, with fifty or more of its fighters knocked out by our guns. If that was the best they could do, we had that problem licked, along with other problems. The B-29 operations from the Marianas were a success. But the adventure of pioneering was over, or so most of us thought. It would just be Big Business from now on, with military perfectionist standards applied all up and down the line until we had become an efficient, well-oiled, well-drilled machine of destruction—a good machine, maybe, but a dull one.

While we were going through this letdown, the Jap air force tried to destroy

us at our base on Saipan. On their way down, two-engine fighter-bombers and a few single-engine fighter-bombers capable of making the trip would land and refuel on the battered landing strip of Iwo Jima, which at that time was still in Japanese hands I wo is six hundred and eighty miles from Saipan. The Jap airplanes began coming in low over Saipan, and mostly at night. One night not long after our first strike against Tokio, they bombed and burned two B-29s on our

airstrip. The fires of those nights and days still glare in my heart and in the hearts of all of us who were on Saipan. I have never hated or feared anything in the world more than those black, quiet fighter-bombers that came that night, came again a few nights later, came again by day, and each time left something burning on our air

field— usually one or two of our beautiful B-29s. They killed some of our people, and others were maimed for life trying to put out the fires or drag undamaged B-29s out of the way of the fires with tractors on which paint blistered and cracked in the heat. But the Seventh Air Force fighters based on Saipan brought down almost every one of the Jap airplanes before they could get back to Iwo, and within a couple of weeks this new threat was no longer a problem either. I remember one night when they came over at the most exciting part of a good movie, a mystery picture called "Laura," which everybody at headquarters—the generals, the ground crews, the pilots, the clerks, the cooks— was watching in the open-air theatre, sitting happily on damp sandbags and ignoring the gentle tropical showers that came and went. The alarm sounded, the movie stopped, everything was blacked out. I was Public Relations Officer for the Bomber Command and was sitting with two war correspondents at the time. The three of us went to the row of tents in which we lived, on the bluff over the sea, a few hundred yards from the airstrip. In the same group of tents, Brigadier General Haywood S. (Possum) Hansell, Jr., over-all commander of the B-29s in the Marianas, had his temporary quarters. Brigadier General Emmett (Rosy) O'Donnell, commander

of the Saipan wing of the Command, lived just around a bend in the coral road that led to these tents. We all used to stand in an open space not far from Possum's tent and watch the Japs come over, ducking for cover when we thought we ought to. That night everybody talked about the interrupted movie. Possum had a theory about the ending and so had Rosy. So had all of us. It turned out that everybody was wrong except the night cook at the mess

hall, who later told us he had guessed it correctly early in the picture. As soon as the all-clear sounded, everyone was back on the sandbag seats again at the open-air theatre. The movie picked up where it had left off and went on to its satisfactory finish. The Jap raids had become routine. In a few more days they stopped altogether. The Japs had decided they were not paying off.

In spite of the letdown, the generals, Possum and Rosy, were far from bored those days and nights, and there were many officers and men, up and down the line, who had plenty to do and were doing it

at the wonderful, tense, sleepless pace of the early days and nights on Saipan. All kinds of improvements in technique, training, maintenance, supply, administration, and intelligence were being thought up, at top and bottom, and carried out, from bottom to top. Rosy was worried about losses, although they were not heavy as losses go—as losses in the Eighth Air Force over Germany, for example, had gone and were going. He was worried over crew morale. He was badgered by complex administrative machinery which had not yet begun to run smoothly. Possum was worried over bombing results. These had not been had, but they had not been what he considered good. He was concerned about the whole B-29 program in the Marianas: a new wing was starting to come into the new base on Tiniafr, across a narrow channel from Saipan; a third operational base on Guam, a hundred and fifty miles to the south, was gettingready to receive its first ground units and its first B-29s; the permanent headquarters of his Twenty-first Bomber Command was still getting organized on. Guam while he waited impatiently for communications facilities and other essential equipment to get in working order before moving down there, where, to assist him in the job of putting the whole program on a big-time basis, he would have more than the handful of staff officers he had with him on Saipan.

THE war correspondents migrated to Honolulu, getting ready to go on some forthcoming land-and-sea operations, leaving on Saipan only three journalistic snowbirds from the three big wire services to pick up the crumbs of news provided by each succeeding B-29 mission to Japan. The frenzy for news of our operations had justifi-

“I just want a little chair that can come out of hiding at cocktail parties.”

■ ness in her voice smote him. “I know <r ■ that.”

Dick got up and walked to the window and back, and then he said, “I’ve wanted to say that for a long time, and now that I’ve said ˆ I wish I hadn’t.” “I’m glad you said it,” said Lydia.

“It’s true, and somebody might as well come out with it.”

“I’m not sure,” Dick said. “After all, you have to live as best you can. I’m sorry, Lyddy. You’ll have to forgive me.”

She nodded. “Of course. Don’t worry about it. Have another sandwich.”

’ “No, thanks,” he said. “Let’s go out and see if Edith’s coming.”

THEY went out through the front hall, below John’s room, where he lay under the green quilt, and through the open door they saw that Edith was outside, picking up some books that had slid out of her bicycle basket. The bicycle lay on the grass beside Dick’s, which

was standing upright on its iron leg. She was blond and thin and nice-looking, and though she was already nearly as tall as Lydia, she was neither leggy nor clumsy. Lydia

was fond of her and thought she was wonderfully attractive.

“Hi there!” she called to them, standing with the books in her arms. She had on a dark-blue short-sleeved sweater and a tartan skirt with fringe down one side, arid her light, straight hair was fastened back with a silver barrette. Now that she saw Dick, she was shy; she gave him and Lydia a hasty look and avoided their eyes as she started toward the house. She had been fresh on the telephone because her friend Judy had been listening, and anyway it was easy enough to be chatty with someone far away and unseen. But now that she was here, she was miserably shy, and all the more so because there was something in the attitude of the two in the doorwaj' that made her feel an outsider, awkward and young. They looked to her somehow settled, calm, connected in some way, as they leaned on opposite sides of the doorway under the fanlight, both with their arms folded and their hair every which way.

“It’s about time you showed up,” said Dick as she came up the two steps with a leap. “Let’s get a move on.” '

“O.K.” she said. “I guess 111 get a coat. It’s getting cold.” She went by

them into the house and dropped her books on the hall table.

While she was gone, the two stood where they were.

“How’s your head?” Lydia asked.

“Much better,” said Dick. They smiled at each other and Dick began whistling a monotonous little refrain.

Edith came up to them, dragging a corduroy jacket, and they turned aside to let her go out. Dick followed her, saying, “Thanks for the tea, Lydia.”

Lydia moved across and leaned where Dick had leaned and looked out at the brilliance of the late afternoon, at the flying blossoms and

the clouds and the green turf, so incredibly smooth under the trees. She watched the two as they wheeled their bicycles out to the road. They stood there in the sunshine for a moment, talking, and then they pushed off and disappeared around the bend. Not a sound came from anywhere inside the house behind her.

—Elizabeth Parsons

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From the Baltimore Sunˆ

He played a flute to the accompaniment of his own barytone voice . . .

bombs right on the primary target, they do not consider that they have done a good job, even though their bombs hit other factory areas and even though their bombs do great damage in those adjacent areas. The primary target is always a rather small section of enemy territory and it looks particularly small when seen from an altitude of something over five miles. Frequently you cannot see it because of clouds or overcast and must depend upon your instruments. We have not put all our bombs exactly where we wanted to put them and therefore we are not by any means satisfied with what we have done so far. We are still in our early, experimental stages. We have much to learn and many operational and other technical problems to solve. Some of our - experiments, however, have been gratifying if not satisfying, and the B-29 airplane has proved itself a magnificent weapon of war." Possum had inserted < practically this entire passage himself.

At the end of the thirty days the statement covered, we had, as the full report pointed out, attacked the Musash-ina aircraft-engine factory, just outside Tokio, in the first strike; then had hit Tokio by night on November 27th; the Musashina factory again on December 3rd; the Iwo Jima airfield on December 8th, in cooperation with units of Admiral Nimitz's Pacific Fleet; the Hatsudoki aircraft-engine factory, in Nagoya, on December 13th; the Ko-kuki aircraft-engine factory, in Nagoya, on December 18th; and the industrial and dock areas of Nagoya, on December 22nd. In addition, we had dropped bombs on various cities on Honshu every day and almost

every night in the course of what we named “weather strike missions”—two or three B-29s flying to Japan to collect essential weather information for future full-force strikes, and dropping bombs on selected targets as a secondary part of the job.

The three big aircraft-engine factories had been materially damaged but “not destroyed by a damn sight,” as Possum told the war correspondents orally around this time. The Musashina fac-ton had been damaged “inconclusively,” according to the prepared statement. (“We destroyed a few buildings in the factory area and possibly interrupted production inside the plant . . . but we did not knock it out.”) The ’ Hatsudoki factory had been “put out of business,” although, as the statement [1] explained, it might conceivably be in I business again within an unpredictable time. The Kokuki factory was also put out of business temporarily, but at the

time of the statement we did not have good enough post-strike photographic coverage of the plant to be sure of this.

To Hansell, the perfectionist, this meant that the B-29 program in the Marianas, which he, perhaps more than any other individual, had envisioned, planned, and executed through the first phase of operations, was not paying its way. He said so once to the assembled group commanders, squadron commanders, and airplane commanders of General O’Donnell’s wing, on Saipan, and every one of them—by no means excluding the wing commander, O’Donnell—agreed with him.

I consider myself enthusiastic but essentially detached about Army Air Forces matters, and I think I am justified in so considering myself. I knew that Hansell was doing everything he could, that O’Donnell was doing everything he could, and that everybody else I had encountered out there was doing everything he could, but I sensed, or smelled, or guessed, when Possum told me very casually one day that Brigadier General Lauris Norstad, Chief of Staff of the Twentieth Air Force, was coming out from Washington and that Major General Curtis E. LeMay, then commanding the other arm of the Twentieth Air Force—the Twentieth Bomber Command of B-29s, in India and China—was flying over to Guam for a conference, that something I had been through once or twice before

in my comparatively short Army career was about to take place: a change of command. Having thought over the matter, and having dismissed my hunch, I concluded that the conference merely meant a logical drawing together of the two B-29 commands, at least for planning purposes, and that it was only natural that Norstad should pay us a visit—no high officer of the Twentieth Air Force had visited the Marianas

since we had begun our operations from Saipan.

Norstad flew in from Washington a day or so after that. LeMay

came a day later, having flown, with only one stop, from one of his bases back of Chungking, in a B-29, himself at the controls; a co-pilot sat beside him, and four or five staff officers he wanted to bring along slept around the airplane as they could. The whole conference was secret because the very presence of the two visiting generals on Guam, whatever its explanation, would have been a valuable piece of information for the enemy to have had at that time.

I had never met Norstad and I had never met LeMay and there was no particular reason I should meet them unless they wanted to get out some kind of statement to the press. I think I have indicated that I knew Hansell well by this time, was very fond of him as a man and had great respect for him as a general. While both Norstad and LeMay were there, I ran into Hansell one afternoon outside the mission-planning room, where I customarily went to catch up on what was going on, now that the headquarters was more complex than it had been on Saipan. He looked at me as if he had seen me before somewhere and hadn't minded it unduly. He focussed his eyes inward, then outward, in that peculiar fashion of his. Then he looked at me in friendly recognition. "Mac, I think there's something you ought to know," he said. He took me into the mission-planning room and over to a corner.

"LeMay is coming here," Hansell went on, "to take over this command. I'm out. I'm leaving for the States as soon as LeMay has had time to fly back to China, wind up his business there, and fly back here. That's what Norstad came out to tell me. Nothing can be said about it now until final orders have been issued, until LeMay is back here and has assumed command, and until General Arnold has announced the change of command in Washington. But it will come out then, and that may involve a Public Relations problem of some kind. That's your baby. What do you think?"

While Hansell and I sat on a table talking, planning for the next mission went on all around us—officers pinning red worsted thread on maps, showing the route to the Kobe area (we had not hit the Kobe area before); technical sergeants working over mathematical calculations having to do with bomb load, air speed, gasoline reserve; other

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ably worn down to a merely health) interest on the part of the press and, presumably, the public at home. As Public Relations Officer of the Command, I made a quick trip to Honolulu, checked into the production of something the Army calls home-town publicity, which, in this instance, told the family and friends of every man in the outfit that he was in the Marianas with the B-29s, what he was doing, and that he had been commended or congratulated, as, in fact, every man had been by General Hansell after the first Tokio mission was run. I talked on the telephone to Washington about a matter that seemed urgent at the time, ate some steaks, swam at Waikiki, flew back to Saipan a week later, and then went down to Guam with Vern Haugland, of the Associated Press. I wanted to look over the layout for the future press base down there and Haugland was elected to go with me as the representative of the three remaining correspondents. At the new headquarters on Guam, which was just about ready to function, officersand men were stripped of shirts and more or less

stripped of rank, we discovered. They were building tents, building operations-control rooms, building mission-planning rooms, building latrines, building showers, building Quonset huts to house adjutants, A-Is, A-2s, A-3s, A-4s, A-5s, judge advocates, photo interpreters, statistical controllers, operational analysts. Haugland and I felt again that the fine, free pioneering days were over, for although the building activities in themselves were exciting and had the old spirit of urgency, the size of the place was flabbergasting. It disheartened us to realize that all these people—all staff people, removed by a half hour's jeep ride from the nearest B-29 combat base, at the other end of the island—were going to do all the things they do with pieces of paper, charts, graphs, directives, mimeographs. We found a place for three tents, managed to make arrangements to have them put up so that we wouldn't have to put them up, looked into communications facilities, and discussed ways and means of censorship,

“Mind a suggestion, Horton?”

and so on, with the island command and with the representatives of Admiral Nimitz’s forward headquarters, which was soon to be established on Guam, too. Then we flew back to Saipan, the same day, on a war-weary B-24 that was being used as a passenger shuttle between Guam, Tinian, and Saipan.

A few days later the advance echelon of officers, men, and equipment of the Twenty-first Bomber Command temporary headquarters which Possum had established on Saipan for the initial phase of the operations boarded a small Navy transport ship in the harbor, sat there for two days because of an unexpected change- in weather which apparently made departure inadvisable, and then steamed off for Guam. Since the correspondents were

supposed to cover the news every day, without missing a day, they flew down to Guam with me in the war-weary B-24, which shuttled back

and forth all one day, taking the General, his immediate staff, and the four of us to Guam. That night we were snug, or fairly snug, in our new tents on Guam. The tents were to serve us for work and sleep until sections possibly more important than Public Relations had got their Quonset huts and we could get ours.

IN General Hansell's first prepared statement to the press, which I worked up in rough form and which Possum edited and rewrote with competence, not to say brilliance, he said, on December 27, 1944, the following, among other things: ' I would say in summing up our accomplishments in the thirty days since we first bombed 1 okio that these first accomplishments have been encouraging but that they are far from the standards we are seeking. . . . When [our B-29s' crews] fail to put

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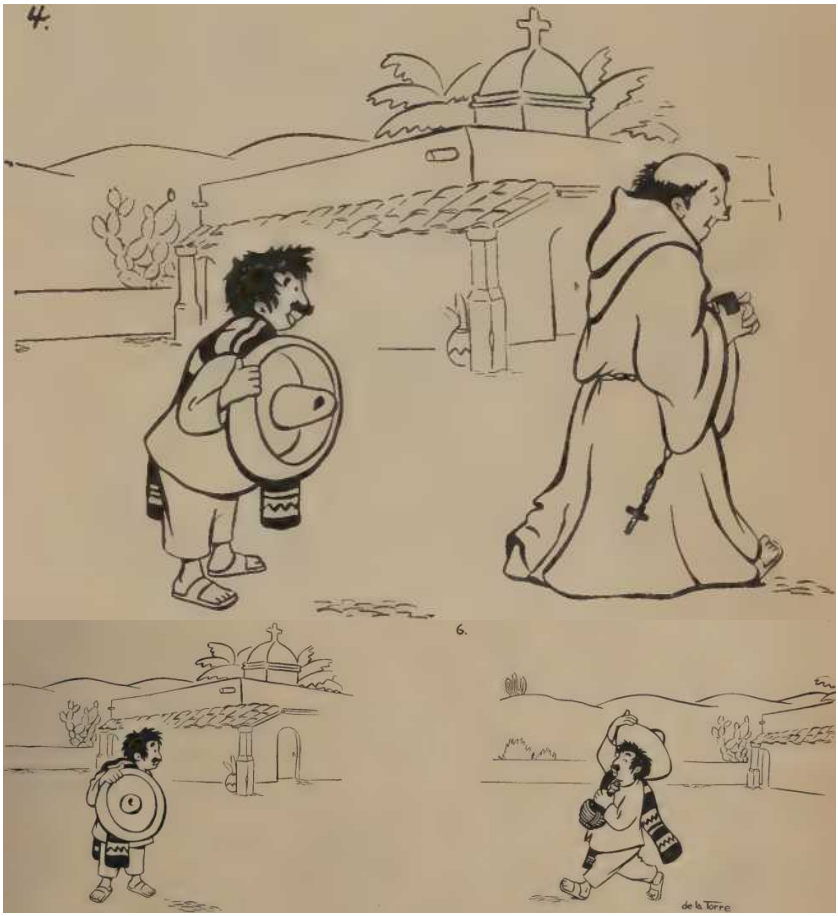


officers talking in corners. The staff navigator, as I remember, was conferring with the staff bombardier, both of them smoothly gesticulating, as airmen do, using their hands as airplanes, flying with these hands to Kobe, turning at the point where the formations of the next mission would start their bombing run on a factory near Kobe, turning away from the target, starting home, ditching where they ought to ditch (should they have to ditch), landing on Saipan —still our only operational base—in good

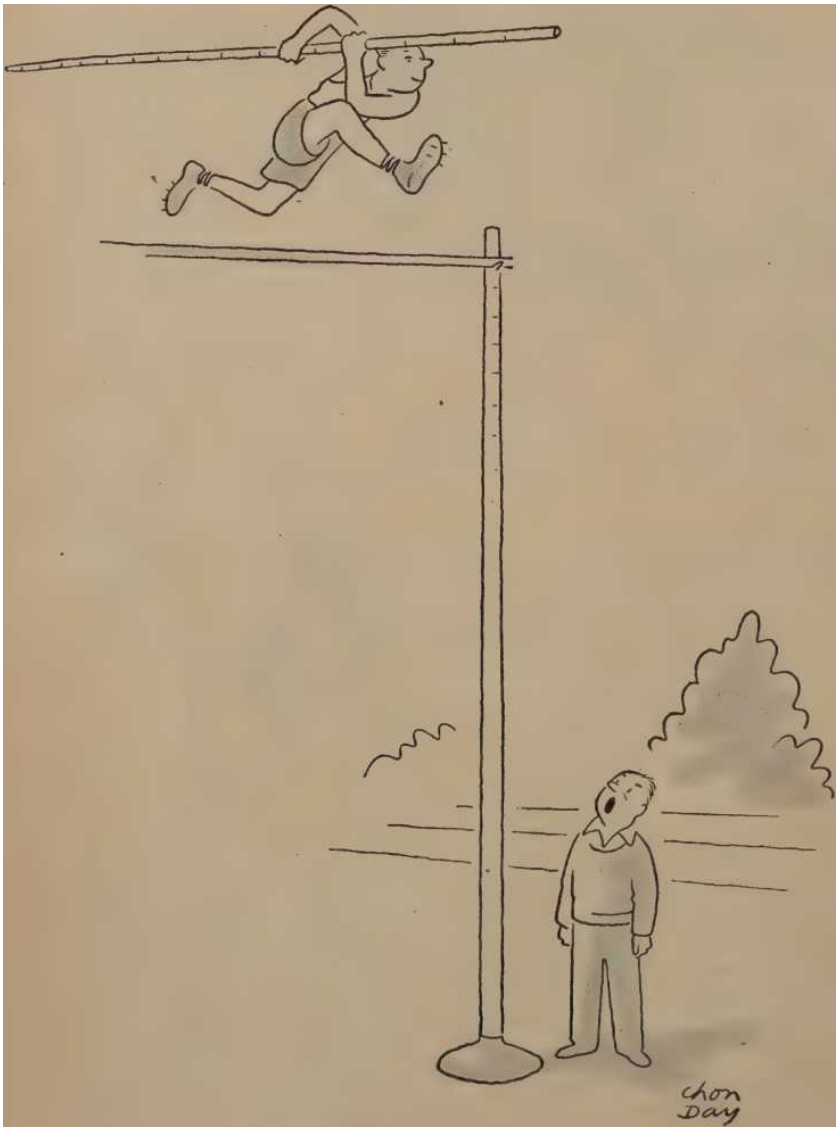
weather and in bad, coming on to Guam if necessary, if the weather at Guam were good and the weather at Saipan too bad. There were many other officers and many enlisted men in the room—a big room—and all of them were doing various things about the next mission. I tried to answer Hansell as I presumed a lieutenant colonel

should, but what I really wanted to do was say, “Holy God, Possum! They can’t do this to you!” As I remembex' it, I said that General Arnold’s statement informing

the public of the change of command should, in my opinion, be released simultaneously in Washington and in Guam, that otherwise both the Washington correspondents and the Guam correspondents would smell a rat; that if there was a rat, it would be better if they smelled it now than later; that if there was no rat to be smelled, there was no rat to be smelled, but, holy God, General, w’hat is this all about?

“I’m not entirely sure,” replied Possum, focussing his eyes half inward, half

outward. “I don’t think'1"—he emphasized and considered the word —“that they are dissatisfied with the way I’ve been running things. There is nothing to indicate that. Norstad brought the word personally from General Arnold, with the information that the boss wanted him to tell me the decision orally. I think what’s happened is that the boss has decided LeMay is the best man to go on with this from here on out. I think that’s really it. I think the boss considers LeMay as the big-time operator and me as the planner. There is no doubt whatever about LeMay’s ability to do the job, although I can’t be so hypocritical as to say I think he can do it better than I could do it. But LeMay is tops. He used to be a group commander in my division in the Eighth Air Force. I got him his promotion to



“Dammit, Hopkins, can't you remember any of those tips I gave you on form?"

brigadier general, and when he went up to major general I was in a position, as Deputy Chief of Staff of the Army Air Forces, to help that along. He may easily be,” said Possum, now focussing his eyes straight outward, “the best combat commander today in the Army

Air Forces for this particular job, all things considered, especially when you count in his combat experience with B-29s in China."

I was introduced to Norstad that afternoon, as I was walking up the coral road from the mess hall to our administration building. He said he wanted to see me; could I come over to his temporary office about three that afternoon? We had a constructive fifteen minutes. He told me about the homeside attitude on the publicity the B-29 operations were getting and said that

the Twentieth Air Force headquarters was very pleased at the conservative treatment the war correspondents had been giving the story. Norstad is young ■—thirty-eight—and almost the perfect t \pe of staff officer, with a good record behind him in Africa and Italy and with two years of foreign service, in all, in this war. It was his job to know intimately and thoroughly the problems of every staff section of the Twentieth Air Force and the problems of the corresponding sections in its two Bomber Commands; to run the Twentieth Air Force, under General Arnold, from its headquarters in Washington, using as his assistants all the high-ranking members of the Air Staff there, who double in brass as members of the Air Staff of the whole Army Air Forces and as members of the staff of the global, special Twentieth. We got acquainted very fast. I asked him what the change of command was all about. "Look," he said, "Possum and myself and one other guy at A.A.F. headquarters have worked together for years—two or three years, anyway. We see eye to eye. We're personal friends. We've done a lot of tough jobs together. And I'm the one that has to come out and tell Possum we're not letting him keep the best job in the Air Forces today —the command of the Twenty-first Bomber Command. The reason is that General Arnold—and all of us, including, I think, Possum—now know that this LeMay is the best man in the Air Forces right now for this particular job, the job of carrying out what Possum and the rest of us started. LeMay is an operator, the rest of us are planners. 1 hat's all there is to it. It's tough and it's right. And Possum is taking it the way Possum would."

THE next two weeks were not verv pleasant. Neither I nor very manv other people in the Twenty-first Bomber Command knew anything about LeMay beyond the fact that he unquestionably had a

fine record as an Air Forces officer and as a B-29 commander in China. His looks had not helped us to take a jolly view of the future. He was around a few days, said almost nothing to anybody, was what, by civilian standards, would be called rude to many people. He was a big, husky, healthy, rather stocky, fullfaced, black-haired man, thirty-nine years old, from Columbus, Ohio. He apparently couldn't make himself heard even in a small room except when you bent all your ears in his direction, and when you did he appeared to evade your

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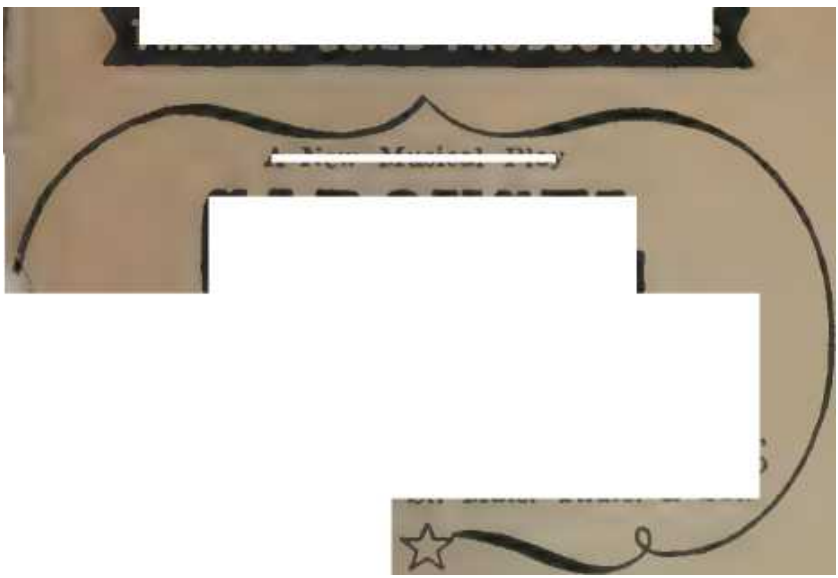

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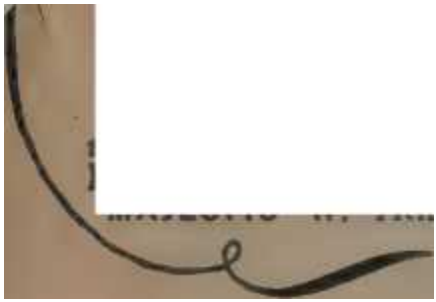

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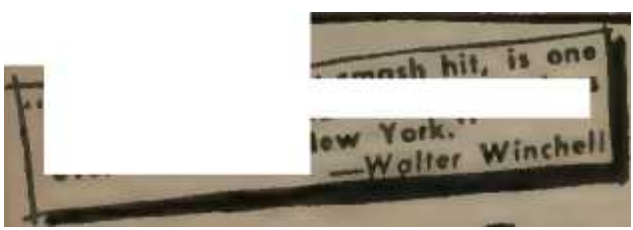

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attempt to hear him. He did this by interposing a cigar or pipe among the words which were trying to escape through teeth that had obviously been pried open only with effort, an effort with which the speaker had no real sympathy and to which he was unwilling to lend more than half-hearted assistance.

LeMay flew back to China and Norstad flew back to Washington, leaving Hansell with the job of keeping things going until LeMay could return and relieve him. Everybody knew about the shift within a day or two, which did not exactly increase the enjoyment of Hansell’s last days in the Marianas or make easier for him the job of maintaining the perfectionist standards of steady improvement all up and down the line which were by then tightening up the bombing efficiency of the command in a manner that was to show, on the very next mission, what even Hansell had to admit were excellent results.

The strain of all this showed perceptibly on Hansell, which is to say that before dinner on his final night on Guam he had two glasses of sherry instead of one, that he gave in and autographed photographs for any number of officers and men who had been muttering requests for them to his aide-de-camp for the past several days, and —that last night on the veranda of the tent which served as the makeshift quarters of the commanding general of the Twenty-first Bomber Command until long after Hansell had gone—that he sang, to the accompaniment of a very young flying colonel’s guitar, “Old pilots never die, never die, never die, They just fly-y-y-y-y away-y-y-y-y.”

I was not one of the staff officers usually present at such gatherings, but a few of us who were not in the inner group had been invited over that last night. I was glad I had been invited. Among other things, I saw that Possum sang his song, in a voice not constructed for singing, in order to put everybody else at his ease and not to give himself the sentimental assurance which just about any man I ever knew might reasonably have been expected to bequeath to himself on such a night.

I asked Possum on one of his last nights on Guam what he expected to do when he got home. He said he had asked General Arnold, in a letter General Norstad had taken back with him, to assign him for a while as commander of a B-29 training wing somewhere in Texas or Arizona where he could get plenty of fresh air and fly ing, be free of worries, get in good phys-

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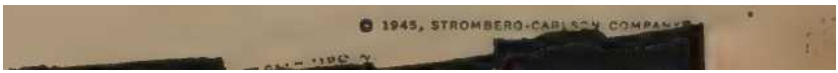

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GREER GREGORY

GARSON * PECK "THE VALLEY OF DECISION" A Metro-Goldwyn-Maycr Picture

SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

event though it's the surest and safest formula! over a period of years. Sometimes an unknown bobs up with an untried song and Id reduces a "sleeper" hit.

AnBy Russell was just a drummer in a dance band when Johnny Mercer of Capital Records asked him to record Besawie Mucho. Freddie Slack and Ella Mae Morse came in from left field to con-tributtf Cotv-Cow Boogie. Stan Kenton's brilliant ensemble attracted attention with Her Tbars Flowed Like Wine. Clever singing, combined with expert musicianship and ^^^freshing jazz conception, cata-ing Cole Trio to the top with raighten Up and Fly Right.

music biz is studded fth similar examples. Deserving youngsters still find it difficult to be eard; few executives will ke the time to listen; Jents and bookers still 'fer to deal with older, ablished talent. But Capitol is its discoveries. B. G. (Buddy) and Johnny Mercer don't con-mselves executives; a good por-Jieir daily schedule is devoted ig to unknowns. Capitol, as a 11 present new discs from time ■aturing new tunes, new singers, is, new standards of fidelity, extraordinary situation. But then md Mercer are extraordinary i recording industry hasn't been me since they tos ed their faded s into the ring just three years ago >nth. And they're just gettingstarted!

ical shape, and see a lot of his wife, his children,'and his father and mother. He said he was reasonably sure General Arnold would grant

this request. “Then I’ll be ready for whatever comes up,” he said. “I haven’t had a day off in eight years and I think I’ll take several when I get home.”

Hansell got the Distinguished Service Medal before he left Guam, and the commanding general of the Seventh Air Force, as the ranking Air Forces general in the Marianas at the time the award came through from Washington, pinned it on him. It was not known for sure whether LeMay would be there in time for the ceremony, but he was. I wanted a photograph taken of LeMay shaking hands with Hansell at the ceremony, and I so informed LeMay. The new commanding general of the Twenty-first Bomber Command seemed surprised that anybody would want such a thing. He had kept in the background at the ceremony, smoking a pipe and hiding it in his pants pocket when the band played “The Star-Spangled Banner” and the troops of the Twenty-first Bomber Command passed in review. He started to pose for the picture holding the pipe in his hand. “General,” I said, “please let me hold your pipe for you while the picture is taken.” He had been trying, in a dogged, absent-minded way to get it back into his pocket, where he appeared to have some hidden apparatus for balancing it that kept the slow-burning fire in the bowl from becoming a conflagration in the pants. He handed me the pipe, doubtfully, and, with what looked to me like abject misery, asked in a barely audible voice, “Where do you want me to stand?” I turned him over to the lieutenant who was taking the picture. I didn’t pay much attention after that.

I didn’t pay much attention for three reasons. One was that I had read several times the very moving citation awarding Hansell the Distinguished Service Medal and I had just heard it read again by an adjutant in a loud, clear tone of voice: “. . . exceptionally meritorious service ... in duties of great responsibility ... as Army Air Forces member of the Joint Staff Planners, as Chief of Staff, Twentieth Air Force, and Commanding General, Twenty-first Bomber Command. General Hansell was active in the formulation of strategy in the war against Japan and in the effective employment of the Very Long Range bombardment weapon. His recommendation was a material factor in the . . . decision made by high-

MICHAEL TODD ' presents

AL PARK"

"A DELIGHTFUL Ci

—Lewis Nichols,

3rd YCAR

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ON WJ

NEWYOfl

hority to seize the Mariana Is-

■ e second reason I didn't pay much ■ ion was that I had been up all ■ getting the dope on what we had ■ to the aircraft factory near Kobe. ■ • ... ' hit it on the button with all our I s in clear weather and there were L excellent photographs showing in-J? :ably that it had been at least three-□ ers destroyed, flattened, wiped off irfh. I thought we should have the re of the two generals shaking Is, but I really didn't give a hoot in or heaven whether it was taken or

■ ' The third reason I was not paying ■ ch attention was that I was desper-I y afraid that I had caught a sug-I tion of something deeply, bottom-I !y disturbing in this stocky, plain-I dng new commanding general of I Twenty-first Bomber Command. I tething he had done, some way he I looked, when I had asked him to I e hold his pipe, when he had hand-I to me and had stepped forward, ring, to pose for the photographer, I I conveyed this suggestion to me, / hl was now beginning to feel in its a . orce; and after all the high hours ai days and nights on Saipan, after he skull-cracking, soul-lambast-iessons I had been learning with / degree of studiousness during my

! ® years in the Army, I found it just

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mo Co meˆ a fe

insupportable. “My God,” I I was saying soundlessly to my-‘if this LeMay turns out to be pr great young Air Forces gener-vill desert. I will run up into the nd hide, like the Navy radio oper-who stayed up there all those s the Japs were here on Guam, n’t I have a lousy, easygoing, re general just for a few weeks, ’ays? I want to relax! I’ve got to relai)ear God, don’t tell me this LeMay .« as good as he looked just now! ”

I was interrupted. LeMay came up to me and nudged me, reminding me that he was there. “Better get some sleep,” he said in a voice that barely brushed the hairs inside the ears. “Thanks for holding my pipe.”

—St. Clair McKelway

(This is the second of a series of articles on the Twenty-first Bomber Command.)

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[Rules and Regulations of the California Employment Commission, as revised, effective July 8, 1940]

Rule 57 (c) 1. The word is as used in paragraph (c) of said section, shall be construed to mean was.

LISTEN: -»,«

Part of the story of victory in Europe as it came through the radio receivers of 33,100,000 American families is now between the covers of a small book published by CBS. It covers the period between D-Day, June 6, 1944 and V-E Day, May 8, 1945 and touches in sequence the high points of the greatest military operation in history.

It is a collection of 160 high spot broadcasts made by Columbia’s correspondents in western Europe. It takes you behind the scenes of CBS’ complex news broadcasting operations. You read the shortwave conversations between Columbia’s Director of News Broadcasts in New York and his overseas staff in the field—words

which you couldn't hear on the air. They reveal the geographical disposition of the correspondents, the last-minute.instructions preceding the broadcast of momentous events, the tension and excitement peculiar to radio.

The book went to press June 5, 1945, was published June 11, which is some sort of record in itself. There are some 30 pictures in it. If you'd like a copy, simply write "Dept. A —CBS, 485 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y." and ask for From D-Day Through Victory In Europe. You'll find it

an

good reading and you may want to keep it as a speeding fragment of history and sound sample of the objective information service CBS provides, around the clock and the world, for its expanding and grateful radio audience.

Out at KNX (CBS in Los Angeles) members of the studio audience of the Meet The Missus program are invited to make personal recordings which are then sent to their loved ones in the armed forces. But phonographs are not standard equipment in foxholes, so when a soldier some months ago in Belgium got a recording of his mother's voice he had to figure out a new way to play it. He inserted a pencil through the center hole of the record and asked

one of his buddies to spin it. Then he stuck a postcard on one end of an ordinary sewing needle and held the other end in the groove of the recording. The postcard

amplified the sound. Hard to do, but the words came out clear and endearing.

“Radio,” writes John Mason Brown in the Saturday Review of Literature, “can be said to have celebrated an important birthday by both the publication and performance of Norman Corwin’s V-E Day script, On a Note of Triumph. If you wish to realize how fully radio has matured in an incredibly^ short time, and to comprehend its sp^ cial possibilities when it is operating at its distinguished best you have only to hear or read it.”

You can read it by going to any bookstore and buying a copy published by Simon and Schuster. The Columbia Recording Corporation is now cutting records of it, so you'll soon be able to play it on your phonograph just as it was broadcast on CBS. As the years pass, it will make mighty fine listening, especially for a lot of boys who made it come true.

WGAN, Columbia’s affiliate in Portland, Me., regularly broadcasts Suspense and In.ier Sanctum. Confronted with a real-life mvsJ tery a few weeks back, th^nunj solved it in ten minii^Tln tin early afternoon of May 3, state! d local police were combing tin

countryside for a truck' fil ishable merchandise, stobl ing from a warehouse J p.m. listeners to WGAN (w out over 14 counties in county in New Hamn description of thjM' woman phmi •* il th-.adoiied • n

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Dr. Jekyll end Mr. Kaye

GIVEN adequate material, Danny ■ Kaye is one of the most versatile and generally satisfactory comedians on the screen. This he gets in “Wonder Man,” a rather elaborate

fantasy in which he plays identical twins, one a carefree night-club entertainer, the other a studious type firmly anchored in the public library. The humor of this general theme was old, of course, when Shakespeare borrowed the Dromios from Plautus, and modern samples of it have usually been remarkably painful, but this one, with the assistance

of some miracles of double exposure, manages to seem quite fresh and often very funny.

Since the finished story is the work of no less than six eager and

fertile minds, it is naturally a little rich for easy synopsis, and I think you'll just have to get along with the main facts. The sportive twin, then, is rubbed out because he has some information that might be useful to the District Attorney and his body is tumbled into a lagoon in Prospect Park. At the moment this happens, his scholarly duplicate is in a delicatessen store buying potato salad for a beautiful librarian, and so close is the

mystic rapport between the brothers that he suddenly hears elfin music and voices summoning him to the scene of the tragedy. Here he encounters the dead man's ghost, quite dry and supercilious in full evening dress, who demonstrates that he is not quite like other boys by walking through walls and permitting the stream from a drinking fountain to squirt right out through the top of his head. It appears that he is also able to take possession of his twin's body, forcing it to behave in a manner very embarrassing to a retiring man. For reasons no longer clear to me, if they ever were, the good Kaye is finally persuaded to take over his brother's work at the night club, and the rest of the picture finds him nervously involved with the gangsters, who have a feeling that a corpse ought to stay planted, with the District Attorney, who is not amused by a witness who claims he is haunted, and with two young women, one belonging to each of his identities, who are merely confused and indignant about the whole silly business. "Wonder Man" winds up on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, with Mr. Kaye, now disguised as a bearded

baritone, singing the true facts ofl case to the D. A., who happens tr occupying a box. As you can see, ' quite a plot.

Since most of the humor lies in

situations rather than the lines, or el in specialties of Mr. Kaye's which J usually delivered in a language 'all own, it isn't practicable to o|

say that it is funny in some! what the same way that thl Chaplin comedies used to bfl funny, and no good, oil course, ever came of the peoj pie who tried to explain why

that was. In addition to the dual star, the cast contains Virginia

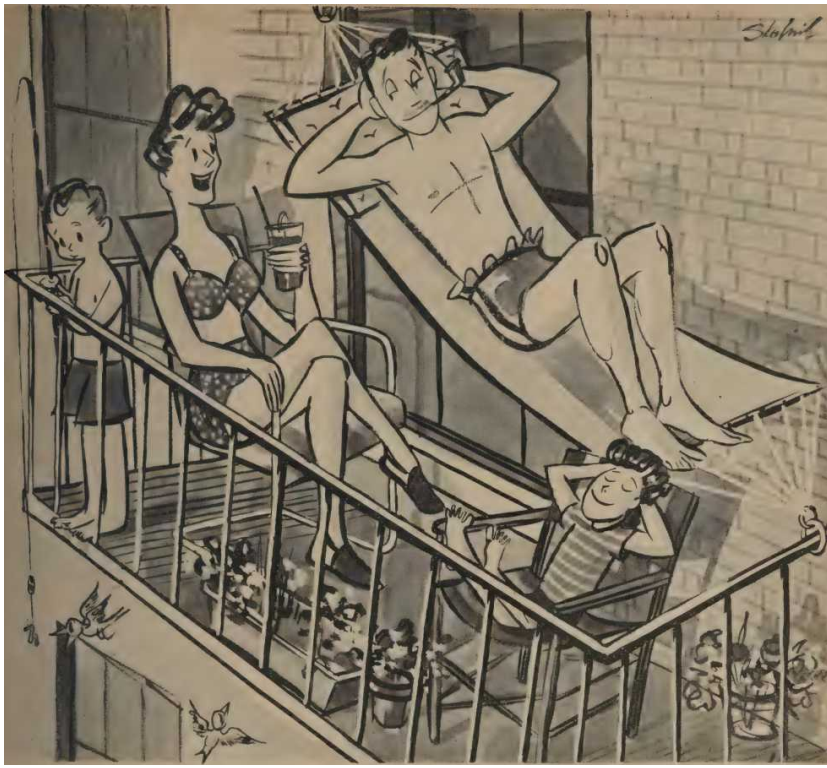
Mayo, Vera-I Ellen, Allen Jenkins, and Otto Kruger, all radiant in Technicolor, all without really very much to do.

‘TIZhekb Do We Go from

Here?,” starring Fred Mac-Murray, is also supernatural, also in Technicolor, and, I’m afraid, just about as childish as they come. Morrie Ryskind, who once had a finger in such high-grade Broadway pastries as “Of Thee I Sing” and “Strike Up the Band,” and Sig Herzig, a humorist unknown to me, somehow convinced

themselves that if Aladdin’s lamp could be hooked up with the war effort, the result could hardly fail to charm even the most resolute sorehead. The way it works out on the screen, Mr. Mac-Murray, after being rejected by ’the Army and his girl, a blonde who prefers gentlemen in uniform, produces a genie from an old pot that he finds in a junkyard. Naturally enough, the thing Mr. MacMurray wishes fo." is a military career. The Ryskind-Herzig bottle imp, however, proves to have a loose sense of time and its employer winds up in Valley Forge, where his twentieth-century knowledge of history proves invaluable to General Washington, who is still undecided about crossing the Delaware. Subsequent wishes place him aboard Columbus’ flagship, and then on Manhattan Island, annoying the Indians and the Dutch.

Since each of these sequences proves somewhat more idiotic than the last, I can see no reason for burdening you with the details. Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill, who, like Mr. Ryskind, have been associated with rational entertainments, provided the lyrics and music for



“Imagine being cooped up in the country on a day like this!”

Mother is going to think twice before she lets Father wallow at home alone in the luxuries of city life, while she stages her annual offensive against bees, poison ivy, reluctant plumbing, and uninvited guests. Why should she endure the kiddies and a congested rural bungalow twenty-four hours a day, with only a week-end husband to listen to her piercing cries of distress? A nice shady spot on a New York fire escape, with running water adjacent, and ice cubes in the refrigerator, is her idea of a super Summer.

Besides, though she could write Macy’s from the country, or telephone her orders, it’s more fun to be right here in town where she can take those in-'trorating rides on Macy’s escalators,

and shop in person for the family’s play suits, sun glasses, chair pads, glider cushions, straw place mats, washable rugs, and countless other glamorous Summer wares, priced in accordance

with that old Macy custom of making 94 cents act like a buck.

Of course we haven't forgotten the element bent on seashore or mountain life. Macy's doesn't forget anybody. This year we've left no stone unturned to promote Mother Nature in town and country. Doubtless you've heard the glad refrain—"macy's goes all outdoors ON ALL TEN FLOORS." You'll find us backing up our boast with barbecue equipment, sporting goods, awnings, wrought iron and redwood furniture, slip covers, provincial type glassware,

cool clothes and cooling groceries, bathing suits and beach coats, garment bags and moth sprays.

macy's

Now more than ever, it's smart to be thrifty.

\

this flightqf fancy. Considering the odd -I think they put up a very nice fight.

There is an airline chap who will bet you a new hat — fedora, sombrero, or stovepipe — that you cannot tell a seven-year-old DC-3 passenger plane from one freshly converted on a factory assembly line from military to commercial use. You can explore both planes, peer at instruments, check Wright Cyclone engines or search anywhere you like for signs of wear. All this chap asks is a couple of minutes to mask the tell-tale license numbers.

• ••

But don't bet with him. He fooled himself once, inspecting what he thought was the newest plane in the fleet until he saw the license number. That gave him an idea. An hour later, a station manager who took his bet was one hat poorer. It was a sure loss, due to the airline maintenance routine.

• ••

If you kept up your car as the airlines do planes, you would follow a pattern something like this: before each trip you would have a licensed mechanic check 75 separate items on engine, brakes, fuel line and body. Every seven days, you would replace spark plugs and take off tires and tubes for inspection. Every 60 days, (150,000 miles with Wright Cyclones) you would remove the engine for

overhaul. You would have a replacement schedule for every part in the car, removing it whether or not it showed wear.

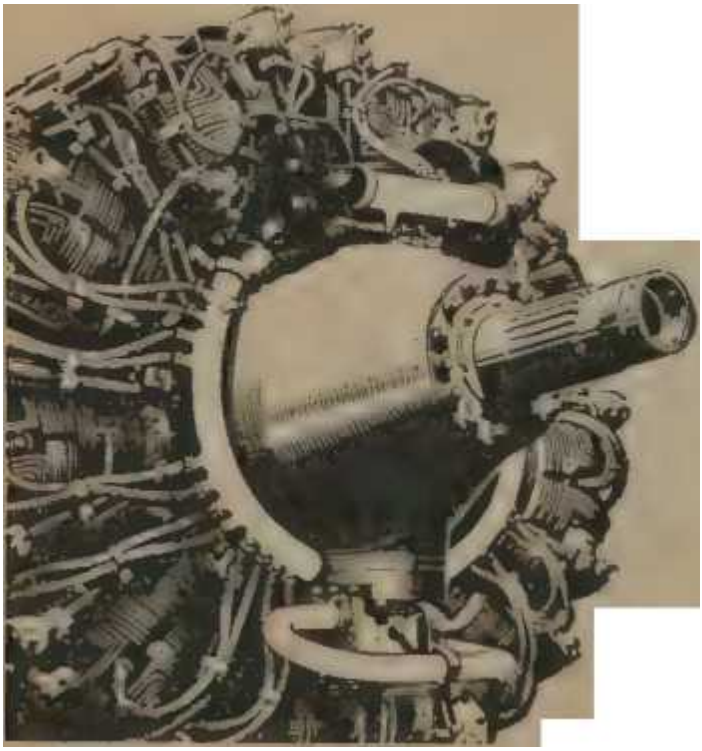
Once a year you would take everything apart — remove body from frame, fenders from body, tear out the upholstery, make X-ray and magnetic inspections. You would put in new wiring, fuel lines, hydraulic systems. Finally, you would make some 300 engineering changes a year to keep your car as modern as the latest Detroit

model. The steering wheel and bill of sale might be the only original parts still in use.

Maintenance men say there are two things they will never know: the retirement age of either a plane or an airline hostess. The plane stays new, until a more efficient model abruptly replaces it. The hostess resigns to be married.

• • •

Anytime you fly in an airliner, you are in the most perfectly maintained equipment in the world, though both planes and Wright Cyclones may have a total mileage equal to ten trips to the moon. Wars come, and cars, fringed surreys and shoes wear out, but airlines maintain planes in an unvarying pattern. It’s the safe way.



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New

“Tt’s in the Bag” is one of those picA tures in which a number of reasonably celebrated comedians flicker in and out, doing their best to assist the star in what is best described as a plot of convenience. In this case, Fred Allen is the constant item in the entertainment, in the role of a flea-circus proprietor who inherits twelve million dollars through the death of an ancient relative and then finds himself involved with a great many fascinating personalities in his efforts to collect it. While some reluctant attention is paid to the story from time to time, “It’s in the Bag” is mostly a vaudeville show with Mr. Allen serving as master of ceremonies. Among the acts he introduces, with obvious disgust, are Jack Benny, in a lively though somewhat special impersonation of himself; Robert Benchley as a society exterminator, demonstrating a Rube Goldberg mousetrap; Jerry Colonna, in a moderately broad sketch about psychiatry; and Don Ameche, Victor Moore, and Rudy Vallee, who entertained me only fitfully as singing waiters in a Gay Nineties item. Reasonably enough, Mr. Allen has reserved the funniest, or perhaps the only really funny, number for himself. This has to do with no more than the nightmare experiences of two foolish dreamers (Binnie Barnes is the other) trying to get seats in some super-palace of the cinema, but it made me laugh. The principle of self-identification, I guess.

IN “Out of this World,” Eddie Bracken, who has the head and neck formation of an agreeable snapping turtle, moves his lips in song, but the voice that comes out is that of Bing Crosby— an ingenious effect but hardly anything to detain you for the better part of two hours. Diana Lynn, a neat package, who approaches acting with the rather anxious gaiety of a lady learning to skate, is presented as the leader of a girls’ band, somewhat larger and certainly handsomer than the Philharmonic; Veronica Lake is shoehorned into the plot as an executive young woman who assists Mr. Bracken’s career as a crooner by employing a squad of bobby-soxers to faint at his concerts; and somewhere in the background lurk such vehement comics as Cass Daley and Parkyakarkus, w hose vogues are quite mysterious to me. Mr. Bracken gives an engaging performance, but the picture itself has an impromptu air, as if the authors hail made it up hastily as they went along.—W. '

OF ALL THINGS

Stalin's withdrawal of the demand for a veto on discussion in the World Security Council has made our relations with the Soviet Union warmer and brighter. Citizens who have been eagerly declaring war on Russia can now take up some more useful form of work.

•

American soldiers in the Reich readily agree with W. S. Gilbert's theory that a policeman's lot is not a happy one. It turns out that there are eighty-one kinds of Germans who are subject to arrest.

Judge Jonah J. Goldstein, a prominent candidate for Mayor of New York, says that his credo is "I like people." Whether .this affection is mutual or unilateral will be revealed in due time.

France has given its citizens new money in exchange for old. By this operation, the vast amounts of French currency stolen by the Germans during the occupation have automatically become hay.

•

The decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the Esquire case suggests that it is the duty of the Postmaster General to deliver magazines rather than to read them. Henceforth, he need not bother his busy head about what people are or are not wearing.

The House of Representatives is apparent!}' determined to vote its members a substantial, tax-free raise to enable them to balance their own budgets. The Little Steel Formula, these statesmen feel, was never intended to apply to the lawmaking trade.

•

Premier Suzuki declares that the Japanese will fight to the bitter

end. Tokio, it would seem, feels that the time has come to put suicide on a really constructive, nationwide basis.

The O.P.A. is going to let motorists take the A, B, and C stickers off their windshields. From now on, drivers should have a better chance of finding out what's going on in the world.

—Howard Brubaker

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PORTRAIT

THE group of people standing behind the artist, who was one of the exhibitors of the Village outdoor art show, had been watching him work on this one picture for a long time. In back of the knot of spectators, a tall sailor nudged the equally tall girl next to him. “C’mon,” he said, taking her arm.

“No, wait,” she answered, pulling away from him. “I want to see what he does.”

“What do you think he’s gonna do— leave it off? ”

“Sh-h-h,” the girl said. “She’ll hear you,” but the woman who was posing for the artist gave no sign of hearing. She shifted nervously on the small canvas stool but kept her large, plump face rigidly set and her puffy eyes focussed above the spectators’ heads. Though the distractions along Macdougal Street were many, she didn’t relax her pose. People walked by, turning from their inspection of the paintings on the building walls to stare at her.

“Seer” the girl said to the sailor. “He’s almost through now. Just the mouth.”

The portrait had gone quickly at first, the artist blocking in outlines and getting a likeness with economy and competence, but as yet not even the outline of the woman’s mouth had been put on the drawing board. The artist occupied himself with a shadow along the left side of the neck, rubbing down the pastel with the tips of his wiry brown fingers. He stopped for a second, looking over his shoulder as if about to speak to someone in the audience.

Then he dropped both -hands to his smudged work pants.

“Just a few minutes more,” he said to the woman.

“I hope my husband

will like it," she said. "It's a surprise. Today's his birthday."

"Oh, I see," the artist said. "It's a good idea for a present. You moved your head. Just turn it back toward me a little. A little more. 1 here, that's it. Hold it there."

He shuffled through the box of pastels on his lap, and picked out an orange-red one, which he held in the palm of his hand. Then, after a glance at his subject, he changed his mind and ex

changed the orange-red pastel for a gray one. He went back to work on the shadow along the neck, this time darkening what he had previously rubbed lighter with his fingers.

The knot of people stirred restlessly and again the woman moved on the stool. There was an umbrella over her head, on a pole attached to the stool itself, and every time she moved it looked as though it were going to come down on her. She eyed it briefly now, and then resumed her pose. She made a conscious effort at concentration that stiffened her shiny face. A drop of sweat started slowly down one cheek and slid under her heavy chin. Holding her head straight, she fumbled in her purse and fished out two crumpled dollar bills. 1 hen she snapped the purse shut and closed her fist .over the money.

The girl turned to the sailor and whispered, “Do you think he’s going to put it in or leave it out?”

The sailor hitched up his pants and said in a low tone, “He ain’t sure himself. He’s tryin’ to make up his mind.”

“He’s got to make up his mind,” the girl replied. “That’s only a two-dollar job she’s getting. He’s not going to waste any more time on her.”

“He’s wasted plenty already,” the sailor said.

“Maybe,” the girl answered, “maybe he’s one of these real artists, with ideals. He’s got to paint what he sees.”

“You’d have to he blind not to see that,” the sailor said, in a loud, flat drawl. Apparently the woman didn’t hear them.

A black-haired boy on roller skates thundered down the sidewalk upon the spectators, then executed a deft spin, checked him

self, and came to a stop in front of the easel. Hands on hips, he stared sombrely at the portrait, then at the woman, and then back at the picture. He whistled once, shrilly, and clattered off.

Momentarily distracted, the woman’s gaze relaxed and wavered from audience to artist. After a few more strokes, he stopped and dropped the gray pastel into the box on his lap.

“It’s a shame,” the girl said to the sailor very softly. “She has such a nice

face otherwise. And it's right where it shows so."

The wart or mole—it was hard to tell which—might have gone unnoticed on a longer, fuller mouth, hut the woman's was extremely small and the blemish hopelessly conspicuous.

The sailor touched the girl on the shoulder. "Here we go," he said. "Watch. He's pickin' up the red one now."

Crayon poised in mid-air, the artist once more inspected his work. Then his eyes shifted to the woman. Slowly her head turned toward him. They looked at each other, he with upraised hand, she with a questioning half-smile on her fape. Her fist relaxed and the money lay loosely in the white palm. The artist turned back to the portrait. Without glancing up again, he blocked in the mouth rapidly. Taking up a white pastel, he put in the outlines of the lips and removed the traces of shadow from the corners of the mouth.

"That's it," he said, wiping his hands on a smudged rag. "Come see for yourself."

The girl sighed. The sailor took her arm and urged her on, and the rest of the group broke into twos and threes and joined the transients along Mac-dougal Street.

"Boy!" the sailor said. "If they had to depend on me, they'd all starve to death." —Leon Meadow

•

Two instances of walking have the same name because they resemble each other, whereas two instances of Jones have the same name because they are causally connected. In practice, however, it is difficult to make any precise distincton between a word such as "walking" and a general name such as "man." One instance of walking cannot be concentrated into an instant; it is a process in time, in which there is a causal connection between the earlier and later parts, as between the earlier and later parts of Jones. Thus an instance of walking differs from an instance of man solely by the fact that it has a shorter life. There is a notion that an instance of walking, as compared with Jones, is unsubstantial, but this seems to

be a mistake. We think that Jones walks, and that there could not be any walking unless there were somebody like Jones to perform the walking. But it is equally true that there could be no Jones unless there were something like walking for him to do. The notion that actions are performed by an agent is liable to the same kind of criticism as the notion that thinking needs a subject or ego. To say that it is Jones who is walking is merely to say that the walking in question is part of the whole series of occurrences which is Jones.—From "The Selected Papers of Bertrand Russell."

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LETTER FROM PARIF

June 5 (by wireless) General de Gaulle has just • spoken against England in the French War Ministry, the Pope has just spoken against Soviet Russia in the Vatican, and fifty thousand repatriated French prisoners and deportees have just spoken for themselves in the streets of Paris. These are per-,haps the three most important statements of the month-old European peace. De Gaulle's anti-English press conference was important not only for what he said but for the way he said it. The days are gone, alas, when democracies, or even monarchies, can afford to be run by born nonentities. In the past twenty-five years, Europe has become a sad connoisseur of those gentlemanly, statesmanly, nationalistic speeches which argue for peace merely as a way of putting off war, and the French, at least, thought their General's speech masterly. Certainly it is now as clear as the nose on de Gaulle's face that he has

the best mind today governing in Europe and that only the countries with the luck to have brainy leaders will stand a chance in that competitive creeping toward survival which is the last lap of the race among the Continental nations.

In the dangerous Anglo-French dustup over Syria and Lebanon, involving such vital elements as petroleum,

prestige, guns, riots, Allied affections,

greed and guilt (on both sides), Arabs, Jews, and even the theory of native independence—or, to sum it up, a perfect postwar colonial predicament—the French press and public for once thought de Gaulle's diplomacy was marked with the practiced authority of a statesman, a statesman only nine months in office yet already competent to deal with the disagreeable events that make up the long-awaited peace. Under heckling questions, which the Paris press conscientiously printed, the General showed intellect, a long memory, an unexpected gift for acid Gallic repartee, and a truculent nimbleness that he and his renovated France will need if he ever

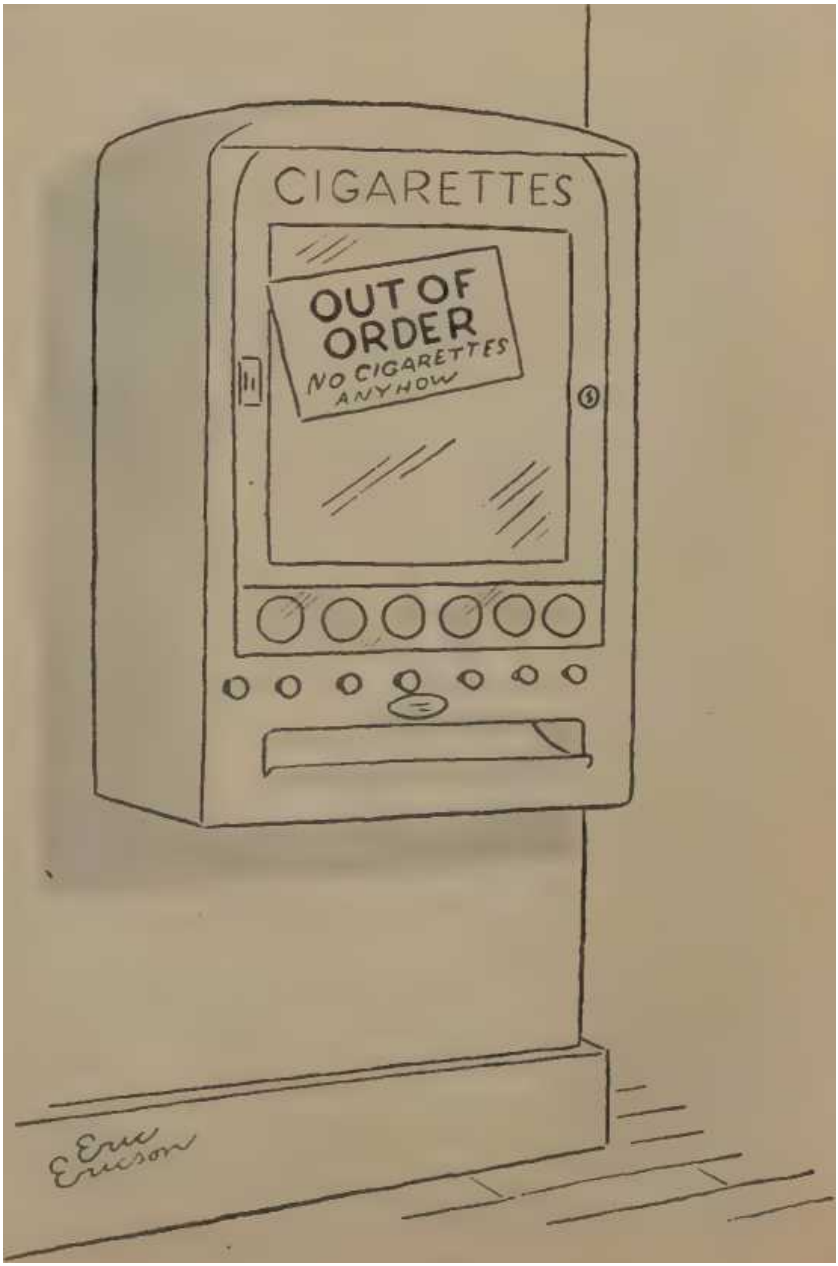
gets down to brass tacks in future Chambre des Deputes debate. His mordant sallies — meh as that if France had just found herself with a gun in her band at Damascus, England had already found herself shooting in, of all places, Athens; and that the Allies were attempting to arrange

Europe without reckoning on Europeans; and, above all, that the Churchill note had been made public before it had been made private—were almost as good as if Churchill himself had made them about a couple of other parties; say, France and General de Gaulle. This press conference revealed three important new facts: first, that as a politician de Gaulle is unfortunately at his best when he is acting in opposition (not the most valuable talent for a majority leader to have) ; second, that it seems to the French that a militant leader who can lead out loud, as the General does when he talks as he did the other day, ought to talk and lead oftener (this century's style has not been strong, silent men) ; third, that it would seem that a chieftain who can face up competently to an international oil situation ought to be able to knuckle down to his country's coal bucket, now two-thirds empty.

The French citizenry's food, clothes, fireside, jobs, communications, light,

and literally its life on this earth next winter depend on coal that is still under the earth. To save electricity, only telegrams about "business or important family events like birth, death, illness, or moving" can now be sent. The scarcity of coal for trains makes trains themselves so scarce that potential travellers must first have a travel permit and then stand in line for a day to reserve their

ticket for the third day following. A



brisk, middle-aged Parisicnnc, mother of three married daughters, one of whom was expecting her first in the provinces, was recently refused a travel permit by a commissaire who said that babies were

no excuse for a journey. After making a speech about France's empty cradles, which attracted a crowd and got her a permit, she took the first, or 5 a.m., Metro to Montparnasse Station next morning to reserve her ticket. She stood there, in vain, till noon, and that night she took the last, or 11 p.m., Metro and stood before the ticket window all night. The baby was born three days later, while the grandmother was at last on her train. A long newspaper editorial entitled "Coal and .the Destiny of Europe" has just appeared here. Last winter, Parisian bodies and patience were warmed by the glow of liberation and the flame of hope for the coming end of the war. There is danger that next winter the only thing that will keep Parisian bodies, and Parisian patience, at a normal temperature will be steam heat.

FROM the very founding of the liberation government, the Consultative Assembly has conscientiously described itself as being purely provisional, as existing only until such time as all the French prisoners and deportees can return home to vote and have their say. With the peace only a month old, a million of the two and a half million

have returned, have not voted, but have

had their say. Fifty thousand have been saying it en masse in Paris by shouting, in parades along the boulevards, for the resignation of the Ministers of Food Supply, of Justice, and of Prisoners, and by walking into shops like the elegant Old England and declaring that they want decent clothes to put on their backs. In a few spring days of freedom and shouting, the desperate men in blue-and-white-striped German prison garb got what their stay-at-home friends had unsuccessfully muttered for all v/in-ter—the dismissal of the weakest members of de Gaulle's Cabinet, and a new suit of clothes. In the Department of the Seine, all men's shoe, shirt, and clothing shops have been ordered to close while the government takes a belated inventor}' (and pays the idle employees), preparatory to freezing the stock. Oddly, the unpopular Prisoners Minister Henri Frenay kept his job in the shakeup, and a newcomer named Christian Pineau, who only

three weeks before was a prisoner in Buchenwald, was given the Ministry of Food Supply. Pineau is a trade unionist, was one of the

courageous founders of the clandestine paper Liberation (now the Paris daily Liberation-Soir), was arrested by the Petain police and escaped from prison in Montpellier, was arrested by the Gestapo and escaped the firing squad, spent half a year in the terrible, medieval prison of Montluc, near Lyon, endured a year and a half in horrible Buchenwald, is the father of six pretty children, and perhaps knows more about concentration camps than about food in France. His opening official statement was that the black market must cease, that "the public should restrain itself with discipline," and that French restaurants must from now on serve no more meat, "not even hippophagique" except for Sunday and holiday dinners. He starts his task in the midst of the public's still dazed, restless hope that suffering may have produced wisdom. It was this psychology that led millions of trusting French to suppose that, after liberation, the men of the resistance would automatically lead the new way.

The returned deportees, who brought about the ex-Buchenwald prisoner's rise to office, have had a vast and disquieting effect on Paris, as these strange, estranged figures probably have had on whatever corner of Europe they have come back to, calling it home and not looking as if they belonged there. Just as European civilians who have been bombed or occupied are grimly aware that they know things which Americans are, by geographical chance, ignorant of, so civilian Europeans, and even the Taris resistance men, in turn find themselves almost meaningless to these once ordinary individuals whose awful experiences make no sense and yet entitle them to supreme consideration, provided a society which hasn't enough of anything can give it. On the sidewalks or riding in the Metro, the deportees, even when they are wearing new, civilized clothes, are as recognizable as if they were in their blue-and-white stripes. With their sheared heads and the still visible streak which the Nazis shaved from the forehead back to the nape of the neck and which makes the head look divided into two, the men move about, gaunt, hawk-faced, hollow-eyed, like living illustrations torn from the text of "The Inferno" or the "Apocalypse."

The last men out of Buchenwald brought their own morbid, modern text with them. It is a thirty-one-page re-

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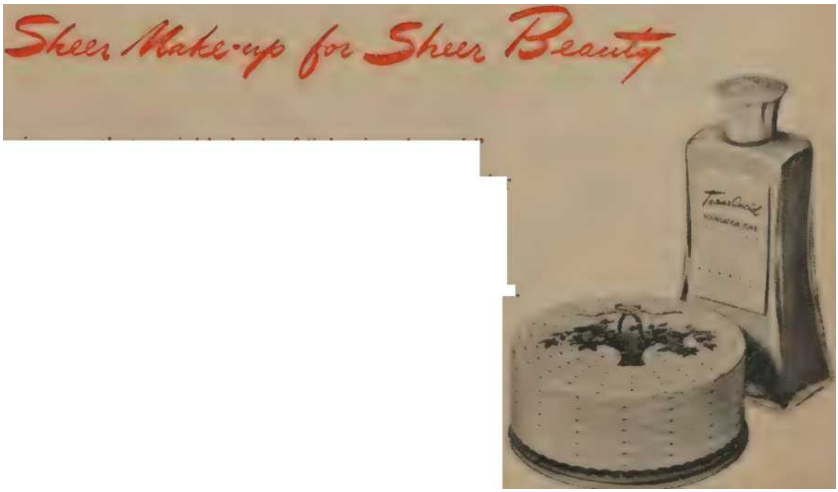

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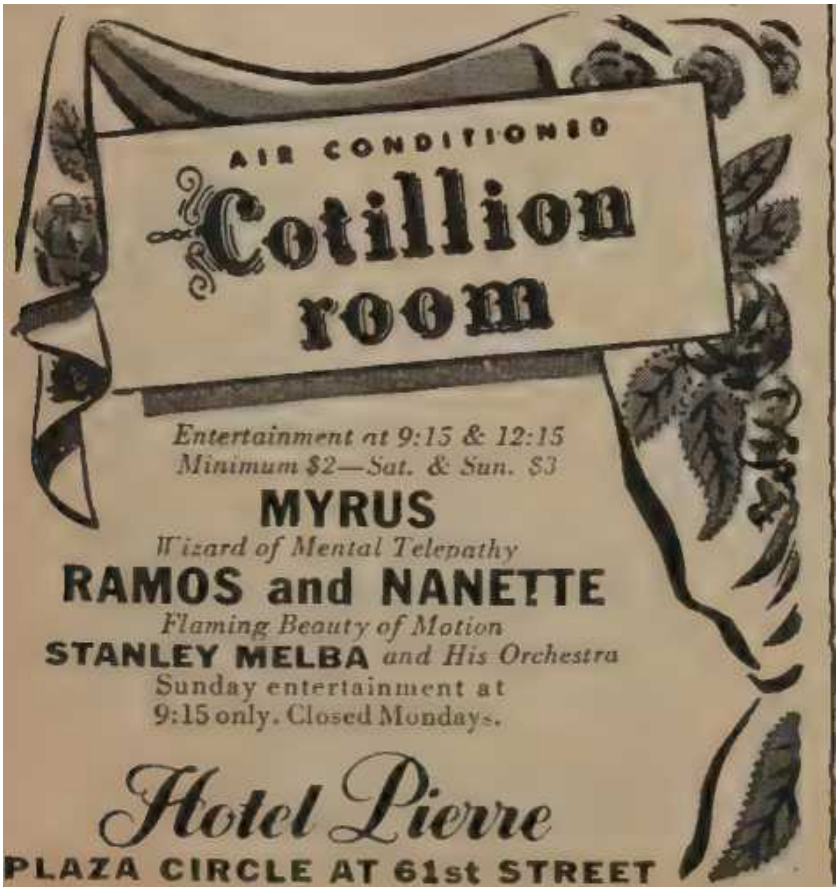

port by the prisoners on their camp, prepared by a press committee of German, Czech, French, Russian, Belgian, Spanish, and Italian anti-Fascist deportees. Their ambitious English translation of it has an appendix headed “Souvenir! American Soldier! When You Come Home Remember What You Have Seen In Buchenwald.” It lists twenty-four sights the deportees themselves will clearly never forget. No. 1 on the dreadful list says, “Remember the trestle where men were ill treated with clogs,” an earnest admonition which refers to a trough with stocks for holding the prisoners’ torsos horizontally, exposing their naked rumps at the best angle for beating.

Other items the G.I.s are implored to remember, so that they can tell their world at home, are “the furnaces of the crema [crematory]

where 10,000 were burnt. In lack of coke, they could not accomplish cremations during some days so that up to 800 bodies lay at [in] the court. Remember the cellar of the crema where anti-fashists and combattants, among them 36 English and Canadian pilots, were hanged. Remember the stone quarry where thousands of men were obliged to carry heaviest stones in running. At least 4 to 5000 prisoners were tortured to death in this murder management [this murderous setup]. Respectively they forced in their dispair the prisoners to run through the guardian chain [the barbed wire] so they were shot at their flight. With stone racks carrying more than a hundred weight, they were obliged to mount to the quarryman in running. This commando [hard-labor battalion] had daily from 8 to 12 deads. Remember the stable where over 7000 Russian prisoners were nickshot [shot in the neck]. The Russians undressed nakedly and the Nazis pretended to lead them to the stable to a medical examination. Through a hole in the wall behind which the coward Nazi murderers hid, they killed the Russians by nickshot. Totally they murdered here cold-bloodedly 7200 Russian prisoners of war. Remember Blockhouse Number 46 where men were vaccinated with spotted typhus serum as experiment animals. Here were healthy prisoners vaccinated like experimental rabbits. Many hundreds of prisoners were sacrificed here. They tapped blood from these prisoners to make blood of it. If the prisoners had no more blood, he got syringe—i.e. he was consciously murdered. Responsible for these murders are the Nazi physicians. Remember the

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gerdenery [the greenhouse and garden]. All the works, chiefly ground and licquid manure carrying, were done in running [all the labor on the grounds was done by men who did not walk but ran]. A lot of prisoners break down or were flogged to death by S.S. Hans Domback. At the same time the gerdenery was a fine income for S.S. Dom-back who sold the products and pocketed the money."

The appendix goes on to say that the Small Camp, where newcomers were received, was so crowded—nineteen hundred prisoners in barracks built for five hundred—that men choked for lack of air. "Before every block each morning," says the report, "lay 3 to 6 bodies who were suffocated or had died soon of hunger. A regulated feeding of hygiene was impossible. In Blockhouse Number 61, 60 to 70 prisoners died daily. In consequence of water defect and impossibility of washing places, the increasing of lice, infectious diseases, and typhus was felt. Remember the Riding Hall. This pompous hall was built for the private use of the wholesale murderer, S.S. Kock. About 200 prisoners died here in using bestial methods to build quickly this hall. Remember the Dog Kennels. This was the notorious dog staff of 45 dogs, trained against prisoners who were often bitten in pieces." (There is a note about one kennel in which a prisoner, who had tried to escape and was tracked down and bitten by a dog, was forced to live, crouching like an animal and barking, as a comic salute, whenever an S.S. passed. The barking man went mad and died in three days.)

Toward the end of the list, the report says, "Remember the Mass Graves. Totally 6 to 7000 prisoners were buried here in the last weeks. We don't speak at all about a regular funeral."

The last item, No. 24, omits the admonition to remember. It is merely a vague statement, mild indeed in its statistics, considering the figures quoted in the first twenty-three items, which contains a confusing pronoun that only on careful rereading seems to refer to

the finally avenging and terrible meek: “Shooting Stand. Here they [and this is the obscuring pronoun] accomplished the execution of S.S. soldiers from Buchenwald. Among the killed were at least 45 German officer women who were discerned at their delivery to the crema [who were identified as women when their bodies were taken to the crematory]. Here were hanged also numerous S.S. In the very last night before the Americans came and the Nazi

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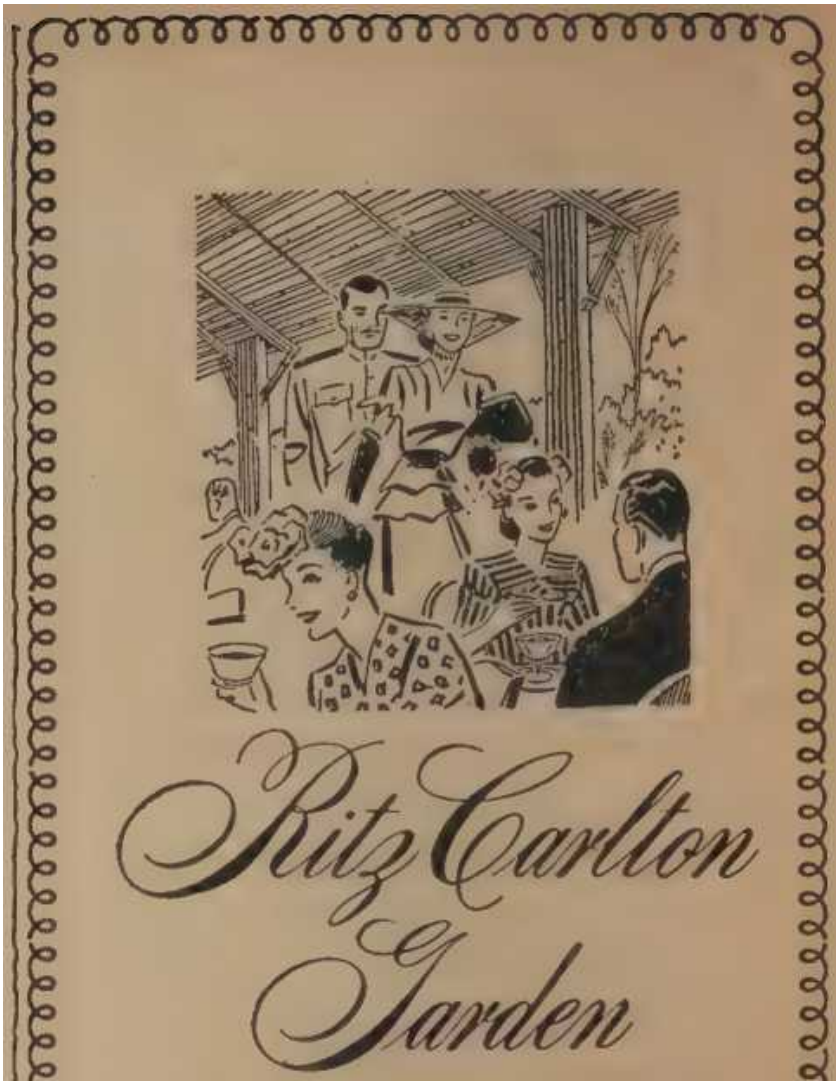
murderers fled from Buchenwald, they hanged 16 S.S. men." So ends the "Souvenir" for American soldiers, to help them rememhei* what they saw as liberating tourists at Buchenwald.

Anationwide poll has just

been taken by Le Service de Sondages et Statistiques, the local version of Gallup. It inquired, "If you were on the jury in the Petain trial and the death sentence were asked for, would your verdict be Yes, Yes [Guilty] with extenuating circumstances, or No?" Of those questioned, seventy-five per cent declared for execution. The Marshal, whom Paris papers five years ago had to call the Saviour of France and whom they now refer to as the "nefarious old man," has been undergoing the interrogation by the juges ˆinstruction and

the High Commission which customarily precedes a trial of major importance. Petain, who is still chipper, can answer questions, and also ask his own, for two solid hours, and by his astute wriggling he has already shocked those millions who once believed in him. He has calmly declared, “I regret nothing I have done. France lost the battle in 1940. I aided her to win it. Par-jaitement! I believe that by my watchful waiting I favored the policy of de Gaulle, because it was I who kept France going.” When his interrogating judges had recovered from this, he added that he had been “surprised and made discontented” by Laval’s radio announcement that “I wish for a German victory” and that he, the Marshal, upon hearing of it, had used a word he would not repeat before the judges but which signified “that Laval could not have been more. maladroit.” Then the still handsome old man maliciously volunteered the information that he had noticed Laval long before ever meeting him, having “noted his physiognomy, which nobody could forget.” Petain’s Vichy physician, Dr. Menetrel, who is also inculpated, has denied to the judges that he ever had anything to do with Vichy politics. “I am thirty-six years old,” he said, “and whenever I said anything about politics to him he always said to me, ‘Hold your tongue, lad.’”

Petain has denied knowing anything at all about the Cagoulards, the rich, armed, Ku Klux, terrorist, Fascist league which reportedly had hoped he would make a rightist putsch; he told one startled judge that he himself must be a Cagoulard, since he knew so much about them, and then cried, “I was used as a banner carrier for all the riffraff.”



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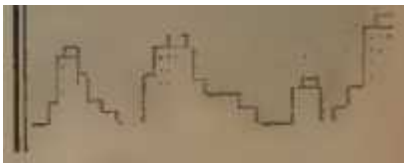

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To our former Ambassador to Vichy, Admiral Leahy, he recently addressed a letter begging the Admiral to appear for him at his trial, or at least to send him a written good-character reference. Neither our Embassy nor the French Foreign Office would transmit the letter to Leahy. It opens with a remarkable statement from the hero of Verdun, who later ordered his Vichy troops to fire on our troops during our invasion of North Africa: “Victory has finally crowned the efforts of the Allies. The Americans performed a magnificent task. I am not surprised, as I had watched them at the siege of Mont-faucon in 1918, and I was sure they would do honor to their country. The joy which this great event gave me has been darkened by a shadow which every day grows denser. I am accused of ill serving France. ... I am now in the position of a man who is accused of having betrayed his country when 1 did everything to defend it.” Marshal Petain is expected to defend his head— difcndre sa tele— during the first fortnight in July, exactly five years after he wiped out the Constitution of the Third Republic and made to France “the gift of my person, to lessen her misfortune.” —Genet

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER jdrturo Suarez in the Havana Post} Mrs. Carl Fischer, Mrs. Leonard Brownson, Mrs. Cesareo Diaz, Mrs. frank Steinhart, Mrs. Mario Lazo, wife of the respectable and noted lawyer, senior for the two in the firm and over fifty others in tasks, also a number of other local American girls and women, all in an act of filling up the brush for the Community Chest, were in social appointments in short noon recess yesterday in hall of doubles, the lobby, dining rooms and elsewhere at Hotel Nacional. Some of the men, prominent in business and of a like high standing socially, were present too, as Maurice McGovern, General Electric; Burke Hedges, of big textile interests and president of the American Club; John Thomson, of Cuban Electric, and better known to employes as he, the old man, or “Don Juan,” when they want to be more polite, “Don Arturo,” as he said, Alex and Hamburg all three by his side and in his treat already for replacements of the third of rhe kind and yet in standing position, of two meanings, that guests kept straight and that the place was thickly crowded. Dave

Franzblau, associate investor in local distilleries and of the large importers of Cuban brandies in the States, and his son Edward Paul, young himself and in like activities, were in also and not alone for impressions but for something, to overcome distance happily on flight back north yesterday; and Manuel Zamora, engineer, manager of shipyards, of a home and mining holdings in Holguin, Oriente, Cuba.

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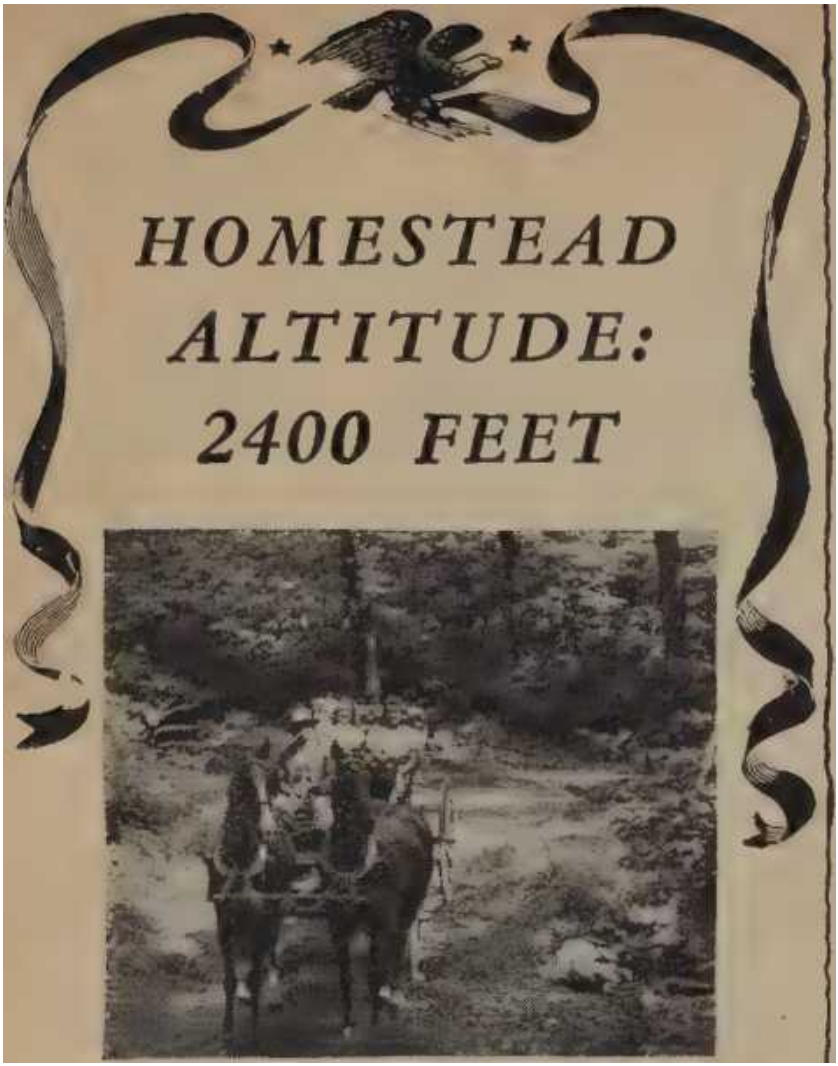

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOU5E

Abercrombie & Fitch, those ac-complished housewares special-ˆ- -*• ists, have gathered together some timely and useful stuff for outdoors. They have a portable spit (hand-turned, but a handyman, if you can find one, could attach a motor, if you can buy one), which is made to rest on any open grill and folds for storage;

$6.50. Those small, urnshaped clay braziers that people come back from Mexico raving about are here, too. They're

$4.95, including a separate metal broiler and a fibre fan for coaxing the blaze. The things may be used outdoors or in, I am told, but it is not clear to me what becomes of the smoke from broiling when the brazier is used in a room. Maybe you'd better set it up in the fireplace. T'o my mind, A. & F.'s cast-iron charcoal grate with grid top would be more satisfactory for fireplace grilling, and there is no reason it couldn't be used outdoors, too. It's $9.40. And the shop still has the outdoor grill that has always seemed to me to be the handiest of all barbecue contraptions—a converted forge on wheels that includes a smithy's hand-operated blower for whipping a bed of coals to searing point in no time; $39.50. Those compart-mented steel picnic plates are still on hand, too; $1.50 each, and worth it

because they are good for a lifetime. For lolling in the sun while the fire gets hot, there is Abercrombie's Komfort Kot, a spring-steel number about eight inches high and covered with green duck. It's hard to beat at $5.50, even if it hasn't got a lot of klass.

AT' Lewis & Conger, there is some-thing for small fry—a six-by-four canvas wading pool whose wood frame has seats in the corners. It's $25, and the lawn gets a good drink when you drain it. As for grownup summertime objects, there are reproductions of old carriage lamps for doorways or gateways, for from around $ 1 5 a pair. L. & C. have other hard-to-find things for the country, such as sturdy luggage racks (one model, at least, is handsome enough to use as a tray stand) and those invaluable electric hot cups for heating shaving water, warming the baby's bottle, or cooking up a spot of something hot and soporific at midnight. Another mechanical aid to householding is the

Speed-dry pen, a giant marking device with two soft, interchangeable nibs of different widths and a reservoir of ink which is quick-drying and indelible. Nice for inscribing packages or attic storage boxes. And, for the benefit of those who came in late, a second reminder about mothproofing. Lewis & Conger have that Feller-Jones fluid for the job, and of course you can always get the Feller-Jones people themselves to take on the work if you don't feel

professional enough to tackle it yourself.

Setfast canvas paint is back again at

Hammacher Schlemmer, in time for the awning, deck-chair, and play-shoe season. Setfast, as you may well know by this time, is a plastic coating with which anyone who is able to hold a paintbrush can perk up the soiled and faded colors of canvas accessories and fibre rugs, or change them entirely. It comes in ten good, clear colors, which can be mixed together, just like paint, to achieve even greater variety. There is, by the way, a transparent Setfast, which doesn't do anything but ward off mildew—as if that weren't enough.

I'VE been around to the Museum of

Modern Art, where an exhibit called Tomorrow's Small House is presenting a small-scale vision of what prefabrication may mean to postwar building, and I have my own two cents' worth to add to the opinions expressed by this magazine's Art Galleries department last week. The show couldn't be a greater contrast to the Fair's disappointing World of Tomorrow section, which, as you may recall, looked more like Sunnyside (Queens) of Last Week. The little houses in the Museum's exhibit, furnished, landscaped, and set up at eye level so jam can look inside them, may or mav not be your idea of perfection, but they are at least an honest, uncompromising, whole-hog break with convention, and they should help people decide whether they are on the side of the functional or the traditional in architecture.

The show presents seven inch-to-the-foot scale models of inexpensive prefabricated houses, a model of a modern dream palace by Frank Lloyd Wright, ■not inexpensive and 7iot prefabricated,

and a toy village in which the same houses, as well as apartment buildings, shops, schools, and the rest, are set up as a planned community. The seven prefabricated houses have certain perhaps unavoidable similarities. There is a tendency to place rooms all in a row, opening off a long halb, which seems dismally reminiscent of hotel planning. In one house, this is somewhat compensated for by giving each bedroom in the row its own little walled garden (one next the other, just like Turtle Bay), which can be entered only from that bedroom— a pleasant idea no other type of architecture that 1 can think of would permit. Another similarity is the use of entire glass walls for living rooms, which may be all very well if you consider only daylight and fair weather. They might be less agreeable in stormy weather, when a wall of glass would present a black, rain-lashed expanse instead of a sunlit, or moonlit, garden vista. Of course, such a wall, or walls (Frank Lloyd Wright's house has three of them m one room!), could be given draw curtains. And, of course, the yardage alone of these curtains would run well into three figures—a thought for today, or tomorrow.

Nevertheless, the show is worth an hour or two of anj body's time and the admission fee, which is thirty cents, even if you come away

feeling that a planned community of Houses of Tomorrow might be nice to visit but that it will never replace the horse. —B. B.

She was so attractive to the masculine eye that a young British naval officer who saw her for a few hours when she was four years old, eloped with her mother.—Blurb on back cover of dr med Services edition of "The Strange H oman."

In the confusion?

Pete's Creole Restaurant is a pleasant spot for the person who wishes to dine well. When one's in the mood for a clean place, this excellent restaurant ... is just where to go.—New York City Amsterdam News.

Well, perhaps—if the mood should overtake us.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

| The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Francisco Chronicle}

Fort Worth, Tex. (U.P.)—It wasn't because he was breaking the law that police chased a seeing-eye dog for an hour and a half.

3 ˆ

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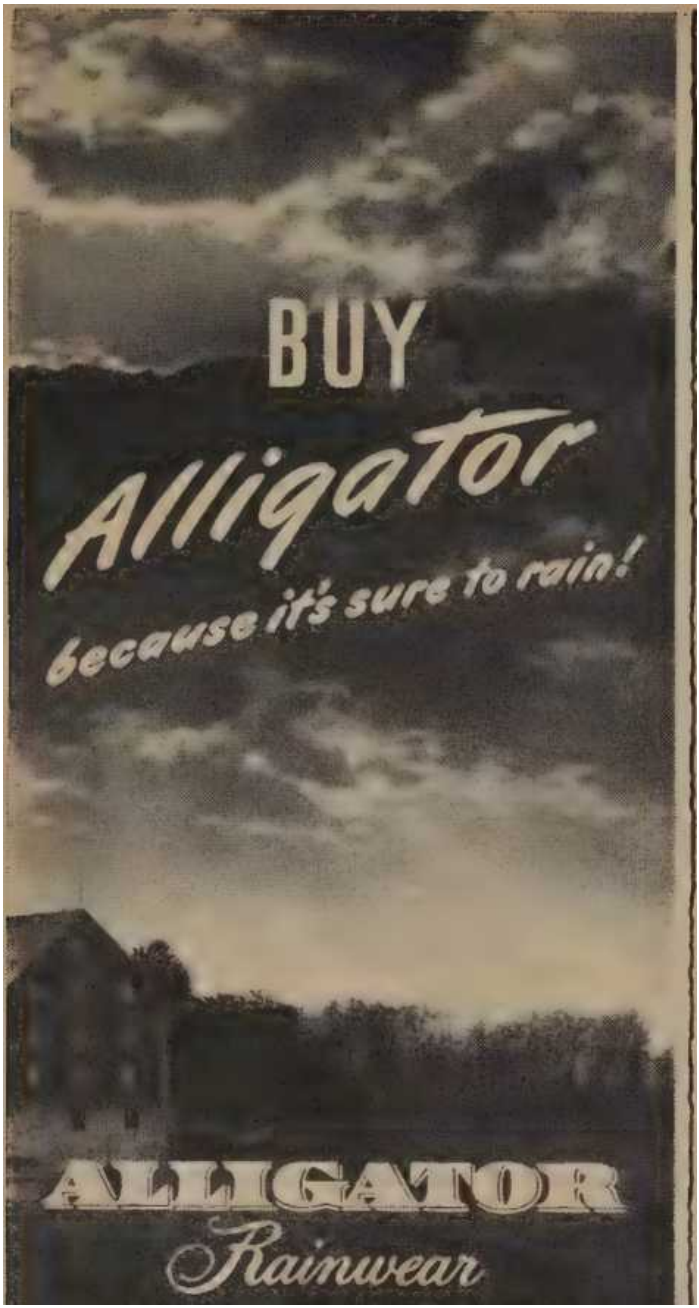

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MU5ICAL EVENTS Concert Records

AN abridged ver-sion of Mous-sorgsky's "Boris Godunoff," conducted by Nicolai Berezowsky and with the Russian basso Alexander Kip

nis singing the title role, has just been released by Victor in an album of five twelve-inch records. It is a collection of excerpts from the opera—the Coronation Scene,'Tn the Town of Kazan," Boris's Monologue, the duet between Boris and Prince Shouisky, the Clock Scene, the Prayer (the duet between Boris and the Czarevitch), and the Death Scene. This would certainly seem to be a sensible selection, but, unavoidably, a few things are left out that one would possibly have liked to see included. Of course, this isn't the first time that a long opera has been boiled down to fit an album, so you probably know where you stand on the practice. I stand mildiv opposed. An intelligent synopsis of "Boris Godunoff," by Alice Berezowskv, is printed on the inside cover of tin's album, and it should certainly be required reading for any purchaser who is unfamiliar with the opera.

Mr. Kipnis's Boris is one of the Metropolitan Opera's most distinguished portraits; he sings the role convincingly and with remarkable dramatic fervor. His voice is especially clear ("ringing," I suppose, is the word) in these records. Not all of the evil in Prince Shouisky (sung by Ilya Tamarin) can be fully suggested in his one

brief scene with Boris, but Mr. Tamarin sings effectively enough to make a proper foil for the Czar. The other parts are sung by members of the Victor Chorale, which is directed by Robert Shaw. The or-chestra is the Victor Symphony. The opera, as usual, is in Russian.

THE Second Symphony of Rachmaninoff appears in a set of six twelve-inch records, made for Columbia by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Artur Rodzinski. The work, which was composed as long ago as 1907 anil was given its premiere in 1910, somehow never became a concert-hall favorite and only a few recordings of it have been made. This lack of interest in the symphony

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is hard to understand, because, for al] its gloominess (someone once suggested that it be called “Memento Mori”), it has a certain grandeur of conception. Moreover, it is consistently interesting, and a warm and appealing melody, which the composer skillfully developed and apportioned, moves through it. The performance by the Philharmonic is excellent, and it is apparent that Mr. Rod-zinski is fond of the piece. He brings out all of its parts with care and clarity and pays great attention to several fragile passages that are

often slighted or lost.

ONE of the favorite works of violin virtuosos is Lalo's "Symphonic Espagnole." The symphony is dedicated to the celebrated Spanish violinist Pablo de Sarasate, who, not surprisingly, gave it its first hearing. Columbia has recently released a recording (three twelve-inch discs) in which Nathan Milstein is the soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy's direction.

Mr. Milstein has performed "Symphonic Espagnole" in concerts so many times, and has performed it so well, that it has almost become his own composition. His performance seems to show he is aware the music is neither wholly French or Spanish but a combination. .Aside from the interpretive problems it presents, the score is a tricky one technically, which is probably why violin virtuosos are so fond of it. Mr. Milstein's performance is precise and assured. He is one of the few violinists who can produce good tone, no matter how involved things get. —R. C. B.

We wish to apologize for an error in the story last week that listed Dora Naughton as a guest at a party. Our reporter turned in the name Dora Gregoroff but we knew Dora Gregoroff had married and become a Naughton so we changed the name to Naughton but Dora Gregoroff Naughton was not at the party; instead it was Dora Gregoroff, her sister-in-law who didn't used to be a Gregoroff but became Dora Gregoroff when she married Dora Grego-roff's brother.

We don't see how we ever made such a mistake.—Kodiak (Alaska) Mirror.

It's incredible.

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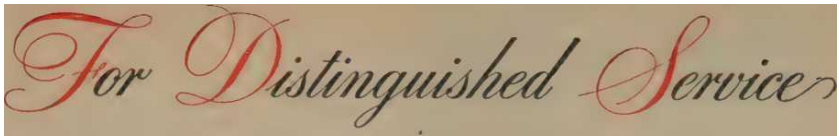

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THE RACE TRACK

Th > •ec in a Row

THERE is so much good racing all over the place these days that this ■ department could do with a small magic carpet. Even a reprocessed one would be fine. Fortunately, the best race last week was the Metropolitan Handicap, at Belmont Park. I may say, with

only a trace of smugness, that weeks as;o I suˆsested that Devil Diver was the top horse in training. He carried 129 pounds in the Metropolitan, gave big weight to everythin except Apache, followed the pace until he was three fur

because the going is supposed to be heavy there. Still, Devil Diver ran over the same ground in the Metropolitan and it didn't make any difference to him. On time, the Withers was a pretty poor race; the early pace was slow, and it took nearly twenty-seven seconds to run the last quarter of a mile. I can't help feeling that this isn't a vintage year for three-year-olds. One thing is certain— horseplayers won't be in a hurry, for a spell, to back anything at odds as short as those on Pavot. Diogenes Check

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longs from home, and then slipped through on the rails, winning by lengths from Alex Barth and Bey Knight. That performance will do until a better one comes along. It was the third time Devil Diver had won the Metropolitan, something no other horse has done in the fifty-odd renewals of the fixture. Perhaps Devil Diver would have made it three straight in the Toboggan Handicap, too, if the track had been fast. However, a combination of circumstances—the

sloppy going, his big weight of 135 pounds, the fact that he wore smooth shoes, and the fact that Apache, who won, outdid himself—was too much for him. As for Apache, he had never won at Belmont, although he tried lots of times in the last four years, until he took the Toboggan last week. One explanation for his reversal of form is that this year he trained at Belmont all spring while the Aqueduct course, his home grounds, was being renovated. Apparently you can teach an old horse new tricks.

FEW of us racegoers ever dreamed that Pavot would be beaten in the Withers Stakes. The obvious thing to say is that he wasn't ready for a hard race, and that maybe he wasn't such a champion anyhow, even though he won the Futurity, the Hopeful, and half a dozen other little numbers last year. Of course, if he wins the Preakness at Baltimore on Saturday, as I fancy he will, the story will be something else again. Pavot hasn't grown much since last fall, but I'm assured that great size is not a characteristic of his family. Also, he looked a mite soft. On the other hand, Polynesian, who beat him by a head, was all wound up. Perhaps, too, Woolf, Pavot's rider, should not have brought him up along the rails in the run through the stretch,

points reports that many of those merry black-market men who are having difficulty in getting thousand-dollar bills changed showered them down on Pavot to win and then wept when the mutuels board indicated that he paid as much to place and show as he would have to win.

AS for other races at Belmont worth 2 k remembering: Beaugay, whose light, airy action is still something to talk about, beat Enfilade in the Fashion Stakes; They Say, a lively dark brown colt by Roman, won the Juvenile Stakes on his first time out; and Gallorette romped off with the Acorn Stakes. Some observers believe that if Gallorette were in the Preakness she'd win it. That's as may be, but she does at least look like a good thing for the Pimlico Oaks.

SO Hoop Jr. won the Kentucky Derby after all. To be quite frank, I didn't think that he would, for a number of reasons. My strongest was that he had such a fast workout only three days before the race—a mile and a furlong in 1:51 3/5 or some such, which is fast enough to do many horses in. Another was that the track was

muddy and that nobody knew how well he could run in the going. Another was that he drew an outside post position, a disadvantage in a large field. I was wrong on all counts.

I did the Kentucky Derby by radio again this year, but even if I had been at Churchill Downs there would be little to tell you except that Hoop Jr. led all the way and the fifteen other starters scrambled helter-skelter behind him. Offhand, I'd say that Arcaro deserves more credit than the horse. After Hoop Jr. was beaten in his first start at Jamaica, Arcaro, who rode the winner

of the race, asked Ivan Parke, Hoop Jr.'s trainer, if he could ride the colt in the Wood Stakes. Arcaro is one of the few jockeys who can handle their own mounts and also see how well the other horses are running in a race, and Hoop Jr. interested him. Parke was delighted, because Hoop Jr. needed a rider who was quick at the start. Naturally, when Hoop Jr., with Arcaro up, won the Wood, Arcaro was booked to ride him in the Derby. Being under contract to the Greentree Stable, Arcaro might have had to stay in New York to ride Devil Diver in the Metropolitan that same afternoon, but stables seldom are stuffy about such things when a bov has a chance for a Derby fee. Hoop Jr.'s share of the purse was $64,850, of which Arcaro received ten per cent, plus travelling expenses. And Devil Diver won his race anyway.

The seventy-first Kentucky Derby winner is a flashy bay colt by Sir Galla-had III out of One Hour. He was bred by R. A. Fairbairn and sold for $10,200 at the Keeneland yearling sales in 1943 to F. W. Hooper, the owner of a very successful construction company in Jacksonville, Florida. He was named after Hooper's small son. Hooper, who is one of the more enthusiastic newcomers in racing, recently started a thoroughbred breeding farm near his home in Montgomery, Alabama, the first in the state in nearly a century.

I also heard the Derby Stakes at Newmarket over the wireless last weekend, and if I must make a comparison, my vote goes to the B.B.C. The B.B.C. gives you an idea what the horses in the race look like and how the race is run, and no nonsense about extraneous matters. Incidentally, Dante, who won the Derby Stakes, must be a nice colt.

Notes on an Old Race Card: This weekend the Suburban Handicap at Belmont. What price Devil Diver? . . . Colonel Martingale wonders if all the bookmakers really will be shooed off the course. . . . The Saratoga meeting will be held at Belmont, as this department suggested, but I really must credit Governor Dewey with a brave trv to get the meeting back to the Spa. ■ —Audax Minor

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THE war was over and Mrs. Sem-plon was almost bursting with satisfaction and pride. She was the very first person in all Scarsdale to have a brand-new, all-in-one-unit kitchen. It had everything. Cost had been no object. She had saved up so much money she could not

spend on things that were not for sale that she could afford the best, and the best was what she had.

Mrs. Semplon's life seemed complete and she had achieved the fifth freedom. She had, of course, been guaranteed freedom of speech—which, if the truth must be told, she had never felt without—-and freedom of religion, and she was chronically free from fear • and want. But now at last she was free, completely free, from drudgery.

To reassure herself, she ran her fingers over the. console of the gleaming new kitchen stove, pressing a key here, kicking a diapason there. She glanced at the array of clocks and dials, as intricate as the instrument panel of a Douglas transport. She smiled at each transparent plastic pot and pan, garishly cooking its contents in full view of the world. She looked into the oven, brightly lighted to its farthest corner, and as she looked, the indicators of the dial on the pellucid oven door gave a slight lurch, showing that the time had come to increase the temperature inside.

The dinner things were arrayed on a large tray, which could be wheeled into the dining alcove and there become the dining-room table. Afterward, the dishes would wash themselves, in a sink filled with detergent and hot water, and, at the push of a button, would rinse and drain themselves.

With all the cupboards and electrical refrigeration and automatic everything, there would have been nothing whatever to complicate Mrs. Semplon's life if it had not been for the flower vases and highball glasses. These were of odd shapes and sizes and did not become soiled on any particular schedule, like dishes. They had to be cleaned at off times—at least, Mrs. Semplon thought they did. She was not the sort of woman to let dirty objects accumulate until it was time to wash dishes, and besides, she had found that her new dishwasher did not function well on only a few' things. To wash the glasses and vases between meals was no great chore, and for the purpose Mrs. Semplon had always used a funny little brushy swab on a long handle, with a tiny loop on

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the end to hang it up by. But the new kitchen had no place designed for her little brushy swab, and when she started to drive a nail into the window frame above the sink, where she had always hung it

and could reach for it without even thinking about it, she suddenly realized that everything in sight was made of metal or brittle plastic and that she could no more drive a nail into it than she could into a pane of glass.

For days this perplexed and tormented Mrs. Semplon. She tried several resourceful schemes involving bobby pins, adhesive tape, and chewing gum, but none of them proved serviceable. She glared at her immaculate kitchen unit with a new feeling: the thing was uncooperative. It was smug. It had dogmatized everything anyone could do in a kitchen and there was no place for free thinking and individuality.

Mrs. Semplon spent more and more time in the kitchen, but lost her interest in food. She lost weight, too, and she lost her amiable disposition. She took to going around the kitchen with a hammer and nail, tapping, tapping, determined to find its Achilles' heel, the chink in its armor.

Having gone over the whole interior many times, she was almost forced to admit that the new kitchen was more inflexible than her will. She could find no place to drive that nail. At last, flushed and angry with frustration, she opened the window above the sink. The thought came to her that she could build a little shed outside the window in which to lodge the swab. She tapped the window frame —she knew the sash was metal. The frame was metal, too. In anger she gave a vicious whack at the rim of the fly screen. An almost forgotten sound, as musical and soft and seductive as a muted 'cello, fell upon her ears. She used the hammer once more, and knew she had touched wood.

With a satisfaction not to be experienced short of redecorating an entire house, she drove her nail into the wooden screen and on it hung the swab. Of course, the window had to be opened to get at it, but that took little effort, and winter was a long way off.

—Edward Longstreth

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

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THE ART GALLERIE5

Windup

I’VE been prowling the group shows lately, because, since they come at the end of the season, they usually give a fair retrospect of the year’s output. There have been some good ones about—especially at the Peris, the A.C.A., and Contemporary Arts. But by far the best survey of contemporary American painting to be seen, though it is not confined to this season, is the newly opened exhibition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica’s collection, at the International Building in Rockefeller Center.

It has certain faults, to be sure. Like all the big commercial collections I’ve seen, it leans heavily toward the con

servative, though it does not quite achieve the academic. Stuart Davis, George L. K. Morris, and Bradley Walker Tomlin are the only Abstractionists I noticed, and there are less than a half-dozen exponents of all the other styles that, despite their prevalence nowadays, are still classed here and there as extreme—Surrealism, Expressionism, and so on. This makes, of course, for an unrepresentative showing. It has a further disadvantage. A shift away from the left, artistically, results inevitably in an increase of emphasis on the right, and if most of the men in the one field are left out, it means that second-raters in the other will have to be included. As a result, the show is a little uneven in quality, and monotonous as well, in some sections. It's also badly hung at the moment, for its present quarters are far too small for the hundred and twenty-three canvases (one per painter) it contains. Since this is only temporary and the collection is to spend most of the next five years touring museums about the country, that is hardly an enduring criticism.

But if the show lacks ebullience a little, and the sparkle that a more adventurous selection might have provided, it does start one thinking about the state of American painting, and as I went through the group the other day, I found myself trying to figure out

just what it is that sets our own contemporary work apart from that of most others.

I think the principal quality is earnestness. Despite the differences in styles, it shines in such pieces as Aaron Boh-rod's ' Waiting for the 3:30," Francis

Criss's "Melancholy Interlude," Abraham Rattner's "Interior," and the fine Julian Levi "Preparing Nets." But earnestness can be a vice as well as a virtue, for it sometimes implies a lack of assurance, and then it can get a man into difficulties. We try harder than the French do, for instance; at times we try too hard, and that leads us, in some cases, into too much harshness and insistence on pattern, as in Peter Hurd's "Fourth of July" and other pieces by the Western painters; or into crowding the canvas, as in Paul Cadmus's "Gilding the Acrobats" and Reginald Marsh's "Wooden Horses;"or, again,

into a tendency toward haziness and insubstantiality, as in Alexander Brook's otherwise attractive "Family Unit." Worst of all, we lack the light touch, that sort of painterly assurance that the French seem to be born with—though what they're born with, really, or are born into, is an existing painting tradition that goes back a good many generations from this one. As a result, the Britannica show has very few paintings—Julio de Diego's "They Shall Sail the Seven Seas" and Abraham Rattner's "Interior" are two I think of— that reveal anything but the most direct, head-on attack on their subject matter.

The one tradition we have developed here centers on the so-called "social • protest" school. While a good deal of this group's expression is still pretty ragged, it seems on the whole to be the healthiest thing we have around, and the fact that it is largelv excluded from this collection is one of the show's main weaknesses. Even so, one gets from this exhibition a sense of vigor, of exploration, that could hardlv be duplicated in any other country. We may lack dash, but we don't lack honesty, and there are times, as in Edward Hopper's "Cape Cod Evening" and Francis Speight's "Tracks in Winter," among others I've mentioned in this show, when honesty pays off.

AT' the Buchholz, they are having a memorial show of sculptures

and drawings by Aristide Maillol, who died in France last October. Maillol certainly was one of the greatest craftsmen of his own or any day, and he had a feeling for three-dimensional

plasticity that is hard to match. There is, however, a weakness in what he has done that in the long run is likely to work against it. He spent his life in an effort to immerse himself in the Greek spirit, and as far as form goes he succeeded. But there was something in the meaning of the form that eluded him. For all his surface pagan feeling, there was always, at bottom, a bit of the bourgeois in him; there is calmness in his work, but not serenity, and it is this split in feeling that robs that work of complete effectiveness.

It is most apparent in his larger figures, such as the big, bronze "Summer" and "Pomona," which are in the exhibition. Yet there is another of these, called "Kneeling Woman," planned as part of a monument to Claude Debussy, which, though as exquisite technically as the others, comes far closer to the true antique spirit, and among the smaller pieces there are a good many with that sunny and beautiful purity that really was Greece. I have always liked Maillol's small things better than bis big set pieces. They seem freer and simpler, more naturally expressive, and one of the delights of this show is that it contains a considerable number. There are a "Nude, Head in Arms," in bronze, and a "Crouching Nude," in marble, that are infinitely graceful, and "Torso on a Dolphin," headless, armless, and designedly rough in surface texture, has all the gaiety and casual perfection of a Tanagra figurine. The wall plaques and- drawings, -too, should not be missed—in particular, among the first, "The Dying Warrior" and "Victory," and, among the others, the crayon sketch called "Reclining Nude."—Robert M. Coates

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Well, somebody’s got to say somc-i’ ' , for gosh sake.

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[C om the fifty-third annual report of the Dairy and Food Division of the Iowa Department of Agriculture^

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BOOK5

77?/' Perils of Lewy Budd

MOST publishers' blurbs come under the head of misleading advertising, but the ones that have been printed on the jackets of the six novels that

make up Upton Sinclair's Lanny Budd series are quite honest and exact. "Dragon Harvest" (Viking), the latest volume in the series, is called a novel of "the ter-rifying days from Munich to the fall of Paris, while an apprehensive world watches Europe yield to the German war machine; " "Presidential Agent," an earlier installment, is described as the story of how "Lanny Budd, born to wealth and educated in the councils of the mighty, assumes his most perilous international role ;" and "Dragon's 1 eeth," which warn the author a Pulitzer prize, is said to be a tale of our modern world, "the mighty, the famous, and the infamous." What most impressed me about these descriptive passages, aside from their essential correctness, is their close resemblance to the high-octane advertising that Hollywood exports with its films—particularly the blood-and-thunder serials that do not always get

to the big cities but that help to make Saturday night the kind of

night it is in small towns all over the country. The Lanny Budd books have been praised so highly by Thomas Mann, H. G. Wells, Albert Einstein, and Bernard Shaw that I feel some hesitancy about entering a dissenting opinion, for, to come right out with it, they struck me as being just about the weirdest books I have ever read. There is something engaging about them, as I hope to show later on, but what they add up to is more or less what Pearl White added up to in the early motion-picture serial called “The Perils of Pauline.” The trimmings are fancier, and Mr. Sinclair’s purpose is deadly serious, but the basic ingredients and the general effect are the same.

I am not going to try to trace Lanny Budd’s history from the beginning of the series; the forty-three hundred and thirty-nine pages (ten pounds net) that Mr. Sinclair

has used to follow his adventures would be difficult for even a python to swallow. So, for that matter, wmuld be the mere seven hundred and three pages that are bound W'ithin the covers of “Dragon Harvest.” This novel begins, just before Munich, with Lanny splashing about in the center of the prewar Riviera social swim, which included such swimmers as Maxine Elliott, Winston Churchill, and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and ends with him standing near Hitler in Paris while the German dictator looks upon the tomb of Napoleon. A lot of things happened between Munich and the fall of France, and Lanny, w’ho manages to get places in a way that makes Superman look flat-footed, doesn’t miss one of them. Though he pretends to be an art dealer, he is actually a secret agent for Franklin Roosevelt, and what a secret agent he is! When Hitler is planning his march into Poland, Lanny is a guest at Berchtesgaden, where Hess and Goering are his particular intimates; when the King of Belgium surrenders to the Germans, Lanny, along with Petain, is in the apartment of a lady who is supposed to be the mistress of the French Premier, Paul Reynaud, and

“Always remember, other

-people are just as afraid of you as you are of them.”

he agrees to act as a liaison man for the French and British appeasers; he learns, among various other things, of Hitler’s intentions to invade Norway and Holland and w'arns these countries of the danger that threatens them; he also finds time, in between these activities, to get involved with several women and to have long conversations with Chamberlain, Churchill, Roosevelt, all the members of tlie Nazi hierarchy, and a few dozen other persons of only slightly less international importance, and finally, after Dunkerque, he again visits Hitler, this time to find out the German plans for the invasion of England. Mr. Sinclair couldn’t possibly have put the customary “The End” at the bottom of the last page of “Dragon Harvest,” because where and when this series is going to end is something in the nature of a secret between the author and his Maker, but I felt that he should have put something, anyway — something like “Don’t Miss Chapter Seven: ‘Thunder over Teheran, or, With Gun and Camera Down the Big Three.’ ”

Impossible as it is to take Mr. Sinclair's catch-as-catch-can wrestling with current history seriously as literature, it

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is even more impossible to take it seriously as history. This would be somewhat beside the point were it not for the fact that Mr. Sinclair has announced that he thinks of himself, so far as his Lanny Budd novels are concerned, as a historian. He is portraying world events in story form, he has said, and he has taken the trouble to assure us, in his preface to "World's End," the first volume in the series, that what he has written about the world-famous figures that appear in his pages is "factually correct." Both of these statements puzzle me. I find it hard to understand how Mr. Sinclair could ever have imagined it possible to do a quick rewrite of world events from 191 3 to 1 940 and get anything but what

he has given us—a literary hybrid that is both questionable as history and inferior as fiction—and I find it equally hard to understand how he can assert that his information about Churchill, Chamberlain, Hitler, et al., is "factually correct." The truth of the matter is that it is only as correct (or incorrect) as are the newspaper and magazine clippings from which Mr. Sinclair gleaned it—a correctness he can no more vouch for, not having sat with

Churchill on the edge of Maxine Elliott's swimming pool, not having visited Hitler at Berchtesgaden, not having been in the boudoir of Paul Reynaud's putative mistress, than he can vouch for what George Washington had in his pants pockets at Valley Forge. It is the "factually correct" passages of the Lanny Budd series, furthermore, that make it impossible for it to be believed in. When Lanny is being interested or uninterested in a girl, or going through the motions of being a secret agent, or even thinking some of his thoughts, he has a certain amount of credibility; let him get involved with the "factually correct," though, and credibility disappears.

There is, however, as I have said, something engaging about these books, or, to be more exact, about Mr. Sinclair. He puts on this fantastic performance with the same straight, earnest face that he showed to the voters of California when he was running for Governor, and he apparently never suspects that, in writing such lines as "Hess said, "Die Fuhrer is at the Berghof. ... I will tell him you are here, and see how he takes it. Doubtless he will have to

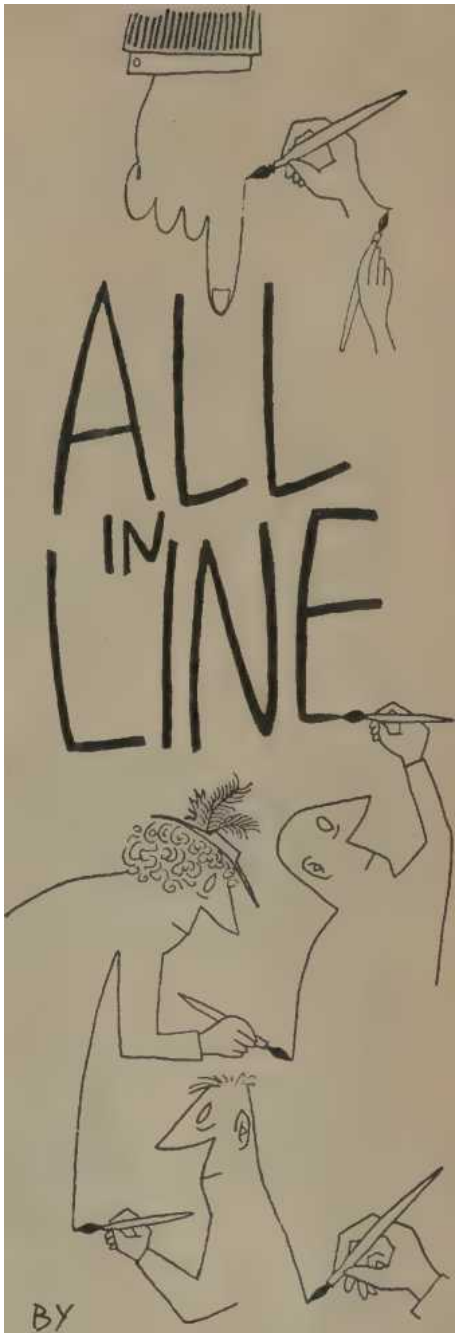
blow off some steam,' " he is being not dramatic but funny. He is so serious about the perils of Lanny Budd, though, and so plainly convinced of the value of these books about him, that it is very hard to charge him with being indifferent to all the values of literature or to remind him that he is still doing (or trying to do) what he did years ago in "The Jungle." Mr. Sinclair's literary point of view, it may be suspected, hasn't changed very much since he wrote, in 1 904, "So long as we are without heart, so long as we are without conscience, so long as we are without even a mind—pray, in the name of heaven, why should anyone think it worth while to be troubled because we are without a literature?"

Mr. Sinclair, obviously, is no more troubled now than he was then, and the Lanny Budd novels are written in much the same spirit and with the same intent as "The Jungle," except that instead of being the muckraker of the packing industry, as he was in the earlier book, he is now trying to be the muckraker of the world. This ambition reveals not only Mr. Sinclair's perpetual crusading, missionary spirit but also a certain kind of innocence—an innocence that belongs to the optimistic period before the first World War,

when it seemed to many people that the muckrake was a powerful enough weapon to slay all the dragons of social and political evil. Such innocence seems almost na'ive today, and Mr. Sinclair also seems na'ive at times, yet, along with the naivete, there is a bravery and gallantry, too. The muckrake may be covered with rust and hardly more effective than a slingshot, but Mr. Sinclair, knowing no other weapon, and also knowing that the dragons are still there, will not put it down. It would be churlish not to wish him good hunting. —Hamilton Basso

VERTE

IN the autumn of 1941, this department was baffled by the problem of how to deal with William Rose Benet's "novel in verse," "The Dust Which Is God," published by Dodd, Mead. For Benet's long piece of narrative, with interpolated h rics, was not, in fact, a novel at all but a piece of disguised autobiography. Real people, under masks of varying thinness, moved around in it, and the tˆeme proceeded without a



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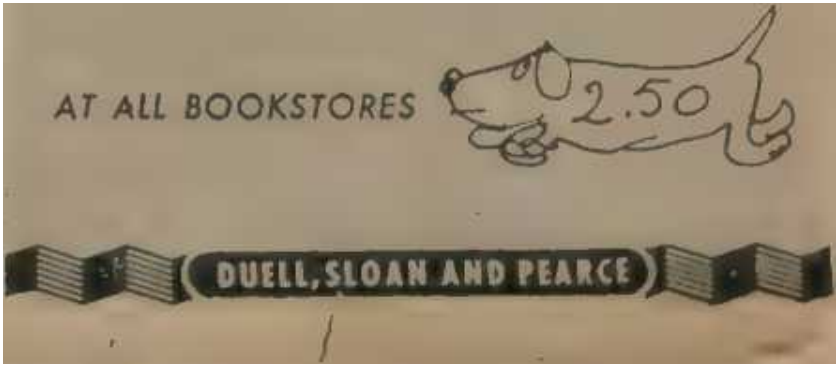

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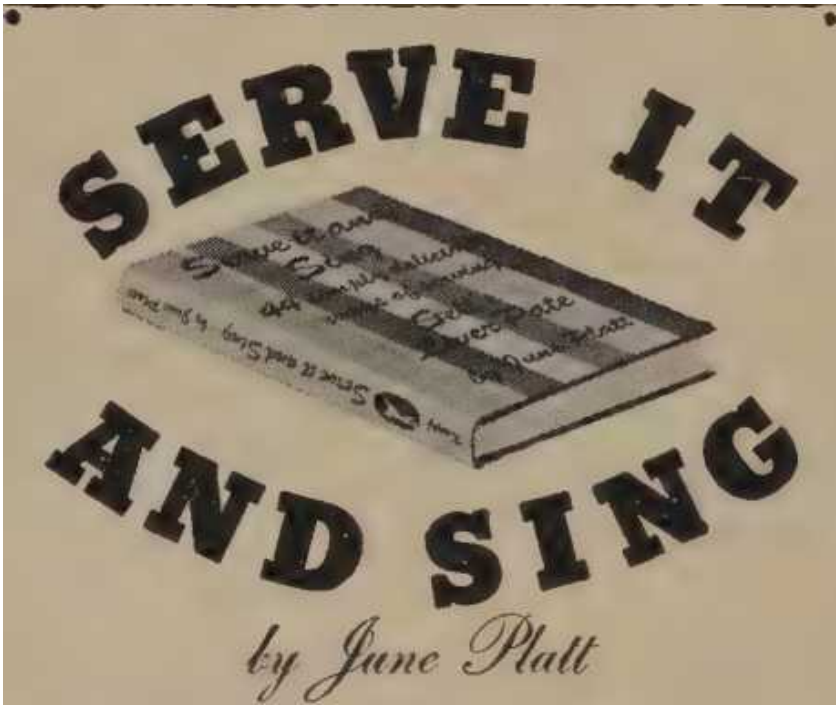

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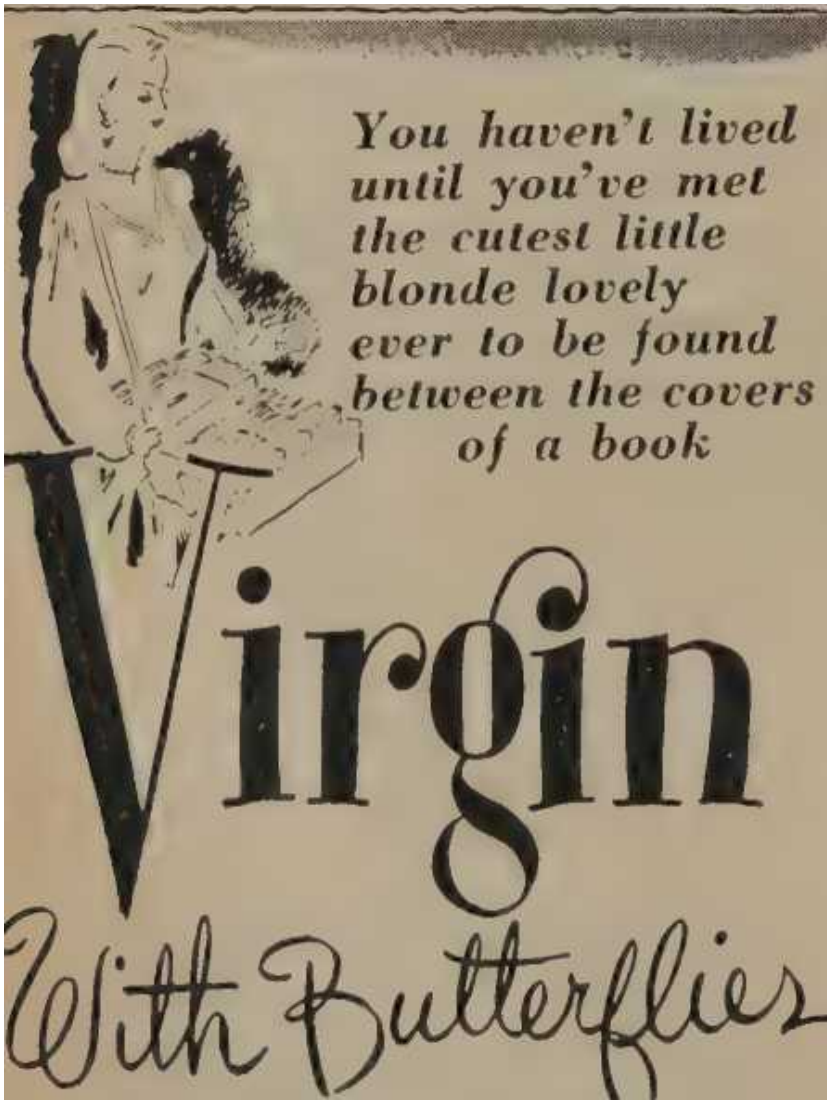

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touch of that satire which might have shown the author to be detached from his material. Then, one could see only too clearly what fun the author was having as he twined his hero around and around with the threads of modern history and modern life. The most fashionable kind of “social protest” ran through the maze. The emotional tone was adolescent and the author’s lack of perspective kept landing his hero in poetic passages of incredible bathos. How

could one be severe with such an effort without seeming—since real life w[T]as involved—either malicious or rude? The book,- therefore, was not reviewed in these columns. It promptly won the Pulitzer Prize and went rapidly through four printings. It is now being published once more, this time by Knopf.

A lapse of almost four years, and the intervening laurels, leave the basic question unchanged. Dealing with this work on the only feasible terms—the broadest and most abstract—two comments can be made. First, the poem fails technically because it is based on the shaky assumption that poetry can be written to sound like prose (or vice versa). Second, the poem is restrained from rising to the heights toward which, with every line, it undoubtedly aspires, because the author is throughout unconquerably naive. Poetically, what kind of satisfaction are we supposed to draw from: Daphne laughed most gratifyingly... Ensconced at Scarpio's they talked of Ernest Hemingway Picasso Les Deux Magots capriciousness of waiters nationality in drinks the Volstead Act

Intellectually, are we to laugh or weep at a long narrative wherein the hero never wakes up to the fact of. his compulsions, at a chief protagonist who responds to the facts of materialist and capitalist corruption he so meticulously records with actions which never depart from a Romantic-genteel code? At this late date, what is there to say about a writer who rolls along on the rhetoric that his contemporaries have sweated to stem; who seems unaware of Joyce, Jung, T. S. Eliot, Gide, and so on and on; who seems never to have heard of certain great modern (as Auden describes them) "candid studies of the body and mind of man;" who, it appears, has missed the words of the same young contemporary:

Nor was every author both a comforter and liar;

The sense of guilt was recorded by Kafka; There was Proust on the self-regard ...

Mr. Benet has always sided with those who think that there is something vaguely naughty about complexity. But he here fails because of his inability to

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just coming from the bindery. The artists, designers, printers are now at work upon them. (The photograph printed here is of previously-distributed titles. If any of the titles described in this Prospectus fail to interest a member, he may make substitutions from a long list of such titles.)

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he complex. He has written a good old-fashioned middle-class melodrama. The radio audience, in its present state of development, might welcome it, if it were completed by sound effects. But for readers who do their best to live in the full glare of modernity—no.

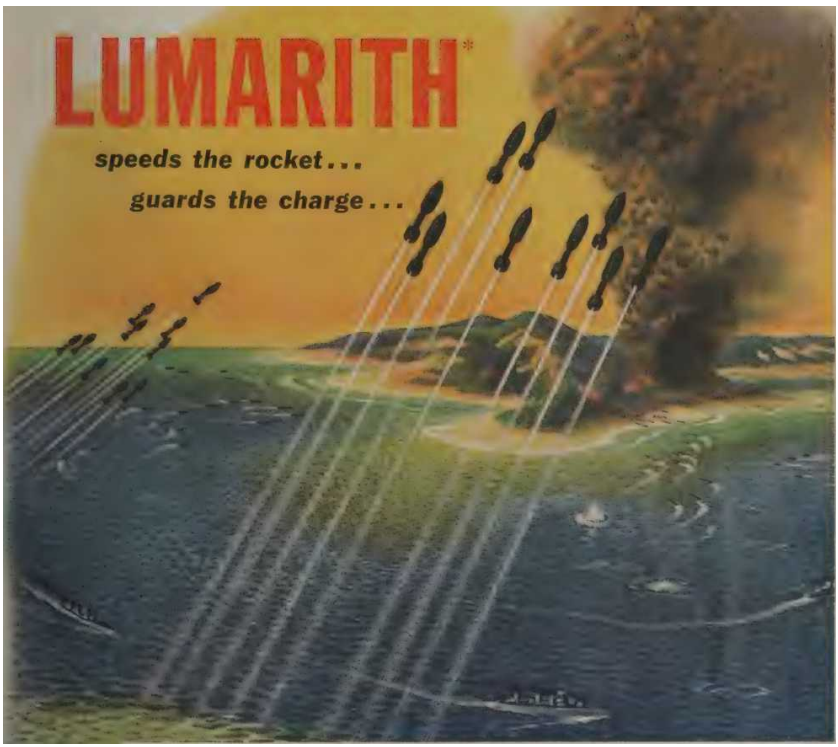
Robert P. Tristram Coffin is an-

- other writer whose productions elude formal critical attention. The publishers' blurbs that year after year accompany new Coffin wmrks are enough to leave the critic gasping. "[Mr. Coffin] has lectured . . . ," runs the descriptive leaflet accompanying his new volume of verse, "Poems for a Son with Wings" (Macmillan), w'hich, as usual, is rather pretty, in a sentimental, mildly Frostian way, "at hundreds of colleges and clubs across America, has been on the staff of the Writers' Conference at the University of New Hampshire since its foundation, has been Phi Beta Kappa poet at Harvard, Virginia, Tufts, William and Mary, Hamilton, Bates, and so on. He is as well known in Oklahoma, Illinois, Texas, Georgia, Missouri, Florida, Virginia, and Indiana as he is in New England and the East. Many thousands have heard him read and lecture. The Harvard University Vocarium records in the Modern Poets' Series have given Mr. Coffin's voice to the public at large in readings of twenty-odd of his best poems. . . . This man writes, tells stories, draws pictures, and gardens. . . . He has published twenty-nine books. . . . He does most of his writing late at night.,. . . He believes he can say the best things about life then, which he maintains poetry is honor-bound to say."

THREE small volumes of poetry have recently appeared which make very small claims in comparison. These are "Cut Is the Branch," by Charles Edward Butler (Yale University Press) ; "A World Within a War," by Herbert Read (Harcourt, Brace); and "Eike the Root," by George Zabriskie (Coward-McCann). All three poets

are rather quiet and un-self-re-garding. Herbert Read, an Englishman, is older than the two Americans,

•^



"... Coming in from behind ... were the rocket ships ... decks alive with action ... rocket-gear hoisted ... rockets sizzling like a fire hose ... the Japs were shooting back. The blue water before the rocket ships was spouting now ... but still they kept going in ..."

—From the first eye-witness account of the invasion of Okinawa, by CBS correspondent Webley Edwards, broadcast on the Columbia

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But to up the quantity, we'd have to cut the quality. And that is something we'll never do. You can be sure that Rheingold will always be beer o as beer should taste. '*■„.■*'

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but shares with them insight and a kind of gentle control over himself and over his material. —Louise Bogan

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Inquest, by Robert Neumann (Dutton). A young refugee is found dead, a suicide, in a cheap London lodging house. Between the discovery of her death and the coroner's inquest, an Englishman who has casually spent the night before the suicide with her collects evidence to reconstruct the girl's life. Here is what at first appears to be a very superior mystery story, but little by little there emerges, from under a tight web of the most expert construction, the whole horror of Nazism, caught like a hideous insect for our inspection. The novel reveals no more than what intelligent people already know about the contemporary international tangle, but Mr. Neumann presents the spectacle with such originality and insight that the effect is both exciting and profoundly disturbing. The newly acquired English of this brilliant Austrian author has an individuality that gives his prose an added sharpness.

A Sweep of Dusk., by William Kehoe (Dutton). If you have read the large annual crop of prize-winning first novels, you may have

speculated on the uncertain future of the prizewinning young authors who turn out fiction that is neither very good nor very bad but is apparently better than that of a considerable number of other contestants. Mr. William Kehoe, who, at the age of twenty-two, has carried off one of the Avery Hop wood awards, is not a subject for such conjecture; he is unquestionably that unusual specimen, a born writer, and it will be surprising if he doesn't develop into an important one. His first novel is the story of an intelligent, extremely introspective boy set against a background of family life in which closeness is mistaken for affection. For a while the boy escapes the tyranny of his home by trying to conform to the conventions of a particularly dull brand of undergraduate life in a Midwestern college. In the end, he returns to the family and to his hysterical mother, who, through her very weakness, manages to keep a death grip on him. In spite of the fact that Samuel Butler has told it all before, Mr. Kehoe's story of the destructive force of pa-

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rental possessiveness makes an extremely interesting novel.

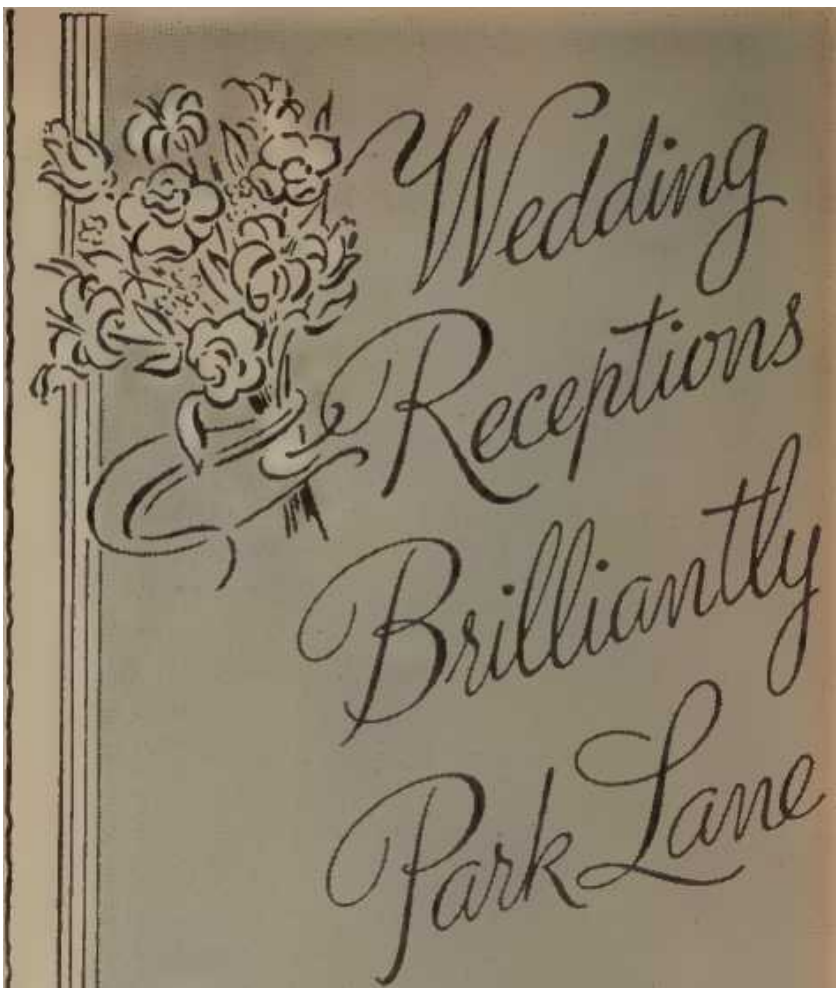
The Trojan Brothers, by Pamela Hansford Johnson (Macmillan). A tragic story, but one with nice psychological trimmings and a good deal of shrewd cockney humor. The book, laid in England between the two world wars, gets its title from a London music-hall act in which the - hero and his friend impersonate a horse. Nothing important, but lively entertainment in spite of its unhappy ending.

Jassy, by Norah Lofts (Knopf). Just in time for the ' let-your-brain-rest season comes one of Miss Lofts' agreeably written, extremely readable novels of bygone days in England. This one concerns a poor girl who, driven by an unreturned passion for a young neighbor, is able to achieve for him, through her death, his great ambition. Her story is effectively told by four characters in the book who knew her at various periods of her life—the young man she loves, a Lesbian schoolmistress, a rich and beautiful school friend, and, finally, a half-witted servant girl who sees visions. The action takes place in Essex in the eighteenth century, but Miss Lofts, who is commendably opposed to the God-wot school of historical fiction, has gone too far in the opposite direction this time, and her middle-aged Lesbians, catty school girls, and, indeed, life in general sound rather startlingly con-■ temporary.

Stronger Than Fear, by Richard Tregaskis (Random House). Incredible as it may seem, the fighting of our troops inside Germany has already been made the subject of a novel. It's a hastily written and not overly perceptive novel, but the fact that it is here at all must set a record for literary hustling. An honest account of any

aspect of this war is bound to be interesting, and Mr. Tregaskis is unquestionably an honest reporter. His examination of the heart of a soldier in the midst of the terror of battle seems, however, just a little too smooth.

Piccola, by Helen La Penta (Harper). The very simply told story of a winning little girl who recalls her early childhood in a convent in Rome and with her grandparents in a small Italian hill village. Later, she goes to live with her father in New England and in New York, but it is the unfamiliar early background that (fives charm to the narrative, which



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becomes tedious once the child begins to grow up in America.

No Hiding Place, by Terry Morris (Knopf). It is possible that young women who have followed their husbands from camp to camp may find a certain pleasure of recognition in this Army wife's pedestrian little story of Army wives, their tribulations, and their hastily snatched joys. The theme is a moving one, but Mrs. Morris writes with neither the perceptiveness nor the wit to produce more than a rather commonplace narrative.

GENERAL

The Scandalous Adventures of Reynard the Fox, by Harry J. Owens (Knopf). A new version, and a good one, of the minor classic that William Caxton translated into English in 1481. Carlyle called it a "wild parody of human life;" Goethe, who put it into verse, called it nothing less than a Welt Bibel-, Froude, the English historian, said it

was “the most exquisite moral satire . . . ever composed.” The gentlemen knew what they were talking about. Illustrated with thirty-four water colors by Keith Ward.

Dan Sickles, by Edgcumb Pinchon (Doubleday, Doran). Of all the swashbuckling romantics who ever rode the waves of American history, Dan Sickles, whose first full-length biography this is, was one of the most extravagant. Sickles, known in his time as the Hero of Gettysburg, because he lost a leg in that battle, after having had a crowded career that included interludes as printer, lawyer, congressman, and diplomat, went to Spain as United States Minister following the Civil War and, operating with American efficiency, became the lover of the Queen of Spain in a few weeks and acquired the unofficial title of the Yankee King of Spain. Mr. Pinchon writes biography as if he were writing fiction, but, considering the flamboyant nature of his subject, this is probably all to the good. Illustrated.

They Seek a City, by Arna Bon-temps and Jack Conroy (Doubleday, Doran). The story of the Negro migration from South to North, since the days of the Underground Railroad up to today. The authors have selected from their obviously vast supply of material only facts and figures that are both pertinent and interesting, and have managed to avoid most of the sociological cliches that

tyf/w &cud “imfart/ed”?

... ˆ/3 A AMERICAN

The story of Pocahontas and how she saved the life of John Smith is American folklore. Concerning the romance that followed, you will never see mentioned how, as the stone axe was about to fall, she appealed for John Smith's life by holding aloft a treasured bottle of native wine, surprisingly like G & D American Vermouth . . . Whether her father, chief Powhatan, was annoyed to see his private stock raided, or whether the executioner actually got the wine, we shall never know—but John Smith was saved . . . The goodness of a Martini made with G & D Vermouth is not only folklore, it is o fact you can check up any day. How's for mixing one right now?

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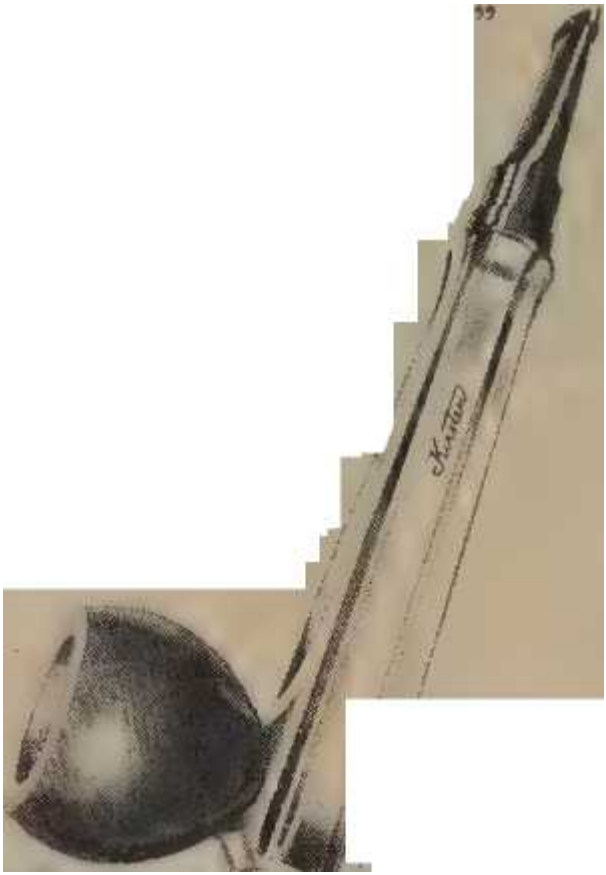

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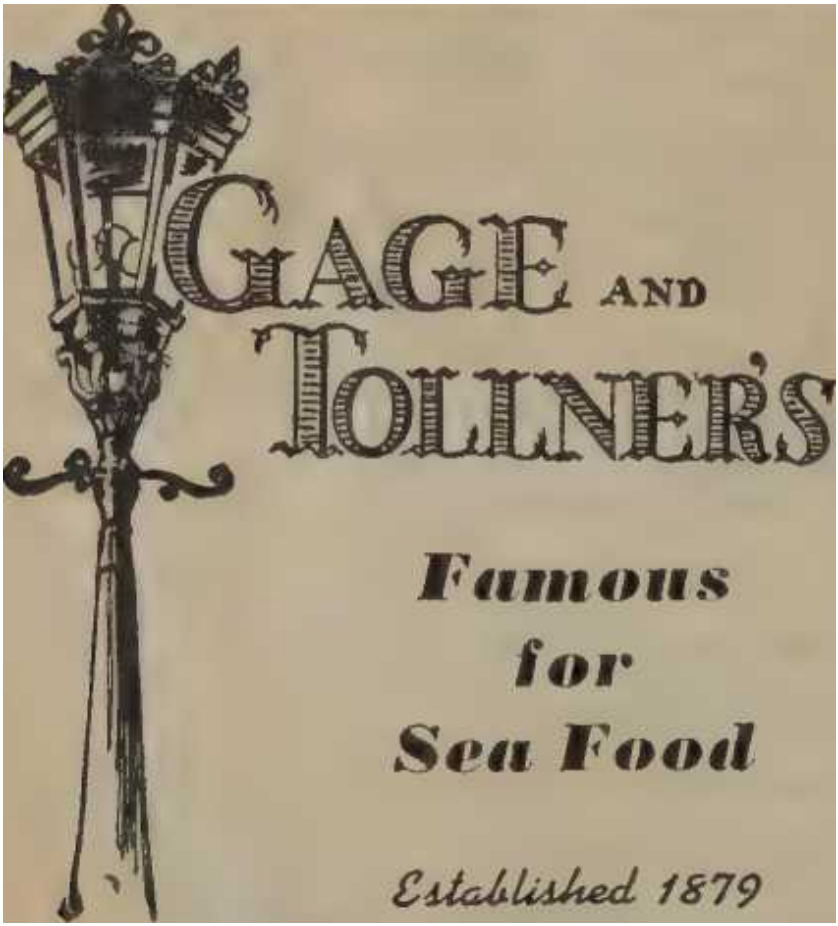

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JUNE if >. 104;

clutter so many books about the Negro problem. They have also managed, which is even more important, to write about that problem, so often approached more emotionally than intelligently, with understanding, tolerance, and restraint.

Prekaska's Wife, by Helen Wheaton (Dodd, Mead). Almost any young woman who can write a readable sentence, and who goes to live somewhere along the edges of civilization, can manage to get a hook published. Mrs. Wheaton, who qualifies on both counts, and has accordingly got a hook published, has an extra qualification in that she knows something about telling a story. It's a fairly simple story?—her experiences in the Aleutians, where she spent a year as a storekeeper's wife—but, thanks to her careful and sympathetic observation of the Aleuts, it is one that has considerable interest, some humor, and even a little charm.

Annals of the New York Stage, Vol. XIV, by George C. D. Odell

(Columbia University). The facts-, fancies, and foibles of the New York theatre from 1888 to 1891 in an encyclopedic volume, the fourteenth in a series that, when completed, will he a complete history of the local stage. Much of the material in Mr. Odell's pages seems hardly worth the trouble to dig it up, but here it is, from "A la Cascade" to "Z'widerwurzen," in a sound and lively segment of the town's social history.

The Asian Legacy and American Life, edited by Arthur E. Christy (Day). Kipling's line about East and West being unable to meet is, according to the evidence in this collection of nine essays, as wrong as a line could be. The two cultures have crossfertilized in many ways—in music, in art, in agriculture, in religion, in literature—and the debt of the West to the East, as this volume shows, is almost immeasurable. Essays by Curt Sachs, Laurance P. Roberts, Walter T. Swingle, Stephen B. L. Penrose, Jr., John Gould Fletcher, William York Tindall, William Ernest Hocking, Oliver J.' Caldwell, and Ananda K. Cooma-raswamy are included. Pearl Buck contributes a conclusion.

Letters: Felix Mendelssohn, edited by G. Selden-Goth (Pantheon). A selection of the musician's letters, in new or revised translations, which give, along with a rather vivid portrait of the author, a picture of the musical and cultural

life of his period. Mrs. Selden-Goth has done an admirable job of editing and the publishers have done an admirable job of bookmaking. Probably imperative for anyone interested in Mendelssohn. Thirty-three illustrations.

MY5TER.Y AND CKIMB

None Shall Know, by Martha Al-brand (Little, Brown). A short, not to say skimpy, thriller about the antiNazi activities of a young Swiss girl, who smuggles children out of Germany, and of her admirer, a Swiss reserve officer, who has the Gestapo on his trail because of the high calibre of his intelligence work. Both of them go through the requisite number of narrow squeaks, culminating in an episode which may seem highly fantastic. On the whole, this book looks like a hasty job.

Short Shrift, by Manning Long (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Mrs. Liz Parrott, one of our glossy young amateur investigators, goes to Virginia to help a divorcee who suspects that her former in-laws are planning some skulduggery about a piece of property she owns. Three murders and other queer doings result from this expedition, and Liz, with the aid of the local arm of the law, manages to work things out very logically. Ably plotted, and interspersed with some deft kidding of old Southern customs.

Chicago Murders, edited by Sewell Peaslee Wright (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). The second volume in a "regional murder series." The accounts, all factual, of various types of slaughter on the shores of Lake Michigan are by Elizabeth Bullock, Nellise Child, Otto Eisenschiml, John Barlow Martin, Leroy F. McHugh, Craig Rice, and Vincent Starrett. They are, on the whole, a good deal livelier than the cases in the recent "New York Murders," which is the first of this series. Mr. Starrett's . description of Dr. Neill Cream's Chicago career will be of particular interest to students of crime, who are all too familiar with that gentleman's later activities in London.

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THE THEATRE

(As indicated below, many shows will give special War Bond performances next week. Tickets can be obtained by buying War Bonds at any major department store. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an allNegro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W^{T}. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. W'ed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—Paul Osborn s aramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March's restrained performance makes up for whatever defects there may be in the script. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. W'ed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special War Bond performance Tues. Aft., June 26, at 2:40, Closes for several weeks on Sat., June 30.) Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W'. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 :4c.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. Virginia Gilmore, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith are in the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Special War Bond performance Tues. Aft., June 26, at 2:40.)

Foxhole in the Parlor—Elsa Shelley's rather dreamy prescription for a permanent peace as voiced by a psychoneurotic soldier. W'ith Russell Hardie, Flora Campbell, and Grace Coppin. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W'. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. W'ed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special W'ar Bond performance Mon. Aft., June 25, at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one

of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. 'Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. W'ed. and Sat. at 2140. Special W'ar Bond performance Mon. z\ft.. June 25, at 2:40.)

The Hasty H: .?—A rather contrived play about how a beautiful nurse and some sympathetic comrades humanize a dying soldier. Anne Burr and Richard Basehart have the leading idles. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. W'ed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special W'ar Bond performance Tues. Aft., June 26, at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel of a Norwegian family in San Franciseo. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Frances Heflin and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein IT are the fortunate producers. (Music Box. 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35. Special W'ar Bond performance Tues. Aft., June 26, at 2:35.)

Kiss ano Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a competent cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore. 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:50. Mats. W'ed. and Sat. at 2:50.)

Kiss Them for Me—Richard W'idmark and Richard Davis in an adaptation of "Shore Leave." that seems to lack a little something of the quality of the original. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8140. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Late George Arley—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy W'aram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special War Bond performance Thurs. Aft., June 28, at 2:40. Closes tor several weeks on Sat., June 30.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late

Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Loy Cahill play

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR. OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 4c. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 140.)

The Overtons—A. familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Judith Evelyn, June Knight, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W'. CI 6-8870. Moves on Sun., June 24, to the National, 41, W'. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 140.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely

island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. W'ith Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Plym-'outh, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. W'ed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35. Special War Bond performance Fri. Aft., June 29, at 2:35. Closes for several weeks on Sat., June 30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Oh, Brother!—Hugh Herbert and Arleen Whelan in a farce by Jacques Deval. Directed by Bretaigne W'indust and produced by Maximilian Becker and Peter W'arren. (Royale, 45, W'. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, which includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro, is remarkably attractive. (Shu-

bert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at ■ 8:30. Mats. W'ed. and Sat at 2:30. Special War Bond performance Thurs. Aft., June 28, at 2:30.)

Carousel—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielzincr designed the sets, and Rou-ben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. Special War Bond performance Tues. Aft., June 26, at 2 130.)

Concert Varieties—Billy Rose's latest enterprise is long on dancing but a little short on everything, else. The acts include the Katherine Dunham Dancers, Rosario and Antonio, Zero Mostel, and Imogene Coca. Deems Taylor is Master of Ceremonies. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 3. Closes Sat., June 30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W'. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. W'ed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Hollywood Pinafore—Sir Arthur Sullivan and plain George S. Kaufman have transplanted Buttercup and her friends to California with not very happy results. Victor Moore and William Gaxton head a cast that includes Shirley Booth. Mary Wickes, Annamary Dickey, and Gilbert Russell. (Alvin, 52, W'. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. W'ed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—Frank Libuse does his best to redeem this latest Olsen and Johnson frolic, but it is still pretty dull and tasteless stuff. (W'inter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, excepi Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2 130.)

Memphis Bound—Bill Robinson stirs his ancient stumps with amazing agility in this all-Negro musical that is very fine in a

burlesque of “Pinafore” but a little mixed up the rest of the way. ■ W’ith Avon Long, Sheila Guys, Billy Daniels, and the Delta Rhythm Boys. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 92067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2 :3c.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of “Green Grow the Lilacs,” by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W’. LA 44664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like “The Garrick Gaieties.” With Sono Osato [1] and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (44th , Street, 44, W’. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.) ’

Song of Norway—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a good job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W’. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. W’ed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Broadway, B’way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. W’ed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special W’ar Bond performance Fri. Aft., June 29, at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you’d better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Wind Is Ninety—A play by Ralph Nelson, with a cast including Blanche Yurka, Ilert Lytell, and Frances Reid. Directed by Albert de Courville and produced by Mr. de Courville and the Shuberts. Opens Thurs., June 21. (Booth, 45, W’. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. W’ed. and Sat. at 2 140.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—“Hats Off to Ice,” produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves, at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children’s Theatre Group presenting three short plays, “Wallflower,” ‘ Theories and Thumbs,” and “Rehearsal,” Fri., June 22, at 8:30 p.m.; and four short plays, “Five Ghosts,” “Randolph,” “W’hen Toys Talk,” and “Aladdin and His Wonderful

The Neu Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25.W’. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. \’ol. XXI, No. 19, June 23, 1945. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1945, by Th< F R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan.America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

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Lamp," Sat., June 23, at 10:30 a.m. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules

Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this cool, underground retreat.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An old favorite, uninhabited for quite a while, is again in business, with Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), the dance team of Fred and Elaine Barry, and Henry Busse's orchestra.

Cafe Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)— Jimmy Savo being practically a whole show in himself, plus Josh White, being practically ditto. Also, Beatrice Kraft, the dancer,' and Phil Moore's rather too stylized band. On Mon., June 25, Jimmy Savo will give way to Paula Laurence and Georgia Gibbs, and Phil Moore's band will be replaced by Edmond Hall's.

Cafe Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Imogene Coca, who apparently can't help being funny, songs by Ann Hathaway (who used to be Ann Solloway), and accomplished piano playing by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jack-son; Edmond Hall's orchestra for dancing. On Mon., June 25, Phil Moore's band will replace Edmond Hall's.

Ei Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Here the dress-for-dinner contingent is making its last, desperate stand. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The sweet, familiar strains of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras in fairly elaborate surroundings.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very fancy, and sometimes almost too bustling. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the infallible mind-reader, is in the Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra dispenses its bouncy dance music. . . . Another Melba orchestra is in the Cafe Pierre during dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is once more flouncing about the Persian Room, with Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's cheery bands alternating on the stand. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A romantic long-ago-and-

far-away setting for dinner and supper. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing,

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Cafe Lounge, handsome and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—At least it keeps the kiddies off the streets. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has Nat Brandwynne's stately orchestra and a show involving a magician and some acrobats. On Thurs., June 28, Borrah Minevitch's Harmonica Rascals will take over. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Suffer Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—blue angel, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Eddie Mayehoff, a comic comic; Mildred Bailey, singing moodily; the Herman Chittison trio, playing expertly; and the Delta Rhythm Boys. . . . ruban bleu, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): songs by Monica Boyar, who is Latin American without being overpowering, Thelma Carpenter, and a quartet; expert music by Garland Wilson, Jose Melis, Julius Monk, and the Cedric Wallace trio. Closes for the summer on Sat., June 30. . . . spivy's roof, 139 E. 57, (PL 3-1518): Spivy, singing songs no mother ever taught her, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets.

Miscellaneous—At the coo rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant, with gay music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . i-z-3 club, 123 E. 54 (PL 3 9131): peace and quiet in this darksome glade, broken only by the rambling piano solos of Roger Stearns; no dancing. . . . Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310) : Jerry Cooper and a collection of beautiful but not very animated girls in their summer doldrums. Maxmillian Bergere's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . casino russe, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116) : a show full of those cozy old dagger dances and Russian torch songs but really starring the chef; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. ... el Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646) : a very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin cookery, Latin atmosphere, and Latin music. . . . cofacabana, io E. 60 (PL 8-

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

1060): back in its noisy old groove, with Enric Madriguera's and Joel Herron's orchestras and a bctter-than-usual show, with Russell Swann and Mitzi Green. . . . astor roof, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000) : large and cool, with Harry James' orchestra. . . . Essex house, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. ... Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500) : Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. ... madison, 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Oscar Day's orchestra. . . . new yorker hotel, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000) : George Paxton's orchestra. . . . Roosevelt, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200) : Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At nick's, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683) : specialites de la maison by Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and other selected Old Masters. ... village vanguard, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): Art Hodes' sterling trio, which has Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. ... downbeat, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins breaking out his classic saxophone, Al Casey breaking in a new trio, and occasionally Billie Holiday. On Wed., June 27, Sidney Catlett and his teammates will replace the Hawkins band; dancing. ... onyx, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Hot Lips Page heading up his new band, and Stuff Smith's trio. . . . jimmy ryan's, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600) : a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. ... three deuces, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

Al Fresco—The Claremont inn, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and dance music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . tavern-on-the-green, Central Pk. W. at 67: a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then. . . . museum of modern art, ii W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . central park zoo: the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but nice in midweek for a late breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafes: brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; fifth avenue hotel, 5 Ave. at 9; longchamps, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

American—The Encyclopedia Britannica collection of contemporary art: International Bldg., Rockefeller Center. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 6 p.m.; through July 8.

American Academy, B'way at 155—Painting and sculpture by Edward Hopper, Paul Manship, and others. Tues, through Sun., 2 to 5 p.m.; through Fri., June 29.

Austrian—A hundred years of Austrian art, from Ferdinand Georg Waldmiiller to Oskar Kokoschka; a benefit for the Save the Children Federation: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun., 2 to 5:30 p.m.; through July 7.

Charlotte Berend—California water colors: Knoedler, 14 E. 57 Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 22.

Marc Chagall—Small drawings and water colors: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., June 23.

Walt Dehner—Water-color landscapes: Kraushaar, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Fri., June 22.

Arthur G. Dove—The artist's work from 1922 to the present: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 3 to 6 p.m.; through Wed., June 27.

Frick Collection, i E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been hidden away for safekeeping since we entered the war are now

back in the Museum Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.

Groups—At the durlacher, ii E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through July 31. . . . rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Fri., June 29. . . . passedoit, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nord-feldt, Jose de Creeft, and others of this group. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.; through July 31. . . . macbeth, ii E. 57: oils and water colors by contemporary American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Fri., June 29. . . . *7 gallery, 67 E. 57: fourteen painters, centered about Hans Arp, in whose general style the gallery sees signs of a new "'ism." Weekdays 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., June 30. . . . peris, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sept. 8. ...contemporary arts, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 10:30); through Sat., June 30. . . . nierendorf, 53 E. 57: work by contemporaries. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., June 30. . . . babcock, 38 E. 57: new paintings by

artists of the gallery's group; also a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . rosenberg, 16 E. 57: work by Rattner, Hartley, Helion, Avery, and Weber. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through July 13.... art of this century, 30 W. 57: painting and sculpture by Loren Maclver, Gypsy Rose Lee, I. Rice Pereira, and other women. Weekdays n a.m. to 6 p.m.; through July 7. . . . ferargil, 63 E. 57: paintings by around a hundred contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through July 6. . . . midtown, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. ; through July 13. . . . niveau, 63 E. 57: Dufy, Utrillo, Pascin, and other French painters. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Sat., June 30. . . . kleemann, 65 E. 57: Corbino, Eilshemius, Bosa, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9.30 a.m. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 12 noon; through Sat., June 30. . . . jane street, 35 Jane: abstractions. Mon. through Fri., 3 to 5 and 7 to 10 p.m.; Sat. and Sun., 2 to 6 p.m.; through Mon., June 25. . . . weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61: Edward Stevens, Nye Pharr, and other young Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat., 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.; through July 27. ... levitt, 16 W. 57: Oronzo Gasparo, Everett Spruce, and others. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through July 31.

Aristide Maillol—A memorial show: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 30.

De Hirsh Margules—Water colors: Feigl, 601 Madi- ; son, at 57. Daily 10 a.m. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 23.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, newly arranged to show the development of Greek civilization; also, prints and drawings by Goya. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, ii W. 53—A large part of the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m.; through Nov. 4.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues, through Sat., ' 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 p.m.;

through Sept. 15.

Alfonso Ossorio—Water colors; also, mosaic sculpture by John Stephan: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Fri., June 22.

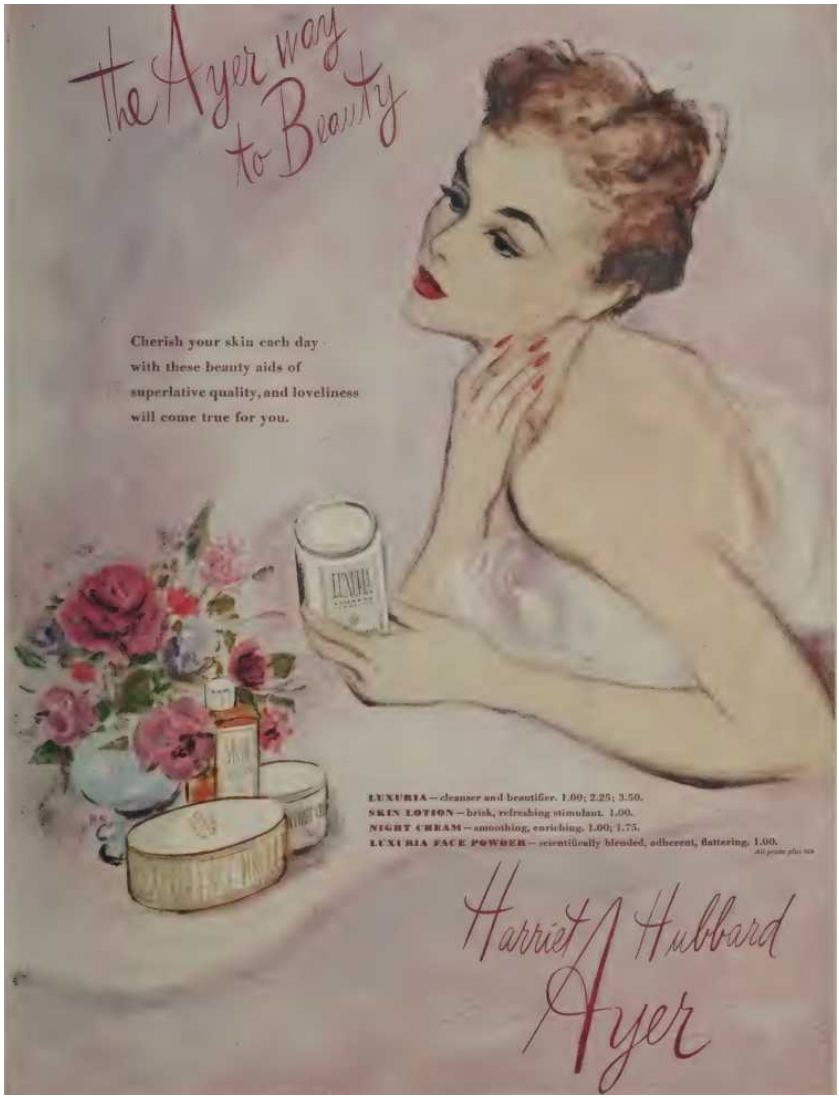
Fred E. Robertson—Semi-naive paintings by Grandma Moses' brother: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.; through July 14.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Alexander Smallens conducting, Thurs. through Wed., June 21-27, and Fri. and Sat., June 29-30; Andre Kostelanetz conducting, Thurs., June 28. Highlights: James Melton, tenor, June 21; General Platoff Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers, June 23; Josef Hofmann, piano, June 25; Lily Pons, soprano, June 28; Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, June 30. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 p.m. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. Cl 7-5534- In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 p.m. over WNYC.) Fifth Avenue buses marked "Stadium" leave Washington Square at frequent intervals weekdays between 6:44 and 7:32 p.m. and Sundays between 6:31 and 7:31 p.m.

Goldman Band—Central Park Mall, Sun., Mon.. Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 8:30. . . . Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., at 8:30.

Jazz Concert—Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Slam Stew-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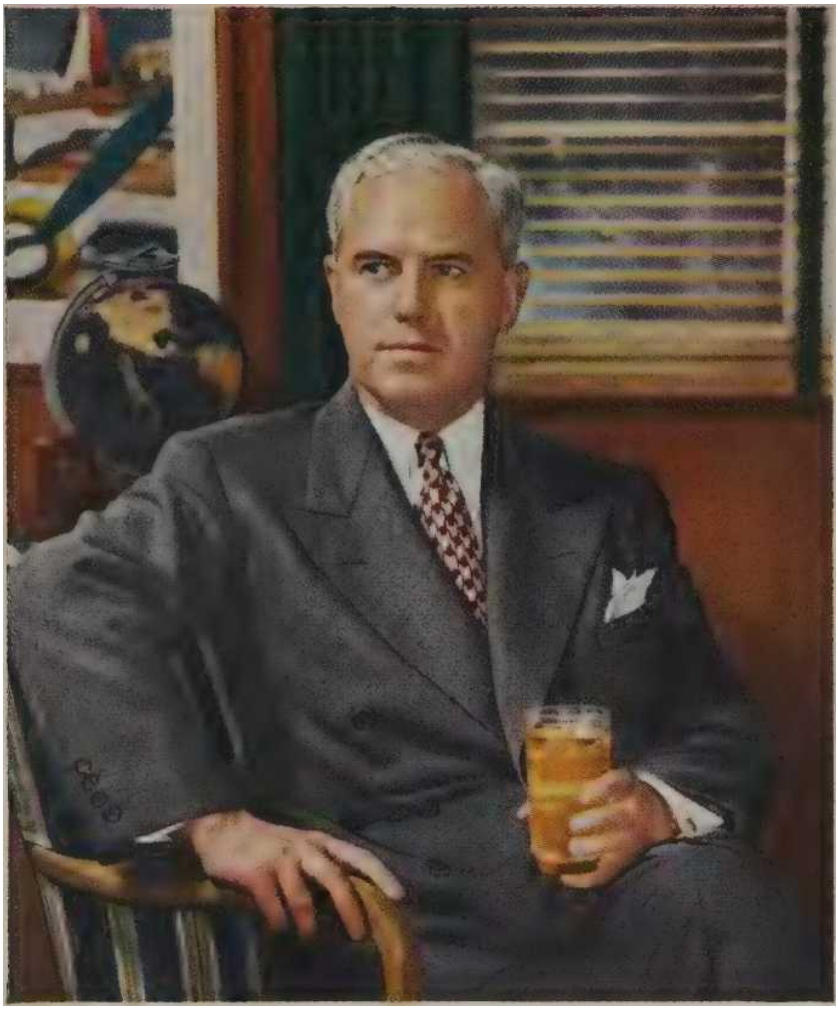

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art, bi-s; Errol' Garner, piano; and others. Eri.. June 22, at 8:15 r.M. (Town Hall. BR 99447-)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee stadium: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat., June 22-23, at 2:30 p.m., and Sun., June 24 (doubleheader), at 2:05 p.m.... polo grounds: Giants vs. Pittsburgh. Wed.. June 27 (doubleheadcr), at 1:30 p.m., Thurs.. June 28, at 8:45 p.m.. and Fri., June 29. at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Chicago, Sat., June 30. at 2:30 p.m. . . . ebbets field: Dodgers vs. Boston. Fri. and Sat., June 22-23, at 8:30 F.M.. and Sun., June 24, at 2:05 p.m.; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Wed.. June 27, at 8:30 p.m., and Thurs. and Fri., June 28-29, at 2:30 p.m.; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Sat.. June 30, at 8:30 p.m.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Fritzie Zivic vs. Harold Green, welterweights, to rounds, Fri.. June 22; Rocky Graziano vs. Freddie Cochrane, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 29. (Preliminaries at 8:30 p.m.; main bouts at to p.m.) Chess—National Speed Championship, Sun. and " Mon., June 24-25, at 1:30 p.m. (Hotel Astor.) Golf—U.S. Seniors' G.A. Annual Championship, Tues, through Fri., June 26-29, Apawamis Club, R'e. N.Y.

Racing—Daily at Belmont, at 1:15 p.m., through Sat., June 23. (National Stallion and the Belmont, June 23.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Thurs. and Fri. between 11:05 a.m. and 1:10 r.M. and Sat. between 10:45 a.m. and 1:45 p.m. . . . Weekdays at Aqueduct, starting M«n„ June 25, at 1:15 p.m., through July 14. (Queens County Handicap, June 25; Carter Handicap. June 30.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 a.m. and 1:10 p.m. and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:25 p.m.

Soccer—Brookhattan vs. Hispanos and Wanderers vs. N.Y. American? ; exhibition games for the benefit of the Red Cross, Thurs., June 28, at 7 r.M. (Yankee Stadium. For tickets, call BR 92 104.)

Tennis—Bill Tilden, Alice Marble, Frank Shields, and others, in a series of exhibition games for the benefit of the Red Cross, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, Fri. through Sun., June 222;, at 1 p.m. .-.. Eastern Intercollegiate Championships, Mon. through Sun., June 25-July 1, Montclair A.C., Montclair. N.J.

Track—Randalls Island- Metropolitan Championships, Sat., June 23, at a p.m. . . . National Senior and Junior Championships, for the benefit of .the Red Cross, Fri. and Sat., June 29-30, at 2 p.m.

Trotting—Weekdays at Saratoga, N.Y., starting Mon., June 25, at 8:15 p.m.. through Aug. 25. . . . Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.T.. at 8:40 p.m. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 p.m.)

Yachting—Stratford Shoals Overnight Race. Riverside Y.C., Sat., June 23, at 9 p.m. . . . Championship regatta on the Sound: Seawanhaka Corinthian Y.C., Sun., June 24, at about 2 p.m.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhkitions—At the Chrysler bldg., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of I'nitcd States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 p.m., continuous showings of recent Army and Navy films. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., ir a.m. to 7 P.M. . . . museum of SCIENCE AND

INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg.. 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and th "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . new York historical society, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Tues, through Fri., 1 to 5 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through July 31.

Housing—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art. 1 t W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m.; through Sept. 30.

Museum of the City of New York, 5 Avi. at 104— About a hundred prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built Kew York's first omnibuses, horsecars, early subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in di iwings, photographs, uniforms, and documents: 1 es. through Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 r.M.; through Sept. 30

Note —"The Fighting Lady," a 103-foot model of an aircraft c t rier, is on view in the Sunken Plaz 1 of R ckefeller Center. (Purchasers of War Bonds, at the Plaza, may go oii board.)

ON THE AIR

State Department- -Archibald MacLeish and others in a discussion of our international policy; broad-

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

cast from San Francisco, Sat., Jun 1*2 3, at 7 p.m., WEAF.

Mayor La Guardia—In the second of a series of talks on New York City, Thurs., June 28, at 7:30 P-M.. WJZ.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, George Szell conducting, Sun.,

June 24, at 3 p.m., WABC. . . . Stadium Concerts, Fri., June 22 and 29, and Wed., June 27. at 8:30 p.m., WNYC. . . . Boston "Pops" orchestra. Arthur Fiedler conducting, Sat.. June 23 and 30. at 8:30 p.m.. WJZ. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., June 23 and 30, at 5 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Boxing: Fritzie Zivic vs. Harold Green, Fri., June 22; Rocky Graziano vs. Freddie Cochrane, Fri., June 29; at to p.m., WOR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 p.m., WOR. . . .Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues, at 10:15 P-M., WJZ. ... Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 p.m.. WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues, through Sat. at 10:30 p.m.. WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 p.m., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sim. at 1:45 p.m., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert. Mon. through Fri. at 6 p.m., WOR. . . . C«sar Saerchinger. Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 p.m., WQXR. . . . William L. Snirer, Sun. at 5:45 p.m.. A ABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 p.m.. WHN. . . . Leland Stowe. Sat. at 7:15 r.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 r.M., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

The Corn Is Green—Scrwn version of the Emlyn Williams success, with Bette Davis instead of Ethel Barrymore. If you can believe that Miss Davis' interest in her handsome young miner is quite platinic y«u c-n believe practically anything. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; through Mon., June 25.)

Guest in the House—A very sensible adaptation of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Bax-■er and Ralph Bellamy. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. through Mon., June 22-25. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Sun. and Mon., June 24-25.)

Junior Miss—I ggy Ann Garner in a very engaging screen version of the play by Sally Benson. Jerome Chodorov, and Joseph Fields. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay—Gail Russell and Diana Lynn as a

couple of rich and slightly simple-minded girls touring Europe in the 1920's. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., June 23-26. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sun. through Wed., June 24-27. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Tues, through Thurs., June 26-28.)
A Royal Scandal—Tallulah Bankhead, as the Empress of all the Russias, in a comedy that has probably little to do with either Catherine or history, but is pretty funny anyway. (Art, 36 E. 8; starting Wed., June 27.)

The Three Caballeros—Walt Disney's attempt to mate live actresses with Donald Duck and Joe C ricca may be in dubious taste and is certainly not up to his previous masterpieces. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., June 23.)

The Way Ahead—-Excellent British import about how a gsoup of young British civilians were conditioned for the army. With David Niven. (\ic-toria, B'way at 46; through Fri., June 22.)

Without Love—It's hard to believe that Philip Barry would recognize this Donald Ogden Stewart version as his Broadway play, but it's very lively and amusing just the same. With Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat.. June 23. . . . ()r-pheuni, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan. 7 Ave., at 12: through Mon., June 25. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Wed., J-nne 27.)

The Woman in the Window—Edward G. Robinson and Joan B< nnett in a murder play that would have been much better if somebody hadn't de

ci.led to get cute at the end. (Carlton, B'way at ico; Tues, and Wed., June 26-27.)

Wonder Man—Danny Kaye doubling up in a stylish ghost story with incidental music. Virginia Mayo. Vera-Ellen, Allen Jenkins, and Otto Kruger are in the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

REVIVALS

Alice Adams (1935)—The Booth Tarkington novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs.. June 21.)

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. With Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey. (Terrace. 9 Ave. at 23; Tues, through Thurs., June 26-28.)

Arrowsmith (1931)—Sinclair Lewis' story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., June 29.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers take over a department store. (Schuyler, Columbus Avc. at 84; Tues, and Wed., June 26-27.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. Tn French, with Louis Jouvet. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W.

55; through Tues.. June 26.)

Daybreak (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., June 26.)

The Garden of Allah (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (Orpheum, 3 Avc. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues, ami Wed., June 26-27. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington al 42; Tues, and Wed., June 26-27.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the first World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., June 26.)

The I former (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen; (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs.. June 21.)

Ladies in Retirement (1941)—Three batty sisters and a lonely cottage 011 the heath. Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Mon. through Wed., June 25-27.)

Roberta (1935)—The old musical comedy, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irene Dunne. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 21.)

Sous les Toits de Paris (1930)—Early Rene Clair film. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Wed., June 27.)

Standing Room Only (1944)—The housing shortage in Washington. Paulette Goddard and Fred Mac-Murray. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., June 24-25.)

They Shall Have Music (1939)—Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. (Little Carnegie, 14(1 W. 57; through Fri., June 29.)

The Thirty-Nine Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Or-pheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues, and Wed., Tune 26-27. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Tues, and Wed., June 26-27.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a

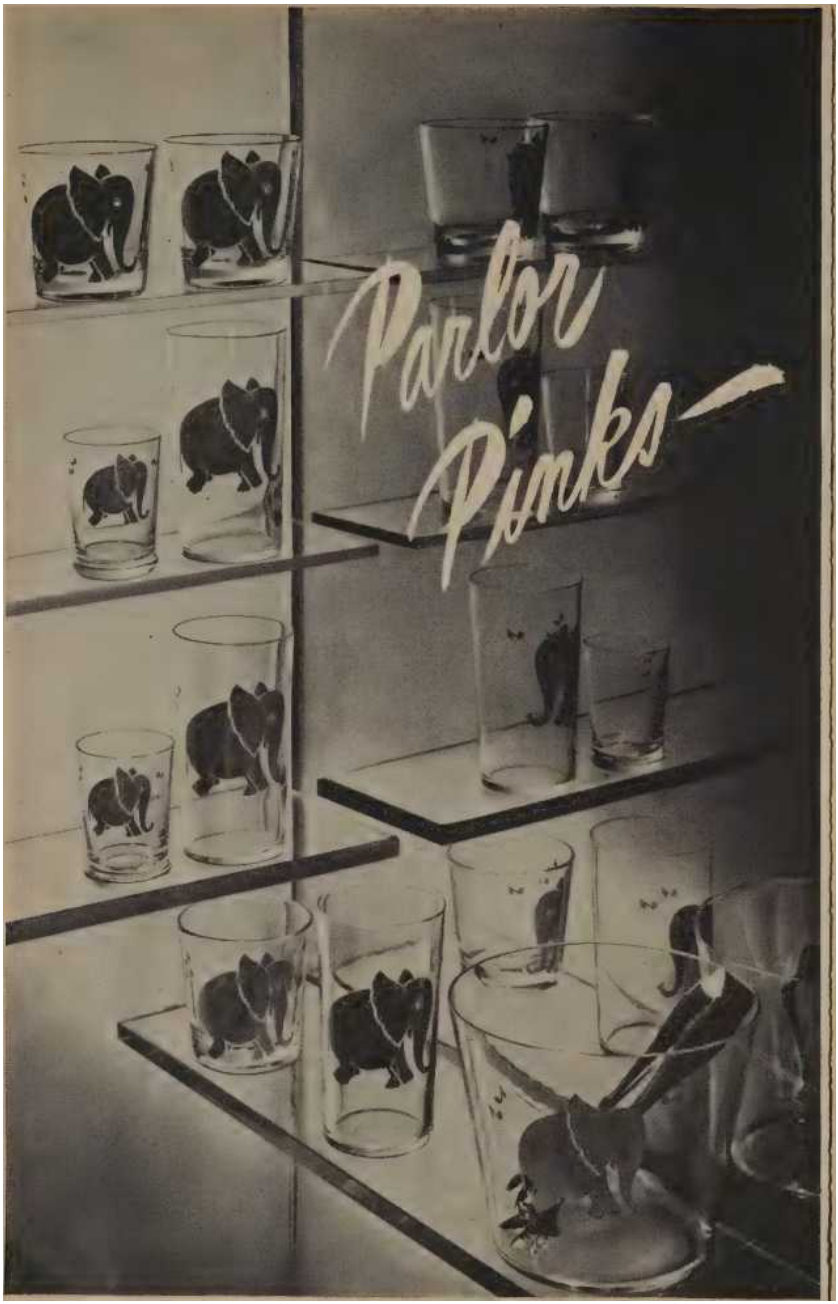
Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave at 84; through Fri., June 22. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues, and Wed., June 26-27.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art. ir W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 p.m. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 p.m. on the following schedule—thurs., june 21: "Ten Days That Shook the World" (1928), directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . . fri. through sun., ju.'IE 22-24: "Storm Over Asia" (1928), directed by Pudovkin. . . . . mon. through thurs., ju e 2t-is: "Fragment of an Empire" (1929), Russian film.... from fri., june tv: "The Last Command" (1928), directed by Josef von Sternberg; and "Plain Crazy" (1928), Walt Disney cartoon.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Service Men -New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods arc urged to make them available to service men anil their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (Ml' 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing (preference given to service men,), 1 E. 44 1 Ml: 2-4310).

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women arc still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the civilian defense volunteer office, 1 E. 44 (MC 2-4310): men and women to work in canteens at least one shift a week, night or day; men and women to take a short training course anil then work a minimum of two full days a week as group-leaders in summer playgrounds. ... red cross, 315 Lexington, at 3a (Ml' 4-4455): women to tak< a forty-six-hour



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FIFTH A VEN V E AT 47 TH • N E IT Y O R K

GOINGS ON

ABOUT TOWN

training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . American women's voluntary services, i6 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): men and women to work an hour or so a week for the wastepaper drive, acting as liaison agents between tenants and managers of apartment buildings and hotels; v. omen who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid. work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, call RE 7-3700.) . . . united hospital funo, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hosmtals at least eight hours a week day or evening, as aides in children's wards, or, during the day, as clinic aides; men to take a short training course and then work at least one evening a week as orderlies. . . . American women's hospitals reserve corps, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 70100) : women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans'

rehabilitation centers.

Note—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500). .

Seventh War Loan Drive—The War Bond Campaign is on and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), are recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

Salvage—Wastepaper (very important right now) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meatration tokens for every pound you turn in. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . .The United National Clothing Collection wants to accumulate a hundred and fifty million pounds of practical clothing, shoes, bedding, and linens for destitute families overseas. Through Sat., June 23, drivers of laundry trucks will pick up contributions on their regular routes, or, for the location of the nearest depot, call HA 2-0290. . . . The Navy needs

photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church, New York 7 (RE 2 9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). ... Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for games, playing cards, radios, records, floor lamps, and small tables. Three organizations which Will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 35366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 46050). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collectio'ns, call BO 9-0220. . . . Bibles, in English and foreign languages, are needed for service men and for people in liberated countries. They can be taken or sent to any A.W.V.S. office; for the address of the near-est one, call RE 4-6050-

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AT THE MOVIE HOU5E5

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—wonder man, Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—Through Wed., June 27: "Thrill of a Romance," Esther Williams, Van Johnson.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—"The Naughty Nineties," Abbott and Costello.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—Through Fri., June 22: "It's in the Bag," Fred Allen, Jack Benny. ... From Sat., June 23: "Murder, He Says," Fred MacMurray, Helen Walker.

Gotham, B'way at 47 (CI 5-9516)—Thurs., June 21: "Delightfully Dangerous," Jane Powell, Ralph Bellamy. ... From Fri., June 22: "Bedside Manner," Ruth Hussey, John Carroll, Charles Ruggles.

Hollywood, B'way at 51 (CI 7'5545)—Through Mon., June 25: the corn is green, Bette Davis, John Dall. ... Tues., June 26: theatre closed. ...From Wed.. June 27: "Rhapsody in Blue," Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—"Those Endearing Young Charms," Laraine Day, Robert Young.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—"Out of This W'orld," Diana Lynn, Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake.

Radio City Music Hal'., 6 Ave. at 50 'CI 6-4600) — Through Wed., June 27: “The Valley of Decision,” Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Donald Crisp.

Rivoli, B’way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—junior miss, Peggy Ann Garner, Allyn Joslyn.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Tentative— “Where Do We Go from Here?,” June Haver, Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie.

State, B’way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., June 27: “The Clock,” Judy Garland, Robert Walker. f

Strand, B’way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—“Conflict,” Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, Sydney Greenstreet.

Victoria, B’way at 46 (CI 6-7429)—Through Fri., June 22: the way ahead, David Niven. . . . From Sat., June 23: “The Call of the Wild,” revival, Clark Gable, Loretta Young.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Alden, B’way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Through Sat., June 23: the three Caballeros, Walt Disney full-length film; also “To the Shores of Tripoli,” revival, John Payne, Maureen O’Hara, Randolph Scott. . . . Sun. and Mon., June 24-25: standing room only, revival, Paulette Goddard, Fred Mac-Murray; also “The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,” revival, Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. ...Tues, and Wed., June 26-27: “The Adventures of Mark Twain,” revival. Fredric March, Alexis Smith, Donald Crisp; also “Titans of the Deep,” revival, Dr. William Beebe documentary film.

Belmont, 121 W. 48 (BR 9-0378)—Spanish films, no English titles—Thurs., June 21: "Melodias de America.” ... From Fri., June 22; “Gran Hotel.”

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (GR 5-9738) — Revivals-—Through Tues., June 26: daybreak (in French), Jean Gabin; also “They Met in Moscow” (in Russian). . . . From Wed., June 27: “The Blood of a Poet,” Jean Cocteau film; “Lot in Sodom,” short surrealist film; and “Carmen,” Charlie Chaplin.

55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-9438) — Revivals— Through Tues., June 26: carnival in elanders (in French), Louis Jouvet; also grand illusion (in French), Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin. ... From Wed., June 27: sous les toits de Paris (in French), Rene Clair film; also “That Uncertain Feeling,” Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, Burgess Meredith.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)—Revivals— they shall have music, Jascha Heifetz; also arrow-smith, Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman.

Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—Russian films— Through Fri., June 22: “The Ural Front.”... From Sat., June 23: “The Last Hill.”

Thalia, B’way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Thurs., June 21 : alice adams, revival, Katharine Hepburn. Fred MacMurray; also Roberta, revival. Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne. . . . From Fri.. June 22: “On Approval,” Beatrice Lillie. Clive Brook; also “The Amateur Gentleman,” revival, Margaret Lockwood, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)-—Thurs., June 21: “The Picture of Dorian Gray,” Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders. . . . Fri. through Tues.. June 22-26; “The Stars Look Down,” revival, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave. . . . From Wed., June 27 a royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660) — Through Sat., June 23: “Thunderhead- Son of Flicka,” Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster. . . . Sun. through Tues., June 24-26; “Here Come the Waves,” Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts; also “Dark Mountain,” Ellen Dicw, Robert Lowery. ... From Wed., June 27: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—

THURSDAY. JUNE 21. THROUGH WEDNESDAY. JUNE 27

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION PICTURE

THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 7, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

Through Sat., June 23; without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball; also "Leave It to Blondie," Penny Singleton. . . . Sun. and Mon., June 24-25: "God Is My CoPilot," Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark, Raymond Massey; also "Zombies on Broadway," Wally Brown, Alan Carney. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 26-27: the garden of allah. revival, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer; also the 3? steps, revival, Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)-—Through W'ed., June 27: "Frenchman's Creek," Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova; also "National Barn Dance," Jean Heather, Robert Benchley.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434) —Through Sat., June 23: "Thunderhead—Son of Flicka," Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster. ...Sun. through Tues., June 24-26: "Remem-ber the Day," revival, Claudette Colbert, John Payne. ... From Wed., June 27: "The Men in Her Life," revival, Loretta Young, Conrad Veidt.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., June 21: "The House of Fear," Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. . . .Fri. through Sun., June 22-24: "One Heavenly Night," revival, Evelyn Laye, John Boles. . . . Mon. and Tues., June 25-26: "Roughly Speaking," Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson. . . . From W'ed., June 27; "I'll Be Seeing You," Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs., June 21: "Mr. Emmanuel," Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt. ... Fri. through Mon., June 22-25: "The Stars Look Down," revival, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave. ... From Tues., June 26: "I'll Be Seeing You," Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577) — Through Mon., June 25: "It's a Pleasure!," Sonja Henie, Michael O'Shea; also "Molly and Me," Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall. ... Tues. and Wed., June 26-27: "I'll Tell the World," Lee Tracy, Brenda Joyce; also "Blonde Ransom," Donald Cook, Virginia Grey.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Sat., June 23: "Here Come the W'aves," Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts. . . . Sun. through Wed., June 24-27: our hearts were young and gay, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RF 4-0302) — Thurs., June 21: the informer, ; ' Victor

McLaglen. ... Fri. through Wed.$_{r}$ 22-27: "A Song to Remember," Merle Overon, Paul Mimi.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222) — Through W'ed., June 27: "Frenchman's Creek," Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova; also "National Barn Dance," Jean Heather, Robert Benchley.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., June 21: "Roughly Speaking," Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson; also "The House of Fear," Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 22-25: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also "See My Lawyer," Olsen and Johnson. ... From Tues., June 26: "Thunderhead — Son of Flicka," Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster; also "Mr. Emmanuel," Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180) — Revivals— Thurs., June 21: "Remember the Day," Claudette Colbert, John Payne. . . . Fri. through Sun., June 22-24: "Our Wife," Ruth Hussey, Melvyn Douglas. . . . Mon. through Wed., June 25-27: ladies in retirement, Ida Lu-pino, Louis Hayward, Elsa Lanchester.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900) — Through Mon., June 25: "It's a Pleasure!," Sonja Henie, Michael O'Shea; also "Molly and Me." Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 26-27: "1'11 Tell the World," Lee Tracy, Brenda Joyce; also "Blonde Ransom," Donald Cook, Virginia Grey.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566) — Through Fri., June 22: "God Is My Co-Pilot," Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark, Raymond Massey; also "Zombies on Broadway," Wally Brown, Alan Carney. . . . Sat. through Tues.. June 23-26 our hearts were young and gay, Diana Lynn. Gail Russell; also "And Now Tomorrow," Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, Susan Hayward. . . . Wed., June 27: "The

Vampire's Ghost," John Abbott; also "The Phantom Speaks," Richard Arlen.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., June 25: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy. Lucille Ball; also "Leave It to Blondie," Penny Singleton. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 26-27: the garden of allah, revival, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer; also the st steps, revival, Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3 (CH 3-9019)—Through Sat., June 23: "Thunderhead—Son of Flicka." Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster; also "Mr. Emmanu

el," Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt. . . . Sun. and Mon., June 24-25: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also "See My Lawyer," Olsen and Johnson. . . . From Tues., June 26: our hearts were young and gay, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell; also "And Now Tomorrow," Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, Susan Hayward.

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs., June 21: "Here Come the Waves," Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts. . . . Fri. through Tues., June 22-26: "God Is My Co-Pilot," Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark, Raymond Massey. . . . From Wed., June 27: "And Now Tomorrow," Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, Susan Hayward.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)-—Through Mon., June 25: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball; also "Leave It to Blondie," Penny Singleton. . . . Tues, and Wed.. June 26-27: the garden of allah, revival, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer; also the 3» steps, revival, Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350) — Thurs., June 21: "Lost Angel," revival, Margaret O'Brien, J mes Craig, Marsha Hunt; also "The Lady Is filing," revival, Marlene Dietrich, Fred M '.cMurray. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 22-25: "Thunderhead—Son of Flicka," Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster; also "Mr. Emmanuel," Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt. . . . From Tues., June 26: "A Lady Takes a Chance," revival, Jean Arthur, John Wayne; also "First Comes Courage," revival, Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)— Through Mon., June 25: “It’s a Pleasure!,” Sonja Henie, Michael O’Shea; also “Molly and Me,” Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall. ... Tues. and Wed., June 26-27: “1’11 Tell the World,” Lee Tracy, Brenda Joyce; also “Blonde Ransom,” Donald Cook, Virginia Grey.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Revivals— Thurs., June 21: “Janie,” Joyce Reynolds, Robert Benchley, Ann Harding; also “Thunder Birds,” Gene Tierney, Preston Foster. . . . Fri. and Sat., June 22-23: “Destination, Tokio,” Cary Grant, Jolin Garfield; also “Iceland,” Sonja Henie, John Payne. . . . Sun. and Mon., June 24-25: “Springtime in the Rockies,” Betty Grable, John Payne, Carmen Miranda; also “W’est-ern Union,” Robert Young, Randolph Scott. . . . From Tues., June 26: arsenic and old lace, Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey; also “Journey for Margaret,” Margaret O’Brien, Laraine Day, Robert Young.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B’way at 81 (TR 7-6160) — Through Mon., June 25: “It’s a Pleasure!,” Sonja Henie, Michael O’Shea; also “Molly and Me,” Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 26-27: “I’ll Tell the World,” Lee Tracy, Brenda Joyce; also “Blonde Ransom,” Donald Cook, Virginia Grey.

Loew’s 83rd Street, B’way at 83 (TR 7-3190) — Through Wed., June 27: “Frenchman’s Creek,” Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova; also “National Barn Dance,” Jean Heather, Robert Benchley.

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696) — Through Fri., June 22: thunder rock, revival, Michael Redgrave, Barbara Mullen; also “Break of Hearts,” revival, Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer. . . . Sat. through Mon., June 23-25: “Keep Your Powder Dry.” Lana Turner, Laraine Day, Susan Peters; also “I Love a Mystery,” Jim Bannon, Nina Foch. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 26-27: the big store, revival, the Marx Brothers; also “The Howards of Virginia,” revival, Martha Scott, Cary Grant.

Stoddard, B’way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Sun., June 24: "Beyond Tomorrow,” revival, Maria Ouspenskaya, Charles Winninger; also "Tom Brown’s School Days,” revival, Sir Cedric Hard-wicke, Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon. . . . Mon. and Tues., June 25-26: “The Vampire’s Ghost,” Charles Abbott; also

“The Phantom Speaks,” Richard Arlen. . . . From Wed., June 27: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball; also “Leave It to Blondie,” Penny Singleton.

Carlton, B’way at 100 (AC 2-3862)—Through Mon., June 25: “Thunderhead—Son of Flicka,” Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster; also "Mr. Emmanuel,” Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 26-27 the woman in the window, Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, Raymond Massey; also thunder rock, revival, Michael Redgrave, Barbara Mullen.

Olympia, B’way at 107 (AC 2-ioy)—Through Wed., June 27: “Frenchman’s Creek.” Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova; also “National Barn Dance,” Jean Heather, Robert Benchley.

Nemo, B’way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Through Wed., June 27: “It’s a Pleasure!,” Sonja Henie. Michael O'Shea; also “Molly and Me,” Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall.

Loew’s 175th Street, B’way at 175 (WA 7-5200) — Through Tues., June 26: “Frenchman’s Creek,” Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova; also “National Barn Dance,” Jean Heather, Robert Benchley. ... Wed.. June 27: “Swing Out, Sister,” Frances Raeburn, Rod Cameron; also “They Met in the Dark,” Joyce Howard. James Mason.

Coliseum, B’way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Mon., June 25: “It’s a Pleasure!,” Sonja Henie, Michael O’Shea; also “Molly and Me,” Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall. . . . Tues, and Wed., June 26-27: “I’ll Tell the World.” Lee Tracy, Brenda Joyce; also “Blonde Ransom,” Donald Cook, Virginia Grey.

Love at first sight . . . Textron's newest Hostess Coat . . . designed to make your waistline look wedding ring small. Tailored with the parachute-precision

Textron* used in turning out its necessities of war. “Something new" for you ...

etched in delicate trapunto work... in Wedding White, Pink Angel, Heaven Blue or Aquamarine. Sizes 10 to 20. About $13 at leading stores

TEXTRON;

throughout the country. Slightly higher on the West Coast.

TEXTRON INC., Empire State Building, Fifth Avenue, New York I, N. Y.

*REG. U.S. PAT.OFF.

any things have changed

Since Old Overholt was born

More than 135 years ago. But this noble rye. With its Good Taste

No wonder Old Overholt Now boasts so great a following Of loyal friends who know The special virtues Of real rye!

That Always Stands Out, Has remained true to the acclaim It was first accorded In hospitable old inns Like the one etched below

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This Whiskey is 5 Years Old

‘Neath the friendly roof of the Moon and Seven Stars Inn, prominent Philadelphia shippers and merchants were wont to meet.

t»>£l$^{0A[1}$ FORD PA . U ■ = ^{A} MOMTOuaa

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

hi otcs and Comment

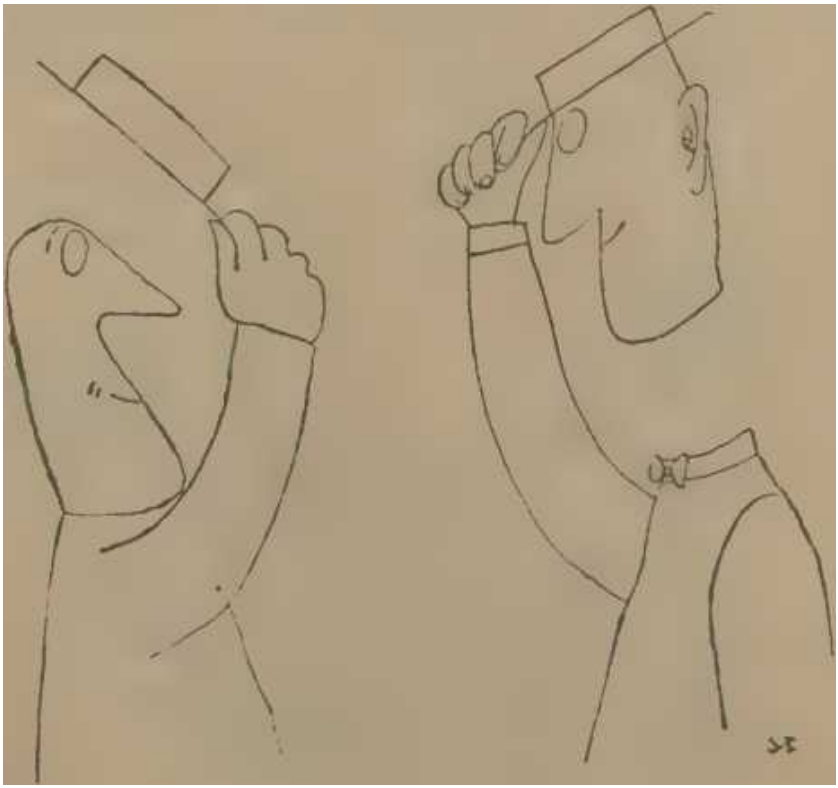
Tip for Benson & Hedges: Change the name of your Parliament cigarettes to Parliament of Man cigarettes. Remove the picture of the British Parliament building and substitute a picture of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, or of Wendell, Mr. Willkie, or of a small terrestrial globe. In place of the coat of arms, substitute a picture of the long queue that formed outside your Fifth Avenue store as a result of shortages caused bv the war caused by there being no Parliament of Man. Retain mouthpiece and filter.

ONE of the crimes for which a man may do time in New York State is an offense called jostling. Jostling is what you can pin on a man if you can't catch him at pocket-picking. The law assumes, rightly, that anyone who habitually knocks into his fellow-man can be up to no good. Someday there will have to be worldwide recognition of the act of jostling, and the means to punish it under law. International jostling is a familiar sight. It is aggression in its incipient stage. When Hitler announced that his lamblike Sudeten Germans were being oppressed by Czech bullies, he was jostling. When Mussolini sent troops to Spain, he was jostling. The Nuremberg Laws, the secret police, the concentration camps, the impudent speeches were all forms of jostling, long before an act of war occurred. There is jostling today in the Argentine, apparently. And there is jostling in this country whenever an American Negro swings from a tree. In a sensibly run world community the jostling individual would find himself cooling his heels in the clink before he had a chance to get his fingers around anyone's wallet. At San Francisco, no

machinery is being set up to punish jos-tlers; that is why, from San

Francisco, the road ahead is still long and we must start up it right away.

WE were glad to see that Doris Duke had been kissed by the commander of the Third Ukrainian Army, because it indicates that Russia and the United States understand each other better than many people suppose. Marshal Tolbukhin pinned a medal and a kiss on Doris to celebrate the great part played bv America's-"working girls" in the war. Thus Russia-paid an extremely graceful and knowing tribute to working conditions here on this side of the ocean, where even an heiress, by patience and effort, can wangle her wav down into the ranks of toilers and into the position of being kissed by a military man. I he presence of Miss Duke at the banquet was, of course, something of an international accident (she just happened to bump into Georgie Patton when he was on his way to the party and he took her along), but she was exactly the right girl to show up there, typifying American grit. Such affairs are the stuff our economy is made on. 1 lie five-o'clock homing subway ride of Fdlie the Toiler is again made endurable by the tabloid account of the



kiss and by Tillie's realization that there, but for the grace of God, went she.

Russia's collectivist system and our • own individualist system arc incapable of being reconciled by a girl's kiss, but ever)- once in a while Congress seems about to reconcile them by bestowing the kiss of death on private enterprise. We see by the papers that the Senate has decided that we ought to "guarantee" profits to farmers and has adopted the Wherry amendment to that effect. And lately there has been talk in the highest circles of the "right to work," or the "right to a job." Such ideas are essentially collectivist, and anv country which assumes that it can guarantee its profits and make them, too, is probably living in dream.

Commissar Molotov included a "right to work" clause when he submitted proposals for the Dumbarton Oaks plan, thereby getting in a plug for state control. President Roosevelt, we recall, once used

the phrase “right to work” in a speech, ami it seemed to us at the time that the issue was becoming rapidly confused. In this country, the citizens have never enjoyed the right, to work, and until recently it has not occurred to anv considerable numbers of them that they wanted an)’ such thing. Instead, they have settled for the right to look for work, the right to decent working conditions, the right to haggle about pay, the right to equality of opportunity, the right to a fair trial when they arc arrested for the drunkenness that sometimes follows unemployment, the right to pan the government, and the special right of veterans to be taken back into jobs. We rather doubt that those fundamental American conceptions are reconcilable with the over-all “right to work.” And we suspect that as soon as you attempt to endow the profit system with a guaran-

tee of profits, you have probably removed the system itself.

Never having been in Russia, we don’t know what it’s like there. But our guess is that there are as many confusions in the Russian mind about the alluring attributes of capitalism that must crop up in a Communist state as there are confusions over here about the attractive guarantees and rights and controls of our private economy. Someday, Russia and the United States will participate in a common government of some sort, along with other nations, and then the people can begin to scramble their ideologies in the same skillet and to enjoy the best features of both systems. Luckily, people the world over want approximately the same thing: kisses, bread, and a chance to get in out of the rain. They even want peace, most of them.

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Tncidental Intelligence: Perhaps the high spot of the Infantry Day parade last week was the gracious action of a wounded lad in a jeep. He was tossing cigars to the civilians on the curb.

In the window of the Neveloff Twins Toy Shop, on Madison Avenue, among the toys displayed for the modern child is a nice fresh copy of “Forever Amber.”

The Central Perfumery & Barber Supply Co. markets a preparation called Refined Crude Oil.

IT is the painful duty of a citizen named George F. Kindley, a District of Columbia man, to dash everybody's bright hopes of transparent postwar refrigerators with revolving shelves, kitchen sinks operated by foot pedals, glass-brick walls that will admit gobs of ultra-violet, death rays that will cook steaks in a few seconds, and all the other goodies that the advertisements have been promising us. Mr. Kindley is chairman of the Publicity, Sales Promotion, and Sales Training Committee of the National Electrical Wholesalers Association, which makes him sound like one of those miserable people PM is mad at. Actually, he is kindly in purpose as well as in name, and only wants the American people not to be disappointed at what the electrical-appliance dealers are going to have on their shelves once postwar production gets started. The first of the postwar stuff, it seems, will bear a striking resemblance to the last of the prewar stuff,

and it is Mr. Kindley's chore to get this over to the public, which N.E.W.A. sorely fears has been badly oversold by the dream-world advertising boys.

It is Mr. Kindley's dismal belief— and that of all the electrical wholesalers—that if the public gets its collective heart set on buying nothing but the kind of stuff shown in the ads, there will be a pretty bad depression once the absolutely necessary replacements of worn-out appliances have been made. He wrote us (and all the other magazines, of course) several letters to this effect, and finally came to call on us, bearing a briefcase stuffed with denunciations of premature promises of gadgetry. He is a short, sad-faced man with mild blue eyes, in normal times himself a distributor of electrical appliances. "Reality is a hard thing to swallow," he told us morosely. "Just recently I visited a friend of mine in Ocean City, Maryland. I asked him, 'Irving, are you going to buy a washer now?' He said, 'No, I'm going to wait. I want one of those washing-ironing machines where the clothes go in dirty and come out one-two-three, washed, ironed, folded, and sorted, with the sheets in one pile and the pillowcases in another.' I said, 'Irving, that's dangerous thinking. If everybody thought that way, an awful lot of people would be out of work.' "

Mr. Kindley and his wife are, at least by prewar standards, pretty satisfactorily electrified, even if none of their equipment is transparent. They have an electric washer, mangle, food mixer, deep freezer, range, toaster, waffle iron, griddle, vacuum cleaner, and summertime water-heating system. Mr. Kindley points out that this stuff may not be glamorous, but it exists and works. “On a streetcar the other day,” he said, “I noticed an advertisement for beer. It said, ‘Cook Your Postwar Dinner with Electronics in Two and. a Half Minutes!,’ and it had a picture of their idea of an electronics oven. Underneath all this, which had nothing to do with beer in the first place, it said, ‘Drink So-and-So’s Beer.’ That’s

all they care about—selling beer. They never worry about the serious effects of getting the public all steamed up about impossible appliances. You won’t catch the manufacturers of appliances doing that kind of thing. It’s the newspaper feature writers and the producers of basic materials.”

Casting about for the makings of just a little news, we asked Mr. Kindley whether we might look forward to one or two small improvements soon. He said we’d all have home freezing-and-storing units for food before long. “Eventually the home freezer will

be as necessary as the refrigerator," he told us. "They'll deliver frozen foods the way they now deliver milk. They'll deliver whole frozen meals, fruit cup and all. But right now the manufacturers are still sitting on the designs and nobody has shown his hand yet."

Qualified

IRLS just out of college still rush down to Washin-gton to look for

jobs. A girl we know was interviewed by a solemn, elderly official who asked innumerable questions and finally, with pursed lips, scribbled a word or two on a pad in front of him. At that point he was called into the next office and the girl couldn't resist peeking. On the pad was written, "Knows nothing. Has charm." She got the job.

Music Hall Alumni

HECKING up on the Music Hall usher staff, certainly the most mil

itary-minded of civilian organizations, we find that the sole concession made to wartime conditions has been the reduction of the recruiting age from eighteen to seventeen. The routine remains the same. The two shifts fall in for roll call at ten in the morning and four in the afternoon, respectively. After inspection by the chief of service, the usher captains in charge of each floor march their squads to their stations and turn them over to a pair of junior officers. The ushers still use the complicated Music Hall sign language, in which, for instance, the approach of a big shot is indicated by cocking an imaginary pistol, two fingers laid on the left forearm requests the attention of a superior officer, and the right hand on the hip means that two seats are available. "We've

always been a kind of West Point of the theatre," a Music Hall staff officer reminded us when we went over there.

"Ron go!"

The Music Hall thinks it has a hundred and twenty-nine ex-ushers in the armed forces, but it can't be sure, because not all of them write. They bob up in the news from time to time, however. Just recently there was a picture in one of the tabloids of an M.P. directing traffic at a crossroads near Saarbriicken—last anybody in the Music Hall had seen of him, he'd been shooing mezzanine customers away from the loges. As a matter of fact, a high percentage of Music Hall boys in the services have been made M.P.s or S.P.s. They have that sense of authority that comes from handling Saturday movie crowds. About fifty per cent of the Music Hall veterans are officers. "That's forty per cent more than in real life," our Music Hall man said.

One fellow who was working his way through school by ushering at night is now a lieutenant in the Navy, in charge of an emergency casualty station which lands with amphibious forces and

sets up on the beachhead. Two other Music Hall men found themselves members of the same Flying Fortress crew in Italy, one a gunner and the other a bombardier. Two have been killed in action, and two have lately been released from German prison camps. Another is a Flying Tiger in China and still another is a West Point cadet. The Music Hall's big hero, and its highest-ranking ex-usher as well, is Captain Frank Kutack, company commander in the Fourth Armored Division, of Patton's Army, who was wounded four times and has a D.S.C. and the Purple Heart with three clusters. There's also Neville Cunningham, a paratrooper, who has the Purple Heart, a Presidential Unit Citation, and the Combat Infantryman Badge.

Prophecy

EMPERS flare up on the East Side these mornings during the

nine-o'clock scramble for cabs. One of

the more prominent Park Avenue doormen hailed by name the driver of an. ancient Parmelee parked a short distance up the street, and then watched with pure malevolence as the cabman rolled by, making for the next doorway. The doorman turned to the tenant in whose behalf he had been acting and said, "Just wait! I'll live to see the day when that guy will come to me snivelling. Snivelling!" He then darkly put his whistle in his mouth and started to blow.

Egyptian- Pebbles

READERS familiar with our un

I flinching determination to keep abreast of developments in the more obscure arts will not be surprised to learn that we have been up at the Museum of Natural History for a look at what is called "The Internationally Famous Collection of Dr. Claude H. Barlow's Pictorial Jasper Stones," which is now on view there. We had better

“Would you mind explaining to him that I really must get off at Binghamton?”

‘Why, it’s a little picture.’ The next day he started looking for more picture stones and he’s never stopped.” Dr. Barlow developed the necessary technical skills as he went along, Mrs. Flohenty said, and now has a high rating among geologists and lapidaries. He also has a powerful voice. His daughter recalled that he once dispersed a riot of Egyptian students with it. They started rioting in front of his house when he was out on the balcony splitting a Pebble and made him so nervous that he dropped it into the street. He let out such a bellow that the riot broke up instantly.

Mrs. Floherty said that some of her father’s pictures bear an uncanny resemblance to desert scenes. She pointed out one stone to us that was, she said, an exact picture of a place she knows well. We asked her if her father

begin our report on Dr. Barlow and his art with a few words about

his medium. Jasper is a semiprecious stone and had quite a vogue in Biblical times (Revelation, XXI, 11), but interest in it petered out long, long ago. Dr. Barlow is the first man who has done much in the field since the eleventh century, when an Egyptian Jew named Shapiro caused a stir in lapidary circles by using jasper to decorate jewel boxes. Jasper is an opaque variety of quartz. The finest stones are dull objects about the size of hen's eggs and known as Egyptian Pebbles. They are indigenous to the Libyan desert, where they are found lying around on the sand. When you crack a Pebble open, the exposed surfaces have strikingly colored irregular striations, and these become brilliant if the stone is ground and polished. Dr. Barlow is the man who discovered that the striations in some Pebbles—about one in ten thousand—form patterns that resemble desert landscapes. The collection on exhibition, seventy-five framed stone landscapes, represents twelve years

of cracking, sawing, grinding, and pol-ishing.

Dr. Barlow's interest in his art is keen but avocational. By profession, he is a parasitologist. Most of his life—he is now in his late sixties—has been spent abroad. For thirty-five years he was a medical missionary in China, where he dabbled in water color. He went to Egypt in 1930 and he is now director of the Bilharzia Destruction Section in the Egyptian Ministry of Public Health at Cairo. Over there, among the Pebbles, he found himself as an artist. He was too busy to come home for his show, so we didn't get to see him, but we did happen to run into his daughter, Mrs. John Floherty, Jr., who told us about the collection. She is an experienced jasper connoisseur herself, having been with her father when he made his first pictorial discovery and during his subsequent formative years as an artist. "Daddy had never even heard of jasper," she told us, "until one day he saw a native boy with a split Pebble. The minute he looked at the stone, he said,

had ever turned out anything but landscapes. "Oh, yes," she said. "But not many. I've got a jasper portrait of a rabbit at home, and a blue lunatic dancing under the moon, and a profile of Mussolini. Mussolini even has his right arm raised in that salute." Dr. Barlow has never sold any of his work, but he intends to try to as soon as the show closes. Mrs. Floherty will act as his agent. "I'm going to

ask twenty-five hundred dollars for each picture," she informed us calmly. "That may sound rather high, but after all, Daddy is the only artist of his kind in the whole history of the world."

Puzzle

THE father of a lieutenant stationed in Paris happened to mention in a letter the shortage of camera film in this country. By way of providing his family with a pleasant surprise, the lieutenant shopped around and picked up half a dozen rolls of film, which he mailed home in a bundle of unneeded Army clothing. A few weeks later he

got a vexed note from his father. "Den* Son," the note said. "The package arrived safe. A our mother and I took the films right down to the drugstore to <ret them developed. They all turned out i'lank. We can't imagine what you did wrong."

Q-200

AFTER the last war our troops, upon arriving here, had a number of triumphal marches up Fifth Avenue, and so many official and unofficial "Welcome Home" committees sprang up that a new and unpleasant warfare broke out among them. This time the situation is different. For one thing, most of the men are coming back not to be discharged hut to spend a brief furlough before heading for the Pacific. For another, the New York Port of Embarkation, the Army agency handling the arrival of the troops here, polled

some of the men in Europe on whether they wanted any ceremonies and the men said no—as few parades as possible (a parade is a hard day's work for a soldier), no speeches, no fuss, just a quick trip home. The N.Y.P.O.E. has, however, worked out something of a welcome, and one that wastes no time. Its chief feature is the Q-200, a yacht the Army has chartered from Mrs. C. R. Walgreen, widow of the drugstore man, for a dollar a year, which escorts returning transports up the harbor. Early one morning last week, the Q-200 went out from Brooklyn to greet the General William P. Richardson, a transport with a couple of thousand men aboard, and the Army let us go along and watch.

We found aboard the Q-200 a twenty-eight-piece W.A.C. band, fifteen Red Cross girls, and fifteen girl clerks from the N.A .P.O.E. offices. We were told hv one of the Q-200's

officers that the Cross girls had given the trip as ward for their

Red been a regood

v irk and that the clerical girls, who were acting rather eager, had drawn lots to see who would be taken along. As the Q-200 moved

on* into the harbor, the stenographers stood at the rails and practiced waving brightly colored scarves which, in a prevoyage briefing, they had been asked to carry to create a gay effect. As they waited to catch sight of the Richardson, the girls all talked at once: "Maybe I should have kept my hair in curlers until we met the ship." "I don't think we'll get close enough for them to notice I didn't put on mascara, do you?" "I'm looking for someone special. He's a liberated prisoner of war. I just hope he's on this ship."

.After nearly an hour, the Richardson came into sight. The Q-200 approached to within fifty yards of the transport, which loomed over us like a dark, sheer cliff, the W.A.C. band went into "The Beer Barrel Polka," the clerks—the Red Cross girls were more reserved—started waving and shouting, and an officer lent us his binoculars so that we could observe

in detail the abrupt migration to our side of the transport of what must have been the full complement of soldiers aboard. We had evidently surprised them. At first they apparent

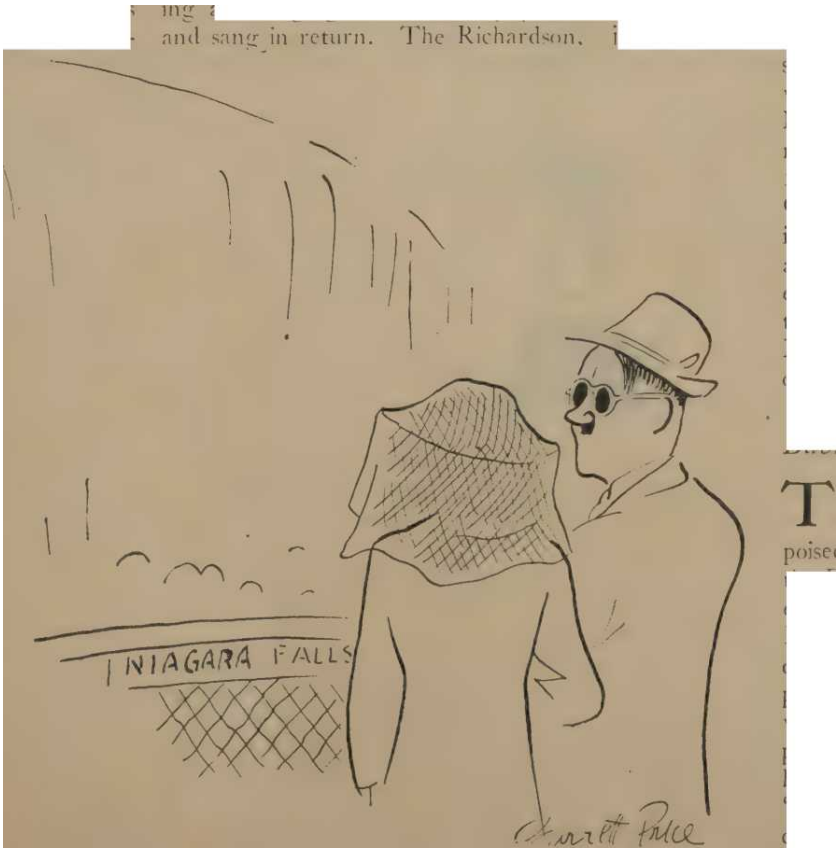
ly thought that we were a small • were crying. The rest merely stamped

pleasure craft they had happened to run across in the harbor. When the}' saw that we were deliberately coming, alongside, that the W.A.C. band was playing for them, and that the clerks were yell-

they yelled

and singing to

them,



which was flying a lot of pennants, tooted her whistle and the Q-2()l) replied with a fainter, sharper, more frivolous toot. One of the girls kept calling, through cupped hands, “How are you?” Another one said to her friends, “I’m going to concentrate on one of them, I’m going to pick out one of them for me.”

The band finished the “Polka” and “The Sidewalks of New York,” both of which were greeted with roars of applause, then played jazz. Five girls went forward and started jitterbugˆinˆ —two pairs dancing, the extra girl standing at one side and clapping in time to the music. When one of the dancing girls tired and dropped out, the extra girl took her place, and they went on spelling one another. Wolf calls floated down from the gun platforms, on one of which stood a soldier stripped to the waist, his face covered with lather. A

Red Cross girl said, “Isn’t it wonderfid? We’re the first

girls they’ve waved at in ages and ages.” A clerk said tartly, “That’s what you think,” and waved her scarf. The men looked as if they found it hard to believe their welcome. A few of them

and j elled or just stared.

As the Q-200 swung awaj’ from the transport and headed back to its pier, the girls in the band began matter-of-factly to put away their instruments. The N.Y.P.O.E. girls began to adjust their disarrayed hair but kept on shouting. What they were shouting was the N.Y.P.O.E. telephone number, Windsor 95400. Just before the Q-200 got out of hearing, some of them added in chorus, as an extra precaution, “Extension Twenty-one! Extension Twenty-one ! ”

Back-ward

WO middle-aged women w e r e I indecisively at the Forty-fourth Street entrance of Brooks Brothers when a young operative of ours happened by. “You don’t want to go in that old place, Florence,” he heard one of them say. “W hy, they don’t even carry Arrow shirts!”

IS

HORIZON

IN the office things were quieting down. Over in the sports department the nightly bridge game already had been in session a good half hour. The men on the copy desk were cither reading the nine-o’clock edition or just staring straight ahead, vacantly, fatigued. A few reporters were at their desks, writing letters or memos or maybe even belles-lettres, but not pieces for the paper. You could tell that. McGuire could tell it. After all these years there was little about the newspaper business lie did not know, and one thing he knew was the look of a newspaper office at any given stage of getting out the paper. He leaned back, tilting his chair on its hind legs, gnawing at his empty pipe. Rather than appear to the guys on the copy desk the way they appeared to him, McGuire got up and wandered over to a window and studied the state capitol, this side of which he knew so well.

For eighteen years this side of the state capitol had been his horizon. Well, that was not precisely true. He had only been sitting at a desk facing the city room, and beyond it, this side of the capitol ten years—about ten years. 3 here had been the times he had sat in on the night desk, when his horizon was the mail boxes and newspaper files. You could take those times out of the eighteen years. You could also take out the four months when he had undergone a miserable self-imposed exile as managing editor of the Beacon. The Beacon being on Front Street, he hadn't

even seen the capitol dome. At the Beacon his horizon had been Holzheimer's Storage XX are house—Long Distance Moving. But anyway, to all intents and purposes he was now looking at what had been his horizon for either ten or eighteen years. Either way it was no good, and eighteen was only a little worse than ten.

You didn't get used to hanging if

you hung long enough. XVith some bitterness McGuire reflected that hoodlums could have painted dirty words on the other side of the state capitol, or a strange art commission could have painted it with pink and blue diagonal stripes, and he wouldn't have known

about it. Oh, he'd have heard about it,

and most likely in the case of a story as important as that he would have done the rewrite job on it. But in the ordinary course of his life, he would not have seen the words or the stripes. He didn't even see the other side of the capitol on

his way to or from work, or going for a drink at Paddy's or the Elks'. When he bought shirts or pajamas or underwear, he bought them at Gross's, nowhere near the other side of the capitol. When he heard the call of the wild and went to Miss Elizabeth's, he went in the opposite direction from the capitol. All during the time he had been having the affair with Jess, he had had no occasion to study the other side of the capitol, since Jess's apartment, which she shared with another girl, was just up Hill Street from the office, a block and a half or two. It made him angry to have to face the fact that there probably were out-of-town lawyers and high-pressure guys who by actual count had seen the other side of the capitol many more times than he had, although he could have hit this side of the capitol with a silver dollar with a great deal more ease than Washington had pitched one across the Rappahannock and although he looked at the limestone pile (this side of it) five-sevenths of all the nights of his life.

Now, not suddenly but easily, he knew why he was quitting the paper this night.

Always there had been the Ing reason, but he didn't believe there was any one thing that had started him off in the direction of his decision. There had been, to be sure, his forty-third birthday in January last. But before that there had been the steadily increasing number of friends' names on the obit page. Not

necessarily friends, but contemporaries in the sense that, in doing newspaper work, he had disregarded whatever difference there might have been between his age and the scoundrels' ages. People — persons—he knew well were dying and dying. Then there had been the gradual awareness that he was recording

life (and, of course, death) but that he

was passing it by. He was sitting it out as a night rewrite man on a not particularly outstanding newspaper. That undoubtedly was the big reason he had begun to think about quitting.

T TE looked over at Jess's desk. She A was not there. Then he saw her

coming out of a phone booth and going to Green's desk. She had some copy paper in her hand. She spoke to Green. Green nodded a few times and wrote something on a pad. He looked up at her and smiled, and McGuire could tell he

was waving his hand, the sign he was giving his official "good night." She went to her desk, took a towel and her purse out of the top drawer, and threaded her way among the desks to the ladies' room.

. . . Jess, for instance. Jess had been a reason, or perhaps a sub-reason, belonging under Passing Life By. He had been selfish with her, and after a while she had simply told him off. 1 hat was all there was to it. "It's time both of us were getting married," she had said. "Maybe not you to me or me to you, but from here on get another girl, or try Miss Elizabeth's." There was no special reason he shouldn't have married Jess. He had no wife anywhere, and the money angle didn't figure, because Jess could not have children and would have gone on working, and Tie still had the eight thousand dollars his mother had left him. It surprised him that Jess had felt so strongly about it then, strongly enough so that there was still no cordiality on her part. She called him Mac, but she would have no drinks with him, nor go to see Katharine Cornell with him, nor borrow cigarettes from him. He had had to get used to it, and for a long while he thought he had. 1 hen there was the birthday, as well as Jess, with her coldness, and the realization that he was passing life by.

But then again, it was none of these things unless it was all of them. He wasn't quitting the paper because of Jess, or because he wrote about the life of the city and the state without participating in it, or because Senator Sam Fox had died yesterday of a heart attack in the Senate lunchroom in the state capitol. It was no more any one of these reasons than it was his newly discovered antagonism toward

the capitol wall. Nor yet an unintelligent curiosity about the capitol's other wall. Still, the cap-itol's other wall was closer to being the reason. And then—this time suddenly and terrifyingly—he knew he was not going to quit, not tonight, not ever. He knew when he was well off. He knew when he had a good thing. He would stay with the paper and the paper would take care of him.

He turned his back on the state capitol and wandered back to his desk. Jess had returned to her desk and was putting on her hat and coat. On her way out she slowed down to wave at Green. He nodded and mumbled.

"Good night," said McGuire, as she went by his desk.

"Good night," said Jess. "Oh— good night," she said again, to something. —John O'Hara

THE WITING PUBLIC

“Dear Cousin Emily:—It was so nice to get your letter, and we are all thrilled that you and the children will he -passing through our "neck of the woods' next week on your way to Maine. When you mentioned that you are spending two or three days shopping in New York our first thought was how wonderful it would be to have you stay in the country with us, so that we could have a real visit together, but it would happen (darn!) that we are having the house redecorated at exactly that time and everything will be in a terrible mess. But please call Fred at his office the minute you get in and I'll come to town at once and we will take you all to dinner. . . .”

DOUBLE TALK

I HAPPEN to have a disreputable namesake, complete from nickname to surname, a man whom I have never seen in the flesh but whose vulgar personality I have been able to deduce from his chance intrusions into the castle of my life. The tangle began in Prague, where I happened to be living in the middle twenties. A letter came to me there from a small library apparently attached to some sort of White Army organization which, like myself, had moved out of Russia. In exasperated tones, it demanded that I return at once a copy of the "Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion." This book, which in the old days had been wistfully appreciated by the Czar, was a fake memorandum the secret police had paid a semi-literate crook to compile; its sole object was the promotion of pogroms. The librarian, who signed himself "Sinepuzov" (a surname, meaning "blue belly," which affects a Russian imagination in much the same way as Winterbottom does an English one), insisted that I had been keeping what he chose to call "this popular and valuable work" for more than a year. He referred to previous requests addressed to me in Belgrade, Berlin, and Brussels, through which towns my namesake apparently had been drifting.

I visualized the fellow as a young, very White emigre, of the automatically reactionary type, whose education had been interrupted by the revolution and who was successfully making up for lost time along traditional lines. He obviously was a great traveller; so was I—our only point in common. A Russian woman in Strasbourg asked me whether the man who had married her niece in Liege was my brother. One spring day, in Nice, a poker-faced girl with long earrings called at my hotel, asked to see me, took one look at me, apologized, and went away. In Paris, I received a telegram which jerkily ran, "ne VIENS PAS ALPHONSE DE RETOUR SOUPˆONNE SOIS PRUDENT JE T'ADORE angoissee," and I admit deriving a certain grim satisfaction from the vision of my frivolous doidfle inevitably bursting in, flowers in hand, upon Alphonse and his wife. A few years later, when I was lecturing in Zurich, I was suddenly arrested on a charge of smashing three mirrors in a restaurant—a kind of triptych featuring my namesake drunk (the first mirror), very drunk (the second), and roaring

drunk (the third). Finally, in 1938, a French consul rudely refused to stamp my tattered sea-green Nansen passport because, he said, I had entered the country once before without a permit. In the fat dossier which was eventually produced, I caught a glimpse of my namesake's face. He had a clipped mustache and a crew haircut, the bastard.

WHEN, soon after that, I came over to the United States and settled down in Boston, I felt sure I had shaken off my absurd shadow. Then •—last month, to be precise—there came a telephone call.

In a hard and glittering voice, a woman said she was Mrs. Sybil Hall, a close friend of Mrs. Sharp, who had written to her suggesting that she contact me. I did know a Mrs. Sharp and didn't stop to think that both my Mrs. Sharp and myself might not be the right ones. Golden-voiced Mrs. Hall said that she was having a little meeting at her apartment Friday night and would I come, because she was sure from what she had heard about me that I would be very, very much interested in the discussion. Although meetings of any kind are loathsome to me, I was prompted to accept the invitation by the thought that if I did not I might in some way disappoint Mrs. Sharp, a nice, maroon-trousered, short-haired old lady whom I had met on Cape Cod, where she shared a cottage with a younger woman; both ladies are mediocre Leftist artists of independent means, and completely amiable.

Owing to a misadventure, which had nothing to do with the subject of the present account, I arrived much later than I intended at Mrs. Hall's apartment house. An ancient elevator attendant, oddly resembling Richard Wagner, gloomily took me up, and Mrs. Hall's unsmiling maid, her long arms hanging down her sides, waited while I removed my overcoat and rubbers in the hall. Here the chief decorative note was a certain type of ornamental vase manufactured in China, and possibly of great antiquity—in this case a tall, sickly-colored brute of a thing—which

always makes me abominably unhappy.

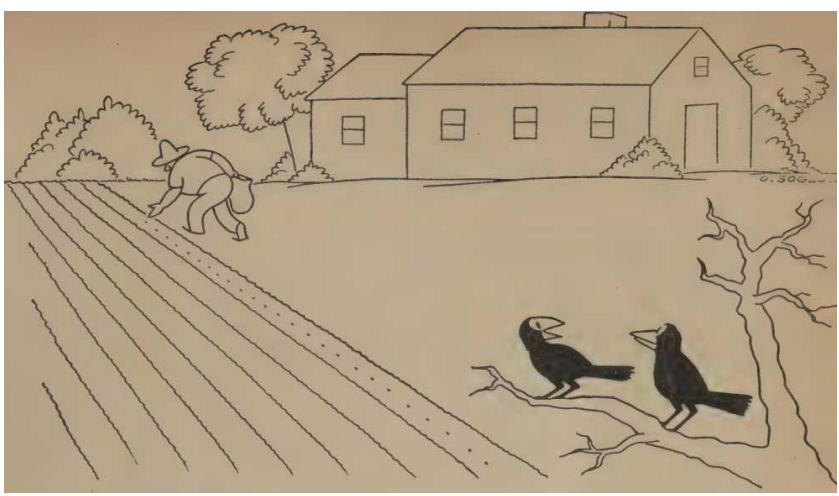
As I crossed a self-conscious, small room that fairly brimmed with symbols of what advertisement writers call “gracious living” and was being ushered—theoretically, for the maid had dropped away—into a large, mellow, bourgeois salon, it gradually dawned upon me that this was exactly the sort of place where one would expect to be introduced to some old fool who had had caviar in the Kremlin or to some wooden Soviet Russian, and that mj' acquaintance Mrs. Sharp, who had for some reason always resented my contempt for the Party line and for the Communist and his Master’s Voice, had decided, poor soul, that such an expe.-rience might have a beneficial influence upon my sacrilegious mind.

From a group of a dozen people, my hostess emerged in the form of a long-limbed, flat-chested woman with lipstick on her prominent front teeth. She introduced me rapidly to the guest of honor and her other guests, and the discussion, which had been interrupted by my entrance, was at once resumed. The guest of honor was answering questions. He was a fragile-looking man with sleek, dark hair and a glistening brow, and he was so brightly illumined by the long-stalked lamp at his shoulder that one could distinguish the specks of dandruff on the collar of his dinner jacket and admire the whiteness of his clasped hands, one of which I had found to be incredibly limp and moist. He was the type of fellow whose weak chin, hollow cheeks, and unhappy Adam’s apple reveal, a couple of hours after shaving, when the humble talcum powder has worn off, a complex system of pink blotches overlaid with a stipple of bluish gray. He wore a crested ring, and for some odd reason I recalled a swarthy Russian girl in New York who was so troubled by the possibility of

being mistaken for her notion of a Jewess that she used to wear a cross upon her throat, although she had as little religion as brains. The speaker's English was admirably fluent, but the hard "djair" in his pronunciation of "Germany" and the persistently recurring epithet "wonderful," the first syllable of which sounded like "wan," proclaimed his Teutonic origin. He was, or had been, or was to become, a professor of German, or music, or both, somewhere in the Middle West, I felt sure, but I did not catch his name and so shall call him Dr. Shoe.

"Naturally he was mad ! " exclaimed Dr. Shoe in answer

to something one of the ladies had asked. "Look, only a madman could have messed up the war the way he did. And I certainly hope, as you do, that before long, if he should turn out to he alive, he will be safely interned in a sanatorium somewhere in a neutral country. He has earned it. It was madness to attack Russia instead of invading England. It was madness to think that the war with Japan would prevent Roosevelt from participating energetically in European affairs. The worst mad



man is the one who fails to consider the possibility of somebody else's being mad, too."

"One cannot help feeling," said a fat little lady called, I think, Mrs. Mulberry, "that thousands of our boys who hare been killed in the

Pacific would still be alive if all those planes and tanks we gave England and Russia had been used to destroy Japan."

"Exactly," said Dr. Shoe. "And that was Adolf Hitler's mistake. Being mad, he failed to take into account the scheming of irresponsible politicians. Being mad, he believed that other governments would act in accordance with the principles of mercy and common sense."

"I always think of Prometheus," said Mrs. Hall, "Prometheus, who stole fire and was blinded by the angry gods."

An old lady in a bright-blue dress, who sat knitting in a corner, asked Dr. Shoe to explain why the Germans had not risen against Hitler.

Dr. Shoe lowered his eyelids for a moment. "The answer is a terrible one," he said with an effort. "As you know, I am German myself, of pure Bavarian stock, though a loyal citizen of this country. And nevertheless, I am going to say something very terrible about m\ former countrymen. Germans"—-the soft-lashed eyes were half closed again—"Germans are dreamers."

By tin's time, of course, I had fully realized that Mrs. Hall's Mrs. Sharp was as totally distinct from my Mrs. Sharp as I was from my namesake. The nightmare into which I had 'been propelled would probably have struck him as a cozy evening with kindred souls, and Dr. Shoe might have seemed

to him a most intelligent and brilliant causcur. Timidity, and perhaps morbid curiosity, kept me from leaving the room. .Moreover, when I get excited, I stammer so badly that any attempt on my part to tell Dr. Shoe what I thought of him would have sounded like the explosions of a motorcycle which refuses to start on a frosty night in an intolerable suburban lane. I looked around, trying to convince myself that these were real people and not a Punch-and-Judy show.

N( )N E of the women were pretty; all had reached or overreached forty-five. All, one could be certain, belonged to hook clubs, bridge clubs, babble clubs, and to the great, cold sorority of inevitable

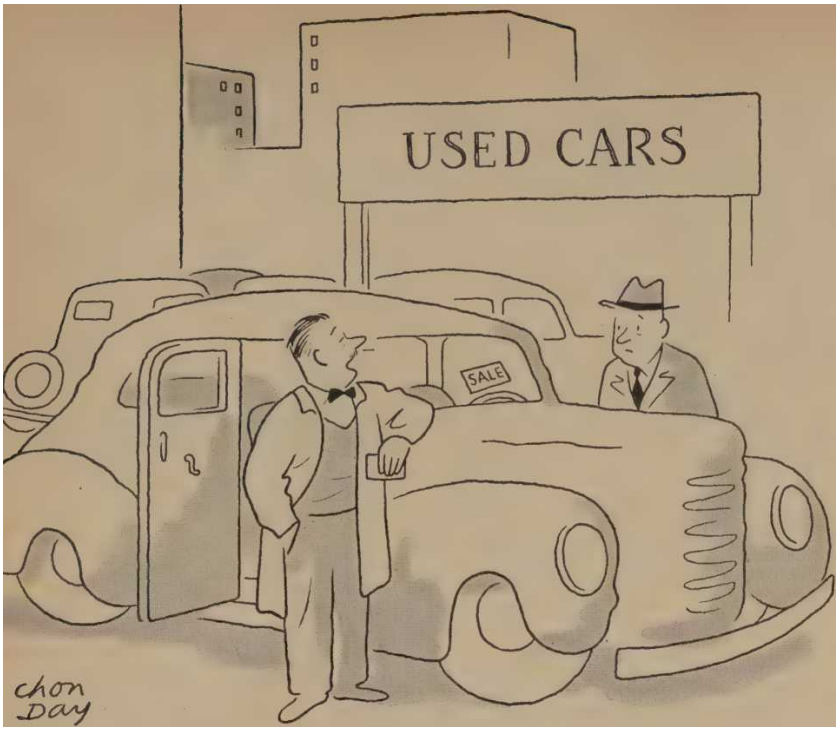
death. All looked cheerfully sterile. Possibly some of them had had children, but how. they had produced them was now a forgotten mystery; many had found substitutes for creative power in various aesthetic pursuits, such as, for instance, the beautifying of committee rooms. As I glanced at the one sitting next to me, an intense-looking lady with a freckled neck, I knew that, while patchily listening to Dr. Shoe, she was, in all probability, worrying about a bit of decoration having to do with some social event or wartime entertainment the exact nature of which I could not determine. But I did know how badly she needed that additional touch. “Something in the middle of the table,” she was thinking. “I need something that would make people gasp—perhaps a

“Now?”

great big huge bowl of artificial fruit. Not the wax kind, of course. Something nicely marbleized.”

It is most regrettable that I did not fix the ladies’ names in my mind when I was introduced to them. Two willowy, interchangeable maiden ladies on hard chairs had names beTnninc with “W,” and, of the others, one was certainly called Miss Bissing. This I had heard distinctly, but could not later connect with any particular face or face-like object. There was only one other man besides Dr. Shoe and myself. lie turned out to be a compatriot of mine, a Colonel Malikov or Melnikov ; '■’ Mrs. Hall’s rendering it had sounded more like Milwaukee. While some soft, pale drinks were beiner passed around, he leaned toward me with a leathery, creaking sound, as if he wore a harness under his shabby blue suit, and informed me in a hoarse Russian whisper that lie had had the honor of knowing mv esteemed uncle, whom I at once visualized as a ruddy but unpalatable apple on my namesake’s family tree. Dr. Shoe, however, was becoming eloquent again, and the Colonel straightened up, revealing a broken yellow' tusk in bus retreating smile ami promising me by means of discreet gestures that we would have a good talk later on.

“The tragedy of Germany,” sa 1 .Dr. Shoe as he carefully folded the paper napkin with which he had wiped his thin lips, “is also the tragedy of cultured America. I have spoken at numerous w'omen’s clubs and other educational centers, and everywhere I have



“Boy, listen to the rhythmic slap slap slap of those pistons!”

noted how deeply this European war, now mercifully ended, was loathed hy refined, sensitive souls. I have also noted how eagerly cultured Americans revert in memory to happier days, to their travelling experiences abroad, to some unforgettable month or still more unforgettable year they once spent in the country of art, music, philosophy, and good humor. They remember the dear friends they had there, and their season of education and well-being in the bosom of a German nobleman’s family, the exquisite cleanness of everything, the songs at the close of a perfect day, the wonderful little towns, and all that world of kindliness and romance they found in Munich or Dresden.”

ˆMy Dresden is no more,” said Mrs. Mulberry. “Our bombs have destroyed it and everything it stands for.”

“British ones, in this particular case,” said Dr. Shoe gently. “But, of course, war is war, although I admit one finds it difficult to imagine

German bombers deliberately selecting for their target some sacred historical spot in Pennsylvania or Virginia. Yes, war is terrible. In fact, it becomes almost intolerably so when it is forced upon two nations that have so many things in common. It may strike you as a paradox, but really, when one thinks of the soldiers

slaughtered in Europe, one says to oneself that they are at least spared the terrible misgivings which we civilians must suffer in silence."

"I think that is very true," remarked Mrs. Hall, slowly nodding her head.

"What about those stories?" asked an old lady who was knitting. " Those stories the papers keep printing about the German atrocities. I suppose all that is mostly propaganda?"

Dr. Shoe smiled a tired smile. "I was expecting that question," he said with a touch of sadness in his voice.

Unfortunately, propaganda, exaggeration, faked photographs, and so on are the tools of modern war. I should not be surprised if the Germans themselves had made up stories about the cruelty of the American troops to innocent civilians. Just think of all the nonsense which was invented about the so-called German atrocities in the first World War—those horrible legends about Belgian women being seduced, and so on. Well, immediately after the war, in the summer of 1 920, if I am not mistaken, a special committee of German democrats thoroughly investigated the whole matter, and we all know how pedantically thorough and precise German experts can be. Well, they did not find one scintilla of evidence to prove that

Germans had not acted like soldiers and gentlemen."

One of the Misses W. ironically remarked that foreign correspondents must make a living. Her remark was witty. Everybody appreciated her ironical and witty remark.

"On the other hand," continued Dr. Shoe when the ripples had subsided, "let us forget propaganda for a moment and turn to dull

facts. Allow me to draw you a little picture from the past, a rather sad little picture, but perhaps a necessary one. I will ask you to imagine German boys proudly entering some Polish or Russian town they had conquered. They sang as they marched. They did not know that their Fuhrer was mad; they innocently believed that they were bringing hope and happiness and wonderful order to the fallen town. They could not know that owing to subsequent mistakes and delusions on the part of Adolf Hitler, their conquest would eventually lead to the enemy's making a flaming battlefield of the very cities to which they, those German boys, thought they were bringing everlasting peace. As they bravely marched through the streets in all their finery, with their wonderful war machines and their banners, they smiled at everybody and everything because they were pathetically good-natured and well-meaning. They innocently expected the same friendly attitude on the part of the population. Then, gradually, they realized that the streets through which they so boyishly, so confidently, marched, were lined with silent and motionless crowds of Jews, who glared at them with hatred and who insulted each passing soldier, not by words—they were too clever for that-—but by black looks and ill-concealed sneers."

"I know that kind of look," said Mrs. Hall grimly.

"But they did not," said Dr. Shoe in plaintive tones. "That is the point. They were puzzled. Ehey did not understand, and they were hurt. So what did they do? At first they tried to fight that hatred with patient explanations and little tokens of kindness. But the wall of hatred surrounding them only got thicker. Finally they were forced to imprison the leaders of the vicious and arrogant coalition. What else could they do?"

"I happen to know an old Russian Jew," said Mrs. Mulberry. "Oh, just a business acquaintance of Mr. Mulberry's. Well, he confessed to me once that-he would gladly strangle with his own hands the very first German soldier he met. I was so shocked that I just stood there

and did not know what to answer."

"I would have," said a stout woman who sat with her knees wide

apart. “As a matter of fact, one hears much too much about punishing the Germans. They, too, are human beings. And any sensitive person will agree with what you say about their not being responsible for those so-called atrocities, most of which have probably been invented by the Jews. I get mad when I hear people still jabbering about furnaces and torture houses, which, if they existed at all, were operated by onlv a few men as insane as Hitler.”

“Well, I am afraid one must be understanding,” said Dr. Shoe, with his impossible smile, “and take into account the workings of the vivid Semitic imagination which controls the American press. And one must remember, too, that there were many purely sanitary measures which the orderly German troops had to adopt in dealing with the corpses of the elderly who had died in camp, and, in some cases, in disposing of the victims of typhus epidemics. I am quite free from any racial prejudices myself, and I can’t see how these age-old racial problems have anything to do with the attitude to be adopted toward Germany now that she has surrendered. Especially when I remember the way the British treat natives in their colonies.”

“Or how the Jewish Bolsheviks used to treat the Russian people—ai-ai-m!" remarked Colonel Melnikov.

“Which is no more the case, is it.r” asked Mrs. Hall.

“No, no,” said the Colonel. “The great Russian people has waked up and my country is again a great country. We had three great leaders. We had Ivan, whom his enemies called-Terrible, then we had Peter the Great, and now we have Joseph Stalin. I am a White Russian and have served in the Imperial Guards, but also I am a Russian patriot and a Russian Christian. Today, in every word that comes out of Russia, I feel the power, I feel the splendor of old Mother Russia. She is again a country of soldiers, religion, and true Slavs. Also, I know that when the Red Army entered German towns, not a single hair fell from German shoulders.”

“Head,” said Mrs. Hall.

“Yes,” said the Colonel. “Not a single head from their shoulders.”

‘We all admire your countrymen,” said Mrs. Mulberry. “But what about Communism spreading to Germany r ”

“If I may be permitted to offer a suggestion,” said Dr. Shoe, “I would like to point out that if we arc not care

ful, there will be nowhere for it to spread. I mean there will be no Germany. The main problem which this country will have to face is to prevent the victors from enslaving the German nation and sending the young and hale and the lame and old—intellectuals and civilians—to work like convicts in the vast area of the East. This is against all the principles of democracy and war. If you tell me that the Germans did ’the same thing to the nations they conquered, I will remind you of three things: first, that the German State was not a democracy and couldn’t be expected to act like one; secondly, that most, if not all, of the so-called ‘slaves’ came of their own free will; and in the third place—and this is the most important point—that they were well fed, well clothed, and lived in civilized surroundings which, in spite of all our natural enthusiasm for the immense population and geography of Russia, Germans are not likely to find in the country of the Soviets.

“Perhaps you’d like to try it out.”

“Neither must we forget,” continued Dr. Snoe, with a dramatic rise in his voice, “that Nazism was really not a German but an alien organization oppressing the German people. Adolf Hitler was an Austrian, Ley a Jew, Rosenberg half French, half Tartar. The German nation has suffered under this non-German yoke just as much as other European countries have suffered from the effects of the war waged on their soil. To civilians, who not only have been crippled and killed but whose treasured possessions and wonderful

homes have been annihilated by bombs, it matters little whether those bombs were dropped by a German or an Allied plane. Germans, Austrians, Italians, Rumanians, Greeks, and all the other peoples of Europe are now members of one tragic brotherhood, all are equal in misery and hope, all should be treated alike, and let us leave the task of finding and judging the guilty to future historians, to unbiassed old scholars in the immortal centers of European cul-

tore, in the serene universities of Heidelberg, Bonn, Jena, Leipzig, Munchen. Let the phoenix of Europe spread its eagle wings again, and God bless America."

THERE was a reverent pause while

Dr. Shoe tremulously lit a cigarette, and then Mrs. Hall, pressing the palms of her hands together in a charming, girlish gesture, begged him to round out the meeting with some lovely music. He sighed, got up, trod upon my foot in passing, apologetically touched my knee with the tips of his fingers, and, having sat down before the piano, bowed his head and remained motionless for several audibly silent seconds. Then, slowly and very gently, he laid his cigarette on an ashtray, removed the ashtray from the piano into Mrs. Hall's helpful hands, and bent his head again. At last he said, with a little catch in his voice, "First of all, I will play 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' "

Feeling that this was more than I could stand—in fact, having reached a point where I was beginning to feel physically sick—I got

up and hurriedly left the room. As I was approaching the closet where I had seen the maid store my things, Mrs. Hall overtook me, together with a billow of distant music.

“Must you leave?” she said. “Must you really leave?”

I found my overcoat, dropped the han'.er, and stamped into my rubbers.

“You are either murderers or fools,” I said, “or both, and that man is a filthy German agent.”

As I have already mentioned, I am afflicted with a bad stammer at crucial moments and therefore the sentence did not come out as smooth as it is on paper.

But it worked. Before she could gather herself to answer, I had slammed the door behind me and was carrying my overcoat downstairs as one carries a child out of a house on fire. I was in the street when I noticed that the hat I was about to put on did not belong to me.

It was a well-worn fedora, of a deeper shade of gray than my own and with a narrower brim. The head it was meant for was smaller than mine. The inside of the hat carried the label “Werner Bros., Chicago” and smelled of another man’s hairbrush and hair lotion. It could not belong to Colonel Melnikov, who was as bald as a bowling ball, and I assumed that Mrs. Hall’s husband was either dead or kept his hats in another place. It was a disgusting object to carry about, but the night was rainy and cold, and I used the thing as a kind of rudi-mentaryˆumbrella. As soon as I got home, I started writing a letter to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, but did not get very far. My inability to catch and retain names seriously impaired the quality of the information I was trying to impart, and since I had to explain my presence at the meeting, a lot of diffuse and vaguely suspicious matter concerning my own namesake had to be dragged in. Worst of all, the whole affair assumed a dreamlike, grotesque aspect when related in detail, whereas all I really had to say was that a person from some unknown address in the Middle West, a person whose name I did not even know, had been talking sympathetically about the German people to a group of silly old

women in a private house. Indeed, judging by the expression of that same sympathy continuously cropping up in the writings of certain well-known columnists, the

whole thing might be perfectly legal, for all I knew.

EARLY the next morning I opened the door in answer to a ring, and there was Dr. Shoe, bareheaded, rain-coated, silently offering me my hat, with a cautious half-smile on his blue-and-pink face. I took the hat and mumbled some thanks. This he mistook for an invitation to come in. I could not remember where I had put his fedora, and the feverish search I had to conduct, more or less in his presence, soon became ludicrous.

“Look here,” I said. “I shall mail, I shall send, I shall forward you that hat when I find it, or a check, or a check, if I don’t.”

“But I’m leaving this afternoon,” he said gently', “and moreover, I would like to have a little explanation of the strange remark you addressed to my very dear friend Mrs. Hall.”

He waited patiently while I tried to tell him as neatly as I could that the police, the authorities, would explain that to her.

“You do not understand,” he said at length. “Mrs. Hall is a very well-known society" lady’ and has numerous connections in official circles. Thank God we live in a great country, where everybody can speak his mind without being insulted for expressing a private opinion.”

I told him to go away.

When my" final splutter had petered out, he said, “I will go away, but please remember, in this country"—” and he shook his bent finger at me sidewise, German fashion, in facetious reproof.

Before I could decide where to hit him, he had glided out. I was trembling all over. My inefficiency, which at times has amused me and even pleased me in a subtle way, now appeared atrocious

T

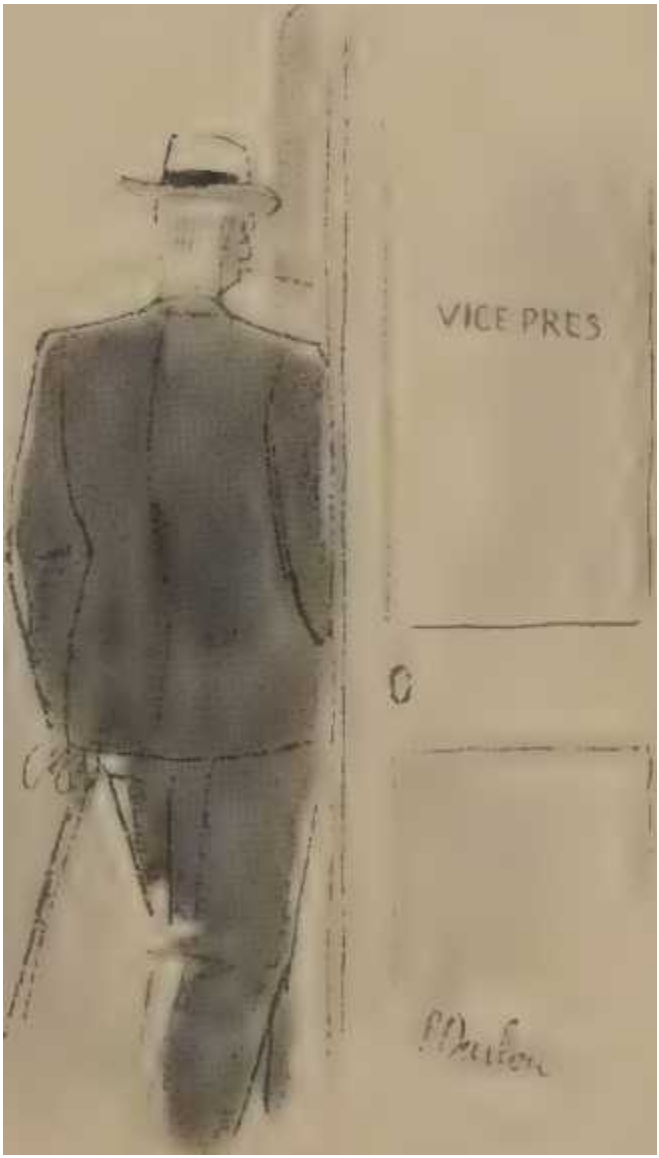
anil base. All of a sudden I caught sight of Dr. Shoe's hat on a heap of old magazines under the little telephone table in my hall. I hurried to a front window, opened it, and, as Dr. Shoe emerged four stories below, tossed the hat in his direction. It described a parabola and made a pancake landing in the middle of the street. There it turned a somersault, missed a puddle by a matter of inches, and lay gaping, wrong side up. Dr. Shoe, without looking up, waved his hand in acknowledgment, retrieved the hat, satisfied himself that it wᶻas not too muddy, put it on, and walked away, jauntily wiggling his hips. I have often wondered why is it that a thin German always manages to look so plump behind when wearing a raincoat.

ALL that remains to be told is that a

> - week later I received a letter the peculiar Russian of which can hardly be appreciated in translation.

"Esteemed Sir," it read. "You have been pursuing me all my life. Good friends of mine, after reading your books, have turned away from me thinking that I was the author of those de-

praved, decadent writings. In 1941, and again in 1943, I was arrested in Erance by the Germans for things I never had said or thought. Now in America, not content with having caused me all sorts of troubles in other countries, you have the arrogance to impersonate me and to appear in a drunken condition at the



house of a highly respected person. This I will not tolerate. I could have you jailed and branded as an imposter, but I suppose you would not like that, and so I suggest that by way of indemnity . . .”

The sum he demanded was really a most modest one.

—Vladimir Nabokov

A REPORTER WITH THE B-29J

lll-THE CIGAR., THE THR.EE WINGS, AND THE LOW-LEVEL ATTACKS

SINCE assuming command in the □ middle of January, this year, of the Twenty-first Bomber Command of the Twentieth Air Force, based on Guam, Tinian, and Saipan, in the Marianas, the thirty-nine-year-old Major General Curtis E. LeMay had made training his No. 1 priority for the Command, the bombing of Japan his secondary mission. His predecessor, Brigadier General Haywood S. (Possum) Hansell, Jr., had inaugurated a Lead Crew School soon after the initial operations from Saipan. LeMay had been transferred from China, where he had stepped up the efficiency of his B-29 squadrons by several hundred per cent by the same method (which he is generally credited with having originated in England in the Eighth Air Force), and he employed the system on a big scale in the Marianas. All kinds of training courses were initiated overnight, and special techniques in bombing, pilotage, gunnery, navigation, and so on were introduced. The principle of the Lead Crew School is simply that certain crews are selected for special training, with the idea that these crews will lead the bombing formations over a target. The other airplanes in each formation drop their bombs when their lead airplane drops its bombs. LeMay thought that it would pay off in the end if he cut down on the number of airplanes bombing Japan for a short period and increased the number used in lead-crew training. So for some weeks, while eighty or ninety B-29s bombed Japan every four or five days, other dozens of B-29s bombed Truk, Iwo Jima, Pagan, and other Japanese islands on training missions, and crew members attended special classes day and night. Around March 1st, when LeMay was about ready to start increasing the size of his strikes against Japan, the order came from "Washington for a maximum effort beginning around March 10th. N jw that the order had come, he had no choice but to put as many airplanes over Japan as he could and to resume lead-crew training, and other training, after the maximum effort had been mounted. This suited him fine, as it happened. .

LeMay, whom all of us in the Twenty-first Bomber Command called

the Cigar, had been the commander now for about six weeks. He had made few changes in personnel. He had brought

with him five or six staff officers from his old outfit in China and India, the Twentieth Bomber Command of the Twentieth Air Force, and they had stepped quietly into important but not top positions on his staff. A Plans Officer had taken over the Plans section under the incumbent deputy chief of staff for Plans, Operations, Training, and Intelligence. An A-2 (Intelligence) had stepped into the position left vacant by Hansell's A-2, who was in Washington for a conference. A young flying colonel, a friend and former tentmate of mine on Saipan, who had told me a little about LeMay (having worked under him in England with the Eighth Air Force) and who had been looking forward to LeMay's coming, had been relieved of his job as A-3 (Operations) and had been given an equally important but less desirable job as deputy commander of the B-29 wing on Tinian, and a new A-3 from China had stepped in at our Bomber Command. All this had happened within a few days after LeMay's arrival. LeMay had selected for the very important post of chief of staff in his new command Brigadier General August W. Kissner, who had worked with him in England. Kissner had flown home from Europe for a week's duty in Washington and a few days' leave, and was with us on Guam by this time. Kissner proved at once to be an ideal chief of staff. Like LeMay, he believes in, and is fond of, people, but his personality enables him to work for the same ends as Leˆday by the application of a subtle intellect and by written policies rather than by forthright action and spoken words. LeMay undoubtedly picked him for those reasons. There was between them, also, a high mutual regard. Kissner's assignment had required no shift in personnel, since Brig

adier General Roger M. Ramey, who had been Hansell's chief of staff, had been given command of the Twentieth Bomber Command in China, to replace LeMay. Ramey, a hard-bitten, tough, ribald, small-boned Westerner, had returned to the States after the heroic days at Pearl Harbor and the Philippines at the outset of the Pacific war and had been acting commanding general of the Twenty-first Bomber Command throughout its training days at home, until Hansell assumed command just before it moved overseas.

Colonel John B. Montgomery, a brilliant young Southerner, who had been acting chief of staff for Hansell in the early days on Saipan and who had again assumed this post when Ramey left for China, was able to go back to his regular job of assistant chief of staff for Plans, Operations, Training, and Intelligence when Kissner came out to become LeMay's permanent chief of staff. Monty, as this young colonel was known to everybody, had played his guitar in

attempted gaiety at a party in Hansell's quarters the night before the retiring General had left for the States, and he had, with equal steadfastness, gone right along working his head off for LeMay. (You somehow never felt that Monty was working for himself.) Many of us, including myself, had wondered whether Monty would outlast the change in command. His was the most important job in the Command next to that of the chief of staff, and he had never met LeMay before LeMay took over. Then, one night toward the end of the first week in March, I had a quick coffee with Monty in the mess hall long after almost everybody else was asleep, and Monty said, "We got some hot stuff coming up. This guy LeMay is a pistol, a real pistol." I looked at Monty carefully. He seemed fine. He was clearly on the beam—a tired, tense, excited, confident colonel of the Air Forces.

Under Hansell, I had achieved a position in which I was in even body's confidence about plans, even the most secret ones, because Hansell had decided that I could more effectively prevent plans from leaking out to the public (and to the enemy) if I knew what the plans were. I was now in the unpleasant but entirely routine position of being left out of the know in such matters by all concerned until the new boss, LeMay, had indicated to his chief assistants just

where I, as the Public Relations Officer and Staff Press Censor, was to fit into the general picture. I had been through this before in other commands and had learned that the only thing to do is to sit tight, do your job, and speak when you are spoken to unless you have something that requires an immediate decision by the commanding general, in which case you put your case briefly, get your decision, and back out fast. Mv meetings with LeMay had not been the kind that causes anyone to sleep easily. The preservation of self-esteem being the important factor that it is in life, one fears being relieved of a good job in the Army much as one fears being fired from a good job in civilian life, whether or not economics is involved. I had sensed immediately that LeMay was suspicious of the activity called Public Relations, a feeling with which I had the most profound sympathy. But I had found that the generals who first despise Public Relations, and want to bypass or forget it, are the ones who adopt the most reasonable attitude toward it once

they understand what it is and what it can be, and once they have confidence in their Public Relations Officer. There are other generals who are greatly impressed by Public Relations and who think they know all about it. These generals hardly ever, in my experience, are able to adopt a sensible attitude toward Public Relations and usually end up with at least one foot in some kind of hot water.

In the weeks that LeMay had been with us on Guam, I had learned, along with other staff officers, how to catch his soft and frequently arresting words, even when, characteristically, he mumbled them through his cigar. It was on March 6th that he said to me, “This outfit has been getting a lot of publicity without having really accomplished a hell of a lot in bombing results.” I started, in irritation if not in anger, to tell him of the struggle it had been to keep the publicity down as much as it had been kept down since the first B-29 strike on Tokio from Saipan, three months back, and to tell him how flattering Washington had been about the success, as Washington saw ft, of my efforts to persuade the war correspondents not to exaggerate the news of our initial operations. Instead, I looked at him fairly coolly, I think, and said that there was a long story attached to this matter and that I could tell it to him if he wanted but that I thought on the whole I would be wasting his time. He made what looked like a grimace of disgust, stared at the floor, shifted his

Pve got a comfortable

»

“In one respect Pm sitting pretty.

backlog of weddings to take me through the summer.

cigar, and finally said, “Tell Monty to fill you in on everything that’s coming up. A lot of it can’t be told until we know the Japs know what we’re up to, but that’s your baby. You see that what we

don’t want to get out doesn’t get out.”

“Yes, sir,” I said.

He looked at me for a minute more. “This B-29 is a wonderful airplane,” he said, and picked up some papers from his desk. “Let me know if you have any troubles I need to know about.”

I had learned already that the grimace LeMay frequently made when talking to his people was not intended to express disgust. The grimace is a smile. He had had serious sinus trouble and had neglected it during his tour of duty with the Eighth Air Force in England. A muscle normally used to lift and spread

the corners of the mouth became partially paralyzed, so that it lifts one corner almost imperceptibly and the other corner not at all. I had also learned that he can speak quite clearly and distinctly, with expression and inflection, when he has something important to say; that it is mostly in small talk or on inconsequential matters that he mumbles and tries to stop the trickle of words with the end of a cigar or pipe. I knew, too, that he had humor of a good, sound kind, the kind that is used to illuminate something serious, or semi-serious. Along about this time, a supply officer brought up, in a staff meeting, in a semi-serious manner, the question whether spittoons should be installed in the B-29s for Southern and Middle Western crew members, who, according to the supply officer, chewed tobacco all the way to

Tokio and back and, after they landed, spat gills of tobacco juice every few seconds for an hour or so. There was some discussion about the matter. In the tenseness, the high excitement of those days when thousands of improvements, in accordance with the perfectionist standards Hansell had introduced on Saipan, were being injected by LeMay everywhere in the sprawling Command, all up and down the line and into every function of every staff position, into all the corresponding staff positions in every wing and group and squadron on Guam and Tinian and Saipan, such a problem as the possible need for spittoons for tobacco-chewing crew members could and did invite a delighted,half-hysterical attention from everybody. This particular problem offered enough comic opportunities to give us all a moment’s relaxation but was also

sufficiently technical to be allowed to soar for a few minutes to the high status of a matter that had been brought up at a formal staff meeting for an immediate Command decision. LeMay listened to the discussion, cigar in mouth. Then he removed the cigar, smiled his muscle-bound smile, and said, “Tobacco chewers from the South and Middle West spit from pleasure or from satisfaction, not from necessity. You don’t need to put spittoons in the airplanes for them. They’ll spit when they get home and they won’t want to spit until they do get home, where somebody can see them spit.”

IT was not until late in the night of the day I had talked with LeMay, the day he had suggested that I get from Monty the story of what was coming up, that I was able to catch Monty with a few minutes to spare from more important matters. Monty and I were friends. On Saipan, in the sleepless weeks of the initial strikes, we had adopted a deadpan system of allocating a certain priority to my requests for moments of his official time. Monty looked on me as an elderly, rather interesting, somewhat eccentric character with whom, at rare intervals, when both of us had nothing on our minds, he had discussed literature, going into that subject with the same natural, keen, get-to-the-bottom-of-it intelligence and lighthearted concentration that he applied to a problem of air tactics or gasoline consumption.

When I had official business that required Monty’s attention, I would say, “Monty, I’ve got to see you,” usually when he was hustling along a hallway, across a coral road, or-entering the General’s office or quarters.

HONEYMOON

Thus the white orchid, glorious a while, The Venus of the tall wave of her hair, Is dropped slyly and sadly in the trash, And Love with well-pleased hands unpacks her rare Long-nurtured and night-flowering smile, which too Blooms once nocturnally and dies with a slight crash.

Thanking their cousin for the dubious joke, Their mother for her tears withheld, And aunt for grief whicfi almost yelled Out loud, and chiefly him who spoke Great words, and watched with Moses’ look The two gold rings that jingled in the book, At last they heard

the blessing, and so kissed.

They stand beside a window where in mist Niagaras of emotion sweep them down The bottomless trough like lost and naked things, Or where Connecticuts of placidity Sit with the cat in a basket chair

Between the doll-house steeples of the town, Or where Sierras of aridity

Lose them in Indian imaginings On peaks where souls in wind are rarefied.

These are the infinite Sundays of their lives Which, being infinite, fly with gasping speed And, being Sundays, dawdle in their bed;

They learn the tribal humor of all wives And husbands, gladly take the victim's head With ritual cruelty and by tender knives, Awake to flowers at full maturity, Roses with no suggestion of the dead.

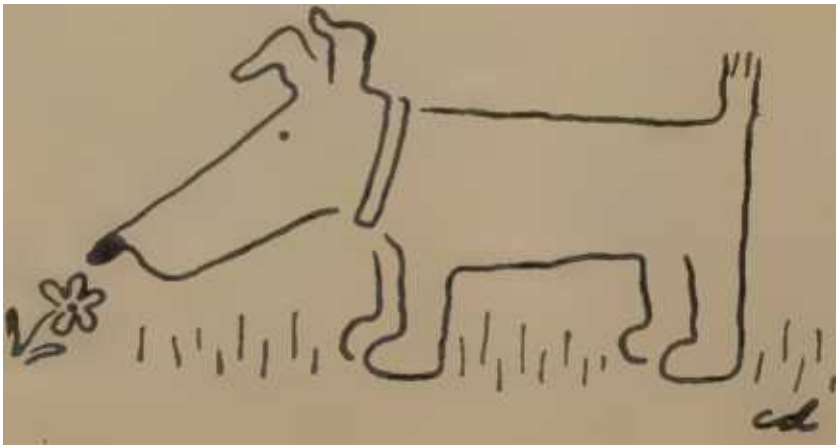
Travel with him and wish upon this land, For by the gold manacle of your left hand Extravagance exists no more. See there Alone the anonymous house for sale And there the crowded house with the glass door. Choose with your life the proper pale For love so driven, separate and unspent.

Twice around the world he went

From one war to the other war, Arriving one day wordless at your side To bring to life, world overwhelmed, his bride.

—Karl Shapiro

"Priority!" he would ask. I would show him, in the palm of my left hand, like a baseball catcher, one, two, or three fingers of my right hand. It was understood between us that even a No. 3 priority matter could not be delayed more than twelve hours, or beyond the



end of that particular working day or night. This day I found him trotting across the muddy space between the Operations and Intelligence Quonset huts, and I gave him the three-finger' sign. “O.K.,” he said, looking desperate but resigned and friendly. “If I don’t call you this afternoon, come over to the tent about eleven tonight and I’ll give you a beer along with whatever it is you want.”

“It’s top-secret stuff,” I said. “The Cigar said for you to fill me in on what’s coming up.”

“O.K.,” said Montv. “The two guvs

in my tent arc in on it, so come on over then if I don’t call you.”

Monty never called, so I got the dope that night in his tent. Our maximum effort, beginning on March 9th, was to be a series of all-out incendiary raids on the four principal industrial cities of Japan. The cities were to be bombed at night. The B-29s were to carry the new fire bombs, the ones made of a jellied gasoline, a type of incendiary that had not been made public or very much talked about. The airplanes were to carry around six tons of these bombs apiece. There were to be upward of three hundred B-29s on each raid. The raids were to be carried out every other night. The B-29s were to go in at five to six thousand feet instead of the customary twenty-five to thirty thousand feet.

I can convey only rather inadequately what this news must have

meant to wing commanders, squadron commanders, airplane commanders, copilots, bombardiers, radio operators, instrument specialists, gunners, crew chiefs, engineers, maintenance men, supply people, mechanics, ordnance people, and others directly concerned with operations in the B-29 outfits on Guam and Tinian and Saipan, and what it would mean to thousands of other officers and men in all kinds of other jobs in the Command, when the}' learned about it, by saying that although I had worked hard since seven o'clock that morning and was tired and sleepy when I went to see Monty, I could no more sleep than a rabbit when I left him and went to my tent. My tentmate, Lieutenant George C. McGhee (U.S.N.R.), a bright young Texas oil millionaire who was our naval liaison officer and who had, on his own initiative, become our expert on air-sea rescue, was going to bed when I got to my tent. I cagily found out whether he knew of the future plans. He did, and we talked for a half hour or so. Then George went to sleep and I tried to figure things out. I had not wanted to keep Monty up longer than necessary. He had given me the bare facts. The rest I could find out in the morning, with Monty's authority, from the various people under Monty who would know the details of ordnance, air tactics, bomb loads, and so on. Had I been half as well indoctrinated then as I am now with the Air Forces (or common-sense) method of work, play, and sleep, I would have read a detective story for an hour, got to sleep, and found out the rest of what I wanted to know in the morning. Instead, I read

“Sorry to bother you, Myrt, but I wonder if you could check me up on something.”

chapter after chapter of the second volume of “Lee’s Lieutenants,” which the long-gone Possum Hansell had swapped me for a collection of humorous essays before he left for the States. I read until six o’clock, absorbing nothing, had a shower and an early breakfast, and waited around for the people whom I had to talk with right away.

The four big pieces of news in what Monty had told me were (1) that the airplanes were going in at low level, at five to six thousand feet; (2) that they were carrying nothing but incendiary bombs; (3) that they were carrying around six tons of bombs per airplane instead of the usual four; and (4) that the raids were to be staged every other night.

The need for maintaining secrecy about such an operation, even among staff people and other officers and men of the Bomber Command, was more urgent than might be supposed. The Japs still held the island of Rota, within sight of Tinian, and on all three of the main islands of the Marianas, which had been conquered and converted into B-29 bases, uncaptured Japs still lurked by the hundreds, some of them conceivably with portable radio transmitters which

could reach Rota or Iwo Jima, if not Tokio. Official intelligence had shown in the past that Tokio sometimes seemed to know just what we were going to do before we did it.

THE first thing I did in the morning was to get filled in on tlie background of what was now taking shape. It had been around March 1st that the maximum effort on the part of the B-29s of the Twenty-first Bomber Command had been ordered by General of the Army H. H. Arnold, commanding the Twentieth Air Force (the over-all B-29 organization) in Washington. This maximum effort was desired by General Arnold in his capacity as Commanding General of all United States Army Air Forces and in his capacity as one of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The invasion of Iwo Jima had recently begun, and the two other members of the American high command —General Marshall and Admiral King—knew, of course, as Arnold did, that the invasion of Okinawa was coming tip on April 1st.

General Arnold's Chief of Staff of the Twentieth Air Force, Brigadier General Lauris Norstad, had returned to Washington in January from a

trip to Guam, where he had effected, at General Arnold's request, a change in command whereby LeMay, the bigtime operator, had taken over from Hansell, the big-time planner. This marked the end of the first phase of the B-29 operations from the Marianas and the beginning of a new phase. Hansell, who had got the D.S.M. for having planned and executed the first phase of B-29 operations, had returned to the States for a new assignment. Norstad knew that LeMay's island-based B-29s could do something fairly impressive and so did General Arnold.

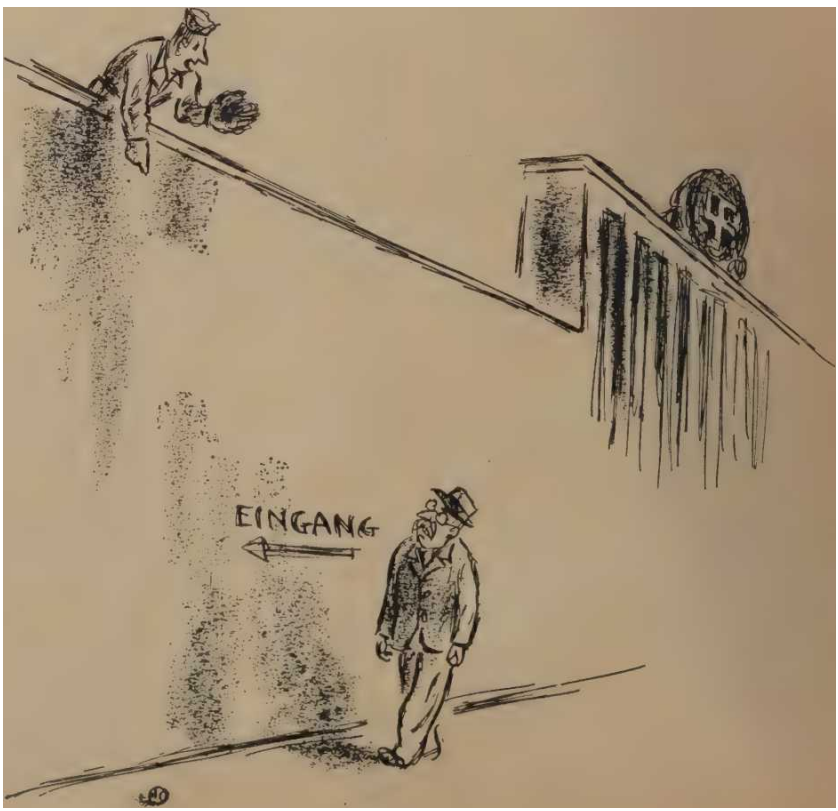
On Saipan was Brigadier General Emmett (Rosy) O'Donnell's B-29

wing, which had run the initial strike against Tokio on November 24th (Guam time) and was now at full strength. A new wing, on Tinian, commanded by Brigadier General John H. Davies, was almost at full strength and had taken part in the last couple of missions. A third wing, on Guam, where the Bomber Command had established its permanent Mariana Islands headquarters, was getting organized under Brigadier General Thomas S. Power. The wing on Guam was having quite a time, what with a shortage of tractors and bulldozers for clearing out the jungle so that the ground echelons could move in and start building their establishments, but it was doing all right. One squadron had got tired of waiting for machinery and had cleared out its own space in the jungle with axes and trench knives. It was plain enough to 'all concerned that by March 10th or thereabouts a maximum effort on the part of all three wings under LeMay could be something pretty good, with a force of perhaps three hundred B-29s over Japan at one time. What it would be, how it would be organized, what tactics would be used, and what particular part of industrial Japan, concentrated in the cities of Tokio, Nagoya, Osaka, and Kobe, would be the target were details that LeMay, as the commander in the field, would have to work out for himself, in accordance with the routine functioning of Army channels of command responsibility. On every clear day since before the first operation, B-29s had flown over Japan on photographic-reconnaissance missions, and LeMay's choice of industrial targets would be based on the pictures they had brought back and on other intelligence.

This was the morning of March 7th, and the raids were to commence on March 9th. I found out that morning that no field order had yet been writ

ten. It was being written by the Operations people, giving detailed tactical procedures for the forthcoming maximum effort. How many of the details did Washington know? I needed to find that out because, if Washington knew all about it, whatever wires I had to send it later in the day, or tomorrow, in order that certain matters involving security would be withheld from the press by Twentieth Air Force headquarters there, would make sense; otherwise, they wouldn't. Washington hadn't been informed of the detailed plan as yet, I learned. In fact, hardly anybody knew about it, especially

about the unprecedented, daring, almost unbelievable decision to go in at low level instead of at twenty-five to thirty thousand feet. The Cigar had made that decision shortly before I had talked to him yesterday, it seemed. The field order would go out to the wings this afternoon and to Washington at about the same time. General Norstad, the Chief of Staff of the Twentieth Air Force, was already flying out for a conference with LeMay and would arrive on the morning of March 9th, so even Norstad didn't know the details of what was coming up. He knew, of course, that we were putting on a maximum effort, as we had been ordered to do, and he knew that all-out incendiary raids were one of several possibilities open to LeMay if he could see



how to make such laids really effective.

The idea of going in at low level had crystallized in LeMay's mind after all sorts of talks he had had with all sorts of people. General

Power, boss of the new wing, on Guam, which was just about ready to start operating, had had some ideas about low-level bombing by B-29s, which, when put together with some ideas Monty had been working up with the new Plans officer, had made LeMay see a possibility for a tactical stroke far beyond what Power or Monty or the Plans officer had envisioned. Rosy O'Donnell, up on Saipan, had had some other good ideas. General Davies, the wing commander on Tinian, had contributed some more. Then LeMay had settled down to make a decision of the kind that this war has known only infrequently, a decision like Grant's when he let Sherman try his march through Georgia, and like several other sudden, quick, unprecedented tactical decisions of the Napoleonic and other wars which this war, with its more or less classic alignment of power in Europe and to some extent in Asia, has seldom required of its generals either in the field or in the high command at home.

LeMay wanted to go in at five to six thousand feet, lay a careful pattern of precisely aimed incendiary clusters all over the industrial heart of a ten-square-mile section of Tokio, and burn it to

ˆMR NPWYORKrr

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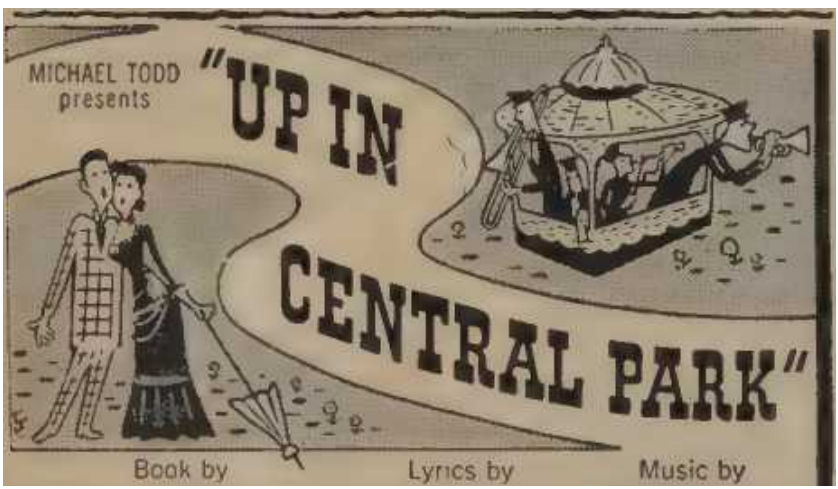

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written by the Ope'- k ng detailed t

ashes. What wourthcoming effect of flak on our airplanes at iMHo six thousand feet? He called in all the flak experts from the wings, along with selected airplane commanders who had had experience over both Europe and Tokio. He talked to them. The flak

experts, almost to a man, told him he would lose seventy per cent of his airplanes over Tokio if he sent them in at that altitude. They spoke of the effectiveness of flak at twenty-five thousand, at thirty thousand feet. LeMay listened to them and weighed the facts and figures. "If you are right," he said mildly, "we won't have many airplanes left if we go in low." Flak had been heavy, it was true, at twenty-five and thirty thousand feet, but how many airplanes had we lost to enemy flak? Statistical Control had the figures and LeMay

looked at

them. They were not impressive. What did the airplane commanders with European experience think? He talked to them. Some of them, at least,

thought we could pull it off, especially because of the element of surprise. But it would be touch and go, almost everybody felt. At five to six thousand

feet, the B-29 is a wonderfully big . best.

target for anti-aircraft gunners and for machine-gunners as well. LeMay talked to many other people, all of whom tried to give him their best opinion. Monty was for the precedentbreaking low-}evel technique. So was Power. So were some others. There wasn't time to ask everybody. There was no time to consult Washington, and anyway this was LeMay's responsibility and nobody else's. LeMay had kept on talking to people for a couple of days and then must have had quite a session with himself.

IeMay, I had begun to learn, was a

ˆ very tough man, a very tough man indeed. He had the kind of toughness that comes from, or with, innate sensitivity, from, or with, innate goodness and hard, clear honesty, especially when the possessor of such qualities has been faced, in his youth, with reality at its damnedest. I don't know much about LeMay's early years except that he had no advantages, put himself through Ohio State University, and went into the Air Corps for pilot training in 1929, the first year of the depression. He was thirty-five years old when, as a major, he took a group of B-l 7s to England in 1942. He had trained his air crews relentlessly, and had been so tough with them that they called him Old

- p make such raids really effective.

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Ironpants, and not with affection in those days. He had trained them heartlessly, having a heart that revolted at the idea of what lack of discipline and training would mean to his young crews. He had led them on all their missions and the group, though it had

lost three-quarters of its original crews in a few months' time, suffered fewer casualties than any other in the Eighth Air Force in the early days. It also got better bombing results than any other group in the Eighth Air Force.

LeMay stuck to his high standards of discipline and training, led the first mission against Regensburg, became a division commander of the Eighth Air Force, threw his bombers with accuracy and skill at the great strategic targets of Germany when the crews had learned to

drop bombs exactly where his intelligence people said to drop them, and became,' at thirty-eight, the youngest major general in the Air Forces. He

has the capacity to know the complex job of strategic bombardment up and down and in and out and also has, I think, the quality of leadership at its

Before he had been on Guam a

month, there were staff officers all over the headquarters, and other officers in the wings on Saipan, Tinian, and Guam, who, at the mention of his name, would say, as if the phrase were a refrain, “Aw, Jesus, that guy’s a pistol, a real pistol.” These officers had, as far as I can discover, simply received LeMay’s confidence and were breaking their necks to prove that his judgment was sound in trusting them to do their jobs. A few had been jolted by him. There was one rather high officer who was going through what might be called a walking nervous breakdown. He was worrying himself sick every day over a thousand and one matters, seeing ghosts where there were only tough problems, and endangering the efficiency of his part of the B-29 operation and the morale of the men he was trying to help. LeMay heard about the officer from several sources and was advised that he ought to speak to him. “I’ll have a talk with him,” said LeMay. The talk was brief and miraculous. The Cigar listened to the officer for fifteen minutes and then said to him, “Stop fooling around and get to work.” That was all the Cigar said. The officer told me later that it cleared up all his troubles on the spot, made a new man of him, and put him on the beam. “That guy’s a pistol, a

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real pistol," he added, shaking his head from side to side.

LeMay says things to people in a quiet, sometimes distinct, sometimes muffled voice, and always with sincerity. He says things with an effort, a straining to make not just his words but all that is behind his words fully understood. There is in his eyes at such times a tacit admission that he has been frequently disappointed in his wish to be fully understood, but his eyes also intimate that he still has an incurable faith in the ability of people to see things clearly and do a good job if they have half a chance. He keeps treating people this way day in and day out and it isn't long before he has transmitted his own anxiousness to get the job done and the war over to every officer and man in the outfit he is commanding. He has no personal life beyond games of medicine ball to keep fat off a body that tends toward fat, games of poker to relax as best he can a mind that actually never stops thinking about how to do the job better the next day, and a little reading, mostly fairly serious, to improve a mind he considers inadequate. He has a wife and children in Lakewood, outside of Cleveland, and he wants very much to go back to them and stay with them. Except for a couple of weeks at home, he has been overseas since the autumn of 1942. Now and then he grows impatient with some of the niceties, subtleties, and diplomacies that seem to be incumbent upon a major general in dealing with higher authorities in a theatre of operations or in Washington. Not infrequently his staff has to advise him to go easy. "Why?" he usually asks. "All they can do is reduce me to my permanent rank of captain, isn't it?" He will ask this seriously, rather grimly, and, as often as not, he will go right ahead being undiplomatic and unsubtle and not exactly nice and getting results that he otherwise would not have got as quickly, if at all.

In deciding to send his B-29s in over Tokio at five to six thousand

feet, LeMay was increasing the risk his crews would run, and he has a deep feeling of personal responsibility for his crews; he was risking the success of the whole B-29 program, which he had pioneered from his China bases before he got his new job in the Marianas and which is dear to him in an emotional as well as an operational way; and he was risking his own future, not only, I think, as an Army officer but as a human being. If he lost seventy per cent of his airplanes by such a decision, or even fifty

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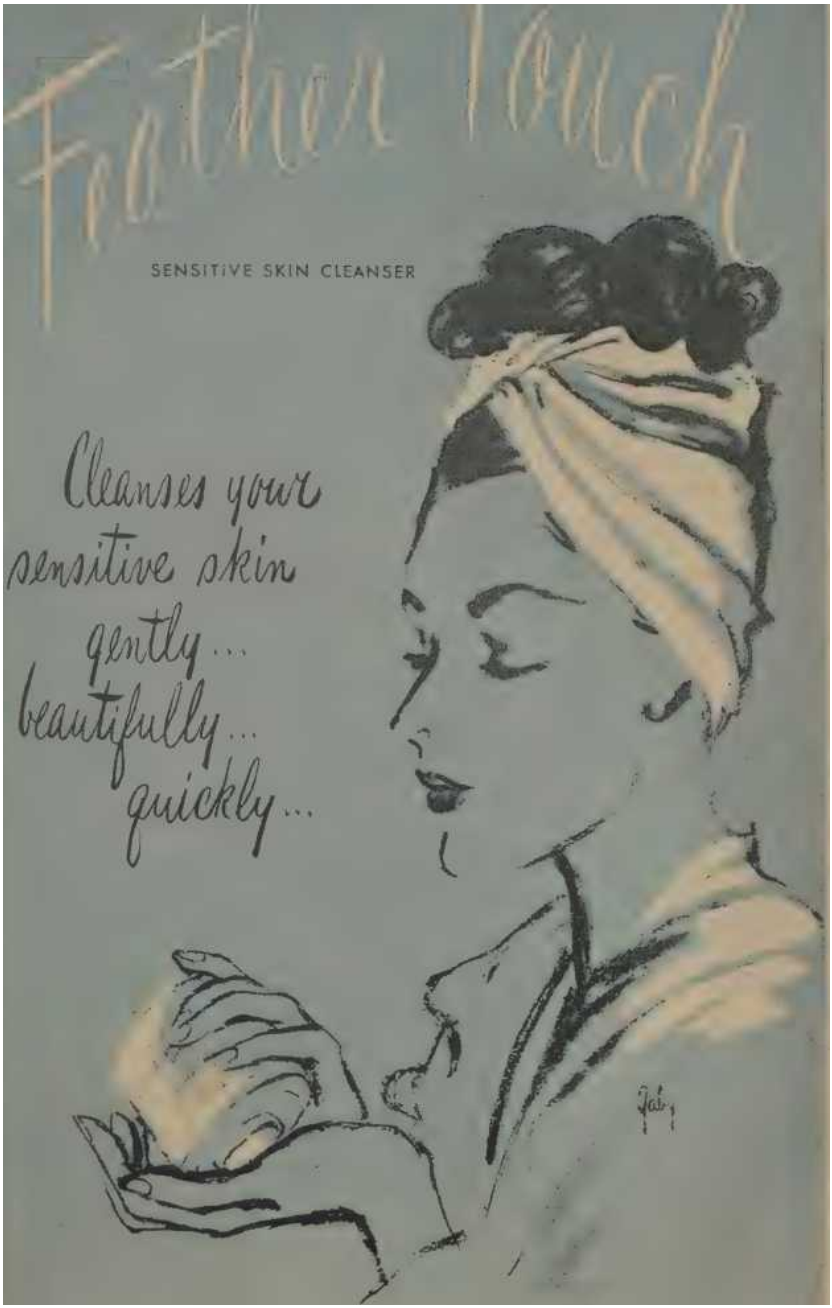
per cent of them, or even twentv-five ; per cent of them, he would be through, □ and I imagine that a man like him would be through in every sense of the I word, for he would have lost confidence in himself. He decided that the Jap flak was not really heavy compared I to the flak he and his B-17 crews had flown through over Europe. He decided that the Japs would be flabbergasted, that they wouldn't be expecting the great, stratosphere Superfortresses to come in at such an altitude. He decided it was probably not a gamble, that if it was a. gamble he was going to take it anyway.

LeMay also decided to take certain unprecedented and even now secret measures to increase the bomb load of his airplanes, to pile on so many incendiaries—some six tons to an airplane —that his three hundred B-29s over Japan would very nearly match the bombing strength of a thousand B-17s over Europe, since the B-17 cannot carry much more than two tons of bombs on a long mission. He decided that if the maintenance crews were asked to do the job, they -could get the same force of over three hundred B-29s off every other day for ten days in this maximum effort, although ordinarily it took four or five days to get the B-29s ready to fly again after a mission over Japan. He decided that if several aiming pointe were carefully selected within the target area of ten square miles in the heart of Tokio, and incendiaries were dropped with precision where they would start fires, that the fires, with the help of the calculable ground wind, would spread and join and become a conflagration that would simply wipe out every industrial target in the area and generally devitalize the city. In deciding all this, he had originated a new technique of strategic bombardment which was unlike the incendiary area bombing employed by the R.A.F. in its night raids over Europe and unlike the pin-point, high-level bombing of the kind generally employed by the Eighth Air Force.' It was pin-point, incendiary bombing from a low level, designed not simply to start fires or destroy a single factory but to start one great conflagration whose fury would double and redouble the destructive force of the bombs. He had a highly inflammable city as his target and he decided that the firebreaks and other means of fire control the Japs had devised would be useless if his incendiary clusters landed where he wanted them to land, in such a way that ten square miles of the center <i the city would be ablaze within the



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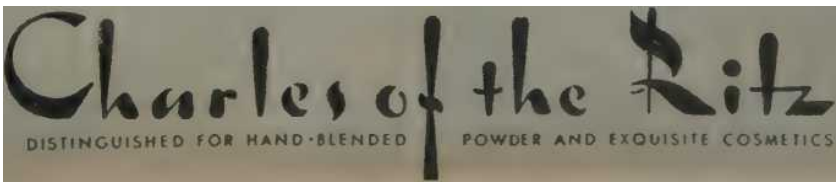

LISTEN > JUNE 23,1945

At 1:25 p.m. on May 4, CBS correspondent Bill Downs stood in a tent on the Luneburg heath near Hamburg and watched the late Admiral Von Friede-berg surrender the German forces in Holland, Denmark and northwest Germany to Field Marshal Montgomery.

At 4:30 p.m. Downs broadcast the first story to the U.S. on CBS.The next morning the New York Times and London Daily Telegraph printed his broadcast in full.

Just the other day the National Headliners Club gave the Downs report the annual award for the “Outstanding Foreign Exclusive Broadcast of 1944-45.” And there were other pretty remarkable foreign broadcasts during the year, including the first one from a mobile transmitter on the Normandy beachhead eight days after D-Day. Downs made that one, too. *

It was on We, The People. The program called for a broadcast from an Army glider being snatched off the ground by a tow-plane at 120 miles an hour. CBS field technicians moved about a ton of equipment to Maxton Field, N. C. and installed the stuff in the glider. Everything was set for the trial run. The plane roared over the field, snatched the glider, which presently landed—and sheared off its antenna. 20 minutes were left before air-time. The Army men shook their heads. The CBS men simply got another glider, rigged up their apparatus once more, tied up the last wire a few seconds

before the broadcast. That is why, a few minutes past 10:30 p.m., you heard your loudspeaker say:

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space of the hour it would take the airplanes to get in and get out.

WE had a press conference on the afternoon of March 9th, an hour or so before the airplanes were to take off for Tokio, and fifty-odd correspondents who were primarily covering land and sea operations in the Pacific from Admiral Nimitz’s forward headquarters on Guam joined the correspondents already with us

and listened to General Norstad and General LeMay tell what was coming up, and what could and couldn't be revealed. Admiral Nimitz's public-relations and press-censorship people had given us every sort of enthusiastic cooperation since the early days on Saipan. The war correspondents would not be allowed to reveal that we were, by design, going in at low level, because the Japs might conceivably think that weather or miscalculation had caused this unexpected innovation and we wanted them to keep on thinking so until we had hit a couple more of their cities. Then we could reveal that we were deliberately going in low. Otherwise, the story could be told in full except for one or two technical matters involving bomb-load figures and air tactics. Then the correspondents went out to North Field, the operational base on Guam, watched the airplanes take off, and wrote their stories. We held them until we got the first bombs-away messages from the airplanes over Tokio, which told us that the raid was on and was going according to plan.

I went to our big operations-control room at about two the next morning to wait for the first reports from the airplanes. Except for the small all-night staff of operations-control officers and clerks, nobody was there but LeMay. He had told the rest of his staff to go to bed if they wanted to, that he was going to sit this one out. Norstad, having flown eighty or ninety hours, on his trip from Washington, with scarcely a rest, was also in the sack, in

LeMay's quarters, having been promised a call if anything hot came up. There was really not much anyone could do from now until around nine o'clock in the morning, when the first crews would be coming in to land at Guam and at Tinian and Saipan. However, we could receive the extremely important bombs-away messages that would indicate whether the airplane commanders thought they had started small fires, large fires, or conflagrations

and would give some idea of how bad the flak was. LeMay was sitting in the operations-control room, whose walls were covered with charts, maps, graphs, and mission-control boards which told, at a glance, the whole story of the past, present, and future B-29 program. He was sitting on a wooden bench smoking a cigar. He smiled at me and asked me why I didn't go to bed, and I explained that we had to wait to get the first bombs-away messages, to be sure the strike was going off as planned, before releasing the correspondents' stories to the radio transmitters. He ignored my explanation, knowing, I suppose, that my Public Relations staff could and would do that part of the job. "I'm sweating this one out myself," he said. "A lot could go wrong."

This was a time, I decided, when a man in LeMay's position would perhaps get a sort of relief in explaining to a non-technical officer some of the problems of tactics and strategy involved in this - operation, or possibly some of his theories about war and so on. "I can't sleep," he remarked. "I usually can, but not tonight." I sat down and we smoked for a while. "If this raid works the way I think it will," he said, "we can shorten this war." He gave this statement all the force of the unusual personality I have tried to describe. He wanted to be fully understood. "In a war," he said, "you've got to try to keep at least one punch ahead of the other guy all the time. A war is a very tough kind of proposition. If you don't get the enemy, he gets you. I think we've figured out a punch he's not expecting this time. I don't think he's got the right flak to combat this kind of raid and I don't think he can keep his cities from being burned down—wiped right off the map. He hasn't moved his industries to Manchuria yet, although he's starting to move them, and if we can destroy them before he can move them, we've got him. I never think anything is going to work until I've seen

the pictures after the raid, but if this one works we will shorten this damned war out here."

He looked at his watch. "We won't get a bombs-away for another half hour," he said. "Would you like a Coca-Cola? I can sneak in my quarters without waking up the other guys and get two Coca-Colas and we can drink them in my car. That'll kill most of the half hour."

We drove the hundred yards to his

quarters in his staff car and he sneaked in and got the Coca-Colas. We sat in the dark, facing the jungle that surrounds the headquarters and grows thickest between the edge of our clearing and the sea. For some reason, we talked about India, where I had once been stationed. He had got there after I had left, but we had seen the same things and agreed that it was a hell of a place. "The way all those people are in India gets you down," he said. "It makes you feel rotten." We went into this fairly deeply.

LeMay is not the sort of general who makes his rank, purely as rank, very much felt. Here in the dark, drinking Coca-Cola with him

in the middle of the night, I was not conscious of the presence of rank at all; I was conscious merely of the presence of a good young guy doing a stupendous job, feeling the right things, keeping his head, and wanting to get the war over with. Here was a' representative, I thought, of a great many men in the Army in all ranks who are better men than they have ever been before, better than most men anywhere, and I thought briefly of the much-talked-about problem of readjustment after the war. It may be the people at home, I thought, who will have to readjust themselves to these men, rather than the other way around. The mass effect of LeMay and all his people, all those men on the islands of Guam and Tinian and Saipan, working for a high and common purpose, with leadership based on brains and goodness and faith in human endeavor, was something very nearly tangible, something you felt all around you and inside you when you woke up after a few hours' sleep, those tense days and nights. And this, I thought, is just one outfit, of all the countless outfits in this war, that started something, got going, and did what the men knew could be done. The healthy men of such outfits, it occurred to me, do not want or need to be readjusted and it may well be that they are not readjustable.

LeMay and I got back to the opera-tions-control room a few minutes before the bombs-away message from the first B-29 formation over Tokio came in. It was decoded and shown to him. "Bombing the primary target visually," it told him. "Large fires observed. Flak moderate. Fighter opposition nil." This meant that the weather was clear over Tokio and that as far as weather, flak, and fighters were concerned, we were getting the breaks. Then the bombs-away messages from other formations began coming in fast. After the first

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three, they all reported “Conflagration” and only moderate flak and practically no fighter opposition.

Monty and two or three other Operations officers who either couldn’t sleep or had had themselves waked up had come in by now, and they studied the results with satisfaction. “It looks pretty good,” LeMay said to them. “But we can’t really tell a damn thing about results until we get the pictures tomorrow night. Anyway, there doesn’t seem to have been much flak. We don’t seem to have lost more than a few airplanes.” He shifted his cigar and smiled. Actually, only two were lost,

and on the next two low-level strikes none were lost.

TH E following night, around twelve, we had the pictures. They had been taken during the day by B-29 photoreconnaissance airplanes. They had been rushed through our photo laboratory and five or six staff officers had been alerted when the photo-interpretation officer started in his jeep to LeMay’s quarters to wake up LeMay and Norstad and show them the pictures. I was one of the officers alerted, because all the correspondents on Guam were waiting up to get out the news of the results of the raid as soon as our Intelligence people were able to assess the damage after studying the pictures. We had learned, from returning airplane commanders and from General Power, the wing commander on Guam, who himself had flown on

the bombing mission and had stayed over the target for an hour studying the results with a map of Tokio in his lap, that the raid had been successful, but it is only by expert examination of post-strike photographs that you can really get the dope on any bombing raid.

The staff officers' five or six jeeps swept up to LeMay's tent like so many cowboys' horses, the officers driving them leaped to the ground, and we all got to the General's bedroom just as the photo-interpretation officer walked in with the pictures under his arm. LeMay and Norstad had been waked up by telephone when the photo-interpretation officer started over. They were in pajamas, rubbing their eyes, and LeMay was lighting a cigar in a dogged manner that seemed to indicate that anybody, or anything, that interfered with his lighting this particular cigar at this particular time would be noiselessly and totally obliterated. The photo-interpretation officer spread the pictures out on a big, well-lighted table and LeMav and Nor

stad walked up to it and bent over them.

There was about one full minute of silence. "All this is out," LeMay then said, running a hand over several square miles of Tokio which on the enlarged photograph were grayish, almost white, in contrast to one other large industrial area, through which runs the Ginza, and the outlying sections of the city, which showed up black. "This is out —this—this—this." He stood up straight for a few seconds and looked around at the rest of us. I don't know what he meant to convey to us as his cigar ranged hack and forth once, slowly, like a turret gun. His face was expression

less. We crowded in for a better look. "It's all ashes—all that and that and that," said Norstad, bending over the pictures.

It could be determined at that time (some sections of the city were still obscured by smoke when the photographs were taken) that fifteen square miles— all one big whitish-gray swath of the center of the city, without a break anywhere—were burned out, with hardly a building intact. Some of the few buildings still erect in the midst of wide acres of rubble and ashes were big factories surrounded by firebreaks and doubtless equipped with fire-fighting

apparatus of their own. Through a microscope you could see that these buildings were gutted and that the roofs had fallen in. You could also see that LeMay's plan had worked so well that, in one hour's time, at least ten square miles of one of the two great industrial and commercial districts of the city were actually in flames all at once, all in one great fire. Later on, other pictures showed that the conflagration had spread and burned out a total of 16.8 square miles, which is something over two-thirds the area of Manhattan Island. In the great fire following To-kio's earthquake of 1923, twenty-five square miles of the city were destroyed by a slow fire that lasted for days. This fire LeMay's B-29s had started had covered two-thirds the area in a few hours.

Since getting back home, a few weeks ago, on leave, 1 have seen the newspaper files and I know that the hundreds of thousands of words I and my public-relations and censorship staff on Guam read and cleared during the ten-day period covered by our first five great low-level incendiary raids on Tokio, Nagoya, Osaka, and Kobe—Nagoya was hit twice—appeared in newspapers all over the country and were featured above

everything else. Yet I don't think people here at home even now understand exactly how great, how devastating these incendiary raids were. I know it took me some days—and I was right there on Guam—to ahsorh the facts so that I really understood them. I know the war correspondents had the same experience, said so, and wrote so.

Since then, besides tactical bombing of airfields on southern Japan in connection with the invasion of Okinawa, the B-29s in the Marianas have by successive incendiary raids brought the total of destruction in Tokio up to fifty-one square miles. The second large industrial area of Tokio, the one through which the Ginza runs, is now grayish on the post-strike pictures, just as the other big industrial district was after that initial strike. The industrial and commercial centers of Kobe, Osaka, and Nagoya are also burned out, in varying degrees. The B-29s have struck Yokohama, too, with both high explosives and incendiaries. Our losses on all these strikes have been phenomenally light. Having caught the enemy flatfooted with his first low-level strikes, LeMay seems to have been able to

keep him from organizing any kind of effective defenses against the B-29s.

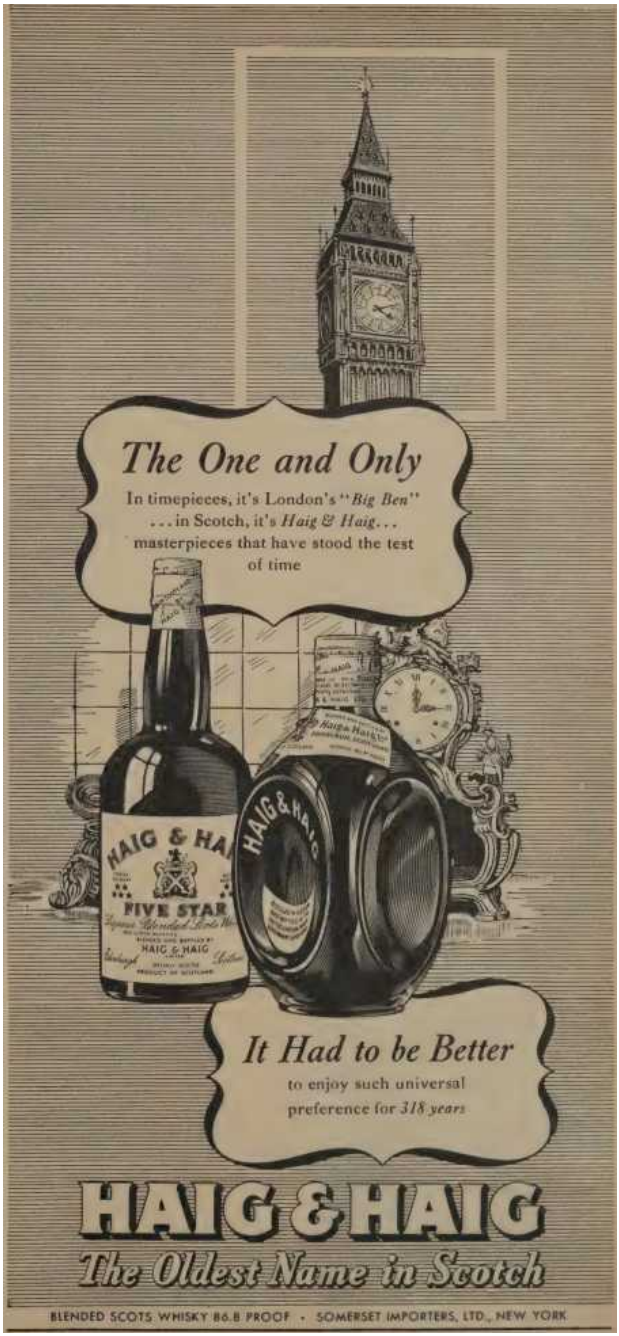
The strikes are still going on. I see by the New ˆ ork papers that LeMay is throwing his B-29s at the Japs in different ways, with different tactics, every day or so. Sometimes they all go to the same target, sometimes two or three task forces go to different targets on the same day or the same night. Flying low and only at night, specially trained B-29 squadrons have mined the harbors of Japan's main islands, strengthening the naval blockade and preventing the Japs from moving their war industries to Manchuria before they are entirely wiped out on Honshu. Flying these days with the three wings he had when he started the low-level incendiary raids are LeMay's old squadrons and groups from the Twentieth Bomber Command, which have flown the twenty-five hundred miles from China and formed a fourth operational wing, based on Tinian. LeMay and his people on the islands of Guam and Tinian and Saipan are shortening the war.

—St. Clair McKelway

(This is the third of a series of articles on the Twenty-first Bomber Command.}

Philadelphia (AP)—The middle ear is connected with the throat by the Eustachian tube.—Oklahoma City Times.

Wait till the U.P. hears about that!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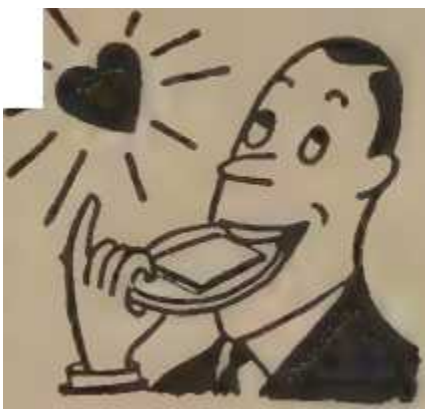

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Family Portrait

AS everybody knows, very few stage /A plays arrive intact in spirit on -^- the screen, there being a voice that whispers low in almost every producer's ear that, like God, he has certain advantages and ought to make the most of them. By some miracle of discretion, however, "Junior Miss," which began as a series by Sally Benson in this fortunate magazine and was then very pleasantly and sensibly rearranged for the theatre by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, has been made into one of the season's most attractive pictures, with almost no attempt to improve on the original. Inevitably, there were a few

times when habit or convention proved too strong, and characteristic Hollywood grace notes were added. The very moving scene, for instance, when the thirteen-year-old heroine privately hugs a doll she has been coldly superior about in public might have been better off without celestial music in the background, and the transformation of a prim young woman into a considerable beauty by removing her glasses is surely enough without also revealing her as a figure skater ranking not far behind Miss Sonja Henie.

On the whole, however, Mrs. Benson's central characters are just as

enchanting as they ever were—Mr. and Mrs. Graves, who live dangerously but amiably in the special chaos provided for them by their two daughters; Lois, the elder daughter, known to her sister with some sardonic emphasis as lovely Lois, whose suitors are thick as locusts around the door; and little Judy, who, with the assistance of her most intimate friend, Fuffy, does her spirited best to arrange life more nearly in the image of the cinema. The cast is admirable throughout, and Peggy Ann Garner, a solemn, touching child, is even more than that.

THOUGH not conspicuously

gifted with foresight, I could have told anybody who cared to listen the whole plot of "Conflict," a very minor Bogart item, about fifteen minutes after it got started. Deprived of suspense, its only rational excuse for existing, the picture is no more than a rather arresting specimen of how childishly a scenarist can write and still get his two thousand dollars a week, and how badly an excellent actor can look when

asked to do nothing for approximately ninety minutes but maintain an expression of sullen imbecility.

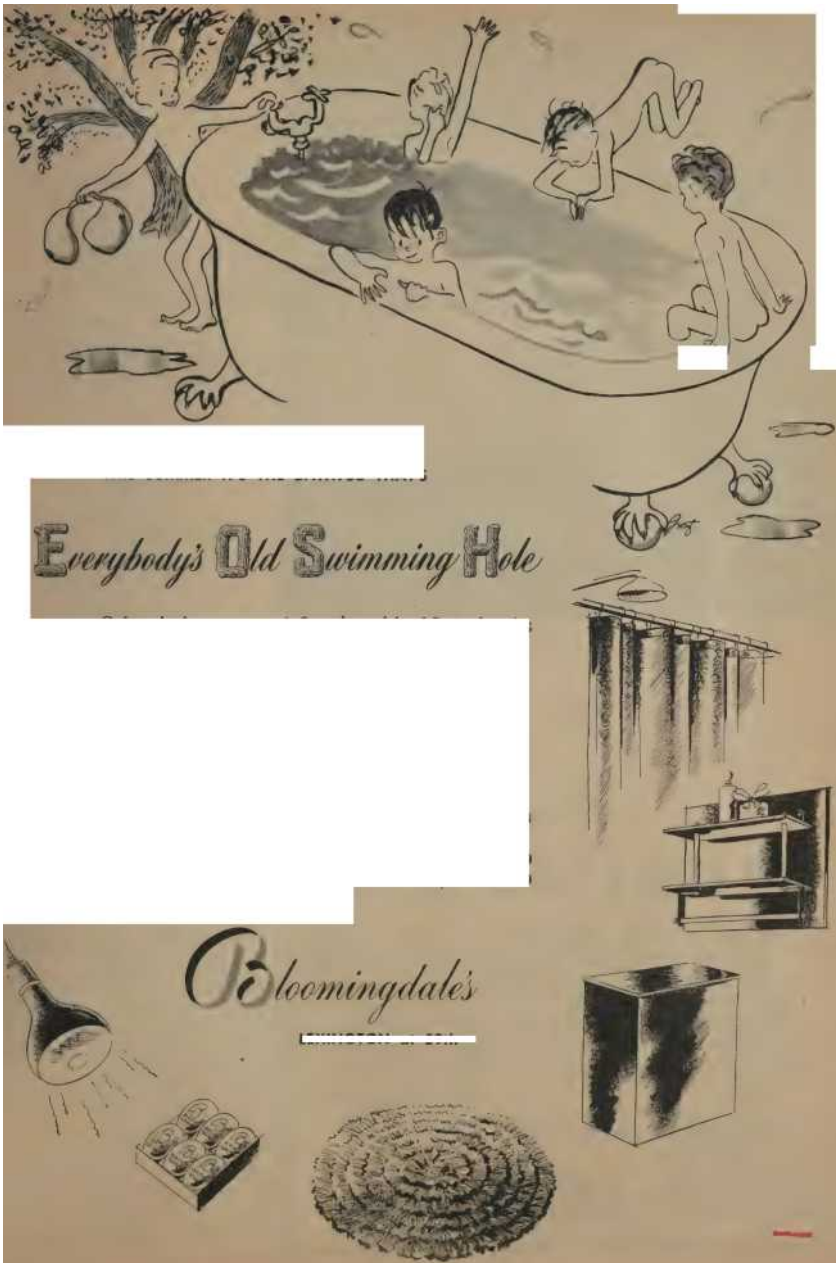
"Conflict" is one of those melodramas, hopefully described as "psychological," in which the guilty man is known from the outset and the audience is asked only to observe how cunningly he is led to betray himself by a gentle old professor who once studied under Freud in Vienna. In this case, Mr. Bogart is impelled to murder his wife and throw her body over a cliff, partly because he is in love with her sister and partly because she is always badgering him about leaving his underwear around the

bedroom. He is broken down by an elaborate conspiracy involving practically everybody else in the cast and containing more inane, though educated, conversation than you are likely to encounter outside of a comedy by Frederick Lonsdale. At one point, the venerable witch doctor, played by Sydney Greenstreet, observes darkly that thought can be a malignant growth. He needn't have worried. There were no symptoms of it on the screen.

Children's Department: My conscientious helper went off in the heat

to look at a dog picture called “Son of Lassie,” apparently a sequel to something or other. Her damp and irritable notes say that it is about a collie and his experiences in the war. “Everybody says this dog is stupid,” she writes, “just because he flunks his military training, preferring to go through fences rather than over them and not caring particularly about being shot at. The fact remains, however, that he can identify the sound of his master’s plane long before the trained spotters and also seems to be able to understand Norwegian, at least over the underground radio.” She also reports that if it hadn’t been for his pet’s persistent devotion, the hero would have escaped from the Nazis much more quickly and in far better shape. . . . My own Sherlock Holmes expert gave up a quiet afternoon with his comic magazines to attend “The Woman in Green.” As far as he can tell, it is some of “The Final Problem” and some of “The Return of Sherlock Holmes,” only kind of backwards. He liked it all right, though.

—W. G.



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OF ALL THING5

WE are told that the Big Three have finally thought up a good working formula for settling the Polish issue. Right.now, of course, the Poles themselves are still poles apart.

The sponsors of the San Francisco Conference have settled their differences fairly well, but the small nations are far from satisfied. They are not convinced that they should be seen and not heard.

•

The resignation of the Belgian Cabinet shows that a large portion of

the population is opposed to Leopold's return. If the King insists upon coming back, he had better bring his own welcome mat.

It may now safely be assumed that Joachim von Ribbentrop's usefulness has worn out. He seems to have no future either as a wine salesman or as a peddler of duplicity.

•

Newbold Morris, president of the New York City Council, accuses the Republicans of bigotry. He objects to their narrow-minded practice of endorsing only Democrats for places on the Fusion ticket.

•

A Swedish inventor predicts that guns will be obsolete by the time the next war comes around. In the future, rocket-propelled shells are what we shall have instead of butter.

•

The President's appeal for a permanent Fail- Employment Practices Commission bill is not getting warm support from congressmen of either party. Some statesmen feel that it is bad taste to advocate racial equality except in a campaign year.

•

Leo Durocher of the Brooklyn Dodgers has been arrested on the charge of beating up an abusive customer. Heretofore, Lippy has always been considered an almost fanatical believer in free speech.

•

There is a report that coal will be scarce again next winter and that wc will have a chilly time of it. This warning; arrived in the middle of a heat wave and was enjoyed by all.

•—Howard Brubaker

Sta■•ring

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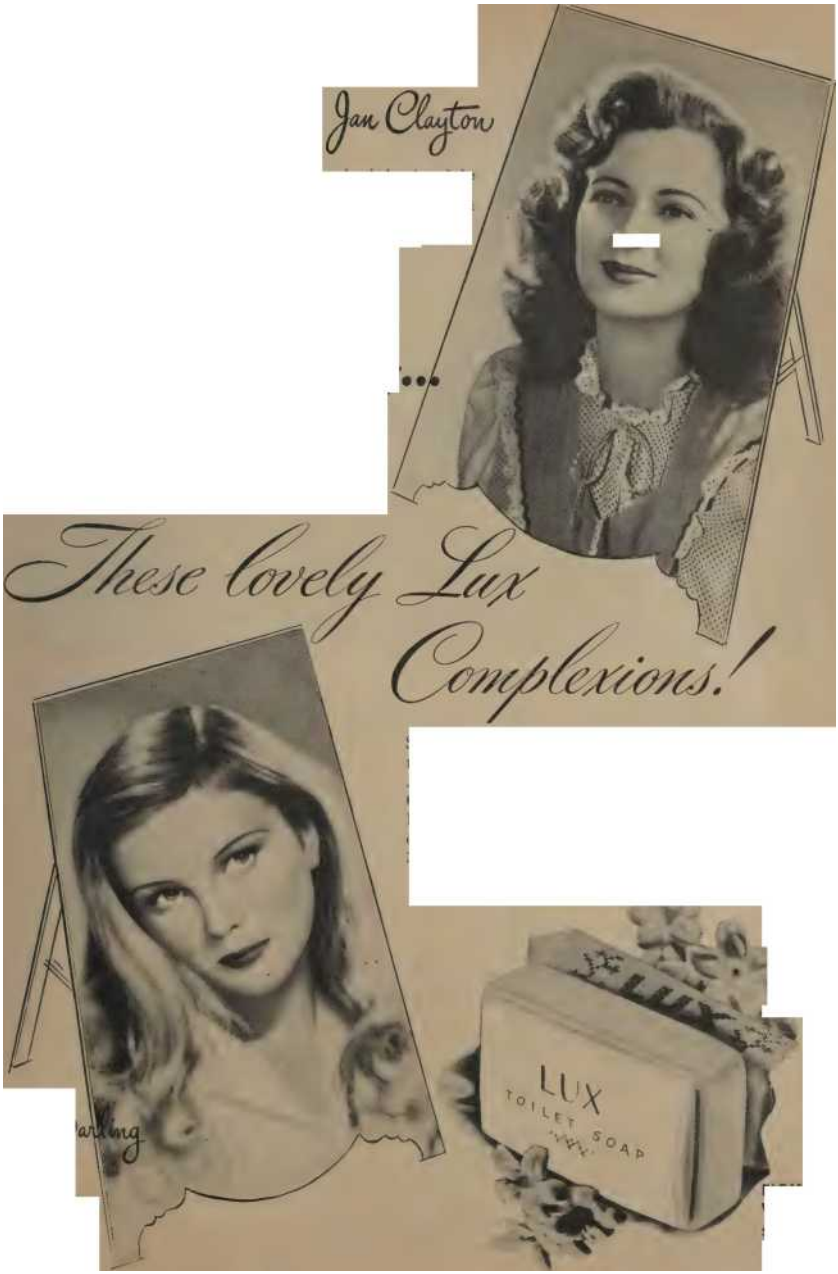

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■r*

A REPORTER AT LARGE

COLONEL BARANOFF AND THE NEWSPAPER. "PM”

EVERY now and then I read that Russian mistrustfulness is lacerating the sensibilities of some contemporary journalist. For example, the Russians approached the San Francisco Conference, it appears, like a small boy who would willingly pick a dime off the sidewalk if he weren’t- afraid that the coin had just been heated and left there by a practical joker. I feel guilty when I read such a lament, because I fear that I am in part responsible for this Russian attitude. The Russians have long had at least a couple of excuses for being leery of the capitalistic world, such as the press campaign against them that began at the time of the Revolution and has never stopped. However, I sometimes think that I poured into the ebullient brew of Russian feelings about America the last little drop of doubt that made the mixture overflow. It happened late in April, 1943, while I, then a correspondent on the American front in Tunisia, was sharing a tent with a Colonel Baranoff. Baranoff—that is not his name, but it will do—was a correspondent for Tass, the Soviet news agency. He was also a colonel of artillery on the active list of the Soviet Army, which gave him enough rank to impress the hell out of the American and British public-relations officers in the field, who seldom topped major. Not long ago he was put on one of those joint Allied

commissions that run countries in the Mediterranean, and since many of his colleagues on the new beat are colonels, he lias been upped to major general.

Baranoff had been with the British Eighth Army in Libya for several months before he came over to look at the Americans. I had heard a lot about him when I was in Tripoli earlier that month, but I had never chanced to meet him until he came with us. The British have a system of assigning what they call accompanying officers to correspondents, which in practice often means that the correspondents have to accompany the officers. The I ighth Army correspondents travelled in parties of three newspapermen to one accompanying officer, plus a couple of drivers who doubled as

batmen. Each party was also provided by His Majesty's Gov with a couple of lorries equipped with cots and typewriter tables. Eighth Army Public Relations,

operating with its customary felicity, had placed Baranoff under the protection of a particularly fluttery ex-member of the Duke of Windsor set. Baranoff, British newspapermen had told me, got a bit of innocent fun out of this situation. Every evening, when his party started to pitch camp, Baranoff would, if any artillery was at all audible, turn to the accompanying officer, who was a baronet, and say something like, "Sir Papa [a form of address of his own devising], that last salvo was not far from us. To the north a little only." Then he would listen again, and after the next salvo he would say, "That one was to the south. We are bracketed. On mv honor as artillery officer, Sir Papa, next one will land here. Perhaps fen the table where you are about to have tea." So the little caravan would pack up and move elsewhere. If Baranoff and the other press men felt lively, he would do this two or three times in an evening, and it cheered everyone, except Sir Papa, immeasurably. On the whole, Baranoff held himself rather apart from his colleagues; only once, they said, had he seemed to feel himself really in rapport. That was during one of the engagements that punctuated the Eighth's long advance from El Alamein to northern Tunisia. A British brigadier had not on-]y failed to get some guns across a wadi

but, what was worse, he had reported to his divisional commander that the guns were across when they weren't. This had, of course, balled up ensuing operations. On the following morning some correspondents, including Baranoff, called at the brigade command post to investigate the incident and found that the brigadier was no longer there. "The brigadier!" Baranoff inquired. [1] Where is he?"

“They bowler-hatted him,” an officer said, meaning that the brigadier had been relieved of his command—in obsolescent American slang, “handed his hat.” “Ah,” said Baranoff, smiling with quick comprehension, “I understand. You have shot him.” When he learned that they had not shot the brigadier, he looked puzzled, and you could see that he felt he was up against the inscrutable Occident again.

Tripoli, early in April of that year, was already several hundred miles behind the front lines; the Eighth Army had pushed west across the desert and then north along the shores of the Gulf of Tunis until it was up around Gabes and Sfax, in Tunisia. Tripoli had supplanted Alexandria as chief supply port for the British forces and was rapidly acquiring the more obvious characteristics of a base: an Army newspaper, theatricals and “flicks,” tall, impractical-looking Sudanese sentries wearing green tur-

bans, and swarms of rear-echelon officers competing for the de-luxe quarters. There was actually something to compete for in Tripoli, since the Italian government, fond of operatic magnificence, had built fine houses for even minor colonial officials. All the littlest vermicelli, as well as the biggest macaroni, of the Fascist hierarchy there had departed in a hurry, leaving their pala-z-i ready for the British. The Eighth Army public-relations officer at the base was a captain who wore the shoulder flash and cap insigne of the Grenadier Guards, because as a youth he had served with them fof a year in London. He had sensibly preempted a villa in the suburbs, a mile or two from the port itself, which still drew occasional bombardments from enemy planes based in Sicily. The villa, although it had housed only a minor Italian official, a streetcleaning superintendent or the secretary of a Fascist club, was impos-

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ing-—a long building of Italian-Arab architecture, with two wings of bedrooms separated by a suite of dining and living rooms. The Guardee reserved one wing for himself; he allowed the correspondents, of whom, it is true, there were seldom more than ten or fifteen, to use the other. There was a bathroom in each wing. The one

in the captain's wing worked; the one

in the$_z$ correspondents' didn't. While I was there, a band of British correspondents came back from the battle of Wadi el Akarit. One of them had been conked by a piece of a shell and had just spent a few days in a field hospital. They Couldn't get a bath.

then tried to

There was a deep artesian well that supplied the villa with water. Another well, nearby, supplied the native Jews and Arabs of the surrounding suburb.

Both wells were pumped by stationary engines. The engine that worked the neighborhood well broke down, but the Guardee wouldn't let the Jews and Arabs draw water from the villa well because he didn't like to have them tramping across the lawn. He would lurk among the orange trees on the grounds at dusk, and when he saw little girls sneak up on the well, he would wait until they had filled the gasoline tins they had brought for water-and would then rush out and hit them across the backside with his swagger stick. The girls would drop the tins and run away, howling. "If they really needed water, the beggars could draw it from their own well by hand," tlie captain would say.

In the mornings the captain would sit swilling tea, on the open terrace that ran the length of the villa, until the wasps trying to get at his marmalade became too numerous, which usually happened at about ten o'clock. He didn't try to hit the wasps with his stick, because he was afraid of them. When he had had enough of them, he would take his cap and his stick, blow hard through his nostrils until the ends of his long brown mustache fluffed out, and go off in

his motor. It was only a Humber; he was pained that he had not succeeded in pinching an Isotta-Fraschini from a departed Italian. “The chaps who arrive in the first fortnight snaffle everything good,” he used to complain. He always was secretive about his morning missions, implying that it would be a breach of censorship to tell us what they were about. One

morning I was talking to Major Robb, a Scotch agronomist, at the Tripoli Agricultural Research station, when our captain arrived there on one of these missions, his chest pushing the front of his battle dress, mustaches floating on his breath, “hrrrumph”s rising in his throat, a gruff, manly condescension in his voice. He introduced himself and

cadge an electric fan and a quart of cream. For lunch, a meal that he tried to make the best of the day, because fewer correspondents were at the villa than at breakfast or dinner, the captain would customarily eat a bit of fresh mutton bought at the public market, and then perhaps

a treacle tart. The mutton was openly bought, not black-market. Only bread was rationed in Tripoli, since the British argued, reasonably, that the Arabs didn’t

have money enough to pay for meat and weren’t used to it anyway. Replete, the captain would retire to his office, a room in which no correspondents were allowed, and compose letters to his superiors in Cairo asking for more enlisted men and vehicles. He already had sixty-four men when I was there, though he needed no more than five, but he felt that having more men under his command would add to his dignity. He put up the ones he had in a couple of villas across the road, to keep them from getting underfoot.

The captain’s solicitude for his dignity reacted disastrously only once while I was in Tripoli. When I arrived, he had a soldier cook who, for the British Army, did quite a decent job. However, the soldier was rated merely as a driver and he had learned cooking by experimenting on correspondents in the field. The captain thought that a man of his consequence should have a graduate of an Army Catering Corps school. Negotiations had been proceeding, I discovered, for months, and a Catering Corps alumnus, a sergeant,

arrived on the sixth day of my stay. We expected the correspondents from Wadi el Akarit to come in that evening, and knowing how hungry they inevitably would be for fresh meat, I went to the market and bought eight pounds of lamb chops for the equivalent of nine dollars—not too bad a price, it seems in retrospect. (You would pay that much for one portion in Paris now.) I turned them over to the Catering Corps sergeant and he boiled them, with the fat on, until the meat

broke down into tiny shreds, which floated about in the greasy water. We drank our lamb chops out of cups—all but Willie Forrest, the fellow who had been hit on the head. He got sick, in the full British sense of the word. By the time I left Tripoli, the captain had started negotiations with Cairo to take the wretched sergeant away. It was a delicate subject because the captain had already raised so much hell with Cairo to get him. It was these boys from Akarit who told me the first yarns I heard about Baranoff.

I WENT up to the Eighth Army front after my stay in Tripoli and spent a few days with the Fourth Indian Division at the beginning of the battle of Enfidaville. Then Lieutenant Colonel Tealeaf Stevens, the public-relations officer of the division, lent me a lorry, with a driver named Whitaker, from Hull, in Yorkshire, to take me back to the American Second Corps. The front by that time was continuous from the Gulf of Tunis to the Mediterranean shore west of Bizerte, and Whitaker and I travelled along back of it, passing through the zones of the Eighth Army and the French Nineteenth Corps and the British First Army before we got up to where the Americans w'ere preparing to jump off. Whitaker was a bearlike, hairy man, and the Desert Army shorts and the shirt open at the neck made the hairiness conspicuous. He had high cheekbones and narrow eyes. Both his parents, he told me, were Polish, but he had been born and reared in Hull; Whitaker was an Anglicized approximation of the Polish family name. He had been out in Africa for tliree years and had attained the rank of corporal. He was also one of the most accomplished foragers I have ever met in any army. When he wanted eggs, which we boiled hard and carried with us as a supplement to our rations, he would stop the lorry, even in an apparently uninhabited waste, and, standing on the running board, hold out some tea leaves on the upraised palm of his right hand.

Then he would shout, “Eggis! Eggis!,” a word which he fondly believed was Arabic for eggs. (The tea leaves were a special product. They had already been boiled out when he was making tea for his own use —he liked his tea strong—and then had Hen dried in the sun so that they could be used for barter.) Instantly dozens of Arabs would appear with eggs, and Whitaker always got as many as he wanted.

The only notable event that oc-

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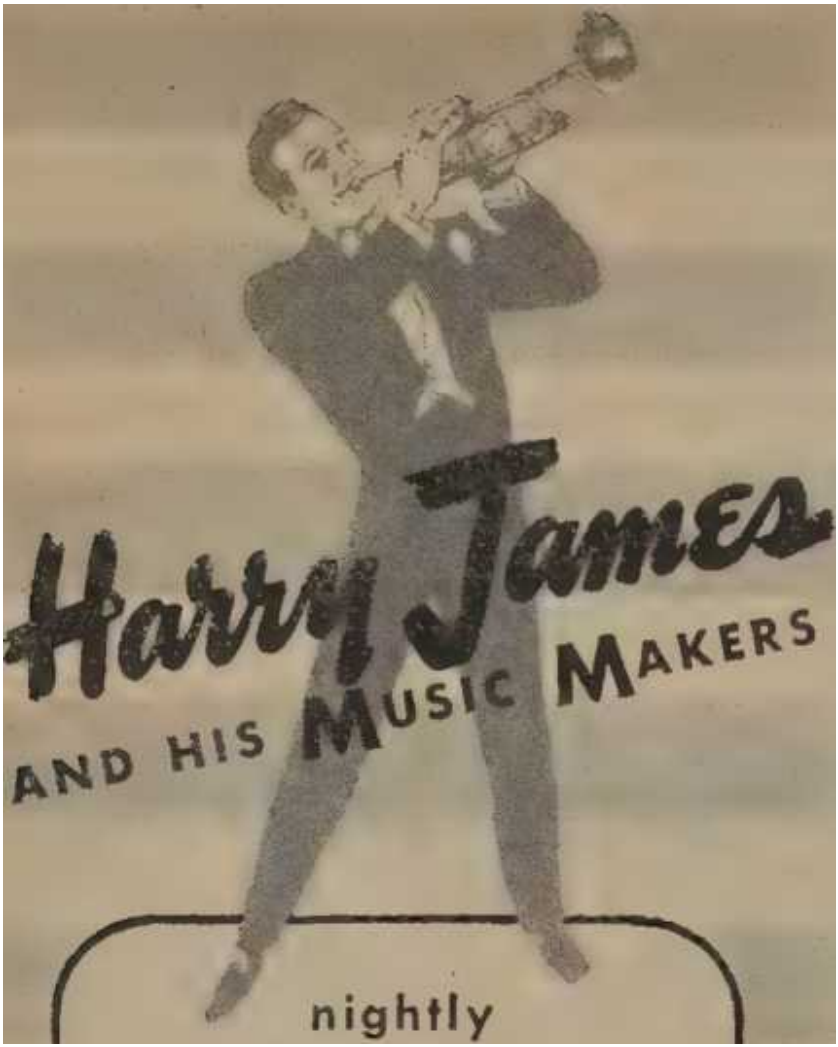

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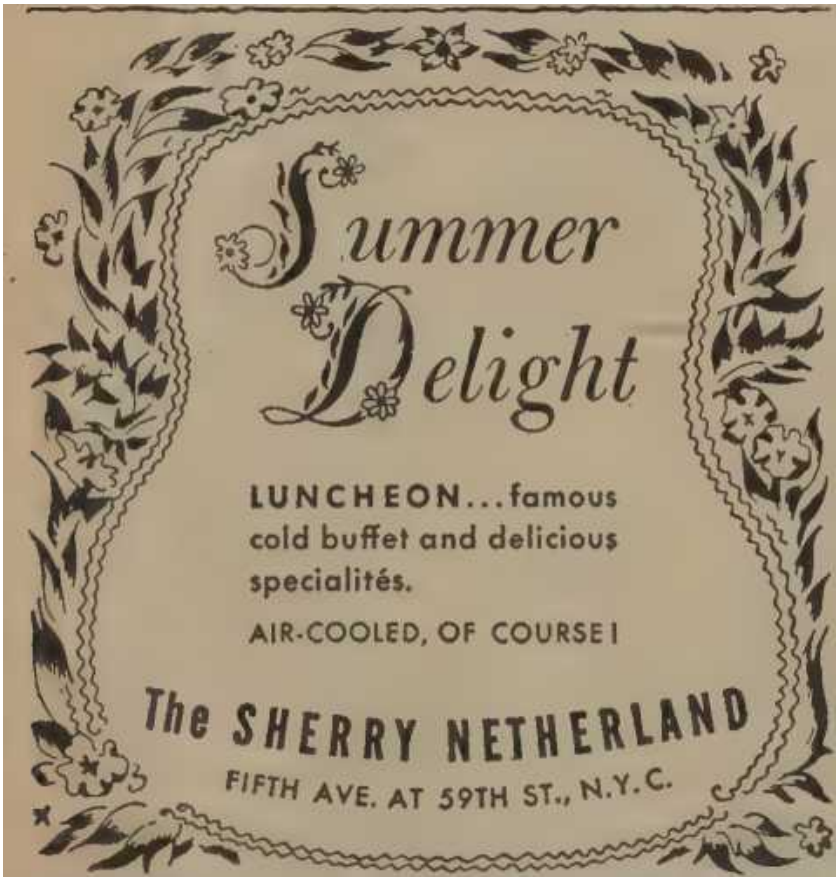
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MHAEFFEte

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curved on our journey was a miracle. When we started out, there was hardly a drop of liquor left in the entire Eighth Army area. British officers were entitled to buy a certain amount of spirits from the N.A.A.F.L (Navy, Army, and Air Force Institute), an organization maintaining stores like our Army Post Exchanges, and there were N.A.A.F.I. shops, under canvas, scattered all the way

from Cairo to Enfida-ville. But the stocks of liquor west of Tripoli were exhausted. So Whitaker's chief had provided him with a couple of thousand francs and ordered him to keep an eve open for French farmers who might have brandy or, failing that, wine, to sell, which he could take back to the chief. Whitaker and I drove some three hundred miles without traversing any wine-growing country. Then, as we approached a road intersection behind the extreme left Hank of the British First Army, only a couple of miles short of the American zone (where we could be sure there would be nothing to drink), the motor stopped. This it had done once before —on a road under mortar fire, near Enfidaville—and A hitaker and I had had to get out and push. This second time, Whitaker fiddled with all the buttons and levers within reach, then muttered something about "bloody water in the bloody petrol line," and got out to have a look under the lorry, taking some tools with him. He stayed there for a couple of disgusted minutes, crawled out from under, probably to get more tools, looked at a low, mud-walled Arab granary by the side of the road, and stood transfixed, pointing at a paper placard over the granary door. The placard said, "N.A.A.F.I." Whitaker said, "Fate works in mysterious ways." Watching his face, I could see him size up the situation. "They be First Army," he said. "Happen they'll have liquor. They get it through those Algerian ports." Whitaker's desert shorts and the lorry, with its sand-colored camouflage, marked him as one of the Desert Heroes that people at home in England had been reading about. The First Army had not come out until 1942, and this part of the I irst Army was so far from the Eighth that it was possible the N.A.A.F .1. clerks had never seen a Desert Hero. Whitaker was from outside the territory that the First Army N.A.A.F .1. was supposed to supply, but the clerks might give him a break. "I'll have a try," he said, wiping some extra dirt across his face with the hand that he had had in the machinery while he was beneath the car. "I'll tell them that

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we’re dying of thirst, all of us.” He went into the granary and came out in a couple of minutes, grinning. “It worked,” he said. “The sergeant told me to fill out a requisition for the total number of officers and men we’ve got in our unit. They don’t give much for each one, of course.” He took a well-chewed pencil stub from the breast pocket of his shirt, chewed on it some more, and said, “There’s just four officers and eleven men, to be truthful. But we have sixteen other officers at Cairo, and about seventy-eight men.” I could sense, when he got to the “about seventy-eight,” that he was

beginning to improvise. Then he said, “And we have hundreds more at Calcutta. Do you think it would be wrong to draw for them?” I reminded him that he had just one lorry, so he compromised by adding only the Cairo lot to his own group. He got seven bottles of Scotch, four of gin, and some beer. One of the pale, lately-from-England soldiers in the N.A.A.F.I. store carried it to the lorry for him. When Whitaker got back into the driver’s seat, the motor started instantly. Neither of us was able to figure it out.

THE American press camp, which we found after a bit of trouble, was on top of a narrow, pine-covered ridge near a town called Beja. It was all tents, ranged in single file along the crest of the ridge. The trees afforded pretty good cover, but, as we were soon to find out, there wasn’t much need for it, because the German air force in Africa was by then almost non-existent. There was a large cook tent and an even larger tent that served as a mess and newsroom. The correspondents lived in small wall tents so well provided with blackout flaps that you could burn an electric light inside them at night. A mobile generating plant supplied the power. Each tent was big enough for only two men. When I reached camp, there was just one vacancy, and that was in the tent occupied by Colonel BaranofF, who had arrived a few days before. He came home that evening after supper. He had eaten at the First Division headquarters, which he had been visiting. Our artillery particularly interested him; it is an arm well developed in both the American and Russian Armies. He had a set speech he used whenever he was presented to a divisional commander. He would say, “How do you do, sir?. You have a magnificent army here. You are teaching your teacher;. You should begin immediately a Second Front. You have nothing to fear.”

Baranoff was a straight, slender man

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in his early thirties. He' had fair hair, cut very short, a narrow, blond mustache, two gold teeth in the front of his mouth, and a precise, almost staccato manner, as if the first phrase he had learned in English was "Count off! " He was not undersized, as W. L. White says Russian officers are, or oversized, like Feodor Chaliapin or the late Grand Duke Nicholas or a wrestler I used to know named Matros Kyril-enko, all of whom grew up before reading Mr. White's book. I would say that Baranoff was a legitimate welterweight. Senior residents of the camp had cots, but there weren't enough to go around, so I slept on the floor that night. But I knew that a lieutenant in the camp was going, to Algiers the next day, and that meant he would have to get up before dawn to drive out to the nearest airfield. I arose early, stumbled around to the lieutenant's tent, and came back to my tent with the cot before any of the other cotless correspondents were awake. When Baranoff opened his eyes and saw me, across the tent, in the cot, my head on the same level with his, he grinned. "Very good capture," he said. "Example of primary acquisition."

It was hard to think of things to talk to Baranoff about. When you asked him about anything Russian— the Soviet air force, for instance—he just said it was wonderful and stopped. You felt that you offended him a little by inquiring, as you would by asking a waiter at a good restaurant if the fish was fresh. The press camp had been in one place for ten days, which was unusual, and quite a lot of mail, including several bales of newspapers, had caught up with the fellows there. There were about twenty copies of The Newspaper PM, in sequence, dating, as I recall, from February. I thought Baranoff might like something to read, so one night, after the camp poker game broke up, I carried half a dozen copies of The Newspaper PM back to our tent with me. Baranoff was a light sleeper. He woke when I came in.

"Turn on the light!" he said. "It is O.K."

I said, “I have some copies of one of our more liberal New York newspapers here. I thought you might like to read them. It might help you to understand what people at home are thinking about Russia.” I hoped he would never see a copy of the News.

“Oh yes,” Baranoff said. “Thank you. How interesting! I will look.” He took The Newspapers PM from mj hand and looked at the top one. He

glanced at it casually, and then turned over on his stomach, holding the newspaper close to his eyes. He was silent for several minutes. “It is a series of articles entitled ‘Foes of the Soviet Union in America,’ ” he said after a while, in explanation of his silence. “It appears that your State Department is honeycombed with them. What a fine expression! How interesting! Also the universities and labor unions. The banks, of course—that was to be expected! ”

And when I fell asleep he was still reading.

For a couple of nights after that, I got no conversation out of Baranoff at all, because he was always reading The Newspaper PM. “How interesting!” he would say now and then. “I had no idea we have so many enemies.” I looked at a couple of the papers one afternoon when he wasn’t in and found just one of the usual series about Fascists and reactionaries that named a fairly large percentage of people in the telephone book. But it was no use trying to tell Baranoff. “How interesting!” I would hear him say. “How interesting! ” Then I would fall asleep. “These people they talk about,” I once ventured, “of course, they may really be enemies of Russia, but they don’t represent the Administration’s views.”

“No?” asked Baranoff. I decided that he was trying to figure out why, in that case, the Administration didn’t shoot them. “How interesting!” he finally said, and I could see that he was not convinced.

Then came a day when I went jeepriding over what seemed most of northern Tunisia, getting in and out of the machine a score of times to scramble up to observation posts. I had with me an old gold Waltham watch that had belonged to my father. This was foolish, because I had no pocket to put it in that it couldn’t slide out of.

When [got back to camp that evening, I became aware that the watch was missing. I had had it in the pocket of my field jacket. I searched the back of the jeep, where I had been sitting, but it was no good. I was annoyed, because mv father's mother had given him the watch when he was twenty-one years old, and he had always bragged that he had never dropped it hard enough to break the glass, and he had been accustomed to say that I lost everything. Now, although he couldn't say "I told you so," because he had been dead six years, I had lost it, and it made me angrv. When I returned to the tent, I said to Baranoff, "I had tough luck to-

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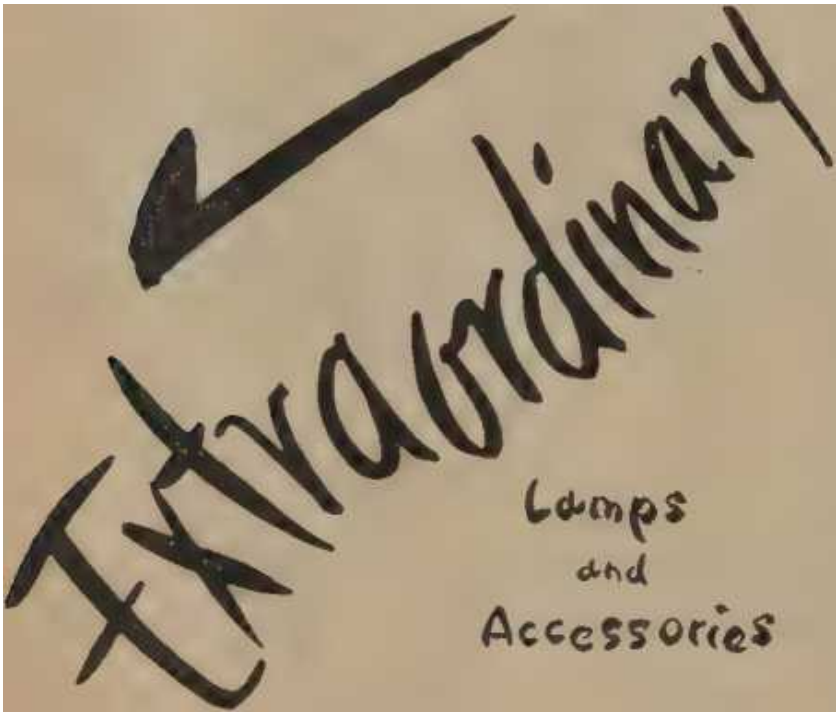

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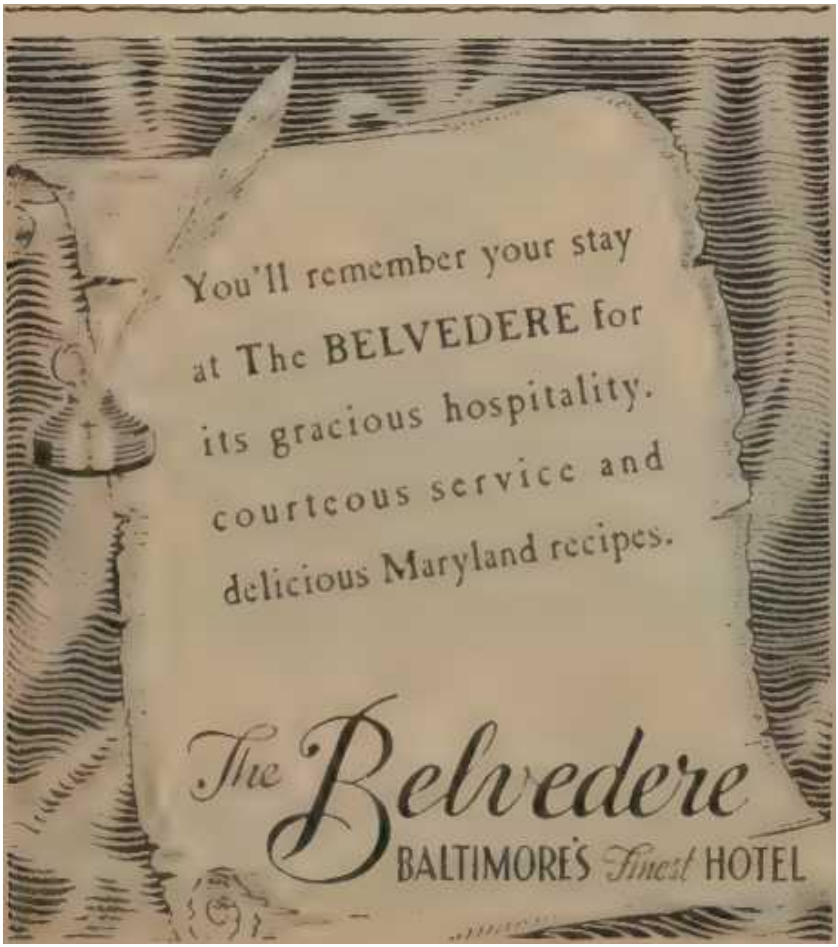

day. I lost my watch." I washed up and went to the mess. When I came back, he was lying on the dirt floor, looking under my cot. "What are you looking for?" I asked him.

"I look for your watch," he said.

"But I know I didn't leave it in the tent," I said. "I lost it getting in or out of the jeep, on the road."

"How can you he sure?" he said. "I do not like such things should happen when I am sharing the tent with you, you know. Have you looked in your bedding roll? Perhaps it is there. I will look."

It was then it occurred to me that he might think I suspected him of stealing my watch. You can't say to a man, "I know you didn't take mv watch" or "I don't suspect you for even a minute," because that would be an admission that you had considered the possibility. And he couldn't conceivably have taken it, of course; I was frightened by the notion that he might consider me capable of suspecting him. "I know I had the watch with me at an O.P. this afternoon," I said. "I looked at it several times." Baranoff did not seem impressed, and I.thought, "Maybe he believes I'm framing him. He has probably seen a movie in which an agent of a foreign power falsely accuses a Soviet officer of theft." Baranoff said nothing more then, but he looked unhappy. I thought he might visualize himself as an Inter-Allied Dreyfus. I could imagine a montage of headlines flashing past behind Baranoff's eyelids: "Soviet Officer Steals Watch," "Soviet Officer Falsely Accused of Stealing Watch," "Red Army Man Denounced by Propaganda Liar," "PM Unveils Another Anti-Soviet Plot." I tried to be especially cordial to him in order to show him that the watch was a bagatelle, already forgotten. As I fell asleep, he was again reading The Newspaper PM —probably an account of how evidence had been faked against some labor leader in a Southern state. I wished I had never seen the watch or that I had left it in a safe-deposit vault in New York.

When I went into the news tent for breakfast next morning, one of the soldiers who worked in the cook shack came to tell me about the second miracle figuring in this rather brief narrative. An Arab had found my watch in the dust where I had dismounted from the jeep the night before at the camp, right at the foot of the hill the camp was on. He was one of the Arabs who helped with K.P. in return for scraps of food, and he had been either

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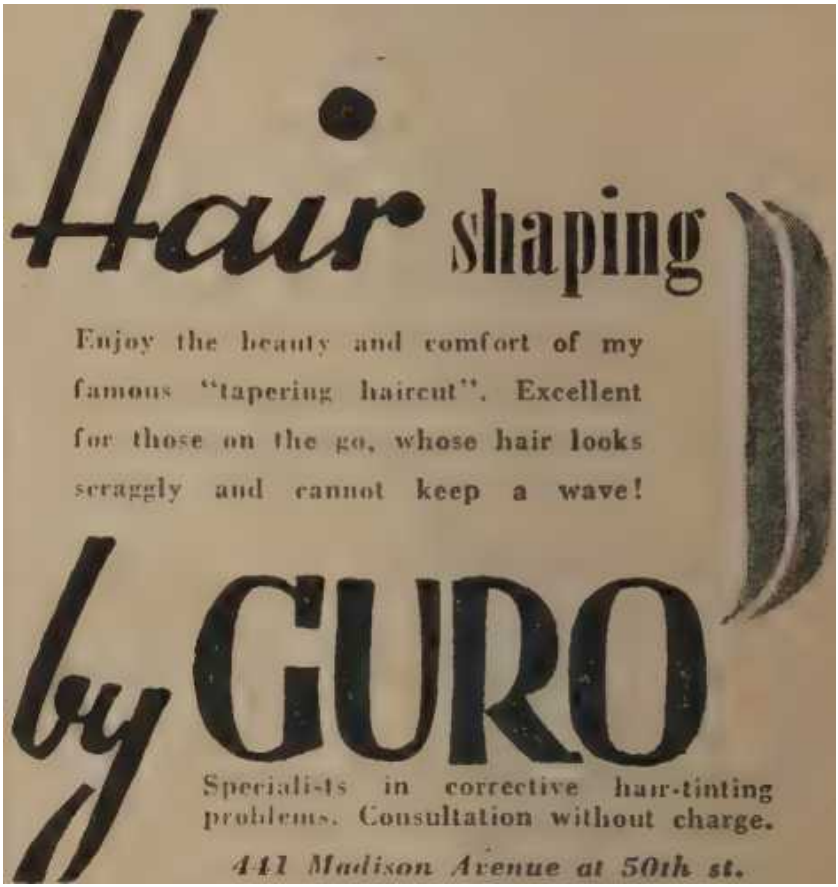
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honest (a fantastic hypothesis), or too unsophisticated to know how to dispose of a watch, or afraid that if the French gendarmerie found him with it they would shoot him. The odds against a Tunisian Arab's returning a gold watch are, I suppose, about equal to those against my now picking the winner of the 1955 Kentucky Derby. "We knew it was your watch," the soldier waiter said to me, "because you been hollerins your head off, and besides it has your name inside the case. The Arab is out in the kitchen now." I went to the kitchen, got my watch, and gave the Arab two hundred francs, which was four dollars. That was as much as he could have earned in four weeks on a road gang, so he was pleased. I didn't bother about breakfast, although I was hungry. I jogged right back to my

tent, with the watch in my hand. Baranoff was sitting on his cot, looking at the door. “Hey, I found my watch!” I said. “An Arab found it. I was getting out of a jeep—” Baranoff sprang up. He was obviously a man discharged of a heavy load. The two gold teeth flashed like the headlights on a two-and-a-half-ton truck coming against you at night. He placed his hands on my shoulders and looked at me with emotion. “Colleague!” he cried. “How glad I am to hear this! How happy I am that you have found your watch!”

After Colonel Baranoff had left the camp for the day to make his speech about the second front to another general, I hurriedly gathered all the copies of The Newspaper PM, took them out in a field, and burned them. In the evening, I told Baranoff that their owner had insisted on having them back. I said that the owner had been one of two correspondents who had left camp that day to go over to the British zone.

“I am very sorry,” Colonel Baranoff said, “but fortunately I have taken interesting notes. Documentation, I think is the correct word. Few people, even among the highest Soviet officials, have an idea what goes on in America. They should read The Newspaper PM.”

—A. J. Lie bling

WHICH PAGE OF “VOGUE” D’YA READ?

A tinkling, tip-tilt tune [‘TveTold Every I ittle Star”], Kern said he cribbed it from a bird singing outside his Nantucket window.—Poffue, February 1, 1945, page 156.

Jerry got the melodic theme of “I’ve Told Every Little Star” from a bird. He swears it! He heard a finch outside his window in Bronxville singing the first line.—J'offue, sarne issue, page 166.

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YOU GET ALL TURNED AROUND 5OMETIME5

WHEN summer comes and the city grows stifling, I like to go for a weekend and a breath of air to Mrs. Clancy's at Rockaway Point, or "Pint," as the natives call that little Hibernian paradise. It's a fairly easy place to reach, or was in normal times. You take a Brighton Beach express and get off at Sheepshead Bay, then take a taxi across town and get on the little boat near Lundy's. In twenty minutes you are at Rockaway Point Casino, and from there it's only a five-minute walk to Mrs. Clancy's. There I can always find a room waiting for me, the curtains floating gently in a breeze from the ocean, a bed with its spread of green rayon satin, a crucifix hanging above it.

On Saturday nights I usually go to the Casino to watch the handsome Irish boys and girls dancing the Lindy Hop and the family parties with their pitchers of beer. Sunday mornings I have my breakfast out in Mrs. Clancy's back yard, where the little lawn slopes off to marsh grass and sand and the sea. After breakfast I move to the front porch, which looks out on a tiny yard where there is an old rowboat filled with earth and planted with purple petunias, and a little path outlined with clamshells tinted pink and blue. There I can watch the people going to mass in the white frame church opposite: the mothers tripping on their high heels and with veils floating from their hats, the freckle-faced boys with their Eton collars and blue serge jackets, the little girls, in their leghorn hats with black velvet streamers, stepping along carefully in their white socks and patent-leather slippers and decorously carrying prayer books clasped in their white-cottongloved hands.

A place of unadulterated Celtic joy is Rockaway Point, and,

as I said, it is not difficult to get there. I know the way well.

AT least, I thought I did until one day last summer when I was taking a friend down with me for a weekend. We had just come onto the street from the subway at Sheepshead Bay and were trying to get a cab to go across town to the boat, but what cabs there were were grabbed

by people fleeter of foot than either of us. Finally a red bus lumbered up. A swarthy woman in a black-and-white checked gingham dress and a red turban, her arms full of bundles, stood at the curb and hailed it.

“Please,” I asked her, “will this take us to the boat?”

She grinned a grin full of gold teeth and good will. “Si” she said. “Si} si. Just follow me. You get all turned around sometimes.”

She was one of “them Eyetalians” whose presence in Rockaway Point is greatly’ deplored by Mrs. Clancy and her neighbors, the Finnegans, the Han-negans, the Rileys, and all the others of the pure emerald strain. There are only a few Italian families; they live in a cluster of stucco cottages near the beach, where their grape arbors, plaster cupids, and spaghetti smells emphasize the fact that they simply don’t belong. “We niver speaks to them,” says Mrs. Clancy.

Our Eyetalian was rapidly becoming our friend. As the bus rocked toward the bay, she kept watching my friend and me with a warm, protective smile. When the bus drew up at the boat landing, she motioned to us as she got off. “Here,” she said. “You get off here.”

She pointed to the ticket office. “Now you pay a-here. Come back Sunday?” she said.

We nodded. “Then better de round trip,” she said.

On the boat, as it slapped briskly over the waves in the sunshine, our friend kept talking to us, pointing out things of interest, like the Manhattan Beach Training Station and the big fishing boats. She had taken us under her wing. It would have been dreadful to admit that we had ever been here before. Our query about the bus had made her assume we were strangers.

As the boat neared Rockaway Point landing, she asked where we were headed. When we told her, she said, “Now you follow me. You get all turned around sometimes. I’ll direct you to Mrs. Clancy’s on Ocean Spray Avenue. Too bad I have to go toward Breezy.”

As we got off, she spied a little boy she evidently knew and told him to show us the way to Mrs. Clancy’s. “I tell you the true,” she said. “He can

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take you right to Ocean Spray. You might get all turned around."

So, trying to manifest total bewilderment, we followed the little boy down the cement walk along which I had been a hundred times before, toward Mrs. Clancy's. "Look me up sometime!" our guide called after us. "I'm Mrs. Nicola!" Wearing a beatific smile, she stood watching us and the boy to see that we took the right turn. Her gold-toothed benevolence was touching.

THAT was way back last summer and I'd almost forgotten about it. But it all came back to me last week.

I was over on Second Avenue in the Forties, enjoying the rare sunshine and looking into the windows of the antique stores there. I began assembling a pink room in my mind from the window before me. I would have those round, ice-cream-pink glass shades that once were used on gas chandeliers and would set pots of ivy in them. I would have those two pink glass bowls with the wide, fluted edges on my coffee table, filled with freesias. I would have the two little fan-shaped pink vases on my marble mantel, with violets in them. I would have the rug with the faded pink flowers in front of my gilt fire screen.

It would be nice, but I couldn't do it now. I moved on to the next window, less pink but still diverting—a pair of light-blue satin slippers with pointed toes and worn French heels, a set of plates hand-painted in a design of red lobsters, a tarnished cornet, a painting of a pink-cheeked child asleep on a dog's neck. .

Bemused by it all, when I finally turned west toward Murray Hill, I thought I had been on Second Avenue and that the next street I came to was Third. But it was really Lexington. You know how that is?

I crossed the avenue and down the block saw a bus-stop sign. A bus on Third Avenue? That seemed strange to me, very strange. I was looking around, trying to get my bearings, when I saw a neat, dark little woman in a smart purple suit and cloche. She looked like a Latin—Spanish, perhaps, I thought.

"Do you know where these buses go?" I asked her.

She turned politely. I should never have spoken, for I saw coming over her face a familiar, kindly look. I had never seen the woman before in my life, but where had I seen that benevolent look? Then I remembered—last sum-

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mcr at Sheepsheaci, on the countenance of Mrs. Nicola.

“Stranger here?” she asked.

“Er—” I began. I was going to try to explain that I had been momentarily confused, but that I now recognized Lexington for what it was and knew exactly where the buses went. But I hesitated too long. I was lost.

“I’ll show you,” she said. “I think it’s the worst thing trying to get around New York in these crowds nowadays. And when you’re a stranger . . .”

In this mutual misunderstanding, beyond me now to clarify, we set off down the avenue toward the bus stop.

“Have you a nickel? ” she said. “This is a pay-as-you-enter and it sways dreadfully. And if you have your fare ready, it always helps.”

Dutifully I fumbled in my purse and found a nickel and in the process managed to spill my lipstick and compact onto the sidewalk.

“Oh, too bad,” the woman said, stooping to pick them up. “I know how you feel—all nerves when you’re in a strange city.” She handed them to me. “Where are you from?” she asked.

Here was the moment. I was in for it. “Chi—Chicago,” I said. I hadn’t lived in Chicago for ten years.

She stopped short and looked at me with dark, shining eyes. “Chicago!” she said. “Oh, I’ve had such grand times out there! ” She clutched my arm. “When you get back, you must go out to the Edgewater Beach Hotel and ask for Mrs. Martinez. Tell her you met her granddaughter, Mrs. Flores. Give her my love.”

I said faintly that of course I would. I was beginning to feel that I should go to Chicago and give her love to her grandmother. That was the least I could do.

“It’s a wonderful town,” she said. “The lake—it’s as beautiful as the ocean, I think. To walk along the edge of it reminds me of the Malecon.”

Cuban. So that explained her Spanish looks.

“We’re from Havana, my family,” she said.

I said that was nice—I loved Havana. And, feeling on slightly firmer

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ground, I alluded lightly to Sloppy Joe's, the Dos Hermanos Cafe. But she was not to be diverted. Chicago was her subject and she brought me back to it firmly. "Do the people like the new subway?" she asked. I stammered something, and we came up, thank heaven, to the bus stop.

"Now," she said, "here you are. I forgot to ask you your destination."

I told her East Tenth Street and she pondered. "This bus will take you," she said. "Just tell them to put you off at Wanamaker's."

I thanked her, signalled to a bus as it came along, and got in. On her young, dark face was that embarrassingly warm, protective, friendly look—Mrs. Nicola's.

"Goodbye!" she called. "Don't get lost now!"

The bus rattled away. At the next stop, a young woman struggled into the seat beside me. She was carrying a straw suitcase with one hand and held a very young baby on the other arm. She turned to me shyly.

"Do you know whether this bus will get me to Fourteenth Street?" she asked. "Or are you a stranger here, too? "

"Oh, no," I said hastily. "A stranger? No, indeed. Heaven forbid!"

She looked rather startled. It wasn't until I saw everyone staring that I realized I was shouting in an apprehensive voice.

—Henrietta Fort Holland

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Doily

BUt WAR BONDS

Stallion Road, by Stephen Longstreet (Julian Messner). A slick and horsey yarn about improving range breeds and a visitation of anthrax which the Longstreet fiction factory has spiced with sex.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

That’s one way to meet anthrax.

•

C. E. Murray’s yacht was driven bowsprit on into a bedroom of the Henry L. McVickar house at Edgartown. Sven Carlson, caretaker for the McVickars, told Mr. Murray he did not think Mrs. McVickar would like this very well.—Martha’s Tine yard (Mass.) Gazette.

Still, you never can tell about women.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times']

Grand Island, Neb. (AP)—Jess Blodgett always addresses .the elevator operator at the Yancey Hotel as “Governor.” The other day he walked into the elevator and gave his usual greeting, “Hello, Governor.”

LETTER FKOM LONDON

June 17 (by cable) AFTER the inevitable mental hang-AA over that followed victory in Europe, most people here are feeling somewhat more cheerful. The brighter era for mankind that May 8th was supposed to bring seems closer now than almost anyone dared hope only a few weeks ago. The Polish problem and the Levantine troubles appear to be

clearing up. Things are even looking up in San Francisco. The new white paper on India, which proposes what is almost self-rule for the country, may indicate that the old, tormenting Indian situation is at last on its way toward a solution. Even the weather, which had been alternating between cold and rain,

®

merit.

changed just in time for General Eisenhower's visit to London on Tuesday. The General was formally given the traditional freedom of the city. Informally, from the crowds that gathered in the streets to cheer him, he was given an unmistakably spontaneous burst of affection, something not handed out lightly or often by Britons to a visitor or, for that matter, to one of their own great men. It would have been a fine day for Anglo-American friendship even if it had poured.

AT the moment, of course, England, - no less than India, is waiting to know who will govern her. Excitement over the election is not yet at its height, but it is mounting. The game of winning enemies and influencing voters is going on every day in the party newspapers, in the corner pub, and on the radio. The B.B.C. presents a Conservative, Liberal, or Labour speaker every night after the nine-o'clock news. Mr. Churchill's opening election broadcast was an enormous disappointment, but it did give his listeners the mild satisfaction of knowing that even he can occasionally be maladroit and fallibly human. Millions of families, settling down to learn what the Conservative Government proposes to do for their children and their returning menfolk, instead heard the Prime

Minister swinging wildly at Socialist coconuts, which, to some, seemed to be painted with mighty old-fashioned faces. Many of his startled listeners found it hard not to confuse his picture of a future England under Attlee with the picture of Dachau under the Gestapo. By contrast, Mr. Attlee, who was on the radio the next night,

sounded quiet, reasonable, and constructive. Much that is neither quiet nor reasonable, however, is being said by all three parties. After the five-year truce, during which criticism of Mr. Churchill was regarded as lese-majeste, the first blast of recriminations has come as a shock.

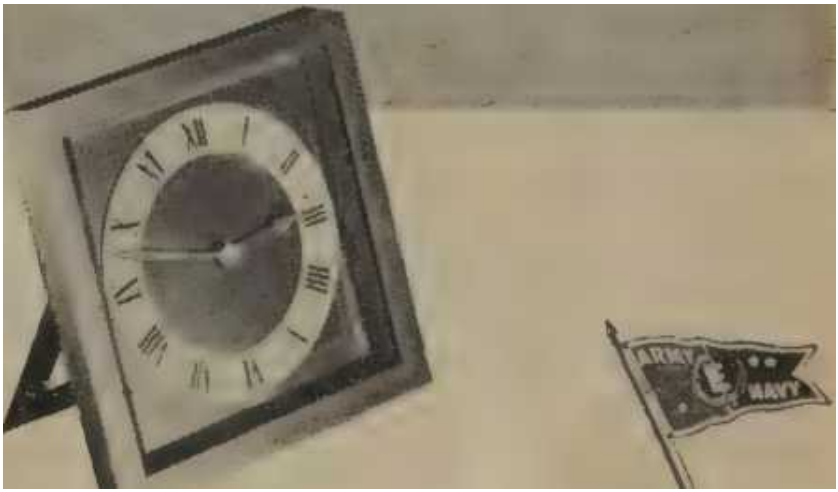
The noisiest and most acrimonious exchanges to date have been between

Ernest Bevin and Lord Beaver-hrook, who has recently emerged into full public view as the Prime Minister's guide, philosopher, and friend. However staunchly he may fulfill the last two functions, it is doubtful, a lot of people believe, that his guidance is going to do the Party much good. It may, indeed, be a definite embarrass-"If anything can lose the Prime

Minister the election," a rival newspaper owner recently said to some friends, "it will be Beaverbrook." To those responsible Tories who have never loved their ebullient colleague or his success, his present activities must frequently be exasperating. His Daily Express is pouring out a flood of promises to Conservative voters, assuring them that the income-tax rate will be substantially reduced and that labor and price controls will be removed, all, apparently, while the country is putting up a stiff fight against Japan. The paper also finds it possible to protest its undying friendship for Russia and at the same time damn the wicked forces of the Left. Such gymnastics may provide occasional entertainment for the mass of people who are grimly concerned with bread, jobs, and houses, but they are more likely to alarm thoughtful Conservatives. A number of Beaverbrook's young men from Fleet Street, breaking away from the master, have appeared as candidates for Labour. Michael Foot, an ex-editor of the Evening Standard, for instance, is standing for Labour down at Devonport against Leslie Hore-Belisha.

The second dominant Tory personality of the Churchill group to

emerge from backstage is Brendan Bracken, the enigmatical politician who made a good Minister of Information and who, according to rumor, Lord Beaverbrook thinks would someday make a good Prime Minister. Mr. Bracken is expected to have one of the hardest and most spectacular fights of the election in contesting the London division of North Paddington against Sir F. N.



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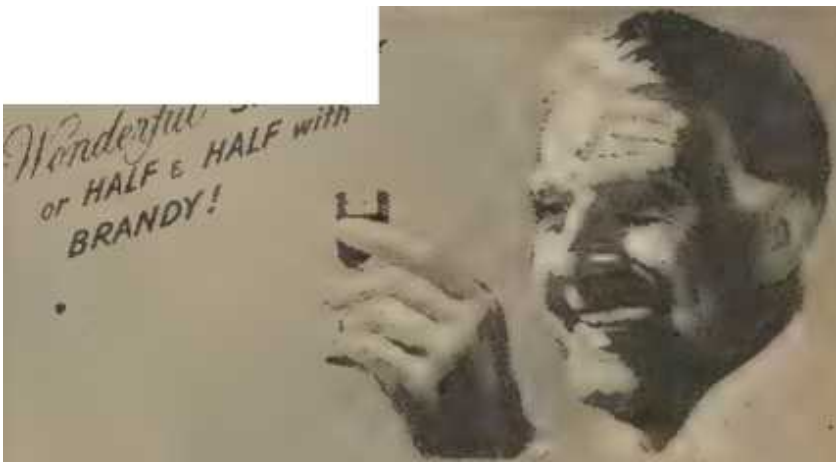

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Your CHARLES OF THE RITZ permanent wave
. . . naturally soft and lovely . . .
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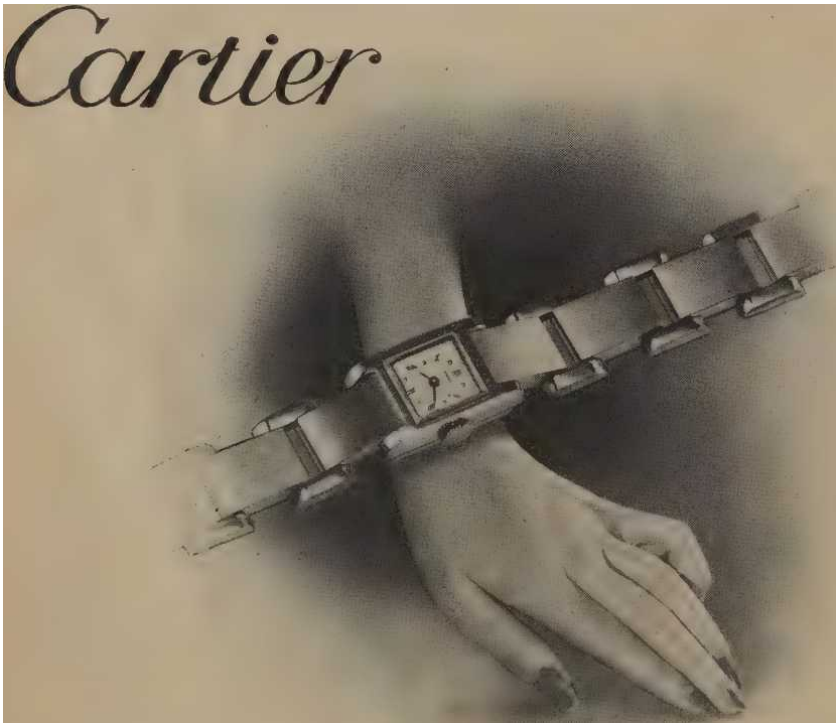
JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia

Mason MacFarlane, the Socialist candidate.

At the moment, it is generallythought that the Conservative Party will get in by a small majority, largely because of Mr. Churchill's popularity. Most people will be heartily relieved when election day, July 5th, is over. It will, however, be two or three 'weeks after that before the returns are all in and England learns whether, as some think certain, she will move left and into Step with most of Europe or, as all Tories are sure, continue to stay right where she is, veiled by the smoke from a large, spectral cigar.

—Mollie Panter-Downes



657. Eidelberg, L. A further contribution to the study of slips of the tongue. Int. J. Psycho-Anal., 1944, 25, 8-13.—Slips of the tongue constitute a defense against infantile wishes of the id. These are of a twofold character: instinctual fusion seeking gratification turned against the self, and the mobilization of the opposite type of instinctual fusion. The defense is initiated by infantile experiences leading to an anticipation of defeat of the satisfaction of infantile wishes. The mobilization of an opposite type of fusion substitutes sexual for aggressive wishes or vice versa. By turning instinctual fusion against the self, an active instinctual aim becomes passive and vice versa. Thus two types of narcissistic mortification may occur, one from the symptom itself, the other from the defeat of the ego alone rather than of the total personality. In projection, narcissistic mortification from the id is denied but accepted from the infantile superego, the reverse of what occurs in introjection.—M. H. Erickson (Eloise Hospital).—Current Psychological Abstracts.

Say id ain’t so.

Outstanding in ETERNR Accuracy and Beauty The superlative watch a finely groomed woman would love. Faultless taste!... Shown actual size — in 14 kt. yellow gold, 17 jewel movement, and a gold handmade flexible bracelet, $500. Ibis ETERNR mutch is a valued gift from Cartier-. . . . Price includes 20% Federal Tax.

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 ST., NEW YORK 22. N. Y. Plaza 3-0111

A Religious mechanic said, “Man is fearfully and wonderfully created.” So he is. He is a wonderfully created mechanical machine; an automobile machine. Oxygen and carbon the fuel, electricity gives the spark, taking in oxygen giving off carbonic acid gas. The heart a dynamo. Napoleon said, “the spine was a voltaic pile, one vertebra positive, the other negative.” The nerves, electric carriers, the brain in the cab (skull) the driver, the eyes, the head ^1’t■ . .

Man is related to the mineral and vegetable kingdom and partakes of the nature of all animals in a more or less degree. Like God, (if we are correctly informed), he destroys his handiwork; God, by storm, frost, earth tremors, and man by war, destroying everything beautiful in nature and art.

For lenses, frames, and spectacle repairs, see Dr. J. George Biermann, Optometrist, 19 East Sec. St.—Adv. in the ITaynesboro (Pa.) Record Herald.

So that you can see what you are destroying?

Interview with a War Correspondent

JIM s If my editor could see me now, he'd write a sweet caption to this scene: FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENT LOAFS WHILE BATTLES RAGE.

BILL: Listen . . . now that you're home, you're entitled to forget the headlines and deadlines for a while.

JIM: That's just it... anyone who has seen the war can't forget it. I know people here at home have done a lot to help win the war, but if they'd felt the war for even a minute, they'd do even more.

BILL: I ike what, Jim?

JIM: Well, they'd dig down deep and buy that extra War Bond. They'd donate blood to the Red Cross regularly. They'd help keep prices down by buying only what they

really need. They'd hunt for that mighty important war job. They'd ...oh, well, I didn't mean to gripe.

BILL: I guess a lot of us are inclined to get a little tired of the war. If we'd sacrifice more, we'd appreciate more keenly the pleasures we still have.

JIM: You can say that again! I know J'll never take enjoyment like this for granted any more—a swim in clean water ... a few quiet, unhurried moments ... a fine highball.

BILL: This Kinsey is smooth, isn't it? Nice and mellow ... a grand drink.

JIM: Sure is. You know, I don't think the boys begrudge good living to us at home. But they'd like to feel that everybody is giving that extra ounce of effort.

BILL: Well, here's hoping everybody puts in that extra effort ... so the boys can get home sooner and enjoy the good things they've missed.

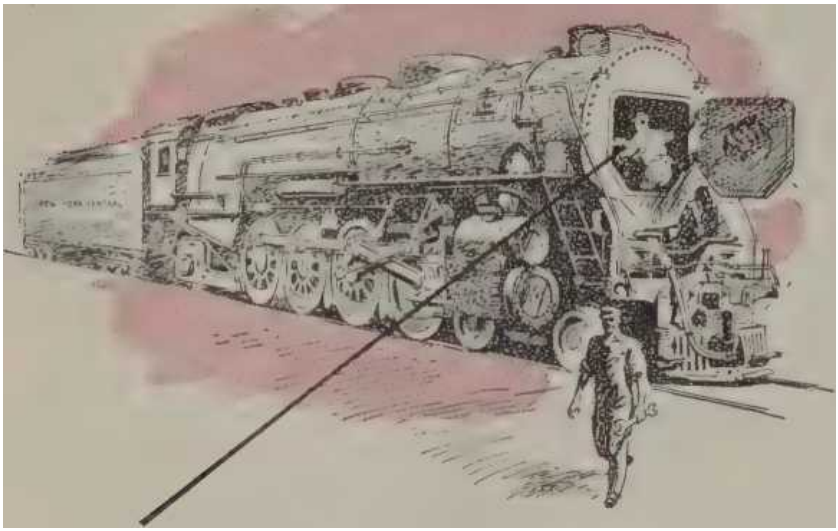
JIM: I'll drink to that!

KINSEY the unhurried WHISKEY

Blended with "know-how" since 1892

Blended Whiskey • S6.S Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits • Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

for New York Central Locomotives

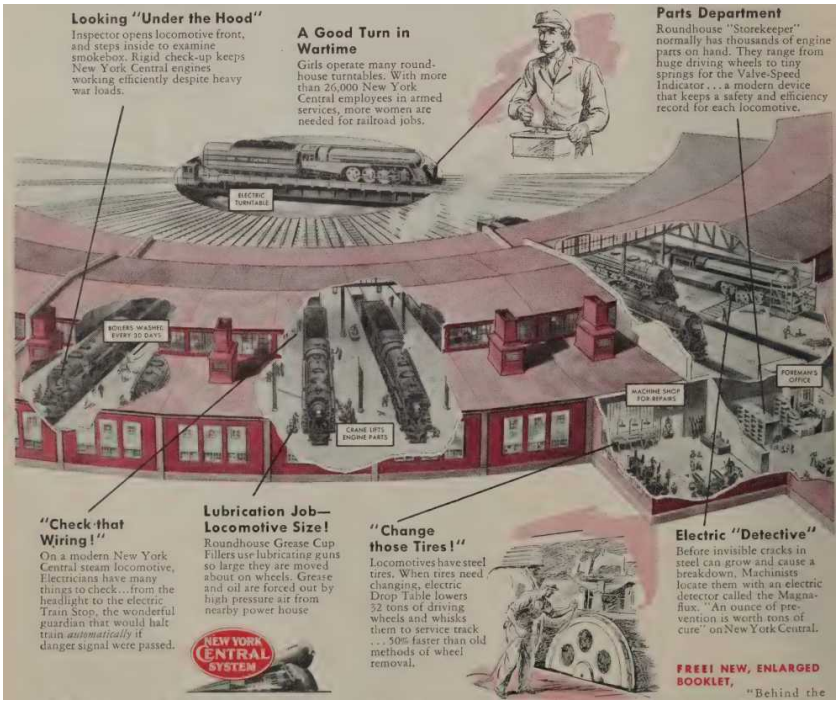


THE run ends. Engineer and fireman climb down from the cab, and a "hostler" takes over. Under his expert hand, $50 tons of pulsing steel move obediently off to the roundhouse... that superservice station for locomotives.

Here, mechanics, electricians, pipefitters, specialists in many crafts work day and night... inspecting, repairing, lubricating and adjusting the mighty steel

giants of New York Central's motive power fleet.

Today, with modern machines and electrical aids, they re cutting hours from maintenance time... keeping engines longer on the job to move the vast war traffic. And tomorrow, roundhouse teams will apply their war-born efficiency to servicing the still finer locomotives now taking shape in the designing rooms of New York Central.


Looking "Under the Hood"
Inspector opens locomotive front, and steps inside to examine smokebox. Rigid check-up keeps New York Central engines working efficiently despite heavy war loads.
A Good Turn in Wartime
Girls operate many round-house turntables. With more than 26,000 New York Central employees in armed services, more women are needed for railroad jobs.
Parts Department
Roundhouse "Storekeeper" normally has thousands of engine parts on hand. They range from huge driving wheels to tiny springs for the Valve-Speed Indicator . . . a modern device that keeps a safety and efficiency record for each locomotive.
ELECTRIC TURNTABLE
BOILERS WASHED EVERY 30 DAYS
CRANE LIFTS ENGINE PARTS
MACHINE SHOP FOR REPAIRS
FOREMAN'S OFFICE
"Check that Wiring!"
On a modern New York Central steam locomotive, Electricians have many things to check . . . from the headlight to the electric Train Stop, the wonderful guardian that would halt train automatically if danger signal were passed.
Lubrication Job— Locomotive Size!
Roundhouse Grease Cup Fillers use lubricating guns so large they are moved about on wheels. Grease and oil are forced out by high pressure air from nearby power house
"Change those Tires!"
Locomotives have steel tires. When tires need changing, electric Drop Table lowers 32 tons of driving wheels and whisks them to service track . . . 50% faster than old methods of wheel removal.
Electric "Detective"
Before invisible cracks in steel can grow and cause a breakdown, Machinists locate them with an electric detector called the Magna-flux. "An ounce of prevention is worth tons of cure" onNew York Central.
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FREE! NEW, ENLARGED BOOKLET,
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Electric “Detective

Before invisible cracks in steel can grow and cause a breakdown, Machinists locate them with an electric detector called the Magna-flux. "An ounce of prevention is worth tons of cure” onNew York Central.

Lubrication Job— Locomotive Size!

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New York Central

THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE

THE EACE TKACK

That Polynesian Again

Polynesian has done it again. W hen Mrs. Peter Widener's surprising colt beat Pavot for the Withers at Belmont a fortnight ago, the afternoon was ruined for most of the horseplayers. His victory in the Preakness at Pimlico last weekend, however, made many of them feel that may-be he wasn't a little accident ir JvK after all, and those who backed him on Saturday at 12—1 naturally decided that he was the greatest horse in the world.

It wasn't the best Preakness I ever saw. There was rough riding, in which Hoop Jr. was the chief sufferer, particularly at the turns, and the pace was uneven—quite fast for six furlongs and then falling off badly. Nevertheless, from my favorite spot on the roof of the stand, it was an exciting race. Polynesian led all the way, fighting off many challenges from The Doge, and finally one from Hoop Jr. Pavot did a fadeout, and it seems obvious now that he is nothing more than a sprinter. As for Hoop Jr., I daresay he missed the handling of Arcaro. He was in close quarters for the first half mile, and did very well to come in second. It is no longer a stable secret, I suppose, that Hoop Jr. has a bad leg which must be iced until it's numb before he can run a race. This is a fairly common practice in racing, though hardly a humane one. All the racing he has done lately hasn't helped his leg any and he came out of the Preakness quite lame. Undoubtedly, he won't run for the Belmont Stakes.

I'm afraid that I dismissed Polynesian rather airily after he won the Withers. Well, he's a good-looking brown colt by Unbreakable, who ran well in England, out of Black Girl, a granddaughter of Black Maria, a famous mare who is fondly remembered by the older generation. A paddock snooper tells me that Polynesian is a temperamental fellow, and that he won because Wright, who rode him, whipped with his left hand, instead of using his right as most boys do. Being hit in a new place, apparently, made him go like anything. Polynesian won't be in the Belmont, either, because last December, when the nominations for the race closed, his stable

didn't think he was good enough to be entered.

The Maryland Jockey Club's one-day meet was a good show. Four stakes races were run off besides the Preak

ness—something of a record for an afternoon in this country, even though the purse distribution of $11 7,500 may not be. T o be brief about it, Rounders came back to his best form and galloped away with the Dixie Handi-cap; Gallorette took the Pim-' 1 ' l,co Oaks; a lively filly named /V Dady Gunner won the Pimlico Nursery; and a lot of Marylanders picked up some summer holiday money on Director J. E. in the Jennings Handicap.

LAST Friday I went down to Bel-

y mont to see Colony Boy, Mrs. Elizabeth Graham's $46,000 yearling, run his first race. He is a beautifully made colt, the image of his papa, Eight Thirty, and has a smooth, powerful stride when he chooses to use it. He was nam.ed by Mrs. Clara Bell Walsh, who, Mrs. Graham says, "christened him that because there is a restaurant we like, and he's a boy, you know." Colony Boy didn't win. He ran greenly and finished third behind Russell Firestone's Degage, who paid a $115.60 mutuel, and A. J. Sackett's Sun Ireland, but it might not be a bad idea to take a ticket on him next time out. However, Mrs. Graham likes Star Pilot, another of her horses, who cost her onlj $26,000, just a mite better than Colony Boy at the moment, and not only because he won later that afternoon. I know a man who wanted to bet on Colony Boy but bought a $100 ticket on Degage by mistake. He refused to try to change it because he said it was bad luck to change mutuel tickets. It would have been—$5,780 worth.

MY stay-at-home observer reports that Devil Diver's victory in the $50,000 Suburban last Saturday was one of his better performances. Now I hope he'll win the Brooklyn, also a $50,000 plum, at Aqueduct next month. Only one racer has ever won the Metropolitan, Suburban, and Brooklyn the same year. Whisk Broom II did it back in 1913.

—Audax Minor

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[From a recent address by Charles P. Taft in Carnegie Hall]

Mopping up the twilight of the mad dogs goes on in Germany.

From one of America's finest regions for the production of dry, white table wines comes Widmer's Delaware . . . a special varietal wine of rare zest and delicacy.

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The Death of a Poet and the Dawn of an Idea

HERMANN BROCH'S "The Death of Virgil" (Pantheon) is one of those novels, like James Joyce's "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake," that stand a better chance of getting talked about than of getting read. Mr. Broch, whose trilogy, "The Sleepwalkers," caused a certain amount of stir when it was published a few years ago, has written a long prose poem (this isn't an exact description, but I don't know what else to call it) based on a single incident—the death of the author of the "Aeneid,"—that sets out to explore all the currents and conflicts of the Augustan Age by exploring the ramifications of Virgil's thought, which are hardly less complicated, as he lies on his deathbed. This sort of literary ambition is more European than American, possibly because of our truncated sense of history and what would appear to be a native suspicion of anything that suggests the turgidly heroic, and I suspect that Mr. Broch, at best, is going to have a rather limited audience. This is unfortunate, because, while this tidal remembrance of things in the ancient past is frequently just a bit too much to contend with, it is perhaps the best novel by a European since Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain." There are enough similarities between Mr. Broch and Joyce to bracket them together (the fact, for example, that Mr. Broch's book is really a long interior monologue broken by passages of conversation), but it seems to me that he has a much closer resemblance to Mr. Mann than he has to the creator of Stephen Dedalus. There are no marked signs that Mr. Broch has been particularly influenced by his fellow-countryman, but they both have the same Goethian solemnity, the same fondness for elaborate design, and the same brooding absorption with the primal concerns of humanity that lie at the bottom of Mr. Mann's series about Joseph and his brothers. It is this absorption that fills Mr. Broch's book and makes it the impressive achievement it undoubtedly is—an achievement, however, that is more of a philosophical and poetical accomplishment than a fictional one. The author has gone to considerable trouble to provide a historical background that seems as authentic as such a background can be (all the Imperial Roman cycloramas, though, from "Quo Vadis?" on, have the same look), but there its resemblance to most books with a historical background ends; he isn't doing anything so simple as merely writing a fictionalized life of his hero. We get no portrait of Virgil growing up on his father's farm near Mantua, going to school in Cremona, Milan, and Rome, attending the lectures of Siro the Epicurean in Naples (I looked all this up), rejecting the philosophy of pleasure, and writing the "Eclogues." Nor do we see him, as a successful young author, getting to know Maecenas, who became his patron and introduced him to Augustus, at whose suggestion he began the "Aeneid," which he worked on until his death, after which it was published, against his final wishes, in its unfinished form. Mr. Broch begins his book with Virgil lying mortally ill on one of the ships of Augustus's imperial squadron, on its way from Greece to Brundisium. He doesn't tell us how Virgil happened to be along (the poet had been travelling in Greece, I found out on my own, and apparently just happened to meet Augustus in Athens), and neither does he tell us any of the other prosaic, chronological things that we expect to find in a book of fiction. He isn't interested enough in such details to make them part of his chronicle, and, once we get around to accepting his method and purpose, we forget to be interested in them, too.

As I have said, however, Mr. Broch's philosophical flood tide is not likely to sustain many readers' attention for long stretches at a time. Even Plato doesn't always do that, and Mr. Broch, interesting and provocative though he can be, isn't Plato. He is more in a class, particularly as a writer, with Thomas Wolfe—a little more disciplined, a little more careful, a little more conscious of the compulsions of form, but essentially the same kind of writer. Take this typical passage:

> Whither was the youth leading them? from what remoteness, from what depth of memory had he emerged? from what past, from which future, by what mysterious necessity was he impelled? and from which past to which future secret was he himself being borne? was there only a permanent balancing in an immeasurable present? All about him were the gulp-muzzles, the shout-muzzles, the sing-muzzles, the gape-muzzles, the opened muzzles in the closed faces, all of them

"What expplosion!!

Hat, hendcaciff, sciarf of men

and of women

came like banners."

O ENRICO CARUSO, writing to his young wife, described an ovation that greeted his singing. Now, twenty-three years after Caruso's death in Naples, his wife, Dorothy, has written the story of his splendid, tragic life and their idyllic marriage. Her book, too, has been greeted with an "expplosion." For instance:

"You recognize its authenticity immediately. You know that Enrico Caruso, working, singing, loving, suffering, and dying must have been just so." —TV. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review

"There is an aura of imperishable romance about Caruso. There was a story which had to be told, and there was no one in the world who could tell it except his wife—no one else who knew of the cry in the dark, the packet of love letters."

—H. Y. Times Book Review

"Brings back in a hundred ways Caruso's life and art. Maestro Toscanini read it and told me it had moved him profoundly."—Bmno Zirato, Associate Manager of the Philharmonic Symphony

"Absorbing and revealing. His letters are the outpourings of a man deeply in love, big of heart, shrewd, witty. And they are written in some of the most extraordinary English yet put on paper."

—Chicago Tribune

"It brought tears to my eyes many times. I think it one of the most moving things I have ever read."—/Tay Boyle

"One of the great love stories of our day. More than in all his famous records, Caruso lives again in the pages of this book."

—Ben Hecht

"\ was intensely moved, and consider it a very valuable contribution to our musical literature."

—Walter Damrosch

ENRICO CARUSO

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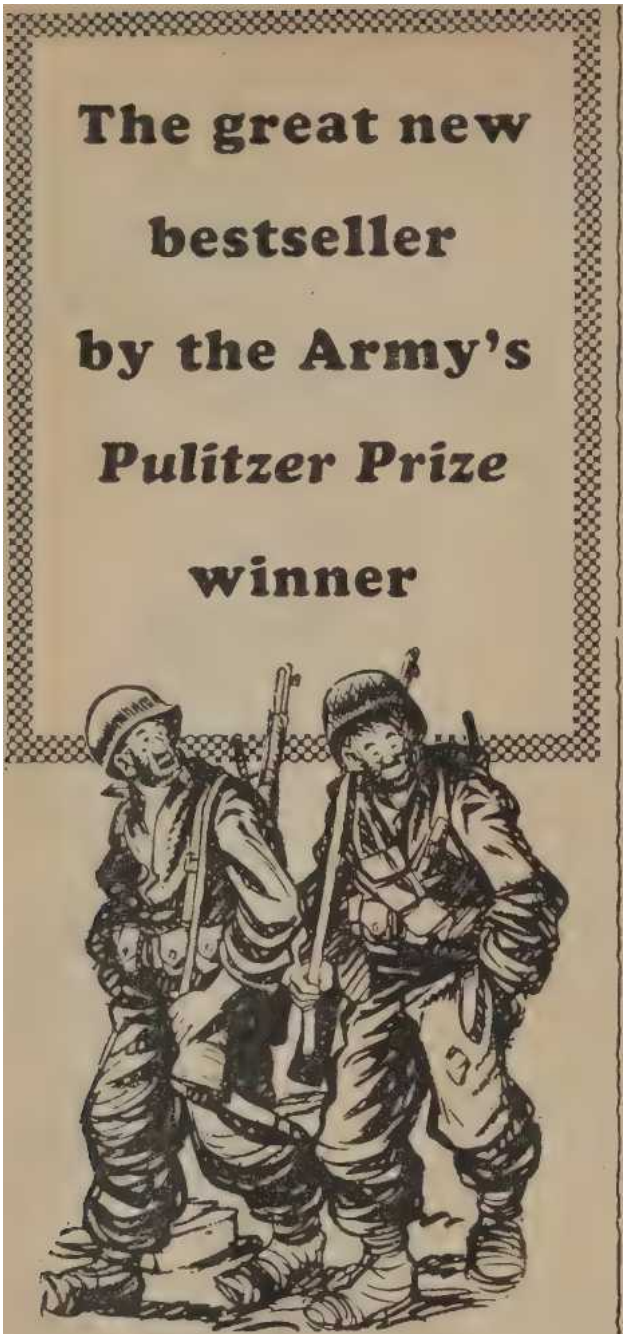
BY DOROTHY CARUSO

Illustrated with 28 photographs and 15 caricatures drawn by

Caruso. Price $2.75. SIMON AND SCHUSTfR



Up Front

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BILL MAULDIN

161 PICTURES AND 40,000 WORDS OF TEXT

BILL MAULDIN is this war's best, and best-loved, cartoonist. He is the darling of the dogfaces he caricatures.

You can find his cartoons tucked away in almost every soldier's pack; they love his tough, corrosive humor.

But there are more than cartoons in this book; there are over forty thousand words of wonderful text . . . biting, compassionate words that tenderly picture the life of the doughfoot as it has never been done before. Mauldin knows their gripes, their jokes, their opinions, their fears, and he records their talk with uninhibited accuracy.
$3.00

were opened, torn apart, beset with teeth behind red, brown, or pallid lips, armed with tongues; and looking down on the mossy-woolly round heads of the slaveporters ... he had knowledge of the blood that pulsed in them, of the spittle they had to swallow, he knew of the thoughts in these preposterous, clumsy, intractable foddered-and-muscled machines, knowing the thoughts that were almost lost, yet eternally unlosable, which, frail and apathetic, transparent and dark, trickling drop by drop, were falling and evaporating, the drops of the soul.

Mr. Broch goes on like this for four hundred and eighty-two pages, and anyone who listens with his head turned in the other direction

can certainly be excused for thinking that he is listening to one of the dithyrambic outpourings of Eugene Gant, who, of course, occasionally sounded as if he'd read James Joyce himself. There is, in this book of Mr. Broch's, as in all of Wolfe's books except "Look Homeward, Angel," far too much of everything. It is this too-muchness, however, that gives it its special quality and distinction, just as it was the too-muchness of Wolfe that helped to make his novels the powerful, compelling books they are. For the past twenty years or so, many novelists have made a point, almost a fetish, of stripping their books to the barest essentials, or even less. There is much to be said for this practice of leaving things out, but there is just as much to be said, as Wolfe and Mr. Broch have shown, for the contrary practice of putting things in. Personally, I rather like it.

ONE of the things that Mr. Broch puts into "The Death of Virgil" (people who know German tell me that Jean Starr Untermeyer has done an excellent translating job, by the way) is a long dialogue between the poet and Augustus about the nature and function of the state. There comes a point in the conversation when Augustus, annoyed by some of the ideas Virgil has been expressing, tells him that they are dangerous and derogatory to the state and threaten its order. Virgil

denies this, and says that there is a higher kind of order, "the order of human law'."

"Laws?" Augustus replies. "As if we were not more than blessed with them! ...The people wish for order but certainly not for insidious laws by which they and their state are endangered."

"The kingdom increasing in piety does not destroy the state, but surpasses it," Virgil answers. "The people, in-

deed they arc entitled to order in the state, but man is entitled to truth; . . . w'hen he shall achieve perception, then the new kingdom will be created, the kingdom within the law of perception, the kingdom graced by its power to ensure creation."

All this may seem to have little to do with another book that has just been published, "The Anatomy of Peace," by Emery Reves (Harper), a brisk and combative demonstration that world peace depends on world law and that world law depends on a world organization in which national sovereignty must be at least partially submerged, but it is a reminder that some of our contemporary arguments, including the one about universal law and. nationalism, are in the neighborhood of two thousand years old. For although the modern conception of nationalism, as Hans Kohn has pointed out in "Idea of Nationalism" (the best book on the subject I know, incidentally), is no older than the second half of the eighteenth century and had its first great manifestation in the French Revolution, its roots go back to the tribes of Israel. Mr. Reves doesn't trace these roots, since there is no need for it, hut he does point out, quite correctly, that the current concepts of nationalism and sovereignty, which compel each nation to regard itself as the center of the world, are about as useful as the geocentric theory of the universe laid down by Ptolemy in the second century a.d. These concepts, Mr. Reves insists, have to be discarded if there is ever going to be world peace, since world peace, like the internal peace of each nation, has to rest on law and since worldwide law can come about only through a worldwide federation of states. Mr. Reves doesn't merely say all this; he demonstrates it so clearheadedly that he would scarcely seem to leave room for any argument except that which will come from those nationalistic Ptolemaists who will insist, despite all the evidence that has been piled up during these years of war, that the politi

cal earth doesn't move. It does move, though, and it is going to keep on moving, and it would appear to be a good idea for men and women, as well as the countries they inhabit, to move along with it. It can be flatly said, in this murky era of drift and disorder, that there are only two directions—the road we have been travelling, with its potholes of depression and death curves of war, or the one that Virgil thought men should aspire to, leading toward piety,

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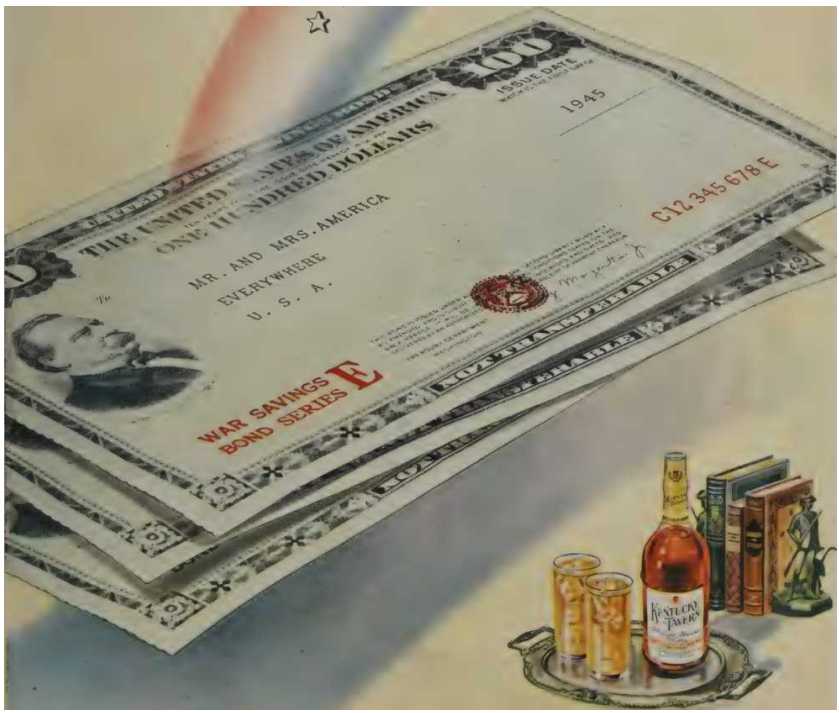

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BRIEFLY NOTED

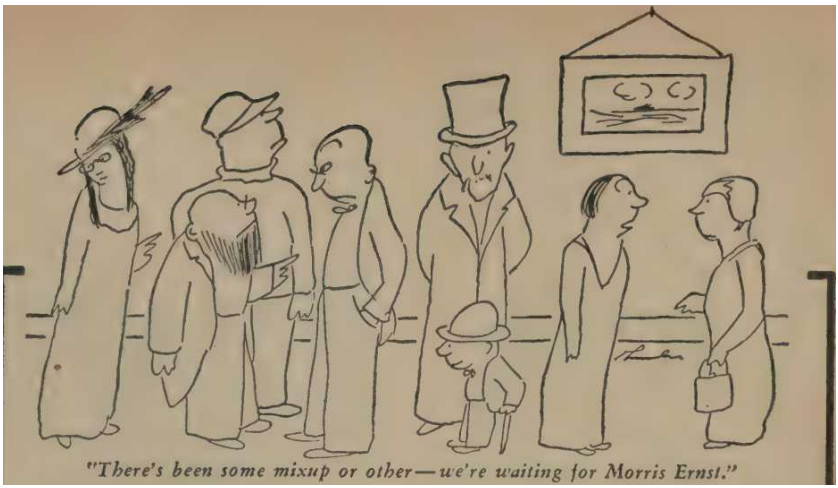
FICTION

The Violent Land, by Jorge Amado, translated by Samuel Putnam (Knopf). The story of a bloody feud between two landowning Brazilian families for the possession of a tract of virgin forest to which neither has any right. The background is the wild, lush countryside of eastern Brazil during a boom in the rich cocoa-growing district, when everybody was grabbing land amid a turmoil that makes the "Violent" of the title seem an understatement. Interesting of its kind, but you may find it difficult to decide just what kind it is.

Fool's Errand, by Frederic F. Van de Water (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). All kinds of troubles—romantic, financial, and alcoholic, to be exact — lie in the way of a young New York artist and his wife who go to live on a Vermont farm. Town readers, who are made uneasy by hymns to the sturdy joys of country life, will be pleased to learn that the hero encounters much more distressing problems in Vermont than any he knew in Greenwich Village and that, despite what bucolic writers have led us to believe, the great open spaces do nothing about developing the more rugged virtues. A lively story, easy to read and perhaps quite as easy to forget.

Claire, by Erin Samson (Harper). The story of a young French-American girl, at the end of the last century, who abandons a brief but successful career as a dancer to marry an ailing and impoverished French aristocrat. In an old-fashioned, rather gushing style the author tells of the young woman's happy marriage, her cantankerous French relatives, and her charm, under the spell of which everybody except the reader sooner or later falls. If Miss Samson had worked her considerable firsthand knowledge of prewar French family life into a simpler narrative, she might have turned out an interesting novel.

Mr. Allenby Loses the Way, by Frank Baker (Coward-McCann). A middle-aged London newsdealer who believes in fairies (he was found in infancy in a fairy ring in the



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Orkneys) is given five wishes by a sinister stranger. It turns out that the sinister stranger is the newsdealer’s father. The whole story is so hopelessly muddled, and so much of the supernatural is brought in to no purpose, that it is hard to be sure who is human and who isn’t, and the reader will probably give up in honest bewilderment long before the hero finally disappears into the same fairy ring in which he started life. AH this isn’t nearly as whimsical as it sounds, but it is so many worse things that, by comparison, whimsy seems an engaging quality.

GENERAL

Up Front, by Sergeant Bill Mauldin (Holt). A collection of cartoons, nearly all of which are excellent, plus a text, nearly all of which is also excellent, by the twenty-three-year-old soldier who might perhaps be called the Ernie Pyle of artists. There is no reason a man so young as Sergeant Mauldin shouldn’t have the sober, thoughtful insight that makes his book an uncommonly discerning record of the nature of war and of the men who fight wars, but it is rather surprising to find that he has it, just the same.

Memories and Opinions, by Q (Macmillan). Four chapters, and the fragment of a fifth, of an unfinished autobiography by the English scholar who wrote more than fifty books of fiction, poetry, essays, and criticism but is chiefly remembered as the editor of the “Oxford Book of English Verse.” Q (or Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch) led a more than ordinarily sequestered life, even for an English don, and these autobiographical musings are as quiet as his life—a little too quiet,

perhaps, to interest many people this noisy side of the Atlantic.

I Ask You, Ladies and Gentlemen, by Leon Z. Surmelian (Dutton). I he childhood and early sorrow of a young Armenian writer who was uprooted from his native country during the Turkish massacres and wandered through Armenia, Turkey, and Russia before he made his way, adventure by adventure, to the United States. Armenian writing, like Armenian cooking, has a flavor some people don't like, but Mr. Surmelian, who has something to say and a pleasant way of saying it, goes easy with his seasoning. William Saroyan, in his introduction, is at it again.

The Profane Virtues, by Peter

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Quennell (Viking). A study of eighteenth-century England (which is supposed to have been ruled by what Gibbon called "the profane virtues of sincerity and moderation") done in the form of biographies of four of its most representative men— Boswell, Gibbon, Sterne, and John Wilkes. These names, as Mr. Quennell says, are linked with some of the most important aspects of the extremely fertile genius of the eighteenth century, and in writing about the men who bore them, he has been able to reproduce (within reasonable limits) the age in which they lived. The author travels some well-travelled ground, but the way he does it, and his ability to write, make this one of the worth-while books of the year. Illustrated.

All Our Lives: Alice Duer Miller, by Henry Wise Miller (Coward-McCann). T he likelihood that an intimate memoir of Alice Duer Miller would be of interest to many people seems, on the surface, extremely slim. However, Mr. Miller, in this book about Ls wife, is

like a man turning over the pages of a family album, and he is so pleased with what he sees, and has so many pleasant memories, that he manages to communicate much of his pleasure to the reader. Illustrated.

VEK5E

Tahl, by Jeremy Ingalls (Knopf). This long (619 pages) poem is exactly the type of poetic work that every serious and bookish young poet in his early twenties swears to write. Experience and necessity usually reduce such a plan to feasible proportions. Miss Ingalls, however, has been able to keep her original dream intact and preserve her Enthusiasm undampened over a period of some thirteen years. A pure Romantic phantasmagoria, studded with learning as well as with many passages of considerable power and beauty, unrolls before the reader. Miss Ingalls' hero, a "revolutionary" musician with several Heathcliffian traits, loves, talks, fights (chiefly in the Spanish Civil War), and composes through a highly pitched existence, surrounded by a chorus and audience of admiring friends. We are even given, in great detail, a description of his "extraordinary" music. A fantasy of this kind, almost totally unembarrassed bv conscious checks and balances, has its value and interest. Miss Ingalls' style unfortunately be-

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comes more and more incoherent and elliptical as the work progresses, so the reader finally almost stifles in the very act of reading.

Soldiers and Strangers, by Edward Fenton (Macmillan). War and civilian life in time of war, seen through the eyes of a poet not entirely disabused yet seldom sentimental. The tougher poems, some of which have been published in this magazine, are better than the tender ones.

That's All That Matters, by Oscar Williams (Creative Age). Mr. Williams' style and spirit have calmed down considerably since the appearance, five years ago, of his torrential "The Man Coming Toward You." In his new volume, he evokes some sharp pictures of a nightmare world wherein reality and his own peculiar wild vision often fuse with surprising results.

The Poetry of Freedom, edited by William Rose Benet and Norman Cousins (Random House). The editors have generously included verse from countries either enemy or at the moment under a cloud, and have not neglected religious and spiritual freedom in favor of freedom purely political in character. Since the nobility of the

subject of a poem does not guarantee a poem's excellence, some of the verse is dull, hut the anthology as a whole is extremely interesting because of its contrasts, as well as its similarities, of subject and treatment.

MY5TER.Y AND CRIME

The Curse of the Bronze Lamp, by Carter Dickson (Morrow). Lady Helen Loring, one of Britain's handsomest female archeologists, walks into her house with a bronze lamp she dug up in Egypt and vanishes according to the specifications laid down by whoever put the curse on the thing. This baffling event is finally figured out by Sir Henry Merri-vale, who is not, in this instance, preoccupied with sealed rooms and who is at his best and his funniest in this mystery.

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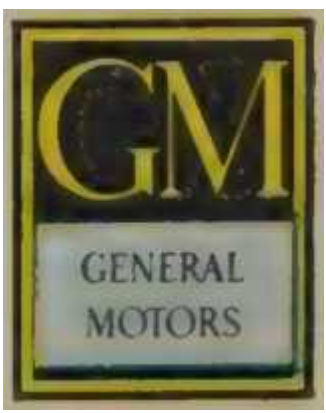

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THE THEATRE

(As indicated below, many shows will give special W ar Bond performances next week. Tickets can be obtained by buying War Bonds at any major department store. There will also be some juggling of schedules because of the July 4 holiday; and. as there may be further last-minute changes, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield. 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Beu for Adano—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes for several weeks on Sat., June 30.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. With Richard Hart. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special War Bond performance Mon. Aft., July 2, at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her elder sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. The cast includes Virginia Gilmore (to be replaced by Augusta

Dabney on Mon., July 2), Lenore Loner-gan, and Howard Smith. (Henry Miller, 43. E. BR 9-3970- Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Foxhole in the Parlor—Montgomery Clift as a soldier whose horror of war has temporarily unbalanced his mind. Unfortunately, Elsa Shelley's treatment isn't quite up to her theme. With Russell Hardie, Flora Campbell, and Grace Coppin. (Ethel Barrymore. 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45- Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 (45-)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally very effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse. 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading role is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48. E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 140.)

The Hasty Heart—A beautiful nurse (Anne Burr) and some sympathetic comrades humanize a crusty Scot practically on his deathbed. As written by John Patrick (and played by Richard Basehart), he doesn't seem quite worth the bother. (Hudson, 44. E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2 :35-)

The Late George Arley—An adaptation of the Marquand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is

still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll in the title role is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram. and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2140. Special War Bond performance Thurs. Aft., June 28, at 2:40. Closes for several weeks < >n Sat., June 30.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Overtons—Familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Judith Evelyn, June Knight, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (National. 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A CON5CIENTIOU5 CALENDAR.

OF EVENT! OF INTER.E5T

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 7.

Ten Little Indians—Tn Agatha Christie's book everybody got killed, but in the play there are two survivors. Not terribly exciting, but still well above the general leyel of mystery shows. Among the doomed are Estelle Winwood and Halliwell Hobbes. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8140. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy- by John van Druten, with a small, expert cast consisting of Betty- Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly at 8:35.

Mat. Sat. at 2:35. Special War Bond performance Fri Aft., June 29, at 2:35. Closes for several weeks on Sat., June 30.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. The cast includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro. (Shubert. 44, W. Cl 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun,, at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special War Bond performance Thurs. Aft., June 28, at 2 .-30.)

Carousel—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with very agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44. W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs., except July 5, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Wed., July 4, at 2:30.)

Concert Varieties—Billy Rose's attempt to uplift vaudeville s handicapped by a little too much intricate dancing but it is satisfactory enough on the whole. The acts, introduced by Deems Taylor, include the Katherine Dunham Dancers. Rosario and Antonio, Zero Mostel, and Imogene Coca.

DEPARTMENT!

IN THU U5UE

Page

THE. NEV YORKER 25 VEiT 43RD 3iR£ET TELEPHONE

ADVtRTIJING I JUBSCILIETIONT, BRYANT 9-6300 EDITORIAL OFFlCEJ. BRYANT 9-8200

(Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Closes Thurs., June 28.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Hollywood Pinafore—George S. Kaufman has fixed Sii' Arthur Sullivan up with a new book and lyrics, but many are likely to prefer the originals. William Gaxton, Victor Moore, and Shirley Booth are prominently displayed. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special War Bond performance Thurs. Aft., July 5, at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—This is the third Olsen and Johnson exhibit, and the boys seem to be running out of ideas, not to mention taste. With Frank Libuse. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 130.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs.. except July 5, and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Wed., July 4, at 2 130.)

On the Town—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to. but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special War Bond performance Mon. Aft., July 2, at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances arranged by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Broadway, B'way at 53- CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun.,

at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special War Bond performance Fri. Aft., June 29, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49- CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves, .at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon,, at 8:40, Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 140 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice or less.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules

Lande's orchestra playing its polite dance music in this cool and subterranean summerhouse.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An old favorite, uninhabited for quite a while, is again in business, with Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), the dance team of Fred and Elaine Barry, and Henry Busse's orchestra.

Cafe Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)— To meet Miss Paula Laurence and Miss Georgia Gibbs, who have been neglecting us for too long a time. Also, Josh White and that guitar, and Edmond Hall's band.

Cafe Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)

—This timeless cavern has Imogene Coca and her cantankerous comedy, jazz piano by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson, songs by Ann Hathaway, and music by Phil Moore's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)■— Pomp and circumstance a la carte. Chauncey Gray's orches-. tra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (\ O 5-6374)-—For an ornate but pleasant dinner or supper to the chipper dance music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One oi our largest and most luxurious tropics, fitted out mostly with a chromium-plated clientele. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band play nonstop music.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus with- his mind-reading business (very neat) is in the elegant Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra

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plays for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Cafe Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, s Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde departs from the Persian Room after Wed.? July' 4. and will be replaced by Walter Liberace whose fancy it is to play piano to a victrola accompaniment. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's bands will continue to alternate on the stand. Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

Sr. Regis Root, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The way' heaven would look in the hands of a good interior decorator. Reasonably celestial dance music by Paul Sparr's orchestra.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)-—The elaborate Cafe Lounge presents a lot of vocal choruses accompanied by' the sweet music of

London's Roy Fox and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every' day.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A rather well-known playroom for the children. Ernie Holst's orchestra and a rumba band are on hand all evening.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof lias a small supper show, princi-]5hlly Borrah Minevitch's Harmonica Rascals, for no special reason. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra provides better-than-usual dance music, and Mischa Borr's orchestra alternates with it at supper. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—blue angel, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): comic monologues by Eddie Mayehoff and all sorts of nice music by Mildred Bailey, the Delta Rhythm Boys, and the Herman Chittison Trio. . . . ruban bleu, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): brightsome singing by' Monica Boyar, Thelma Carpenter, and a quartet; a prodigious variety' of good piano playing by Garland Wilson, Jose Melis, and Julius Monk. Closes for the summer on Sat., June 30. . . . spivy's roof, 139 E..57 (PL 3-9322): Spivy, still talking those songs about what shouldn't happen to a dog, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets.

Miscellaneous—At the coq rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestraplaying jauntily for dancing. . . . Versailles, 15 1 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Jerry Cooper and a show full of delectable young ladies who sometimes seem tired of it all; dance music by Joe Ricardel. ...1-2-3 club, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet, broken only mildly by Roger Stearns' genteel piano; no dancing. . . . casino russe, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. ... el chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646) : good Spanish dishes and even better Spanish music. . . . Copacabana, io E. 60 (PL 8-1060) : Russell Swann (a fairly cerebral entertainer for this establishment) and his magicianly tricks, with Mitzi Green and Enric Madriguera's lush orchestra to help out. Upstairs in the Cabana Room, a rumba band. . . . astor roof, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large, cool, and full of helter-skelter young people, egged on by' Harry James' orchestra.

. . . Essex house, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300) : Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. . . . madison, 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Oscar Day's orchestra. . . . new yorker hotel, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000) : George Paxton's orchestra. . . . roosevelt, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200) : Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its view of the harbor and its open-air deck, now has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At nick's, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots making the temperature twenty degrees hotter inside. . . . village vanguard, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): hard to tell from a hole in the ground, but nicely fitted out with Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . downbeat, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-

9511): Sidney Catlett and his teammates (starting Fri., June 29) and Al Casey's new trio; dancing. ... onyx, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith's trio, and Hot Lips Page huffing, puffing, and blowing the house down. . . . Jimmy ryan's, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600) : a-hot trio that includes Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. . . . three deuces. 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Erroll Garner in a band of their own (through Thurs., July 5).

Al Fresco—The Claremont inn, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and dance music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . tavern-on-the-green, Central Pk. W. at 67: a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then. . . . museum of modern art, ii W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . central park zoo: the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but nice in midweek for a late breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafes: brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; fifth avenue hotel, 5 Ave. at 9; longchamps, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed Wed., July 4.)

American—The Encyclopedia Britannica collection of contemporary art: International Bldg., Rockefeller Center. Weekdays, including July 4, 11/ m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 6 p.m.; through July 8.

American Academy, B'way at 155—Painting and sculpture by Edward Hopper. Paul Manship, and others. Daily 2 to 5 p.m.; through Fri., June 29.

Austrian—A hundred years of Austrian art, from Ferdinand Georg Waldmiiller to Oskar Kokoschka; a benefit for the Save the Children Federation: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun., 2 to 5 p.m.; through Sat., July 7.

Frick Collection, i E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been hidden away for safekeeping since we entered the war are now back in the Museum. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.

Groups—At the durlacher, ii E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through July 31. . . . Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 29. . . . passedoit, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, Jose de Creeft, and others of this group. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 130 p.m. ; Sat., 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. ; through July 31. . . . macbeth, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by contemporary American artists. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Fri., June 29. . . . 47 gallery, 67 E. 57: fourteen painters, centered about Hans Arp, in whose general style the gallery see signs of a new "ism." Daily 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., June 30. . . . perls, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sept. 8. . . . contemporary arts, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 p.m.; through Sat., June 30. . . nierendorf, 53 E. 57: work by contemporaries. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., June 30. . . . babcock, 38 E. 57: new paintings by artists of the gallery's group; also a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through

Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Aug. 31. ... Rosenberg, 16 E. 57: work by Rattner, Hartley, Helion, Avery, and Weber. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through July 13. ...art of this century, 30 W. 57: painting and sculpture by Loren Maclver, Gypsy Rose Lee, I. Rice Pereira, and other women. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. ; through Sat., July 7. . . . ferar-gil, 63 E. 57: paintings by around a hundred contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Fri., July 6. . . . midtown, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through July 13.... niveau, 63 E. 57: Dufy, Utrillo, Pascin, and other French painters. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 P.M.; through July 14. . . . kleemann, 65 E. 57: Corbino, Eilshemius, Bosa, and others. Thurs. and Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 12 noon; through Sat., June 30. . . . weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61: Edward Stevens, Nye Pharr, and

other young Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat., 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.; through July 27. . . . levitt, 16 W. 57: Oronzo Gasparo. Everett Spruce, and others. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through July 31. . . . feigl, 601 Madison, at 57: members of this gallery's group, including De Hirsh Margules and Mariano Rod riguez. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Jul}' 21. . . . milch, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman. Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Aug. 31.

Aristide Maillol—A memorial show: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., June 30.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, newly arranged to show the development of Greek civilization; also, prints and drawings by Goya. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. and July 4. from 1 to 5 p.m.

Museum of Modern Art, ii W. 53—A large part of the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun. and July 4, from 1 to 7 p.m.; through Nov 4.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun. and July 4, from 12 noon to 6 p.m.; through Sept. 15.

Fred E. Robertson-—Semi-naive paintings by Grandma Moses' brother: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 1 P.M.; through July 14.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts-—Philharmonic-Symphony—Andre Kostelanetz conducting, Thurs., June 28; Alexander Smallens conducting, Fri. and Tues., June 29 and July 3; Franz Allers conducting, Sat. and Sun., June 30-July 1; Al Goodman conducting, Mon., July 2; Leonard Bernstein conducting. Thurs. through Sat., July 5-7. Highlights: Lily Pons, soprano, June 28; Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, June 30; Dinah Shore, contralto, July 2; Bronislaw Huberman, violin, July 5; Alec Templeton, piano, July 7. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 p.m. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534- In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 p.m. over WNYC. Fifth Avenue buses marked "Stadium" leave Washington Square at frequent intervals weekdays between 6:44 and 7:32 p.m. and Sundays between 6:31 and 7:31 p.m.)

Juilliarl Concerts—Katherine Bacon, piano, Tues., fuly 3; Ernest Hutcheson, piano, Wed., July 4; Lonny Epstein, piano, Thurs., July 5; Marcel Grandjany, harp, Fri., July 6. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122. At 4 p.m. No tickets necessary.)

Park Concerts—Central Park Mall—Goldman Band: Sun., Mon., and Fri., at 8:30 p.m. . . . Naumburg Orchestra, Richard Bales conducting, Wed., July 4, at 8:15 p.m.

SPORTS

Baseball—At the polo grounds: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs., June 28, at 8:45 p.m., and Fri., June 29, at 2:30 p.m.; Giants vs. Chicago, Sat., June 30, at 2:30 p.m., and Sun., July 1 (doubleheader), at 2:05 p.m.; Giants vs. St. Louis, Mon., July 2, at 8:45 p.m., Wed., July 4 (doubleheader), at 1:30 p.m., and Thurs., July 5, at 2:30 p.m.; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Fri., July 6, at 2:30 p.m., and Sat., July 7 (doubleheader), at 1 :3o p.m. . . . ebbets field: Dodgers vs. Chicago, Thurs. and Fri., June 28-29, at 2:30 p.m.; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Sat., June 30, at 8:30 p.m., and Sun., July 1 (doubleheader), at 2:05

p.m.; Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Tues., July 3, at 8:30 p.m., Wed., July 4 (doubleheader), at 1:30 p.m., and Thurs., July 5, at 2:30 p.m.; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Fri., July 6, at 8:30 p.m., and Sat., July 7, at 2:30 p.m.

Boxing —Madison Square Garden—Rocky Graziano vs. Freddie Cochrane, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 29; Tommy Bell vs. Jake La Motta, middleweights, 10 rounds, Fri., July 6. (Preliminaries at 8:30 p.m.; main bouts at 10 P.M.) Golf—U.S. Seniors' G.A. Annual Championship, daily through Fri., June 29, Apawamis Club. Rye, N.Y. . . , Metropolitan G.A. Amateur-Pro Championship, Sun., July 1, Montclair G.C., Montclair, N.J.

Racing—Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 1:30 p.m.,

through July 14. (Carter Handicap, June 30; Tremont Handicap and Brooklyn Handicap, July 4; Gazelle Handicap, July 7.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 a.m. and 1:10 p.m. and Sat. between 10:45 a.m. and 1 :25 p.m.

Soccer—Brookhattan vs. Hispanos and Wanderers vs. N.Y. Americans; exhibition games for the benefit of the Red Cross, Thurs., June 28, at 7 p.m. (Yankee Stadium. For tickets, call BR 9-2104.)

Tennis—Eastern Intercollegiate Championships,

daily through Sat., June 30, Montclair A.C., Montclair, N.J.

Track—National Senior and Junior Championships, for the benefit of the Red Cross. Fri. and Sat., June 29-30, at 2 p.m. (Randalls Island. For tickets, call BR 9-2104.)

Trotting—Weekdays at Saratoga, N.Y., at 8:15 p.m., through Aug. 25. . . . Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40

p.m. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 p.m.)

Yachting—Championship regattas on the Sound: New Rochelle Y.C., Sun., July 1; Larchmont Y.C., Wed., July 4; at about 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Seventh War Loan Drive—A sham attack on a Bougainville pillbox, with flame-throwers, bazookas, rocket launchers, and other equipment seldom seen by civilians: Tues., July 3, at 8 p.m. (Yankee Stadium. Tickets can he obtained by buying War Bonds at banks or motion-picture theatres. . . . "The Fighting Lady," a 103-foot model of an aircraft carrier, is on view in the Sunken Plaza of Rockefeller Center. (Purchasers of War Bonds, at the Plaza, may go on board.)

Wartime Exhibitions—At the Chrysler bldg., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 p.m., continuous showings of recent Army and Navy films. Weekdays, including July 4, from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunair-structor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily, including July 4, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . new York historical society, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Tues, through Fri., except July 4, front 1 to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Housing—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun. and July 4, from 1 to 7 p.m.; through Sept. 30.

Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104— About a hundred prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built New York's first omnibuses, horsecars, early

subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in drawings, photographs, uniforms, and documents: Tues, through Sat., including July 4, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.; through Sept. 30.

ON THE AIR

State Department—Archibald MacLeish and others in a discussion of our international policy, Sat., June 30, at 7 p.m., WEAF.

Mayor La Guardia—In the second of a series of talks on New York City, Thurs., June 28, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., July 1, at 3 p.m., WABC. . . . Stadium Concerts, Fri., June 29 and July 6, at 8:30 p.m., WNY C. . . . Boston "Pops" orchestra, Arthur Fiedler conducting, Sat., June 30 and July 7, at 8:30 p.m., WJZ. ... Duke Ellington and his orchestra. Sat., June 30 and July 7, at 5 p.m., WJZ.

Sports—Boxing: Rocky Graziano vs. Freddie Cochrane, Fri., June 29; Tommy Bell vs. Jake La Motta, Fri., July 6; at 10 p.m., WOR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P m., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 28, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 7.

Paris), Wed. at 10:45 p m., WJZ. ... Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 p.m., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues, through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 p.m., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 p.m., WABC. ... Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 p.m., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 p.m., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 p.m., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5 :4s p.m., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 p.m., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 p.m., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 p.m., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

Guest in the House—A very sensible adaptation of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. and Sat., June 29-30. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., June 29-July 2.)

Junior Miss—Sally Benson's series about a little girl who tries to rearrange life in terms of the cinema has been very pleasantly

adapted for the screen. With Peggy Ann Garner. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay—Wholesome little rich girls abroad in 1923. The treatment is light, nostalgic, and sometimes funny. With Gail Russell and Diana Lynn. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Thurs., June 28. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Mon., June 30-July 2. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Fri., July 4-6. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Wed. through Sat., July 4-7.)

A Royal Scandal—Tallulah Bankhead, as the Empress of all the Russias, in a comedy that has probably little to do with either Catherine or history, but is pretty funny anyway. (Loew's 80th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., June 29. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; through Tues., July 3. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., June 30-July 3. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., July 1-2.)

Without Love—Donald Ogden Stewart's version of Philip Barry's play that has practically nothing to do with the original but is very gay and charming. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy head the cast. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Tues., July 3. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., June 30-July 3. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues, through Thurs., July 3-5. ... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues, through Sat., July 3-7. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Wed. through Fri., July 4-6.)

Wonder Man—Danny Kaye plays twins in this funny film about love, murder, and ghosts. With Virginia Mayo and Vera-Ellen. (Astor, B'way at

Notes—"To the Shores of Iwo Jima," a stirring and sometimes shocking documentary film of the Marines' victory in the Pacific, in Technicolor, is being shown at the Plaza, 58, E. of Madison, Sat. through Tues., June 30-July 3. . . . "Now—the Peace," a graphic and arresting short film having to do with the practical application of Dumbarton Oaks and Bretton Woods, is being shown at the following newsreel theatres: Trans Lux, B'way at 49, and Madison at 60; through Mon., July 2; Embassy, Park at 42; Fri. through Tues., June

29-July 3: Embassy, 33 W. 50; Fri. through Thurs., June 29-July 5.

REVIVALS

Alice Adams (1935)—The Booth Tarkington novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., June 30-July 2.)

Arrowsmith (1931)—Sinclair Lewis' story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri.. July 6.)

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. With Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Thurs., June 28.)

The Garden of Allah (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Wed., July 4.)

The Gay Divorcee (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's '"Night and Day." (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., June 30-July 2.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery and Claude Rains. (World, 153 W. 49; Thurs., June 28.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., July 2-3. ... Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Tues., July 3.)

In Name Only (1939)—Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, and Cary Grant in the usual triangle mess. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., July 1-3.)

In Our Time (1944)—Poland in 1939. With Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues, through Thurs., July 3-5.)

Joy of Liv,ng (1938)—Kern tunes and comedy, with Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., June 29-30.)

Ladies in Retirement (1941)—Three batty sisters and a lonely cottage on the heath. Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., June 30.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., July 1-3.)

Our Town (1940)—The Thornton Wilder play. Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., June 29.)

The Prisoner of Zenda (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., June 29-30.) Shall We Dance? (1937)—One of the Astaire-Rogers series, this time with Gershwin music. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Tues., July 3.) Sous les Toits de Paris (1930)—Early Rene Clair film. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55-)

They Shall Have Music (1939)—Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., July 6.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Wed., July 4.)

Trade Winds (1939)—South Seas adventure. Joan Bennett and Fredric March. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., June 29.)

Vivacious Lady (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a nightclub singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. and Tues., July 2-3.)

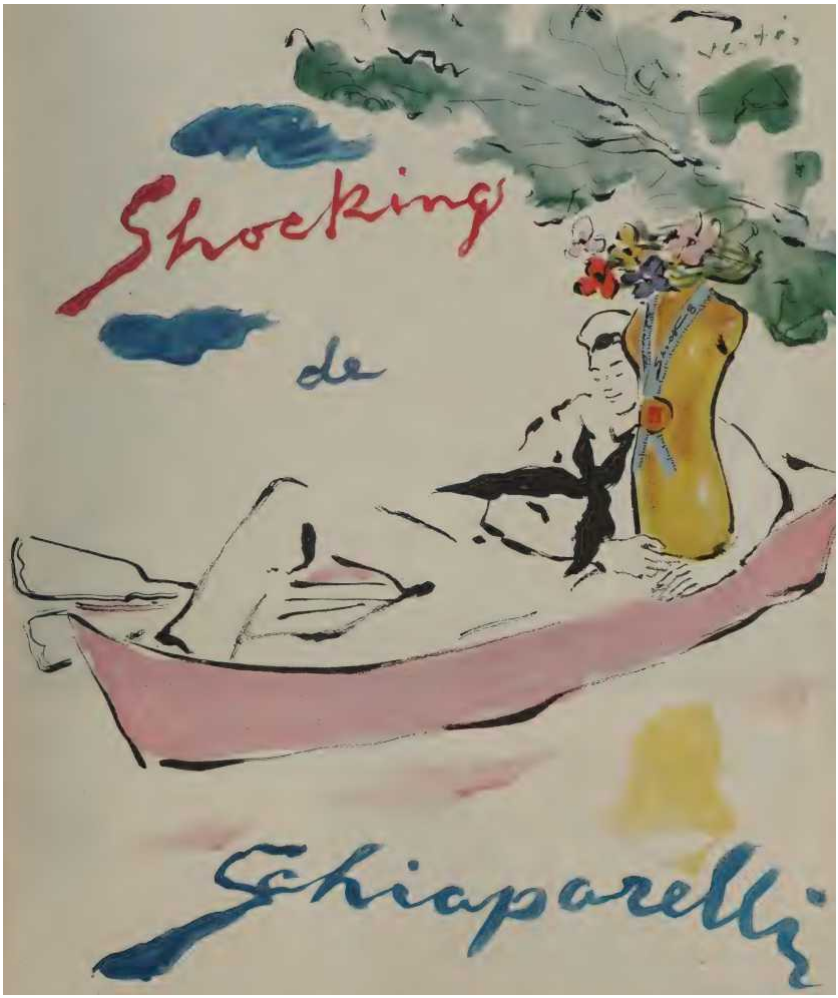
Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Bronte moors. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., July 1-2.)

Note—-The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M.' and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 p.m. on the following schedule—thurs., june js: "Fragment of an Empire" (1929), Russian film... . fri. through sun., JUNE 29-JULY i: "The Last

Command” (1928), with Emil Jannings; and "Plane Crazy” (1928), Walt Disney cartoon. . . .mon. through thurs., July 2-s: one sequence of “Hotel Imperial” (1926-7), with Pola Negri; and “The Wind” (1928), with Lillian Gish. . . . from fri., july a: “The Passion of Joan of Arc” (1928), directed by Carl-Theodor Dreyer.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Service Men—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service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de
Schiaparelli

How many of these drinks can you name?

IF you had the new Four Roses Recipe Book, you'd know all of them —and ten more, too.

Just clip the coupon at the right and we'll be glad to send you this grand recipe book, beautifully illustrated with color photographs.

The drinks shown above are all made with that magnificent whiskey, Four Roses. Reading from left

FOUR ROSES

to right, starting at the top, they are: Manhattan, Whiskey Flip, Whiskey Fix, Mardi Gras, Mint Julep, Highball, Ward 8, Old Fashioned, Derby Fizz, "21" Punch, Hot Toddy, Whiskey Sour, Milk Punch, Cold Toddy, and Egg-Nog.

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GOING5 ON ABOUT TOVN

men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers’ Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310). ,

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct resklents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the civilian defense VOLUNTEER OFFICE, I E. 44 (MU 2-43I0): men and women to work in canteens at least one shift a week, night or day; men and women to take a short training course and then work a minimum of two full days a week as group-leaders in summer playgrounds. . . . red cross, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work four d tytime hours a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides In hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, l6 E. 66 (RE 4-6050) : women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for service men's clubs; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport S rvice, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply at 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.) . . . united hospital fund, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least eight hours a week, day or evening, as aides in children's wards, or, during the day, as clinic aides; men to take a short training course and then work at least one evening a week as orderlies. . . . American women's hospitals reserve corps, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 70100) : women to work several hours a week, pt sferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

Note—The New York City Defense Recreation Committee, 99 Park, at 40 (MU 3-6900), has issued an appeal for volunteers to work two four-hour shifts a week, during the day, giving out theatre tickets and arranging other entertainment for st rvice personnel on furlough in the city.

Harvesters—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E.

23 (AL 4-8500).

Seventh War Loan Drive—The War Bond campaign is on, and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), and the C.D.Y.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), are recruiting, volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

Salvage—Wastepaper, which s vitally needed, and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that, householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Y our butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in w r plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs ano Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . American Relief for France is collecting clothing and bedding to send to destitute families overseas. Contributions should be sent to the organization’s workshop, at 15 E. 24, New York 10. . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropt itan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 42410). . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for m< n in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220.

Barbara g o u 1 <1 S

PERFUME, $1.50 and $3.75; LILTING FRAGRANCE, $1.25 and $2.25

FACE POWDER, $1.00; DUSTING POWDER, $1.00; TALC, 50c

(All prices plus tax)

THE CIG HOUSES

Astor, B’way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—wonder man, Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo.

Capitol, B’way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—“Blood on the Sun,” James Cagney, Sylvia Sidney.

Criterion B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—Tentative— "The Naughty Nineties,” Abbott and Costello.

Globe, B’way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—“Murder, He Says,” Fred MacMurray, Helen Walker.

Gotham, B’way at 47 (Cl 5-9516)—“Bedside Manner,” Ruth Hussey, John Carroll, Charles Ruggles.

Hollywood, B’way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—“Rhapsody in Blue,” Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith.

Palace, B’way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Wed.. July 4: “Those Endearing Young Charms,” Laraine Day, Robert Young.

Paramount, B’way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—Through Tues., July 3: “Out of This World,” Diana Lynn, Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake. . . . From Wed., July 4: “You Came Along,” Lizabeth Scott, Robert Cummings.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)— Through Wed., July 4: “The Valley of Decision,” Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Donald Crisp.

Rivoli, B’way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—junior miss, Peggy Ann Garner, Allyn Joslyn.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Through Mon., July 2: "Where Do We Go From Here?," June Haver, Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie. . . . From Tues., July 3: "Nob Hill," Joan Bennett, George Raft.

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., July 4: "Practically Yours," Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—"Conflict," Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, Sydney Greenstreet.

Victoria, B'way at 46 (CI 6-7429)—-"The Call of the Wild," revival, Clark Gable, Loretta Young.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Alden, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Revivals— Through Sat.; June 30: ladies in retirement, Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, Elsa Lanchester; also "Texas," Claire Trevor, William Holden. . . . Sun. and Mon., July 1-2: "Palooka," Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez; also "Wake Up and Live," Walter Winchell. Alice Faye, Ben Bernie. . . . Tues, and Wed., July 3-4: "Tin Pan Alley," Alice Faye, Jack Oakie, Betty Grable; also "Stolen Heaven," Gene Raymond, Olympe Bradna.

55th Street Playhouse, i54 W. 55 (CO 5-9438)— Revivals—sous les toits de Paris (in French), Rene Clair film; also "That Uncertain Feeling," Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, Burgess Meredith.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)—Revivals

—Arrowsmith, Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman; also they shall have music, Jascha Heifetz.

Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—"The Last Hill," Russian film.

Thalia, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Through Mon., July 2: "On Approval," Beatrice Lillie, Clive Brook; also "The Amateur Gentleman," revival, Margaret Lockwood, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . From Tues., July 3: the informer, revival, Victor McLaglen; also shall we dance?, revival, Ginger .Rogers, Fred Astaire.

World, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—Revivals—Thurs., June 28: here comes mr. jordan, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains. . . . From Fri.,

June 29: “Africa Speaks,” documentary film.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Through Tues., July 3: A royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn. Anne Baxter. . . . From Wed., July 4: “Molly and Me,” Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)— Through Sat., June 30: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob_ Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon. . . . Sun. through Tues., July 1-3: love affair, revival, Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer; also in name only, revival, Kay Francis, Cary Grant, Carole Lombard. ... From Wed., July 4: “God Is My CoPilot,” Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark, Raymond Massey; also “Zombies on Broadway,” Wally Brown, Alan Carney.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)— Through Sat., June 30: “Frenchman’s Creek.” Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova; also "National Barn Dance,” Jean Heather, Robert Benchley. ... Sun. and Mon., July 1-2: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter; also “Tarzan and the Amazons,” Johnny Weissmuller. . . . Tues, and Wed.. July 3-4: “Swing Out, Sister,” Frances Raeburn. Rod Cameron; also “They Met in the Dark,” Joyce Howard, James Mason.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Wed., July 4: “The Clock,” Judy Garland, Robert Walker; also “Gentle Annie,” Donna Reed, James Craig.

Trans Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434) —Thurs., June 28: “The Men in Her Life.” revival. Loretta Young, Conrad Veidt. . . . Fri. and Sat., June 29-30: “He Stayed for Breakfast,” revival, Loretta Young, Melvyn Douglas. ... Sun. through Tues., July 1-3: “Here Come the Waves,” Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts. ... From Wed., July 4: our hearts were young and gay, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell.

AT THE MOVIE HOU5E5

THURSDAY, JUNE 28, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, JULY 4

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE4, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., June 28; “I’ll Be Seeing You,” Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple. . . . Fri. and Sat., June 29-30: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy. . . . Sun. through Tues., July 1-3: “The Stars Look Down,” revival, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave. . . . From Wed., July 4: "Thunderhead—Son of Flicka,” Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs., June 28: “I’ll Be Seeing You,” Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 29-July 2: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy. ... From Tues., July 3: in our time, revival, Ida Lupino, Paul Henreid.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)— Through Tues., July 3: “Billy Rose’s Diamond Horseshoe,” Betty Grable, Dick Haymes; also “The Scarlet Clue,” Sidney Toler. . . . From Wed., July 4: “Dillinger,” Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe; also “Earl Carroll’s Vanities,” Constance Moore. Dennis O’Keefe.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Fri., June 29; “And Now Tomorrow,” Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, Susan Hayward. . . . Sat. through Tues., June 30-July 3: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter. . . . From Wed., July 4: “Molly and Me,” Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)— Through Tues., July 3: “The Keys of the Kingdom,” Gregory Peck, Rosa Stradner, Thomas Mitchell. ... From Wed., July 4: “The Picture of Dorian Gray,” Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)— Through Wed., July 4: “The Clock,” Judy Garland, Robert Walker; also “Gentle Annie,” Donna Reed, James Craig.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., June 28: “Thunderhead —Son of Flicka,” Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster; also “Mr. Emmanuel,” Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt. . . . Fri. and Sat.. June 29-30: the prisoner of zenda, revival, Madeleine Carroll. Ronald Colman; also joy of living, revival, Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . Sun. and Mon., July 1-2: wuthering heights, revival, Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier; also “That Night in Rio,” revival, Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda. . . . From Tues., July 3: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180) — Through Sat.. June 30: “The House of Fear,” Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. . . . Sun. through Tues., July 1-3: “Here Come the Waves,” Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts. . . . From Wed., July 4: our hearts were young and gay, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900) — Through Tues., July 3: “Billy Rose’s Diamond Horseshoe,” Betty Grable, Dick Haymes; also “The Scarlet Clue,” Sidney Toler. . . . From Wed., July 4: “Dillinger,” Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe; also “Earl Carroll’s Vanities,” Constance Moore, Dennis O’Keefe.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)— Through Fri.. June 29: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter; alsc "Tarzan and the Amazons,” Johnny Weissmuller. ...Sat. through Tues., June 30-JuTy 3: without love, Katharine Hepburn. Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball; also “Leave It to Blondie,” Penny Singleton. . . . From Wed., July 4: “It’s a Pleasure!,” Sonja Henie, Michael O’Shea; also “Molly and Me,” Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., July 2: “Frenchman’s Creek,” Joan Fontaine. Arturo de Cordova; also “National Bam Dance.” Jean Heather, Robert Benchley. . . . Tues, and Wed., July 3-4: “Swing Out, Sister,” Frances Raeburn. Rod Cameron; also “They Met in the Dark,” Joyce Howard, James Mason.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3 (CH 3-9019)—Thurs., June 28- our hearts were young and gay, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell; also “And Now Tomorrow,” Loretta

Young Al,411 Ladd, Susan Hayward. . . . Fri. Ihrough Sun., June 29-July 1; “The Princes: and the Pirate,” Bob Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon., . . Mon. and Tues., July 2-3: the informer, revival, Victor McLaglen; also vivacious lady, revival. Ginger Rogers, James Stewart. . . . From Wed.. July 4: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball; also “Leave It to Blondie," Penny Singleton,

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)— Through Fri., June 29: “And Now Tomorrow,” Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, Susan Hayward. . . . Sat. through Mon., June 30-July 2: our hearts were young and gay, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell. . . . From Tues., July 3: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., July 2: “Frenchman’s Creek,” Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova; also ‘ National Barn Dance,” Jean Heather, Robert Benchley. . . . Tues., July 3: “Swing Out, Sister,” Frances Raeburn, Rod Cameron; also “They Met in the Dark,” Joyce Howard, James Mason. . . . From Wed., July 4: “The Clock,” Judy Garland, Robert Walker; also “Gentle Annie,” Donna Reed, James Craig,

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)— Thurs., June 28: “A Lady Takes a Chance,” revival, Jean Arthur, John Wayne; also “First Comes Courage,” revival, Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne. ... Fri. through Mon., June 29-July 2: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon. ... From Tues., July 3: “The Keys of the Kingdom,” Gregory

Peck, Rosa Stradner, Thomas Mitchell.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)— Through Tues., July 3: “Billy Rose’s Diamond Horseshoe,” Betty Grable, Dick Haymes; also "The Scarlet Clue,” Sidney Toler. .... From Wed., July 4: “Dillinger,” Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe; also “Earl Carroll’s Vanities,” Constance Moore, Dennis O’Keefe.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Thurs., June 28: arsenic ano old lace, revival, Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Raymond Massey; also “Journey for Margaret,” revival, Margaret O’Brien, Laraine Day, Robert Young. ... Fri. and Sat.. June 29-30: “Swiss Family Robinson,” revival. Thomas Mitchell, Freddie Bartholomew; also “One Romantic Night,” revival, Ilona Massey. Alan Curtis. . . . Sun. and Mon., July 1-2: “The Phantom Speaks,” Richard Arlen; also “The Vampire’s Ghost,” John Abbott. . . . From Tues.. July 3: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy. Lucille Ball; also “Leave It to Blondie,” Penny Singleton.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B’way at 81 (TR 7-6160)— Through Tues., July 3: “Billy Rose’s Diamond Horseshoe,” Betty Grable, Dick Haymes; also "The Scarlet Clue.” Sidney Toler. . . . From Wed., July 4: “Dillinger,” Lawrence Tierney. Edmund Lowe; also “Earl Carroll’s Vanities," Constance Moore, Dennis O’Keefe.

Loew's 83rd Street, B’way at 83 (TR 7-3190)— Through Wed., July 4: “The Clock,” Judy Garland, Robert Walker; also “Gentle Annie,” Donna Reed, James Craig.

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)-Through Fri., June 29: our town, revival, Frank-Craven, Martha Scott, William Holden; also trade winds, revival, Joan Bennett, Fredric March. ...Sat. through Mon., June 30-July 2: alice adams, revival, Katharine Hepburn, Fred Mac-Murray; also the gay divorcee, revival, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire. . . . Tues, and Wed.. July 3-4: “Thunderhead—Son of Flicka,” Ro < ldy McDowall, Preston Foster; also “Mr. Emmanuel,” Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt.

Stoddard, B’way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Tues.. July 3: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball; also “Leave It to Blondie,” Penny Singleton. . . . From Wed., July 4: the garden of

allah, revival, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer; also the m steps, revival, Made leine Carroll, Robert Donat.

Carlton, B'way at 100 (AC 2-3862)—Through Mon., July 2: “The Picture of Dorian Gray,” Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders; also “Boston Blackie Booked on Suspicion,” Chester Morris. Lynn Merrick. . . . From Tues., July 3: “I’ll Be Seeing You,” Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten. Shirley Temple; also “Escape in the Fog,” Otto Kruger, Nina Foch.

Olympia, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Wed., July 4: “The Clock,” Judy Garland, Robert Walker; also “Gentle Annie,” Donna Reed, James Craig.

Nemo, B’way at no (AC 2-9406)—Through Tues., July 3: “Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe,” Betty Grable, Dick Haymes; also “The Scarlet Clue,” Sidney Toler. . . . From Wed., July 4: “Dillinger,” Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe; also "Earl Carroll’s Vanities,” Constance Moore, Dennis O’Keefe.

Loew's 175th Street, B’way at 175 (WA 7-5200)— Through Tues., July 3: “The Clock,” Judy Garland, Robert Walker; also “Gentle Annie,” Donna Reed. James Craig. ... Wed., July 4: “Double Exposure,” Nancy Kelly, Chester Morris; also “Steppin’ in Society,” Edward Everett Horton, Gladys George.

Coliseum, B’way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Tues.. July 3: “Billy Rose’s Diamond Horseshoe,” Betty Grable, Dick Haymes; also “The Scarlet Chie,” Sidney Toler. . . . From Wed., July 4: “Dillinger,” Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe; also “Earl Carroll’s Vanities,” Constance Moore, Dennis O’Keefe.

LETˆ SET THE ADMIRAL HIS HORSE /

Official

U. S. Navy Photo

Admiral Halsey has his eye on a fine white horse called Shirayuki.

Some time ago, at a press conference, he expressed the hope that one day soon he could ride it.

The chap now in Shirayuki's saddle is Japan's Emperor—Hirohito.

He is the ruler of as arrogant, treacher

ous, and vicious a bunch of would-be despots as this earth has ever seen.

The kind of arrogance shown by Tojo—who was going to dictate peace from the White House . . . remember? Well, it's high time we finished this whole business. High time we got the Emperor off his high horse, and gave Admiral Halsey his ride.

The best way for us at home to have a hand in this clean-up is to support the 7th War Loan.

It's the biggest loan yet. It's two loans in one. Last year, by this time, you had been asked twice to buy extra bonds.

Your personal quota is big—bigger than ever before. So big you may feel you can't afford it.

But we can afford it—if American sons, brothers, husbands can cheerfully afford to die.

FIND YOUR QUOTA . . . AND MAKE IT!

MATURITY VALUE (CASH INVESTMENT)

$187.50
250.00
375.00
500.00
750.00
1,500.00
3,750.00
7,500.00
15,000.00
Under $100

AU. OUT FOR 7HE MIGHTY 7'" WAR 10AH

This is an official U.S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under the auspices cf Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

Finish the Fight — with War Bonds

Double trouble—for Japs

Bombs are away . . . bombbay doors closing on those empty twin caverns in the big ship's maw. In 40 seconds a shattering explosion will occur in a Japanese factory, 25,000 feet below. . . ."Mission accomplished."

The Boeing B-29 Superfortress is designed for a vital purpose: to carry a big load of explosives farther and faster, with the ability to fly at higher altitudes, than any other bomber in the world.

The huge, double bomb-bays are the B-29's reason for being. Around them

Boeing engineers have built a great airplane. But the superb, aerodynam-ically clean wing and body, the turbosupercharged engines, the pressurized cabins, the remote-control guns all serve one goal —to deliver the bombs.

Today Superfortresses of the 20th Air Force are pounding enemy industry with steadily mounting fury. In a single day the big planes have roared in over several different targets, from Singapore to Nagoya, and let go tons of destruction.

Manning the B-29 squadrons are picked crews — skilful, cool-headed and

courageous — as fine a body of flying fighters as can be found on earth or in air. The Superfortresses, like the Flying Fortresses, represent Boeing's effort to give American airmen the best possible weapons for accomplishing their difficult and hazardous missions.

When final victory is achieved, Boeing's broad experience in research, design, engineering and manufacture will once more be applied to peacetime aircraft. Of any such product you can be certain . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it will lead the way.

DESIGNERS OF THE B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE FLYING FORTRESS . THE NEW STRATOCRUISER VB/^VV V UTA[1]

THE KAYDET TRAINER . THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS JOlvJli U

THE TALK OF THE TOW

IN 1940 we sent a pair of Bausch & Lomb binoculars to England, for use by the Home Guard. We received a letter of acknowledgment. Lately we've been wondering whether those elegant spy glasses are still kicking around and whether they will come back. We'd like to have them as a memento of British vision and of course they would come in awfully handy right now during our own dark and terrible hours watching for Japanese balloons.

NEAR the bottom of a dusty lane in the deep country, where we were visiting on a hot afternoon when the grasses sang of death and love-in-death and the tent caterpillars devoured the leaves of the wild apple, we came upon two old federal application forms poised on a stalk of Queen Anne's lace. They w'ere mating.

Booth Tarkington, we see, has come out against compulsory military training. He seems to us peculiarly well fitted to speak on this subject, being the sponsor of a lad named W illie Baxter, who has taken us safely through two major wars without any previous military training whatsoever. Conscripting American youth in peacetime is the most revolutionary domestic idea that has ever been proposed in the United States, and contains the heaviest charge of social dynamite. Big shots in the Army arc pushing the idea hard, but they know not what they push. Certainly no one can predict the consequences of taking W illie Baxter away from Lola Pratt, from One-eye Beljus, and from Mr. Parcher and sending him into camp for a year against his washes. No one can say what it would do to Millie and no one can say what it would do to the society the Pratts, the Beljuses, and the Parchers adorn. Our own mind

is still open on this terribly vital matter, but our heart is shut tight, and every instinct hollers that compulsory training is a wrong number. An American conscript army, in peacetime, would be a contradiction in terms: it would advertise a national desperation and it would build into the nation the thing the nation has twice taken up arms to lick.

"Look at it!" said Mr. Parcher. "Look at what?" asked his wife. "That Baxter boy!" said Mr. Parcher, as William passed on toward

the dancers. “What’s he think he’s imitating—Henry Irving? Look at his walk!”

“He walks that way a good deal, lately, I’ve noticed,” said Mrs. Parcher in a tired voice.

Look well, America, as Willie comes walking down the street! Watch out how you change his strange and lordly gait, for he is an extremely delicate mechanism, mysteriously balanced and with an escape movement that defies every law of physics. Remove him from liis father’s evening clothes, put him in compulsory drab, teach him to salute, and you will have something new in this land. And you won’t have Willie.

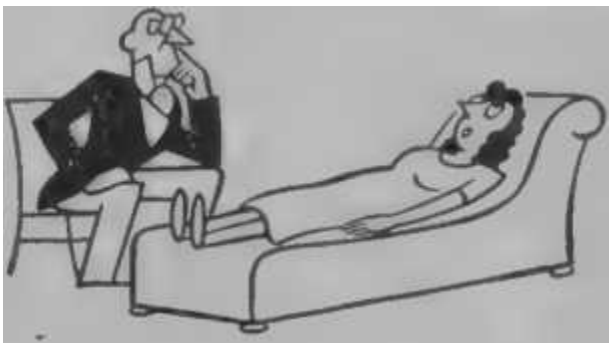
AN employee of one of the banks in ˆ ˆ this city recently misappropriated some of the bank’s funds in order to play the stock market. Contrary to established principles of banking, lie won. He cleared thirteen thousand dollars. The bank has now put in a claim for the wages of the employee’s sin, maintaining that money won on their stake

ought by rights to be theirs. The action is upsetting, to say the least. If allowed to become a precedent, it would put all sorts of ideas into banks’ heads. We rather think the court had better deal

sharply with both parties to this unusual dispute. We recommend that the offending employee be entrusted with some great sum of money and sent out to the race track until he has lost it, thus reestablishing things on a normal American basis and putting banks back into their proper role of old stuffboxes. The hank, on its part,

should be reminded tliat money ill-got brings no true happiness, and should be spanked and put to bed without any collateral.

Psychoanalysis seems to be here to stay, but one of the bugs that will have to be ironed out sooner or later is the problem of the foreign-speaking psychoanalyst and the English idiom. We know a girl, now in the process of being psyched, who mentioned to her analyst, a recent arrival from Zurich, that she had had a dream involving a desk with pigeonholes. She heard him draw in his breath sharply, and



the direction of his inquiry changed. It wasn't until six months later that she

discovered he had built an entire theory of her personality around the assumption that her dream desk included accommodations for birds.

MANY excellent sites have been proposed as headquarters for the L[T]nited Nations, but tile location we like best is the Black Hills of South Dakota. Staunch advocacy of this site appears from time to time in the appendix of the Congressional Record, and we have been following it, first with interest, lately with enthusiasm. Unquestionably, the seat of the new world league should be Dinosaur Park, near Rapid City, South Dakota, in the Black Hills, for in Dinosaur Park stand the cement

figures, full size, of the Big Five of Long Ago—Tyrannosaurus rex (35 feet long, 16 feet high), Triceratops (27 by 11), Brontosaurus (90 feet long, weight 40 tons), and a couple of other plug-uglies of

the period, all of them in combative attitudes astride a well-worn path. Much can be said for such a bizarre setting. Here let the new lialls be built, so that earnest statesmen, glancing up from their secret instructions from the home office, may gaze out upon the prehistoric sovereigns who kept on fighting one another until they perished from the earth.

Sewer Sleuth

IT sounds simple enough when the newspapers tell you that the sewers are being searched for something (most recently for the weapon with which Albert Langford was shot), but we are not one to believe that anything that goes on hereabouts is really simple. As it developed during one of our little investigations, searching sewers isn't. People don't even understand about the jurisdiction involved in a sewer search. The newspapers are inclined to give the credit to the Department of Sanitation, an exhibition of willful ignorance that makes the Bureau of Sewers—under the Borough President of Manhattan— and its supervisor, a young man named Perry Stevens, sore.

One thing we learned is that it's silly for a person to suppose that he has disposed of something for good when he drops it down a sewer. The sewer system of this borough has nine thousand catch basins, which retain everything except liquid sewage. Emptying these basins is a regular chore of the Bureau, and, as things go, it isn't a great deal of extra trouble to- look for a murder weapon. Ordinarily, the emptying is done by a derrick device mounted on a six-ton truck, and the resulting refuse is dumped at sea from garbage scows or burned on Riker's Island. When they are working on police cases, the Bureau of Sewers men climb right into the basins and shovel out the refuse.

Mr. Charles Carlucci, the Bureau foreman who has been supervising the Langford-weapon search, told us that murder weapons are an old story to him and his colleagues. They have recovered not only revolvers but stilettos, knives, sawed-off shotguns, and ice picks sought by the homicide squad. We gathered that the Bureau stands ready to make a search on the strength

of any reliable-sounding citizen's statement that something of value has gone down a sewer. Mr. Carlucci, in his day, has recovered a $4,500 emerald ring, two gold bracelets belonging to a South American gentleman, oil stock valued at a hundred thousand dollars, and a high-school boy's class ring, to name a few things. "Lots of people drop false teeth," he told us. "One poor old man let his teeth fall through a grate on Park Avenue and had to wait right there until I got 'em, so he could go home and eat his dinner. You might say I saved his life."

During eleven days of sleuthing, about a hundred catch basins in the neighborhood of the Marguery were emptied. Mr. Carlucci and his merry men brought up four sets of false teeth, quite a lot of chicken bones, a turtle shell with "Souvenir of Key West" painted on it, a pair of red harlequin eyeglass frames, a Pennsylvania Railroad employee's badge, pages one to sixteen of a recent Times, eight tennis balls, three golf balls, a pair of imitation-pearl earrings, eighty-eight assorted rocks, several hundred pieces of water-logged wood, enough odd pieces of wire to put up a fence around the Marguery, an unopened can of asparagus tips, many keys, a corncob pipe, a man's lounging slipper, a pair of old pants, a blue chintz curtain, a great many rags, a machine-gun bullet, and a .45 automatic bullet. The bullets were turned over to the police, along with two other objects that we are not allowed to identify because they may possibly be clues. The bullets and the two unnamable items were eagerly seized by waiting detectives, who gave Mr. Carlucci receipts for them.

At Ease

NE of the midtown restaurants was thrown into a pleasant furore

by the entrance of a female major accompanied by several male subordinates.

The major took charge of ordering the meal, then plunged authoritatively into some crisp exposition, to which the men listened

with attention and respect. Only the waiters and the other diners could see that she had kicked both her shoes off.

Our Own Baedeker

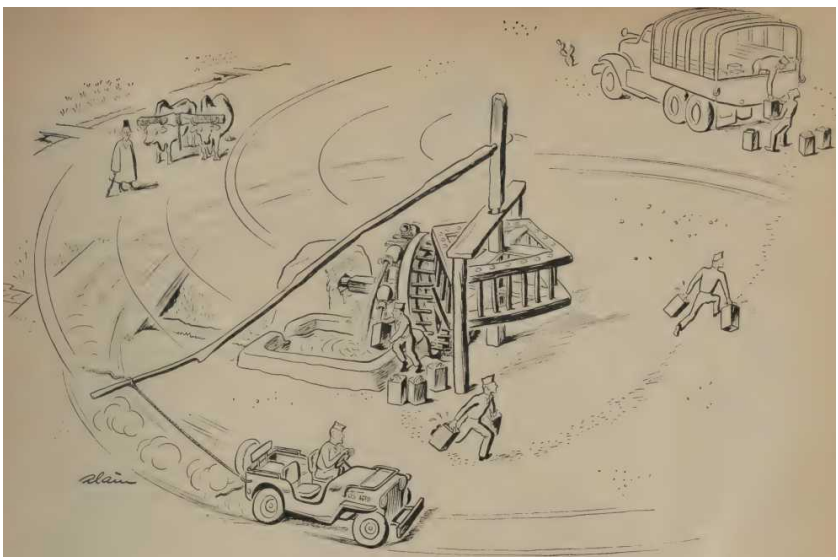
WHEN the American Army of

Occupation takes over in Bavaria, it will find itself confronted with the problem of handling eight million cagy

and hardheaded peasants who have already sat out military occupation by the Romans, Bohemians, Hungarians, Huns, Austrians, and French, and who, between invasions, have kept their hand in by nicking tourists. The Bavarians lump all non-Bavarians together under the term Ansliinder, and they wouldn't give an Anslandcr the time of day. The Germans used to have a saying to the effect that in Bavaria even the Jews were stupid, but we have been advised by experts that Bavarian density and Gemiltlichkcit are largely a fagade. What we-call the Bronx cheer is known in Europe as the Bavarian salute. Another Bavarian institution is the Saal-schlacht, or beer-hall battle, in which steins, chair legs, and so on are used to drive home political arguments. It is no accident that Hitler got his start in Munich, the leading city of Bavaria, or that his S.S. men were mostly Bavarian.

Bavaria's name comes from the Ba-warii, a Bohemian tribe which settled there in the fifth century. The next important date in the history of Bavaria is the twelfth century, when beer was introduced. From then on it was clear sailing. To be sure, there was for a while a controversy as to whether beer should be drunk as medicine or for

pleasure, but everybody agreed it should be diunk. Once, at least, it was drunk politically. This was when a seventeenthcentury invader agreed not to sack the city of Rothenburg if the Biirgermeister could drain a three-quart seidel at one draft. He did, and since then the Meis-tertrunk, as his feat was called, has been celebrated in Rothenburg with an annual pageant. Finally the Bavarians became sensitive about their reputation as beer drinkers and circulated statistics indicating that they spent four times as much on their art museums as they got from the beer they exported. The gimmick, of course, is that they have always drunk more beer than they exported. One year, shortly before the war, the average was 303 litres per capita. From the Middle Ages right down to 1918, Bavaria was ruled by the Wittelsbach family, which did O.K. until the nineteenth century, when it produced, in fairly rapid succession, twenty hopeless madmen. That's not counting Ludwig I, who made a holy show of himself over Lola Montez and was forced to abdicate. Ludwig II, incidentally, was the patron of Wagner and was the monarch who ate from a dining table which was lowered into the kitchen through a hole in the floor, set with food, and raised again, to spare him the presence of servants. Bavaria has never produced



a great poet, musician, or statesman. The Bavarians held out against Nazism longer than the other Germans, but not because they were

democrats; they were royalists and thought that Hitler was a bumptious upstart.

One military-government problem' may be the Bavarian girls, blowzy, good-natured wenches who are so hellbent on fraternization that Munich, even before Hitler started encouraging that sort of thing, had the largest proportion of bastards of any city in the world. Bavaria has always been strongly Catholic, and in the nineteenth century it became necessary to protect the Protestants by passing special legislation permitting them to settle there. The guilds —rhe old-line A.F.L. boys—practically ran the place until 1818, when a liberal constitution was put into force. Bavaria produced the first printing shop, the first optical shop, the' first clock, and the first watch. The town of Dinkelsbiihl has more windowboxes than any other town of its. size in the w drid.

Sinecure

WE take you now to a recent matinee of “Harvey.” Two buxom ladies arrived, settled comfortably into their seats, and opened their programs.

" 'Elwood P. Dowd . . . Frank Fay,’ ” murmured one, scanning the cast of characters. “Oh, yes,” the other said. “He’s the one that never appears at all.”

The Net

NOW that the U-boat war in the

Atlantic is over, the Nav) has relaxed its restrictions to a point where we can tell you something of the net and the boom that have been protecting New York Harbor. 1 hey stretch parallel to each other from South Beach, Staten Island, all the way over to Coney Island, the net a few hundred feet inland from the boom. The net is of heavy steel cable with a mesh of about three feet, which is small enough to prevent the passage of torpedoes and mines as well as submarines. It is generously cut, with several feet dragging on the bottom to prevent any funny business. If a submarine had tried to ram through, the net would have wound itself around the U-boat

and very likely have pinned it to the bottom. It wouldn't have done any good to cut the cables, either, for they would have unravelled and the sub would have been in a worse snarl than before. In the shallow water of the mile-long stretch from South Beach to Hoffman Island, a tiny piece of made land with

a maritime training school on it, the net is merely fastened to a row of piles called dolphs. The shore ends are secured to stone anchorages called dead men. The four miles of net from Hoffman Island to Coney Island are suspended from drum floats.

'Boom" in the harbor-defense sense —or in the New York Harbor-defense sense—means a row of wooden floats, called balks, six yards apart, connected by steel cables and held in place by anchored buoys every three hundred feet. Cable, floats, and buoys are equipped with long, sharp steel spikes which would have ripped the bottom or sides of any light craft that might have tried to sneak into the harbor on the surface (and nothing more formidable than light craft was anticipated, for obvious reasons). A wooden-hulled Coast Guard vessel that accidentally ran afoul of the boom sank in three minutes.

Letting vessels in and out, when the net and boom were closed, required the services of two bargelike craft officially designated as YNg (Yard craft—Net —Gate), one of which was anchored outside the net and the other of which was anchored inside the boom. They had very powerful Diesel-engined winches but no motive power. To open up a passageway for an inbound or outbound ship, one YNg would haul on a

<(I haven't seen your old sword. Are you sure you didn't swallow it?"

Jap plane during the Pearl Harbor attack and another later shot down two Jap planes in the South Pacific.

•

FERVID fragment of conversation overheard in the Forty-seventh Street station of the Third Avenue Elevated: “So I told that dope plenty. I said, ‘What’s the sense tellin’ me that bootleg meat is maybe from diseased cattle and we’d get sick eatin’ it?’ I said, ‘Listen, you got to realize we all got to take chances. There’s a war on.’ ”

Presidential Tailor

President Truman has a beautiful build, likes double-breasted coats and pleats in his pants, and wears a belt with everything except his dinner jacket. We were told this by Irving Heller, who has a tailoring establishment at 5 7 West Forty-sixth Street. Mr. Heller has been making clothes for the President for some months and has so far turned out a couple of suits, a pair of slacks, and a midnight-blue dinner outfit. “Mr. Truman has a wonderful figure,” Mr. Heller said to us when we looked in on him one day last week. “Five feet eight, one hundred and sixty pounds about, good shoulders—a pleasure to work with.” We asked Mr. Heller, who was wearing a yellow sports shirt, brown slacks, yellow socks, and brown moccasins, how he happened to become the President’s tailor. “He was

cable connected with the net and boom, which would swing open and give the vessel a thousand-foot-wide passage. Then the other YNg would pull the net and boom closed. Both net and boom were always closed at night, unless very special vessels were arriving or departing, but were left open during the day. The barge crews would have seen a sub approaching on the surface and electronic devices would have picked it up underwater anyway. The YNgs had powerful loudspeakers and the outside vessel hailed all inbound surface craft at a distance of several hundred yards, demanding identification.

No enemy submarine ever tried to get through the New York boom-and-net defense, but at least one U-boat came in fairly close to it and unloaded some mines. An inbound tanker hit one of them and got a hole in its bottom, and four of the mines drifted in on the tide and exploded against the net. That was early in 1942, and shortly afterward Admiral Doenitz boasted that a U-boat had sunk three ships in the immediate vicinity of New York Harbor.

The mine-laying sub was picked up by sound-detecting devices, but it got away. Vibrations from sub engines were picked up at other times about then, but so faint as to suggest that the craft were out around Sandy Hook. The Navy never thought there was any chance of a submarine getting into New York Harbor through Hell Gate,

because of shoals, sand bars, the narrowness of the channel, and the swiftness of the current, so there was never a net or boom there. The rig at the south end of the harbor is now being dismantled and will be transferred to the Pacific when the Navy gets around to it.

A net-and-boom defense has been installed in practically every foreign harbor we have taken. The work is done by net tenders, which are hundred-and-fifty-foot Vessels with a complement of four officers and forty-four men.' They can cross an ocean on their own. Some of them have done various odd jobs in their spare time—towing in damaged ships, charting strange coasts, carrying Marines on raiding parties, and the like. One of them shot down a

recommended to me by friends," Mr. Heller said. "I cannot divulge their names." "Why not?" we asked. "With the President," he said, "I can't talk like it was an actor or somebody. Only the other day I told somebody from the papers that the President used to dress a little old-fashioned. It comes out that I said he was a bad dresser. He has always been a good dresser, but before he became my customer he was styled a little too tight, with a high waist that made him look stocky. You make a suit with narrow shoulders, a straight line from .the armpit, and the buttons high up, and naturally you're not going to show off the figure to good advantage. With a low waist and a modified drape, the President looks like a man forty to forty-five. He has no fat."

We were curious to know whether the President, being a former haberdasher, was decided in his notions about how fittings should be conducted. "The President," said Mr. Heller, "is very, very gracious. When I see him, he asks me if I would like a drink, as Earl Wil-

son wrote in the Post, to my embarrassment. I say no. He has a drink. We talk about clothes mostly. What we say I cannot divulge, of course. He doesn't tell me my business, and I certainly don't tell him his. A drink makes me dizzy."

When Mr. Truman was Vice-President, Mr. Heller went to Washington whenever it was necessary, and Truman had his fittings in the Senate Office Building. However, it had been arranged that Mr. Truman would come up to the shop to try on a pair of new

slacks, when he suddenly became President. Under the circumstances, Mr. Heller figured he'd better take the slacks down to Washington. "I will tell you," he said, "what happened before I got the slacks on the President. I go to Washington and call Reathel Odun, the Truman family secretary, for an appointment. I get one for six o'clock. I drive up to Blair House. A cop, six feet four, comes over before I'm out of the cab and says, 'What's the nature of your business?' I tell him I'm the President's tailor. He asks what I've got in the box. I say, 'Slacks.' I get the same thing from three F.B.I. men before I'm up the steps, from two more at the door, and from one more inside." "Anybody look in your package?" we said. "Do I look like a guy going to carry a bomb?" Mr. Heller asked. We hastily admitted that he doesn't. As a matter of fact, Mr. Heller looks too

young to be a tailor of consequence, let alone a bomb thrower. When we inquired about his age, he said he was thirty-four and had been in business eighteen years.

"When you came in," he remarked, "you were shocked to find me Mr. Heller, I'm looking so young. Imagine how it was when I was sixteen. But, believe me, I went right from piece goods into styling. I had a flair. I >r shirts, neckwear, suits, I had a flair." Giving Mr. Heller no chance to develop this theme, we got him back to Mr. Truman with a question about the prices the President pays for suits. "That," said Mr. Heller, "I cannot divulge. But look at this

picture and you will see what he thinks of my work." The picture Mr. Heller indicated, on the wall of his fitting room, was of the President and was inscribed, "Best wishes to Irving Heller from Harry Truman, U.S.S.M. and Vice-President Elect, January 3, 1945." Mr. Truman is the only customer for whom Mr. Heller will currently journey forth from his shop for fittings, but now that the President's pattern is on file on Forty-sixth Street, Mr. Heller has to give him only one try-on before starting the stitching. Mr. Heller was not what you'd call loosemouthed about the rest of his clientele, but he did say that he has whipped up a few outfits for Mr. John and Mr. Fred of John-Frederics, and for Hank Greenberg. "With the President," he said, "I have less trouble than with them. His figure is the best." Mr. Heller would not say anything about his future plans for Mr. Truman. "I don't expect to see him again until he's

finished with Churchill and Stalin," he said.

The Children

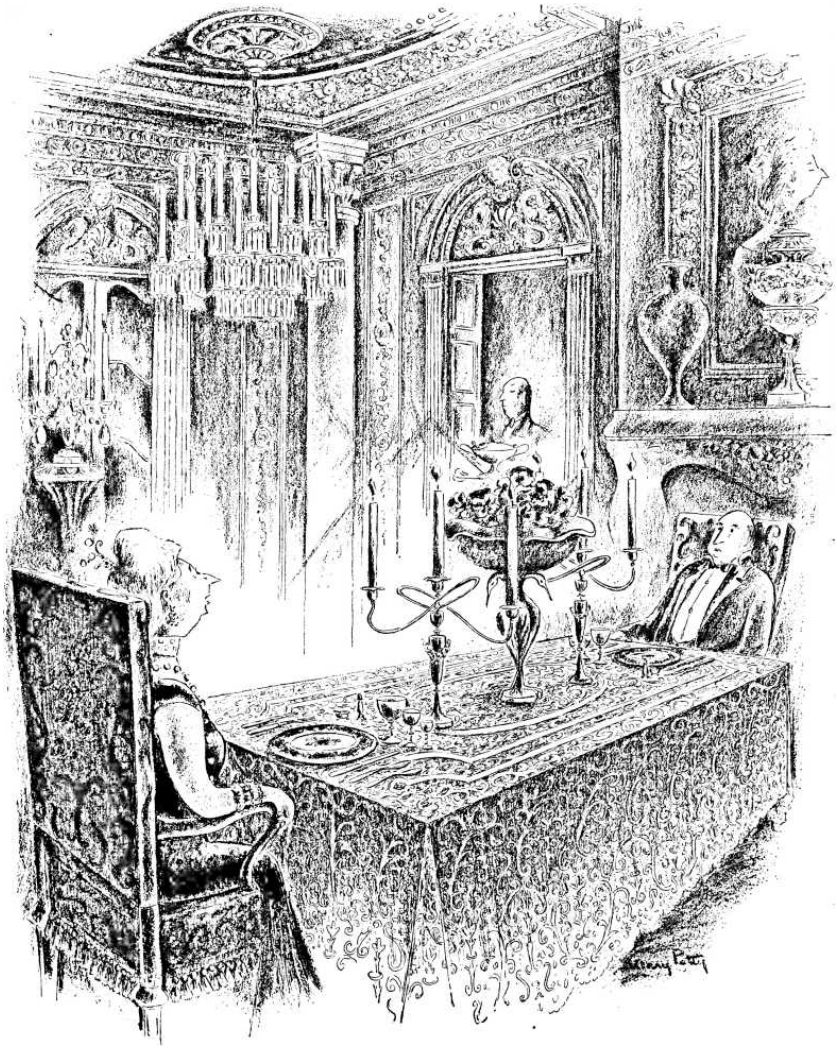
THE morning General Eisenhower came to town, we happened to be

crossing Central Park, and we found the paths near the Mall lined with children waiting to greet him. They had been let out of school expressly to do him honor. A watchful teacher stood

by here and there ("Iris, you should have remembered that at school!"), but the children were killing time pretty much as they pleased—some of them briskly exchanging insults, some feinting at one another with the sharp, golden points of flagstaffs, and others singing, in innocent soprano voices, "Mademoiselle from Armentieres." We felt that we should gather, for the use of future historians, a few quotations from the youngest and pinkest generation, but overhearing is not what it used to be, and the only worthwhile remark we picked up was "The house was A.C. and the

dry-cell batteries were D.C. and he cut his hands and feet open."

The children had been waiting in the Park since nine-thirty, shouting at intervals, "Ike! Ike! We want Ike!," and in the end, Ike, standing erect in the car and looking the very model of a modern five-star general, waved at them and swept past before they had time to change their cry. A slight, round-shouldered lieutenant had stopped beside us, behin'd the ranks of children, and as the General's car approached he brought up his hand in a mechanical, not very snappy salute. Eisenhower caught sight of him, smiled, and returned the salute. The lieutenant looked as if he had been hit on the head. "Was that for me? " he said. "Was he saluting ■me?" One of the small boys turned to him and said severely, "You're a soldier, too, aren't your"



“Hiis anybody ever thought of shining the Communists over to our way of life?"

THE AGE

Peter Maxwell, on the morning of his fortieth birthday, walked down a path in the mountains of North Carolina with his six-year-old son. The path, walled by tangles of laurel and rhododendron, wound through a woods that was mostly pine and hemlock and dropped sharply toward the sound of water rushing over rocks.

Maxwell's birthday fell during the best part of the trout season, and because of this, and also because his father used to take him trout fishing as a special kind of birthday present when he was a boy, he always got out his fly rod and went fishing to mark the passing of another year. It was a quiet way of observing a quiet occasion, and he found that it gave him, especially now that his father was dead, a certain sense of continuity with the past.

Maxwell's son trudged quietly along the path beside him. The boy's name was Patrick and he looked like his mother. He had fair hair and gray eyesand a pair of hands that seemed too large for him. His hands were not an inheritance from his mother, They came from the Maxwell side of the family, and Maxwell, watching him use them in climbing over an eroded outcropping of rock that blocked the path, was reminded of his father. His father had had the largest hands of any man he knew.

Maxwell went to the boy and lifted him across the rock. "You didn't have to help me," the boy protested. "I'm not a baby." The words echoed along the corridors of Maxwell's memory and then, as the reverberations grew louder, he recalled that he had said the same thing to his father in this exact place when he was about the same age as the boy. Time doubled backward on itself, and for an instant, as if he had suddenly come upon a faded photograph, Maxwell saw himself standing in the boy's place and his father in his place, and then time rushed forward again, filling the vacuum it had left, leaving him with, his mind full of memories and the muted awareness that he was forty years old.

"When will we get to the Indian?" the boy said. "1 want to see the Indian."

"You'll see him," Maxweir answered. "We're almost there. He lives in a cabin not far from here."

"He's a real Indian, isn't he?" the boy asked.

"As real as they come," Maxwell said. "He's a Cherokee. His name is Jne_"

The boy wrinkled up his forehead in an approximation of a frown. “Joe doesn’t sound like a real Indian’s name

to me,” he said.

“He’s a real Indian and his name is Joe,” Maxwell answered. “What’s the matter with being named Joe? You almost got named Joe yourself.”

The boy looked unconvinced. “Was his name always Joe?”

“It’s been Joe ever since I’ve known him. When I first met him, I wasn’t any bigger than you are. Your grandfather took me to see him. It was my birthday. We were going fishing together, just as we are now. Your grandfather always took me fishing on my birthday.”

“Did you catch any fish?”

“Of course we caught some fish,” Maxwell said. “Your grandfather was a good fisherman.”

“You’re a good fisherman too, aren’t you?” the boy said.

“I’m not as good as your grandfather was,” Maxwell replied. “He was a fine fisherman.”

“But we’ll catch some fish, won’t we ? ”

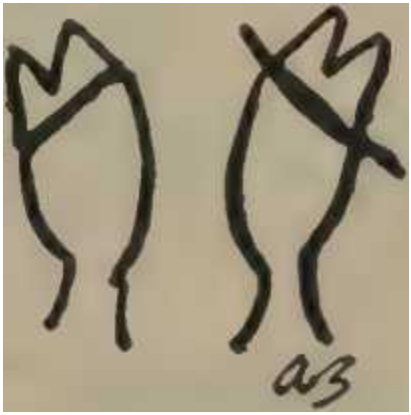
“I hope so. It all depends on whether we can get them to bite or not. You don’t catch a fish every time you go fishing, you know.”

“You said we’d catch some,” the boy said. “You promised. You even promised on the train when we came down from New York.”

. Maxwell tried to recall what he had said. He knew he hadn’t promised, not in so many words, but he could easily understand how the boy might think he had. He began to feel worried. He remembered how people used to make promises to him when he was

a boy and how the promises had not always been kept, and he remembered the lessening of affection and trust that a broken

promise had always caused. He didn't want anything like that to happen to him and the boy.



"I didn't really promise, did I?" he said. "Are you sure?"

"You promised," the boy said flatly. "You said you'd show me how to catch a fish."

"We'll have to catch one, then," Maxwell answered. "A promise is a promise."

THE path led downward toward the sounds of the stream. The woods v ere dark, but they were not

gloomy. Patches of stippled sunlight fell across the path, and the air, damp with the nearness of water, was fresh with the smell of earth and pine. They walked on for a few minutes and came

to a place where another jut of rock, larger and more jagged than the first, blocked their way. Maxwell climbed over it, his creel dangling across his shoulder, and waited for the boy to follow him. The boy climbed cautiously, searching for footholds. Maxwell sat down on a boulder that lay by the side of the path and watched him. "If he cracks his head, he cracks it," he thought. "He's right about not being a baby. I can't look out for him forever." He took out his pipe, filled it from his tobacco pouch, and lit it. The boy got to the top of the rock and began coming down the other side. He missed his footing, started to tumble, and saved himself with his hands. "He's going to crack his skull," Maxwell said to himself.

“He’s going to, surer than hell.” The boy came slowly down the side of the rock. Maxwell tried to think if he had ever had any trouble navigating it, but could not. All he could think of was a girl he had once been in love with, who had sometimes gone fishing with him. He could see her climbing across the rock, wearing a pair of blue denim pants rolled above her knees and a white shirt open at the throat, looking at him with the residue of last night’s secrets lying at the bottom of her eyes. He tried to remember what she looked like, the straight line of her nose and her small red mouth, but found that he couldn’t. Everything was blurred.

The boy slid down the rest of the rock on his stomach and came to where Maxwell was sitting. Maxwell rested a hand on his shoulder. “Good going,”

he said. “Let’s sit down a while.”

The boy sat on the boulder beside him. Maxwell drew in on his pipe. His head was full of the things that had happened in the past. He wondered where

that girl was, and what had happened to her, and if she was still as ardent as she used to be.

“How old are you now?” the bo}' asked suddenly.

“I’m forty,” Maxwell said. “I’ve been forty ever since I woke up this morning.”

“That’s awful old, isn’t it?” the boy said. “Will I ever get to be as old as forty? ”

Maxwell grinned at him. “Every-

body who lives long enough gets to be forty," he said. "It's something that happens to everybody. You think it can't possibly happen to you, but it happens just the same."

"Has it happened to the Indian?" the boy asked. "Is he forty?"

"Oh, he's much more than forty.

He must be at least sixty-five."

"That's very old, isn't it? Does he have a beard ? "

"No. Indians don't have beards."

"Why don't they?"

"They just don't."

"Uncle Robert has a beard."

"That's different. He just let his beard grow."

The boy thought it over for a moment. "Why doesn't the Indian let his beard grow?" he asked.

"He doesn't have any beard to let grow," Maxwell said. 'Indians don't have beards."

"Not ever?"

"No, not ever. At least, I think not ever."

Maxwell found that his pipe had gone out. He struck a match and lit it again. The boy watched him quietly. He was plainly still thinking about the relationship between age and beards.

“Is Uncle Robert as old as the Indian?” he asked.

“Of course not,” Maxwell said. “Your Uncle Robert is just twenty-nine. I hat’s why he’s in the Army, walking down some street in Paris with stripes on his sleeve and a girl on his arm. It’s a fine thing to be in Paris. It’s also a fine thing to be twenty-nine. It’s part of the age of fable.”

“What’s the age of fable?”

“It’s being twenty-nine and in Paris with a girl on your arm. Come on. Let’s go see that Indian.”

“Does he have a scalp lock?”

“No. Scalp locks have gone out of style. Indians don’t have them any more.”

“Real Indians do,” the boy said. “They do in my book. Why doesn’t your Indian have a scalp lock?”

“Because he doesn’t want to get scalped, that’s why. He’s just a poor old Indian who needs his scalp to keep his head covered. Let’s get going. I want you to see that Indian for yourself.”

THE Indian lived in a cabin that stood in the woods not far from the stream. The cabin was made of logs chinked with clay, and a clay chimney sagged crookedly at one end of it. A thin coil of blue smoke was rising from the chimney when Maxwell and the boy came in sight of the cabin, but there was no sign of the Indian. When they were within fifty yards of the cabin, Maxwell called out the Indian’s name at the top of his voice. The boy jumped at the noise. Maxwell smiled at him and patted him lightly on the shoulder. The boy’s intentness disturbed him. He began to wish he hadn’t talked so much about the Indian.

A liver-spotted hound bounded from behind the cabin and began barking at them. He was an old hound with a deep voice. He stood

in front of the cabin and barked with his head thrown back. His ears flapped loosely and the sound of his barking rose above the noises of the stream.

“Will he bite?” the boy asked.

Maxwell shook his head. “He couldn’t bite even if he wanted to. He doesn’t have any teeth left.”

“What’s his name ? ”

“I don’t remember. I think it’s Jack, but I’m not sure.”

The boy looked at the barking dog. “Jack’s not much of a name for a real Indian’s dog,” he said.

Maxwell took the boy’s hand in his and walked toward the dog. The small cleared space before the cabin was full of trash. A broken wheelbarrow lay on its side near a scattered pile oi kindling

wood, its cradle red with rust, and a rusty hoe with half a handle was leaned against an old hickory chair that had no bottom. A pigpen made of split rails stood behind the cabin, and from it, between the hoarse barkings of the hound, there came the thick, wet snortings of a hog. The hog smell choked the air.

Maxwell was beginning to think the Indian must be off in the woods somewhere when he came to the door. He looked very old and wrinkled. He wore only a pair of dirty overalls and a torn gray felt hat that was streaked with old sweat stains. One corner of the loose bib of the overalls hung down on his chest, revealing the bones of his ribs beneath his mahogany-colored skin, and his arms were thin and wasted. The hound stopped barking when he came to the door.

“Hello, Joe,” Peter said. “Remember me? I’m Peter Maxwell.”

“Fish no good,” the Indian said. “Most all gone. Pretty soon no fish left. Your daddy bring tobacco? ”

“My father’s dead,” Maxwell told him. “He died last winter. But I brought you the tobacco. I also brought my boy. This is my son, Joe. His name is Patrick. He’s never been fishing before.”

The Indian looked at the boy very intently for an instant. His eyes were old and dark and impassive. The boy looked back at him. Maxwell opened his creel and took out a small parcel that contained six plugs of chewing tobacco. He handed it to the Indian, who took it without saying anything. 1 he Indian unwrapped the parcel, letting the paper fall to the ground, and fingered the plugs of tobacco one by one. When he came to the last plug, he lifted it to his mouth and bit off a large chunk; then, without speaking, he went back into the cabin.

Maxwell and the boy walked past the cabin and followed the path again. The hound barked after them for a time. In a rew minutes they reached the Stream. It ran in a narrow channel and there were many rocks in it. A large table of rock, screened bv bushes, hung over the edge of a deep, circular pool. There was a small dam at the end of the pool and the water dropped over it whitely. Maxwell climbed onto the rock, followed by the

boy, and looked at the pool. The excitement of fishing ran along his spine. He watched the pool, hoping a trout would rise, but none did. The water going over the dam made a tumbling sound. Maxwell remembered that the bov expected him to catch a fish and began to feel worried again. He felt that something very tenuous and very important was at stake. He tried to put it into words for himself but could not.

He took the creel from his shoulder, got out his case of flies, and began putting his fly rod together. The boy stood watching him.

“Hey, you,” Maxwell said. “Don’t stand there loafing. Come and help me.”

“I don’t want to,” the boy said. “I want to go home.”

“Home?” Maxwell slipped the reel on and began rigging the line. “We just got here. Don’t you want to see me catch a fish?”

“No,” the boy said. “There aren’t anv fish in this old pool. You couldn’t catch one, anyhow.”

Maxwell stopped what he was doing and looked at the boy. He

seemed

troubled and unhappy, withdrawn into a world of his own. He looked too small and young for trouble, without any defenses, too helpless and exposed. Maxwell felt a tightness come into his chest. “What’s the matter?” he asked. “Is anything wrong ? What did you think of the Indian?”

“He wasn’t an Indian,” the boy said,

with a bitterness that startled him. “You know he wasn’t. He was just a dirty old man.

“But he is an Indian,” Maxwell said. “Perhaps he doesn’t look like one, but he is one ju < L the same—a real, full-blooded Cherokee. I promise you he is.”

“He isn’t,” the hoy said, almost ready to cry. “I know he isn’t. You just made it up about his being an Indian. You didn’t tell the truth.”

Maxwell knew it was useless to say anything further. He finished rigging up the line and tied on a leader. “Why didn’t I tell him he wasn’t going to see a story-book Indian in full regalia?” he said to

himself. “Why the hell didn’t I? He’ll never believe a thing I say again.” He opened his fly case and then looked at the boy. The boy’s eyes met his and then looked away. Maxwell felt strangely deserted and alone.

“How about learning to cast?” he said. “Wouldn’t you like to?”

“No,” the boy said. “I want to go home.”

Maxwell pretended to ponder over his fly case. “Which one shall we try first?” he forced himself to say. “A Sil-

ver Doctor or a Royal Coachman? How about the coachman? He’s a pretty fellow, isn’t he?”

He took out the fly and spun it along his thumb. The boy, submerged in his world of trouble, refused to look at it.

“There are some big trout in here,” Maxwell went on. “Regular whoppers. Come on. Forget about that Indian. Let’s catch us a fish.”

The boy did not answer. Maxwell

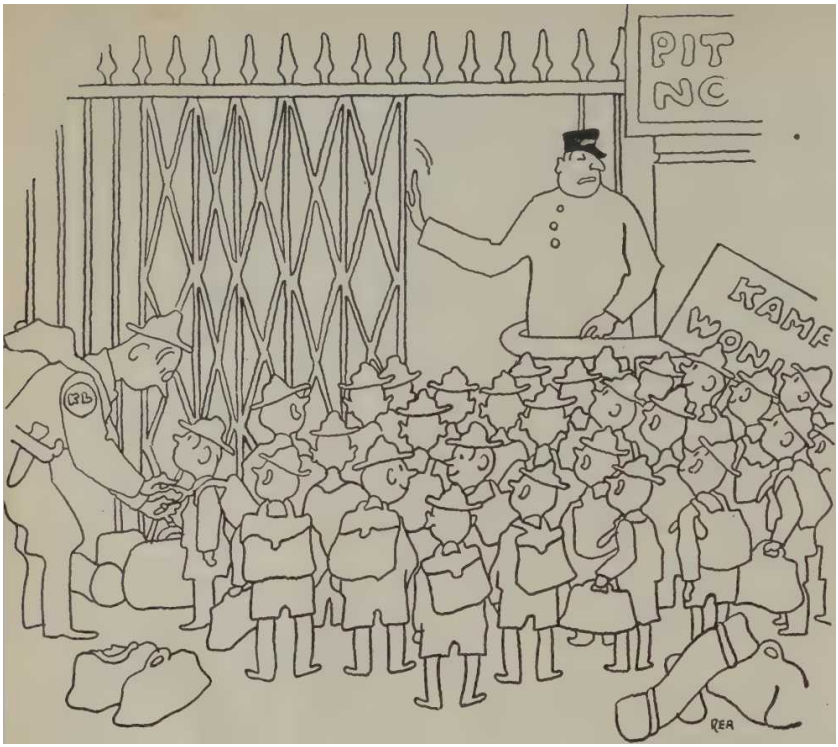
knotted the fly to the leader and began casting. The slow drift of the water carried the fly the length of the pool. The boy watched him indifferently.

“It’s too bad your grandfather isn’t here to teach you how to cast,” Maxwell said. “He could hit a dime. This is the general idea, though. Don’t you want to try it?”

“No,” the boy said. “I want to go home.”

Maxwell shrugged. “All right, you stubborn little mule,” he said to himself. “Have it your own way. We’ll go home.” He was about to reel in the line when a trout exploded the water and took the fly. The trout dived quickly, dark and flashing, his frantic efforts to

a Young man, take that thing away!”



“Choo-choo for Golden’s

Bridge, Brezrster, Chatham, Pittsfield, North Adams.”

free himself quivering along the line. Maxwell began to play the fish. The line went slack and Maxwell thought he had lost him, but then the trout broke through the water, gasping and flapping in the air.

“Look, Daddy!” the boy cried out. “You’ve got a fish! You’ve caught one! ”

The trout dived again, going deeper than before. Maxwell paid out the line carefully. The line went slack as the trout came out of his dive and Maxwell stripped it taut again. The trout was big and full of fight. Maxwell let him have more line and he headed for the dam at the far end of the pool. He came up to the surface, leaped from the water, and dived a third time. Maxwell brought the line taut, and then, as it went suddenlj' dead, cursed beneath his breath. The

line had fouled on a snag. The boy saw the changed expression on Maxwell's face as he tried to free the line.

"What's the matter, Daddy?" he asked. "Did he get away?"

"Not yet, but soon," Maxwell said, tugging gently at the line. The line came free, but, even as it did, Maxwell knew the trout was gone. "That does

it," he thought, looking at the boy. "Now he'll add this to what he thinks was a lie about the Indian."

The boy was looking at him, waiting for him to speak.

"I lost him," he said. "The leader broke."

Maxwell put on a new leader and another fly and started casting again. He fished the pool and the stream above the pool, and then he fished the white water below the dam. He fished for half an hour without getting a strike. He went back to the rock, where the boy was waiting for him. "It's time to quit," he said. "They'll be expecting us for lunch."

He unjointed his rod and put his tackle away and they started back through the woods. Neither of them said anything until they saw the Indian's cabin.' The Indian was sitting in the doorway and the liver-spotted hound was lying at his feet. The hound growled at them but did not bark.

"There's that old dog," the boy said cheerfully. "There's that old Indian, too."

Maxwell glanced at him puzzledly. He tried to imagine what had happened

to cause him to come to such a drastically different opinion about the Indian, but the complications of the boy's thought were beyond him.

"Wasn't that a big trout we caught ? " the boy said, still speaking in the same happy tone. "He was a whopper, wasn't he?" •

“He was a whopper, all right,” Maxwell said. “He must have been twelve inches long. It’s too bad he got away.”

“But we caught him, didn’t we?”

Maxwell did not want to shake his head, but he shook it anyway. “No, we didn’t,” he said. “We just hooked him. Hooking and catching are two different things. You only catch a fish when you land him. You don’t count the ones that get away.”

“All right, then,” the boy said emphatically. “We hooked him. We hooked us a whopper of a trout. I’ll bet even my grandfather never hooked a trout as big as that. Look at that old Indian sitting there. Are we going to stop and talk to him £ ”

“We haven’t time,” Maxwell said. “We’ve got to get on home.”

When they passed the cabin, he lifted his hand to the Indian. The Indian sat impassively in the doorway.

“I just got one strike,” Maxwell called out to him. “He got away.”

The Indian grunted something he could not understand. The dog growled and started barking at them. They went up the path, into the woods of pine and hemlock, the sound of the dog’s barking finally ceasing.

“Did you hear what that old Indian said?” the boy asked brightly. “He said ‘Ugh.’ That proves he’s a real Indian. All real Indians say ‘Ugh.’ He certainly is a fine old Indian. I knew he was a real Indian all the time.”

The boy ran ahead of Maxwell and scampered up the path. Maxwell felt very grateful to him. It was a strange thing, being grateful to a child, and he could not get used to it. He suspected, however, walking up the path that wound through so much of his life, touching on love and death and early sorrow, that it had something to do with the fact that today was his birthday and that the age of fable was past.

—Hamilton Basso

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT [From a Sutton Cinema program] This is the time for the knockout blow to the despicable Japs, this is also the time to keep inflation from ruining the results of a victory in Europe. Let's make it a Pyrrhic victory. Buy War Bonds.

MY NAME 15 EDGAR. D. MOH, AND I'M THE ATTORNEY FOR. THE PLAINTIFF

GOOD morning, ladies and gen-■ tiemen. Here, in the Central Jury Room, we have two little customs which we are always observing. The first is to acquaint the prospective jurors with the nature of the case before said case is actually tried before His Honor in the courtroom downstairs, and, two, is for the two attorneys to acquaint themselves with the type juror who is gonna sit in judgment on the case.

Before proceeding further, may I say that my name is Edgar D. Moss and I'm the attorney for the plaintiff. In other words, I'm here representing Miss Harriet Boykin, who is bringing suit against the defendants—the Sol-Kap Corporation, I believe, owners of the cafeteria called the Liberty Bell, located at 237 West Thirty-eighth Street, this city. Defense counsel is the gentleman standing there in the nicely pressed pin-stripe blue suit, Mr. Philip Fingerman, of the law firm of Ellison & Vogel, of 270 Broadway. Have I got the correct law firm, Mr. Fingerman, or am I confusing them with two other fellas? . . . Thank you. I'm a great believer in getting the facts right.

Seriously, ladies and gentlemen, the reason I mention all these names is to find out if you are acquainted, or perhaps have some knowledge of either the plaintiff, the defendant, or counsel for same. ... I take it by your silence that no one is so acquainted or has any such knowledge. Very good.

Now lemme ask you this. Do any of you folks know, by some chance or other, the personnel who operate and run this aforementioned cafeteria? In other words, I'm trying to find out if the Liberty Bell rings a bell in your mind, if I may indulge in a quip. . . . Again I take it, by the fact you don't reply, that a negative answer is indicated. Good.

Ladies and gentlemen, I should like to outline very briefly the facts upon which Miss Harriet Boykin and I, as her attorney, are basing our suit against the Sol-Kap Corporation. Oh, yes, before proceeding further, may I ask this question? Have any of you folks sitting before me ever eaten in the Libert)' Bell? I know that even in the best regulated families we all have our troubles with ration points and we frequently step out to eat in public places. And wherever you go nowadays, be it table d'hote or a la carte, the restronts are crowded and we have to wait for a table.

Now, when we don't get the prewar service we are accustomed to, or perhaps the food isn't up to the par we expect, why, some of us are inclined to bear a grudge against the place. I'm sure counsel for defense doesn't want any prejudiced or biassed person sitting on the jury with a hostile attitude toward his client, any more than I'd want such an attitude harbored toward my client. Hence I'm asking you good people to be frank enough to speak up should such a prejudicial feeling exist, either for or against the Liberty Bell. ... It doesn't? Good!

Briefly, the specific incident which culminated in the issue you will be asked by His Honor to decide—either in favor of my client, or, should it be your considered judgment, in the defendant's behalf—took place on or around twelve noon on a certain date—which I'll go into later—when my client, Miss Boykin, left her place of employment to have lunch at the Liberty Bell, accompanied by a fellow-employee who, and this I have every intention of proving to your full satisfaction, had, only two weeks previous to the time whereof I speak, called the manager's personal attention to the fact that a certain area of the floor, covered by a linoleumlike substance, was so completely worn away that a hole, oh, I'd say about one and one-quarter inches deep and about— Parm me, Mr. Fingerman? . . . Well, I see no reason why I can't— Oh, all right.

Ladies and gentlemen, I'll give you the specific measurements with regards to the hole later, when I formally present the case. In any event, this hole was visible and gaping. Now, in spite of this deficiency being called to the manager's attention, said manager, who, as I am sure His Honor will later instruct you, bears the full responsibility for the care and maintenance of said floor in a public

eating place, he neglected to take proper cognizance of this condition, with the result that my client, Miss Harriet Boykin, entered the cafeteria with her fellow-employee, went to the stand where the trays and the tools, if you'll pardon the vernacular

expression, are generally kept, equipped herself with the necessary equipment, and then went to the counter to select the desired food, which she naturally placed on her tray.

Following that, Miss Boykin looked around, saw an unoccupied table, and headed for it, with the full intention of sitting down and partaking her lunch. Suddenly, as she approached the aforementioned unoccupied table, her toe was caught in the gaping .hole, causing her to trip and to spill the contents of her tray all over the place. Rather, I should say, on the floor. Miss Boykin fell down on her leg, and, being a somewhat heavily set person, she sprained her ankle severely, thus causing it to swell and become discolored—in other words, black and blue.

You shall hear the party who was with her—namely, her fellow-employee —take the stand and testify to the fact that she helped Miss Boykin, who was completely unable to rise by herself, get up, that the commotion finally attracted the manager, who came running forth and said to my client, "What's the matter? What's happened?" He was so— Parm me, Mr. Fingerman? . . . What's the difference if I— O.K., O.K.

Excuse the interruption, ladies and gentlemen. My worthy opponent, Mr. Fingerman, objects to certain remarks which the

manager is alleged to have said. In any event, when the manager was apprised of what happened, he summoned a cab, and one of the busboys, in company with Miss Boykin's fellow-employee, took my client to a certain physician's office. I'll submit proof to you that my client's ankle was examined and X-rayed thoroughly for any possible broken bones or torn tendons and ligaments, that the injured portion of her limb was strapped, and that she was confined to her home for three solid weeks, without any remuneration whatsoever. At the conclusion of the three-weeks period mentioned, Miss Boykin, with the aid of a rubber-tipped cane, returned to her place of employment. I intend to prove that to this very day my client has trouble with her ankle, the fall producing a condition of weakness so that she can't remain on her feet for any length of time.

Now, that's the entire issue in a nutshell. Frankly, I wasn't present when the accident took place. I didn't see the wornout linoleumlike floor and I didn't witness my client falling down and injuring her ankle. However, I intend to produce evidence which will corroborate the facts, and after you

hear all the testimony in the matter and listen to His Honor explain the law to you and ask you to use your everyday common sense in arriving at a fair and equitable verdict, I confidentally expect you to find for the plaintiff and to award her an adequate amount for the damages she sustained, plus various expenses which I intend to go into in more detail when the case is formally presented for your consideration.

1 ADIES and gentlemen, now that

-> you all have a full and comprehensive idea of the facts involved, is there anybody here who, either consciously or subconsciously, entertains some preconceived notion about the verdict? Is there anybody here, for instance, who feels that people carrying a tray, with both hands occupied, while they look around for an available space to sit down, still they ought to be aware of where they are going even if there is a gaping hole in the floor? Because if so, I say that such a person's mind is already made up and my client hasn't the fair and square chance entitled to by law. No matter how many witnesses I call to substantiate the facts, a prejudicial party isn't

going to listen one iota to the testimony; his mind is made up at the very start. Am I right in my assumption such a preconceived notion doesn't exist? . . . Thank you.

Now, is there anyone here who feels, "Shucks, my time is so valuable and here I have to sit in a courtroom just because some smart aleck or other gets a brainstorm to go ahead and slap a suit on somebody. Therefore I'll teach him a lesson not to bother people and waste their valuable time"? I admit there are some nuisance cases where an attitude like that is perhaps very understandable. Anybody here feel that way? . . . Very good.

Lemme assure you good people that it's humanly impossible for me to crawl into your minds. I have no knowledge of mental telepathy whatsoever, and if 1 did, I'd be on the radio earning Dun-ninger's income instead of being here representing my client, Miss Harriet Boykin. Therefore, I ask you once more to be honest with me—yes, and with yourselves. If you are sitting downstairs in the jury box with your minds firmly set, determined to penalize my client for some mysterious reason or other, I say such an attitude is decidedly unfair and you are not fulfilling your hundred-per-cent duty as a good citizen. I take it there is no one who feels that way. Correct?

Well, I've been somewhat very serious up to now that perhaps you'll in

dulge me just one note of levity. Do any of you think because the cafeteria is called the Liberty'Bell that you might feel it's perhaps unpatriotic in wartime to find against a place with such, well, such an American name? . . . Em glad to see your intelligence is beyond such a foolish conclusion.

By the way, is there anybody here who has ever been sued or has brought suit against any party or parties ? . . . Any of your close relatives ever been involved in a court action? . . . Well, well! It's a lucky thing for my profession that everyone isn't in your category, else Mr. Fingerman and I might really have to take up perhaps manual employment.

Seriously speaking, though, is there anyone present who own stocks or bonds or has any interest whatsoever in any liability-insurance

company ? . . . I gather from your silence that you haven't such stocks or bonds, and perhaps wish you had some. Believe me, I know that feeling.

NOW, I hold before me this rack with cards containing your names on it. I see that Juror Number 1, your foreman, is Mr. Fland. Mr. Fland, I hope you won't think I'm prying into your personal affairs if I ask one or two questions, not from any motive of inquisitiveness, lemme assure you, but rather to get' an idea of the composition of the jury. In other words, the various types you people are composed of. According to this card, Mr. Fland, you are retired. That right? ... I guess we all wish we could achieve that point where we could sit back and take things easy. Would you mind informing me, Mr. Fland, what type business or profession you were in previous to your re-

tirement? ... A sales manager? You mind being a little more specific with regards the nature of the business? I mean, specifically. . . .

Oh, a piecegoods house. I see. Now, the fact that your work was more along executive lines wouldn't influence you against someone who was an employee, would it, Mr. Fland? ... A very sensible attitude, sir. We are in a democracy.

This card says you're a housewife, Mrs. Portnow. Correct? Well, judging from your appearance, I'd say your husband ate substantially well, even in spite of the ration-point problem. . . . What's that? . . . Oh, a butcher! Well, well, no wonder! I bet you've got friends nowadays who never existed before the war. Seriously, Mrs. Portnow, how do you feel about the matter? I mean, you're prepared to weigh the evidence and the testimony, sticking only to the facts and rendering a fair decision? . . . Thank you. That's all I'm entitled to and that's all I ask.

Mr. Boyle, I see you're a compositor. And how do you feel about the matter? . . . The same as Mrs. Portnow—-no prejudices whatsoever. Good.

Mr. Minelli—is that the correct pronunciation, Minelli? And my card here tells me you're a storekeeper. Might I ask precisely what kind of store you keep? ... I see. . . . Oh, you have? With linoleum?. . .Well, then you ought to be thoroughly acquainted with the proper condition a floor should be kept in. Tell me, Mr. Minelli, do you think you could be completely impartial about this? I mean, you wouldn't be putting yourself in the defendant's shoes just because there's linoleum , on your floor—mentally speaking, I mean? In other words, you'd go into that

courtroom with no thoughts at all and let the facts speak for themselves and render your judgment accordingly—is that right? . .

. I'll take a chance you'll do just that. Thank you.

Mrs. Brecker . . . oh, Bricker! Excuse me. Mrs. Bricker, you're a music teacher, I see. You specialize in any particular form? . . . The piano? Verynice. I suppose mostly classical stuff? ... I see. And how do you feel with regards these questions you've heard? . . . Completely open-minded. Fine!

Mr. Sperber, my information tells me you are a baker. Correct? Well, you ought to get together with Mrs. Portnow's husband, and we'd have the butcher and baker, and only the candlestick maker would be missing. Seriously speaking, Mr. Sperber, what's your— Pardon? Of course you could ask a question—as many as you wish. . . . Spell my client's name? It's Boykin— B-o-y-k-i-n. . . . You think you know someone with—no, no—Boykin, not Botkin. . . . Then you don't know her? . . . Oh, not at all. I realize you wish to be completely fair and impartial. In fact, I'm glad you gave me the opportunity to clarify my client's name for you. Harriet 5oykin.

Well, well—Mrs. MacArthur! You're not by any chance related to our great general, Douglas MacArthur? . . . It's the same last name, that's why I asked. You mind telling me your husband's business? ... A certified public accountant? I see. You know if, by any chance, his accounts include restrontsr . . . I understand. In other words, he never discusses his business affairs with you—is that correct? . . . And you feel . . . Thank you.

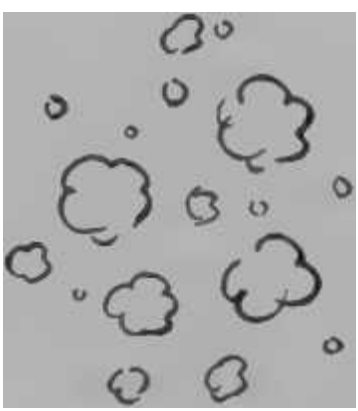
Donald Charters, and it says, "Ac

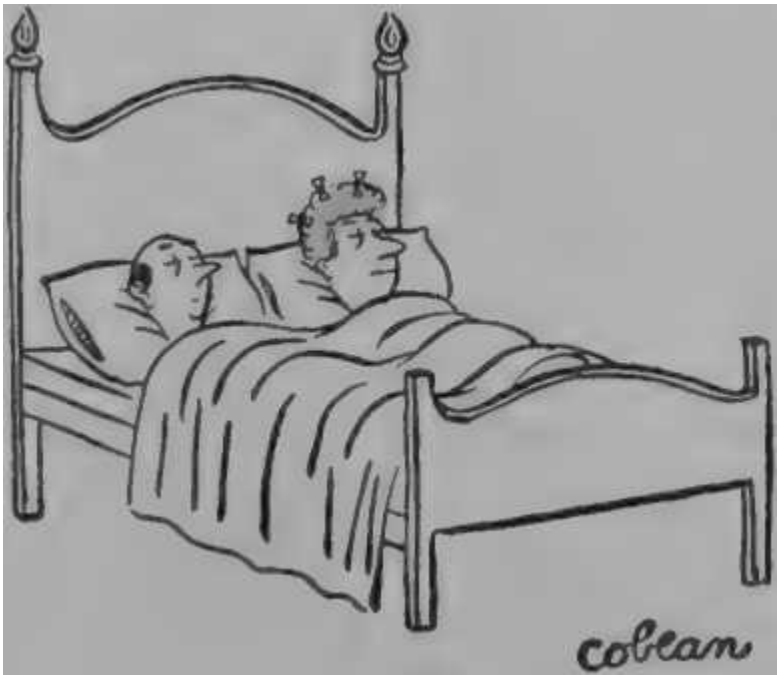
tor." Don't tell me we have with us a celebrity in our midst. Are you currently playing on Broadway right now, Mr. Charters? Oh, radio. You're not on any of these programs where money is given away, by any chance? . . . Oh, commercials, mostly. I see. I thought perhaps if you were on these quiz programs, you could tip us off on some of the questions. Seriously, though, how do you feel about

what I've been asking? . . . In other words, you haven't any preconceived thoughts, and you'd like to be convinced, either side. Right? . . . That's eminently fair, Mr. Charters.

This card informs me you're in real estate, Mr. Schiller. Does that mean— a landlord! Well, well, with the housing shortage and what not, it's the landlord who really is a celebrity today. I hope you'll give me your autograph when we're through. But all joking aside, Mr. Schiller, you feel that if I can successfully convince you that a public restront neglected to relieve a dangerous condition, thus injuring my client, you'd find for the plaintiff and —please, Mr. Schiller, that's precisely what I'm coming to. And if I failed to prove the facts, you'll render against my client. Right? . . . Have you ever been sued, Mr. Schiller? . . . And how long have you been in the real-estate business? . . . Twelve years and never been sued? Now, that is what I call phenomˆal! Maybe somebody ought to tell Ripley about you.

Mr.—is that Kraus or Klaus? . . . Mr. Kraus, I see you're a club steward. Have you ever been on a jury before? . . . Then you know that after His Honor explains the law, he will then ask you to very carefully consider what you've seen in the way of evidence and





heard in the way of testimony, and to give your opinion solely on the basis of what you believe are the true facts? Is that assumption correct, Mr. Klaus— oh, pardon me—Mr. Kraus? . . . And you're prepared to do just that, without bias or prejudice? . . . Thank you.

Mr. Callahan, I see that you are an usher. Might I ask where you work? At the Strand? Any chances of getting some passes? Don't take me too seriously. I really mean that as a jest. Tell me, Mr. Callahan, what's your attitude on the matter? . . . I see . . . Uh-huh, solely on the evidence and testimony, regardless of anything else.

Mrs. Faber? . . . Oh, Miss Faber. Miss Faber, you are an interior decorator. In other words, you decorate and design and furnish homes. Right? . . . The reason I ask, a few weeks ago a certain gentleman was seated before me, same way as you are, and I see the card describes him as an interior decorator. He didn't strike me the least bit the aesthetic-type person you'd call in to discuss your draperies or your breakfront, and when I questioned him, I found out his interior decorating took the form of being a bartender. . . . Well, I'm certainly glad to see you people all have such good senses

of humor. . . . Miss Faber, it took me some time to get around to you, but even if you are the last juror, lemme assure you that you are certainly not the least. Now, how do you express yourself with regards the questions you've heard me asking? . . . Precisely the same as the others! And vou'll apply the same common-sense judgment you use in your everyday interior-decorating work in arriving at your decision. Correct? . . . Well, that suits me to a T.

NOW, ladies and gentlemen, before Mr. Fingerman takes over to explain matters from his point of view, lemme say that I feel that once I lay the full facts before the type people I've just questioned, I have every confidence that they will be so impressed with said facts as to render a verdict in behalf of my client, Miss-Boykin, the plaintiff. I am so confident, I may add, that.instead of challenging any of you jurors, which is my right as well as Mr. Fingerman's right, I am perfectly willing to take my chances and accept a jury as represented by you ladies and gentlemen. Thank you. — Arthur Kober

•

MISS PERKINS, MEET MR. McNUTT [Frances Perkins, quoted in the Times}

The one word I hate is manpower, and I hope we will do away with it.

A5IA FOK THE A5IMIC5

Mr. Zung must have crawled out from under the cornerstone of some building in Hong Kong soon after the Japs took over. Before the war I liad never seen him around; I'm sure of that. Once seen, Mr. Zung and liis clothes could not be forgotten. His face was memorable, because you don't see many Negroid faces in the Far East. Mr. Zung was only half Negro (or rather half West Indian; he insisted on the distinction), but it showed up in his features and coloring far more than did his Chinese half. I called him Mr. Zung to his face because I was polite to him, but I think that now I am out of his reach it will be safe to be familiar and call him by his first name, Frankie. I thought of him as Frankie. Conditions in an occupied city are apt to make one hypocritical and I pretended to

far more respect for Frankie than I really felt.

He was good-looking, if you like them soft. He had a brown skin and big eves set far apart, very black and tilting ever so slightly. He wore a bright-blue coat with padded shoulders, vividly striped gray trousers, and a felt hat of a pastel green. He looked well satisfied with life the first time I saw him, just after the surrender. You could see he was happy from the way he strutted. Though I didn't know Frankie, Frankie knew me, and he made that very clear, running after me in Nakameiji Dori (formerly Queen's Road) to tell me so.

"How've you been? " he said heartily. "You look O.K. A little thinner, maybe, but I guess you don't mind that. Boy, oh boy, what a war it was!

Wasn't it?"

I agreed that it had been quite a war. I was wondering who on earth he was, and my words were absentminded and lacked conviction, but Frankie didn't mind.

"I'm getting along fine," he said. "You

know where I used to work, for the Department of Health? Well, I'm still working there. Yes, sir, right now, only with a Japanese boss. But I've got a better job there now. These Japs, they gave me a swell job."

Frankie's story, as gradually I learned it, interested me very much. It was hard in those days to maintain a detached point of view, but I was always trying to, and I had forced myself to admit, soon after the surrender, that

there was one thing in the ostensible Japanese war aims that ought to be pleasing to anyone raised in a democracy. Not that you would expect any of us Hong Kong Americans to be happy, trapped far from home and forced to listen to the Japs shouting on the radio and the movie screen and in the papers, "Asia for the Asiatics! Down with the-whites!" But when they said the white imperialists had been wickedly unfair to the non-Caucasian peoples, well, they

were telling the truth. To be sure, it often looked as if[1] the Japanese had grabbed Hong Kong only in order to kick the Chinese around more thoroughly than the British had ever thought of doing. But they had evidently done well by Frankie, at least. He was more than satisfied.

The Japanese, he told me that day I met him, liked any colored person in the world, anyone at all, as long as he wasn't white. They made big promises to all the colored races. Not only in China, they said, not only in India and Malaya and the Philippines, but in the Near East too, and in South America and Africa and everywhere else, the colored peoples were all going to be liberated. The Red Indians of North America would ris.e up and find their place in the sun. Everyone, everywhere.

There aren't many people with Negro blood in Hong Kong and the Japs couldn't demonstrate their intentions toward them to any great extent, but evidently they had been delighted with Frankie. As soon as they found him, they had set about carrying out their promises. As a reward to him for being half Negro, they had made him secretary of the Health Department, he told me. He was living on the Peak, and, as he described it, he was king of the hospitals. His job was to collect instru-

ments and beds to stock these big empty buildings, which had been cleaned out by the victorious Japanese Army in the first wild days of conquest and loot. Confusing as it may seem, this is what happened all over the city: The first Jap soldiers to arrive looted the hospitals and sold the stuff to Chinese, then the Chinese sold the same stuff in the open market places that suddenly appeared along the streets, and finally the Japanese authorities tried to buy it all back

again through agents like Frankie. He told me he was sure that, given time, he would be able to find the surgical instruments again, the microscopes and fluoroscopes and X-ray machines and all those things. They were bound to turn up sooner or later; it stood to reason. Then he would buy them back for the Japanese Government, which was willing to pay him a good commission as a compensation for not giving him much of a salary in his Health Department job. In the meantime he was buying beds and bandages

and cotton—anything he could think of a hospital could use.

“I’m making lots of money,” said Frankie. “They’re swell fellows. You know any officers?”

“No,” I said.

“Well, you’d ought to,” Frankie said. “It’s worth while to know some gendarmes and it don’t hurt even to know the Army, like these fellows who let me buy supplies. But I’m shining up specially to the gendarmes and I’ll tell you why. My wife is interned out at Stanley and I kind of want to get her free again. At the beginning we thought she ought to go in because we didn’t know how we were going to eat or anything and it seemed like the thing to do, seeing as she’s American. But now I got this job, why not take her out again ? ”

I said, “I didn’t know you were married,” which was quite true, since I didn’t know anything about him at all.

“Oh, yes,” he said. “Didn’t you know that? Yes, sir, I got an American wife. I went out there to Stanley to see her a couple of times. Of course the Army, they let me go in and visit her when I want. She don’t like it too much out there, so I want to get her out.”

I said that his sentiments were commendable and he laughed heartily.

“Got a wife, might as well have the good of it,” he said. “Say, listen, there’s a fellow up at the Health Department, name of Colonel Saito, big, good-looking fellow, and he likes white girls. All the time he asks me to find him white girls.”

“Is that one of your duties as secretary of the Health Department?”

“Sure thing,” he replied seriously. “Lots of them ask me, because I know my way around. Well, it isn't so easv finding white girls now, not without you like Eurasian girls. Well, Colonel Saito saw you yesterday in front of the bank and he likes you. So I tell vou what I’ll do. I’ll bring him in to your place Sunday afternoon for tea. That’s what I’ll do.” He smiled benevolently and started to walk

away. Then he stopped and.

said, “And don’t forget; / introduced you! ”

It was very hard to convince Frankie that I didn’t want to meet Colonel Saito. I told him so emphatically, but he couldn’t believe me. He pointed out to me that a girl who is trying to get along in the world couldn’t expect to start out with anything better than a colonel. Most girls were satisfied with majors, he said. How, he asked in honest puzzlement, did I expect to get along in Hong Kong if I took this attitude?

I settled it at last by saying I would not be at home on Sunday. Frankie, it was clear, realized what it would do to Saito’s estimation of him if he took him to my house and I wasn’t there, so he dropped the subject. He dropped me, too, it turned out. I had disappointed him. Just the same, I was interested in Mrs. Zung. What could she be like? I thought I had known all the Americans intown before the war, certainly the few American women with Chinese husbands who were still'around the town.

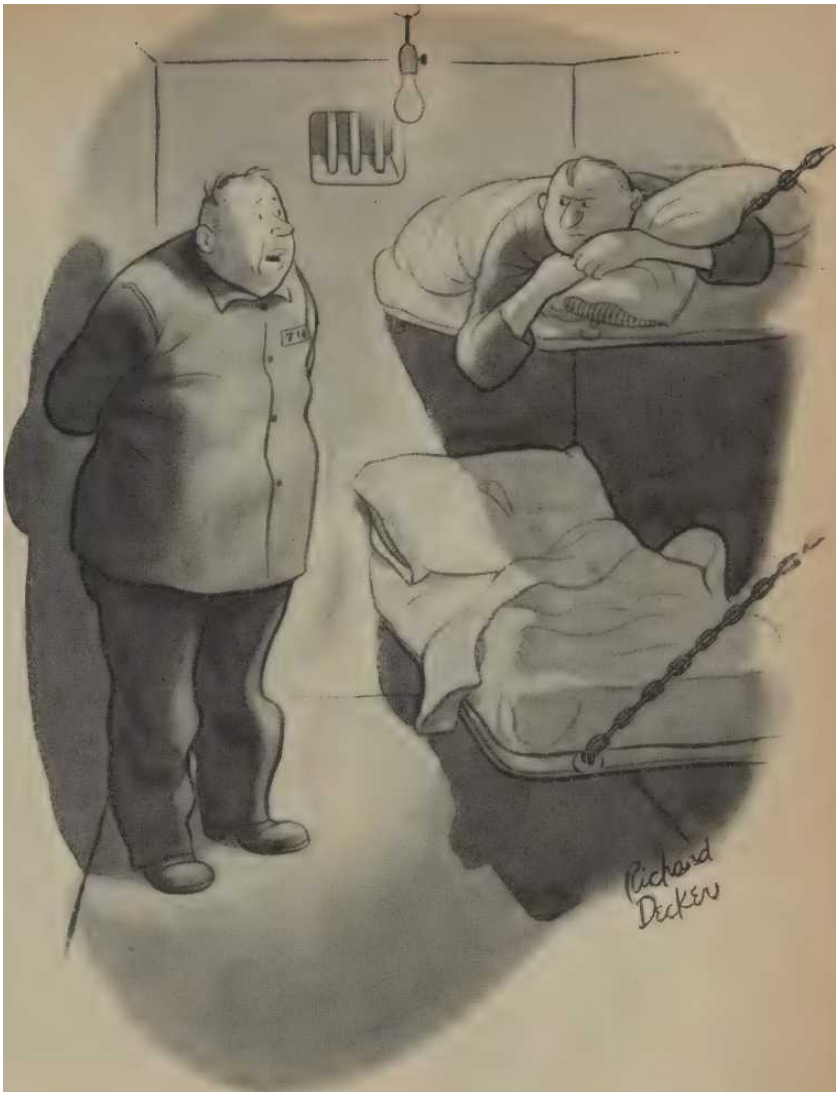
IT was not many days later that I learned that Frankie had succeeded in effecting Mrs. Zung’s liberation. The Japanese were so delighted that a white woman had married a Negro that they freed her without any argument, I was told. One day soon after I was introduced to her, I encountered her and Frankie in a downtown street. She was exceedingly thin, with fragile legs and transparent hands. She was a blonde and her hair was piled in elaborate, pale curls, so pale that I looked for the pink in her eyes that would show she was an albino. But she wasn’t albino; she was just very blond. She had a strange manner. Either she stared at me in what looked like the last stages of fright or she lowered her light eyelashes and stared at the ground. She never said anything to me, not a word. She gulped at me, but that was all. Frankie laughed, showing his handsome teeth. “She’s shy,” he explained.

THERE isn’t much to think about in Japanese-occupied territory.

You have no daily news or books or music. You can’t talk forever about the price of eggs and cabbage. So you fasten your mind on people. I had my mental teeth fixed in the subject of Mrs. Zung and

I couldn't stop worrying it. What was she, where had she come from, and why? Why had I never seen her before the war, and why didn't I see her around more now? Why was she so afraid of me?

Zung explained it himself to some



<(\What drives me crazy is to think I got a hundred thousand bucks cached away and none of it earning a damned cent."

extent when I met him on the street one day, more than a year after our first meeting.

“My wife ain’t feeling well,” he said. “She’s having a baby. What do you know about that?”

I said mechanically, as one does, “How nice.” _

“I don’t know,” said Frankie moodily. He walked along with me, his hands in the pockets of his natty striped trousers. “We didn’t mean to do it,” he said. “Only nowadays it isn’t so easy to find a doctor to take it away. Well, never mind. Better luck next time.”

We walked for a moment in silence. People didn’t look surprised at seeing us together, as they would have before the war. “The Japanese have certainly succeeded in wiping out the color bar,” I said

to myself. If I had noticed Zung before the war, walking with his blond wife, I would have been amazed. But I had never seen him, and Hong Kong wasn’t such a big town as all that. Why the devil hadn’t I seen him, or anyway her?

“My wife,” he said suddenly, just as if I had asked this question aloud, “has had a funny life. She grew up out here.”

“In Hong Kong?”

“Well, in China,” he said evasively. “She speaks Chinese pretty well. Her English isn’t so hot. That’s why she didn’t talk to you when you met.”

“That’s very interesting,” I said, and I meant it. “How did it happen?”

He evaded the question. “Grew up with a Chinese family,” he said, and then he changed the subject.

It was no use telling myself to stop

prying. I think I came pretty close to the truth after a while in my ponder-ings, anyway. It was fairly evident what Zung’s main work

had been before the war. He took so easily to that business of finding girls for the officers, and he had been so simple and direct about wanting to introduce me to Colonel Saito; wasn't he obviously one of those people we have rude names for? I thought so. I still think so. And his wife must have been somebody he managed. I didn't find out where she came from until much later, until I got back to the States and another American repatriate who had known her in Stanley told me. She was the daughter, they learned in Stanley, of a Norwegian-American woman who married a Chinese in America and came out to China, bringing with her a blond baby girl, her child by an earlier marriage. The little girl grew up in a village outside Canton and was married off, quite properly, according to Chinese custom, to an old gentleman of the neighborhood. But she ran away with Mr. Zung; her only evidence of American nationality was a little souvenir pillow stuffed with balsam needles and stamped with the name of a Michigan resort.

THE months went by. Frankie continued to buy hospital supplies for the government, and I ran into him now and again, because Hong Kong, a small community to start with, began, a year or so after the occupation, to shrink at a fairly rapid rate. The Japanese were trying to clear the town out. They frightened the poor people into running away into the countryside. Even after word was passed around that the countryside was in the grip of a famine, because the Army had stripped the farms of foodstuffs for hundreds of miles around, the Japs still insisted on getting rid of people. They loaded them into junks and sent them over the ocean to nearby Chinese ports, unloading them at whichever one was most convenient. This process was called "repatriation." After a while, the people found out that conditions where they had been sent were no better than in Hong Kong, and they certainly weren't being repatriated, so they refused to go on the boats. Then the Japanese sent soldiers in trucks around the city to pick up people off the streets and put them on the boats without any argument about it. After this began, people stayed indoors, those who had a place to stay. If they had no homes to stay in, they huddled in alleyways. Then the Japanese began systematical-

Call for the heaviest type, the widest streamer,

Blow up the photograph, however blurred, Across three columns. With enormous clamor

Trumpet the word.

This man, you see, was a respectable fellow,

Was rich enough (at least to please the press), Belonged to clubs, was crowned as by a halo

With a good address,

And now is met with violence. The assassin

Has left behind no clear, essential clue

(Though the D. A., who's brought his shiniest brass in, Says an arrest is due).

Banner it blackly. For the chap was slain, But not on Okinawa or Borneo

With other thousands. This, the facts are plain, Was strictly a private show.

The circumstances, too, are most unusual.

He was not storming a beach or leading a raid, Nor fell in mortar fire nor felt the casual

' Shock of the flung grenade,

But lay at his own door (see page eleven

For diagrams, details, a picture spread),

Newsworthier than the listings daily given Of those, in battle, dead.

Yes, scream it out before the tale grows older,

That all may read it while the subways run, May read at table, in

buses, over some shoulder

On the 5:51,

And wag their tongues in loud astonishment At death become a singular event.

—Phyllis McGinley

ly cleaning out whole blocks, emptying them of people and sending everyone away. You met the people you knew oftener and oftener, because there were fewer other people every time you went downtown of a morning.

I began to wonder if Frankie was still enthusiastic about his friends, the conquerors. I felt that I was being fair and detached, as I sometimes tried to be, in saying that the Japanese were not, after all, keeping their promises. The Chinese had not been liberated so that you could notice it. The Japanese newspapers still shouted about how happy the

Chinese were, and the Japanese radio still resounded with songs celebrating the New Order, and the Japanese movies still showed us how well off Hong Kong was. But the Chinese were hungry and growing hungrier. Though in general they were afraid to come out in the streets, they lined up in queues that went round and round the blocks in which the stores were, waiting for their turn to buy their tiny ration of cooking fuel or oil or salt or rice. People who

had been respectable merchants turned into thieves. Thieves turned into beggars. There were about three hundred corpses to clear away every morning—■ people who had died of hunger in the night.

Still, some people made money. There were commodity brokers who found out how to make a lot of money. Many of them, Eurasians and Portuguese mostly, speculated in commodities of all kinds. They would buy up any sort of

“The way I figure it, what we lose in privacy we gain in increased property values ”

thing, and since the money we used had less and less value, their possessions grew more and more valuable. Frankie, I could tell, belonged in this category. His wife, when I met her shopping, looked like a prosperous man’s wife. Though her legs seemed more and more like toothpicks as her body grew big, her hair was carefully piled in fat, pale curls, like bread sausages, and her shoes

were new and shining. You had to be very rich indeed to own new shoes.

“It is really a turnover when Frankie Zung’s wife can queen it in the town,” I told myself, still being detached and not at all bitter. “If you want to be narrow and prudish, you can say that it is an outrage that a pimp’s woman should flourish while the former queens

of society starve out in Stanley. It is strange and interesting. She is living on the Peak, once the snootiest place in town; she can take her pick there of the houses that have been left, lost by the wealthy people who now huddle together in the huts of Stanley. But is it such an outrage? Are not all turnovers good in some way? The British were cruel with their color distinctions, and now they are being treated in the same way, dosed with their own medicine. It is just. It is only fair that I, an American white woman, should be wearing wooden clogs while Mrs. Zung has new patent-leather shoes.” I rubbed the blisters on my heels and tried to feel better about it. Meantime, the Zungs learned to speak Japanese fairly fluently and spent

all their time with the Army or the gendarmes.

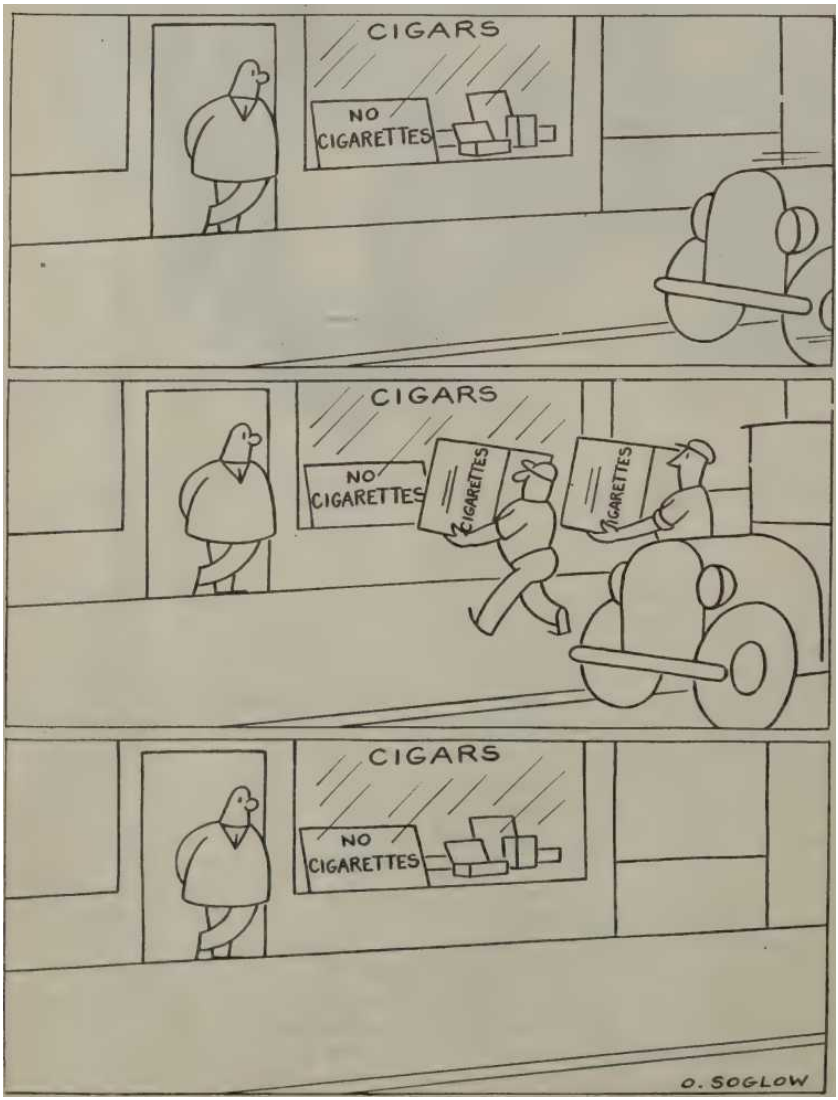
As Mrs. Zung’s time drew near, we all watched her the way you do in a small town, wondering if it would be this month or next. Frankie had taken to hanging about in a certain commodity broker’s office, and after a while he acquired desk space there, and he sat at his desk and used the telephone and transacted a lot of business there. The broker, a Portuguese named Lopez, was a good friend of mine and often helped me out if I wanted a favor or a tip on where I could buy black-market rice. He explained that Frankie was an asset in the office, and he was glad to let him have the desk space without asking for rent.

“He’s in with the gendarmes,” Lopez

explained. “I have reason to know that. He writes some sort of report every week. Vou want to be on the good side of a guy like that.”

The little flurry of business that the brokers had blown up never achieved the dimensions of a real boom. Save for an occasional shipment of food, nothing came in to Hong Kong. Once in a great while the Japanese Government would allow some Japanese businessman to send a load of soap or Chinese medicine out of the city, but that happened less and less often, because Hong Kong is not a productive place. There was no longer any trade, manufacturing, or business of any sort. Hong Kong was 'tying-

Frankie's fortunes were declining, too. There came an end to the hospital fittings he was able to buy, and then there were no more commissions. He cast around for something else to exploit, and one day in Lopez's office, when I was there buying some black



market sugar, he gave me a hint of his next scheme—blackmail.

“You getting along all right?” he asked. “Everything O.K. at your house?”

“Why, yes,” I answered. “We worry about money and food, like everybody else. This new ban on cooking with electricity hits us pretty hard because they took out our electric stove and we don’t

know how to get any other kind. But we haven't any real trouble."

Frankie spun his hat on one finger and studied his yellow shoes, whistling softly. "Gendarmes haven't been around to see you lately?" he asked.

"No," I said. I could feel my backbone tighten, and I looked him straight in the eye. "No," I said. "Why, should I expect them?"

"I didn't say that," said Frankie.

"Some of my friends have been taken up," I said, "as you know."

"Yes, yes. 1 don't mean vou to worry," said Frankie pleasantly. "But if

ever you do have any—-you know— trouble, just call on me. They know me."

"I wouldn't think of it, Mr. Zung," I said. "It wouldn't be worth your while. And that's the truth."

I went down into the street, shaking a little. I was angry and frightened. That idiot, I said to myself, is perfectly capable of turning me in if he thought it would pay. Everybody breaks half a dozen Jap rules every day in occupied territory; it is impossible not to. He could catch me, all right. This time I couldn't be detached. This, I said to myself, couldn't possibly have happened under British rule. There was no counterpart to this sort of thing with the whites. But perhaps Frankie had realized I was telling the truth. I would really be small pickings. I must have convinced him, for I heard no more about it.

Frankie's last little attempt to do business with me was made in the spring of 1943. The first American air raid over Hong Kong that year was in July. It was followed by others. The chief objectives were dockyards and gendarme headquarters, and the Americans did a nice job. Although the planes didn't come in spectacular numbers, the raid made an immediate difference in the town. The tired, poor, harried coolies brightened up and began living gaily on hope. The brokers and appeasers began to look worried. The yen, our unit of

currency, began to drop faster and kept dropping. Frankie looked puzzled and unhappy whenever I met him and, though it was against the law to discuss the raids, he talked about them. The raids came often now, and his wife, he said, was frantic, which was natural, considering her condition. Not that he minded for himself; it was his wife. What did I think was going to happen? I didn't tell Frankie what I thought.

There came a day when I walked into Lopez's office in great excitement, and I didn't have to explain why because the news was there ahead of me. "So you're leaving us!" said Lopez. I wasn't surprised that he knew. People had stopped me on the street every few steps to talk about it.

"I'm being repatriated," I said. "In a couple of weeks."

"Well," said Lopez, who was a remarkably stupid man, "I think you're making a mistake. This is the place with a future for anybody who likes the Orient and, according to the news, America is in a bad wav. You had bet-

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yvuˆWA, aiTˆ/

ter take plenty of warm clothes along. There’s no fuel in the United States and New York will be terribly cold when yon arrive. Yon know how they-always depend on central heating there. I’ve never been there myself, but I’ve heard about it.”

I knew that he believed it and I didn’t argue. Besides, maybe it was true. How could I tell? I had had no news from America since Pearl

Harbor, almost two years before. I didn't think it could be true, but anything can happen in this world. It was no use arguing. I saw Frankie near the door, making gestures indicating that he A wanted to talk to me alone. We walked slowly down the hall toward the elevator and he spoke / // in low tones.

"It's about my wife and this boat," lie said. "I've decided to send her along to the States."

"Oh? Is she on the list? " I was surprised.

"Well, no." Frankie hesitated. "I didn't put her name down because I never thought the boat would really go, see, but now . . . Of course we're O.K., really, but probably these raids will go on for a little while, until they've shot down all the American planes, and the wife's a little nervous. After all, she's American. So I've decided to send her along."

I looked at him wonderingly. It was not so easy to get on that boat. "Do you think you can arrange it now, at the last minute?" I asked. "Do you know the list has been approved in Washington and it's closed now?"

"Oh, that's all right. The gendarmes could fix that," said Frankie. "They'd do anything for me. But I've been thinking. If the gendarmes go and tell the Foreign Affairs people to put her in, those Foreign Affairs people will be offended at me. You know how sensitive all these Japanese officials are. So I've decided it will look better if you do it."

"Me? I can't do anything. I can't—"

"You know the Foreign Affairs people," Frankie said. "You just take us in, see, and tell them about my wife. Of course if they say no, why, then the gendarmes will have to put her aboard over their heads, but I think it would be nicer like this. It looks better."

I thought fast. "You're wrong, Mr. Zung," I said. "Look here. If we go in like that, the Foreign Affairs man will surely say no, because they don't realize how important you really are around here. The list has been closed; they've been saying no all day to every

body. So the gendarmes will surely have to act over their heads, and the Foreign Affairs men will lose face. Do you see? It would be much better to go straight to the gendarmes now and not to be turned down first by the civilian officials. It's easy enough, since the gendarmes will do anything for you, as you say." I moved off, leaving him standing there, looking thoughtful. "Good luck, Mr. Zung," I said. "Why don't you go along with her, by the way?"

"Oh," he said, "that's impossible. They'll never let me go; they need me too much. Besides, I'm West

K Indian. I couldn't get into the States. I'm British." It was an

K odd time to be bringing that up, I thought. But a lot of people were suddenly remembering their British passports.

I'll never know if Frankie really did try it out on the gendarmes. Probabh he didn't dare. But if he did, he found out that they weren't omnipotent, after all. I wondered, while I was packing, how he felt now about the Japanese treatment of colored people. Of course, he really didn't have much to complain about; they had been more than decent to him.

"That's our weakness," I mused. "That's the big drawback to our winning this war. We'll win, but we'll still be up against the color bar and all the resentment it stirs up. The Japs had a chance: 'Asia for the Asiatics.' It sounds well. They missed the boat, but they've got a head start with people like Zung."

I saw Frankie once again before we sailed. He stopped me in the street to tell me that his baby had been born safely and he was feeling wonderful.

"Eight pounds he weighed! " Frankie crowed. "It's a boy, and he's the cutest thing you ever saw. Little hands and everything. . . . Oh yes, thanks, my wife's fine. Oh, he's a swell baby. And he looks exactly like me, exactly, only for one thing." His face glowed with pride and happiness. "His skin's absolutely white," said Frankie. "Yes, sir. He took after my wife that way. Lucky, isn't it? If you didn't know, you couldn't ever tell he wasn't white," said Frankie.

—Emily Hahn

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5EX AND 5POOKJ*

1\ST week brought up a rather interesting, though minor, contro-

-“ versy in the theatre world. The point at issue was which was worse— “Oh, Brother!,” an epic vulgarity at the Royale, or “The Wind Is Ninety,” a glum study in ectoplasm at the Booth. No satisfactory conclusions were reached, it being generally felt that while the former was clearly the most offensive little piece in quite a while, the latter was incontestably as dull as Pittsburgh. We will

proceed to the evidence.

“Oh, Brother!,” by Jacques Deval, a Gallic wag now operating in Hollywood, opened with approximately twenty-five minutes of exposition, during which the audience rustled plaintively. It seemed that three crooks were plotting to pass off .one of their number as the long-lost son of a house they happened to be robbing. This plan was duly put into execution and was apparently working out all right until it developed that the missing heir had a beautiful sister, with whom, of course, the impostor fell instantly in love. This situation was pure catnip for a man of Deval’s Parisian temperament, and, after a few preliminary skirmishes, he ingeniously slipped his heroine into a skin-tight bathing suit and hastened her off to the hero’s troubled couch, where she tied herself in innocent, sisterly knots so that he might observe precisely where she once caught a charge of BB shot when her back was turned. The

young man was loaded with chloral hydrate at the time, for it had been her nightly custom to enter his bedroom and keep him awake by sitting on his feet, but nevertheless he was agreeably stirred and started to chase her upstairs. Mr. Deval got himself out of this indelicacy as tastelessly as possible, and also, I imagine, disposed of a couple of other little problems that were still kicking around the stage at the end of the second act, but I didn't wait

to see, on the ground that enough is enough. The featured performer in this contraption was Hugh Herbert, long celebrated on the screen for clapping his hands and crying, "Woo woo!," and I can

honestly say that he strikes me as somewhat less painful than a rather similar artist called Lew Lehr. Arleen Whelan, a pretty, spirited girl, was invaluable in distracting attention both from the plot and the star.

THERE being a general tendency to confuse anv criticism of a play about soldiers with a denunciation of the entire war effort, I hesitate to say that “The Wind Is Ninety” struck me as an interminable piece of metaphysical junk. The play opened with a group of rather untalented children playing with toy machine guns on an arsenic-green lawn, shaded by cardhoard trees; the tumult died and we were introduced to the members of the Ritchie family, who were reading a letter from their aviator son, husband, and parent, a writer clearly master of every cliche in the language. This also ended, and the hero’s ghost (he had been shot down the previous day) came on the stage accompanied by a man playing a harmonica, who was presently revealed as the Unknown Soldier of the first World War, now employed as an attendant to the newly dead until they get the hang of things in the beyond. The conversation between these two, which went on intermittently

throughout the play, was supernaturally hard to follow. As I got it, the more recent apparition wished to be on hand personally to comfort his relatives when they got the telegram announcing his death. According to his fellow-haunt, however, direct communication is against the rules; the most that can be hoped for is vague intimations of immortality, from him to them. These were furnished, from author to audience, once by the sight of a young

woman waltzing around the stage in the arms of a partner theoretically invisible to her, once by an old man watching the ghostly motion of a swing (he couldn’t, of course, see that his dead son was sitting in it), but usually just by an actor staring bug-eyed into space to indicate that he was only subconsciously aware that another actor was jumping up and down in front of him and yelling in his ear.

In addition to participating in these miracles, the hero was permitted to see himself impersonated by no less than four actors widely diverse in size, shape, and accent, who represented the various memories of him cherished by the survivors. In the end, he

“found the key” (I have no intention of frying to explain this part) and was able to plant his message of hope, as warm and comforting and clear as soup, in all their hearts. The cast employed to demonstrate that death is by no means irrevocable included Blanche Yurka, Bert Lytell, Wendell Corey, and Frances Reid. The number of times they were obliged to say, “That’s strange. I almost feel as if he were here now,” if laid end to end, would reach from the Booth Theatre to Hollywood Boulevard, and probably will.

—Wolcott Gibbs

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LISTEN:

JUNE 30,1945

Hotv do you write a hit song and make a million dollars?

Mark Warnow ought to know, for this Saturday at 9 p.m. EWT he and his orchestra are playing the 350th performance of Your Hit Parade, which as you well know consists of the top tunes of the week. With over 3000 jolly renderings of hit songs under his belt Mr. Warnow ought to know the formula, so we asked him for it pointblank. “There is positively no formula,” he replied. “If there were, I would be writing them personally.” *

When a leading citizen leaps to the middle of the parlor and announces that he will now entertain, the Constitution says guests are entitled to leave by the transom. But when a spry radio station offers him on the air and the altar of variety for $10,000-up in war bonds, that’s a switch, as well as public service all round. Columbia’s affiliate, WMMN, did just that with the leading gentry of Fairmont, West Virginia. A tycoon who makes glass played a banjo solo. A transportation man told a bedtime story. A phone call came in demanding a specialty by a certain dignified community-leader who was having supper at home at the time—so a police car rushed him down to the microphone and he yowled “The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze” like a good patriot and then went

home and finished supper. WMMN smashed its war bond quota, and everybody had fun. *

Greer Garson and her mother sat alone in their living room. They tuned in the CBS program Suspense (Thursdays, 8 p.m. EWT).They heard the story of an invalid woman who picked up the phone and through a cross-connection heard two men plotting her murder. When the story ended Miss Garson and her mother double-checked every window and door latch in the house.

The story is “Sorry, Wrong Number? It builds to such a pitch of excitement that listeners have asked to have it repeated on three different occasions.Most recently it was broadcast in condensed form on the Kate Smith Sunday night program. Agnes Moorehead, who played the chief character during each of the first three performances, said:

“I felt nervous about it in the first reading. I thought it much too hysteri

cal to be liked by listeners. But it’s wonderful radio...the best thing of its kind Fve ever done. I'm exhausted each time the performance is over.”

★

TwoWAC officers walked into station WABC not long ago and said the Army desperately needed some pianos for American military hospitals in France and Germany and for transports carrying home wounded troops. So Phil Cook on his 8:15 a.m. program asked his listeners if they could spare a piano.

Army trucks so far have picked up 451 pianos. The Army had to refuse more than 100 offered by people living too far away. One woman wrote in and said she didn't own a piano but would buy one and give it to the Army. And that is what she did.

★

Peacetime, wartime, canyon country or flat country, wet or dry, yodeling has been yodeling on for a long time. It's 10 years now since KMOX, the CBS station in St. Louis, first put on the air a group of hillbilly singers, fiddlers and guitar pluckers. One of the group, Mr. SkeetsYaney by name, has won the national yodeling championship five times. The group as a whole has been National Hillbilly Champions for three years. If you are a practising or spectator yodeler you might hear the group on CBS at 2:30 Satur

day afternoon, EWT. You never know when a good yodel will come in handy...

Incidentally, this Barnyard Follies group is one of seven KMOX programs that have been on the air a combined linear total of 65 years. No one of the programs has been on less than 5 years, none more than 16.Those cryptic figures indicate that KMOX has a keen idea of what its listeners like. They certainly show why its husky audience a-keeps on a-growing.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

OF ALL THINGS

THE notorious collaborator Marcel Deat has been given the death sentence by the High Court of Justice in Paris. Unfortunately, he was unable to attend the trial in person because he is away travelling, presumably for his health.

•

Most observers agree that the United Nations Charter can be considered the hopeful beginning of a real world organization. Although the poor thing is only a living skeleton at the ..moment, proper care and feeding, the believe, will fatten it up.

Justice Jackson implies that the big Nazis will go on trial before the end of the summer. The small fry will just have to be patient until we can get around to them.

•

Congress has its own peculiar idea of hot-weather exercise. The representatives seem to have been spending most of their time lately violently kicking the O.P.A. around.

•

General Eisenhower declares firmly that he will not be a candidate for any office. This is apparently a five-star final.

The fifty nations assembled in San Francisco have decided to exclude Franco Spain from the Planetary Parliament. The Generalissimo now knows how it feels to have a Golden • Gate slammed in his face.

Lieutenant General Doolittle will not be permitted to lead any more raids on Japan because he knows too much about our plans. He must sometimes long for the good old days of 1942, when he was young and ignorant.

•

T he New York taxicabs are carrying almost twice as many

passengers as they did in 1941, even though there aren't nearly as many cabs. It is possible that this increase is due to the current craze for antiques. ,

Senator Tobey of New Hampshire warned his colleagues the other day that there were five fat lobbyists out in the corridors working against the reciprocal-trade pacts. One thing about being a congressman, you meet so many interested people. —Howard Brubaker

A REPORTER WITH THE B~29j

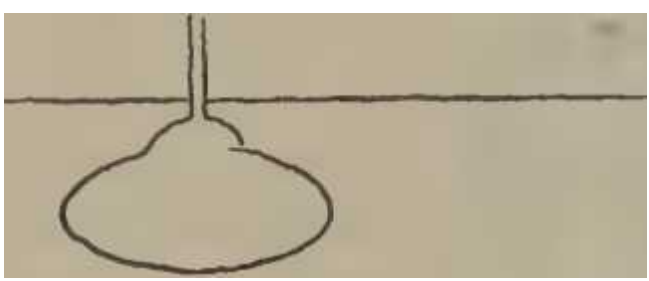
IN the Army Air Forces, and especially in the Air Forces overseas, the officers and men of an outfit are often called, simply, “the people.” Official papers frequently use the phrase in place of “all personnel” or “officers and men,” and air commanders are likely to say, “I’ve got two thousand people to worry about” or “What I want more than anything else is some decent rations for my people.” The term minimizes the disparity between officer.and enlisted personnel and encourages the impression that an outfit fighting a war is an entity, almost a personality, made up not of ranks and grades and ratings but of human beings doing different jobs with a common end in view.

When, toward the middle of March this year, the first series of great, low-level, night incendiary strikes against Tokio, Nagoya, Osaka, and Kobe were being carried out by the B-29s based in the Marianas, the Twenty-first Bomber Command of the Twentieth Air Force, and all its people on the islands of Guam and Tinian and Saipan, were like a good golfer at the top of his form or Babe Ruth all set for a long one. The B-29 crews and the people on the ground, the whole bunch that composed the Twenty-first Bomber Command, had achieved their highest point of efficiency. There had been the early days, when the first B-29s were arriving on Saipan; the first pioneering strikes against Japanese aircraft factories by daylight from twenty-five and thirty thousand feet. There had been the organizing of the new wings on Tinian and Guam, a rapid gathering of strength and a striving for perfection. And in January of this year, there had been the change in command which replaced Brigadier General Haywood S. (Possum) Hansell, Jr., the brilliant planner, with Major General Curtis E. LeMay, the tough, shy, soft-voiced big-time operator whom everyone called the Cigar. “Now we’re in business,” the B-29 people said to one another after the first of the low-level incendiary strikes, which burned out about seventeen square miles of one of Tokio’s most congested industrial areas. The people of the Twenty-first Bomber Command had reached a state in which there were certain ingredients that I find indefinable but in which I do know there was a certain kind of fatigue brought on by sleeplessness, undereating, and hard,

uninterrupted concentration on the performance of a task. There was a calmness, almost a lassi-

 tude, which was not laxness or laziness. There was also a tenseness, a quickening of tempo, that was neither youthful nor nervous nor feverish. The mind, the body, the spirit, the whole being seemed free and ready for anything and confident of success. It was not elation so much as it was a knowledgeable acceptance of maturity.

Whatever their jobs were, officers and men did not want, and seemed unable, to sleep more than three or four hours at a time. They ate irregularly, sparingly, and hurriedly. They worked almost incessantly and, when they felt like it, played or relaxed completely, knowing they had it coming to them. Even airplane commanders and their crews, back from a fifteen-hour mission to Japan, usually hit the sack for not more than five or six hours and were up and around again, attending classes, studying tactics, bombardment, navigation, and ordnance, and forming little groups in Quonset huts, talking flying, talking fighting, using their hands as airplanes, the way fliers do, flying the latest mission over again, perfecting it, and flying the next mission once or twice in advance, before the takeoff. Good



men were better. Men who had seemed mediocre became good.

At the headquarters of our Twenty-first Bomber Command, on Guam, and in the B-29 wings and groups and squadrons on all three islands, staff people who had felt uncertain about how to do their jobs and had been inclined to stick to the book, to take the safest course, became confident, aggressive, eager to think of short cuts, eager to show that they could take them. Assistant adjutants and their clerks, in military sections devoted to red tape, suddenly broke through the system they had themselves created, got out complex orders and directives by new, swift methods, and performed a thousand other worrisome and necessary drudgeries with an undreamed-of simplicity and speed. Messengers walked faster and took an interest in seeing that the right message got to the right man at the right time. Jeep drivers took care of their jeeps and never ran out of gas. A supply officer at headquarters, after all sorts of wangling both in and out of channels before he left the States, received an icebox for his tent and never got around to opening the crate and installing the precious mechajiism until it had sat in a

corner of his tent for five weeks. This

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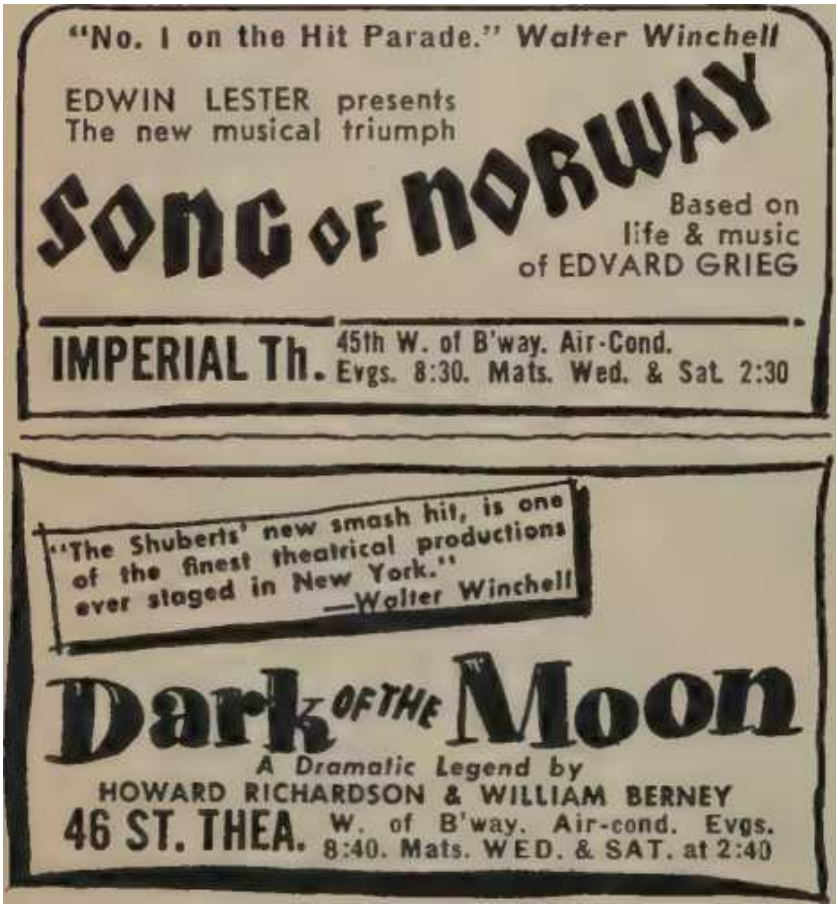
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unused icebox just sat there, like an unopened Christmas present in a child's room. As a symbol of tantalizing selfdenial, it got on everybody's nerves. Finally, the supply officer's boss took him aside during one of the inspired moments of those delicious, smooth-running days and nights and said to him, "Listen, son, you go fix up

your goddam icebox in your tent right now, and don't come back here until your beer and your friends' beer is cooling in it, seer

Everybody seemed to realize that everybody else was working

his head off. Requests were made, commands were given, in quiet voices. Everybody seemed almost miraculously full of tolerance and understanding.

There was a major who had worked all night in his Quonset office and was about to grab two hours' sleep on his office cot before going on with his work. Around 6 a.m., he telephoned a staff sergeant, a clerk who he knew was on duty in the main administration building of headquarters. The major had to have an envelope that contained certain secret matter. The sealed envelope, with his name on it, was in the headquarters safe. He had to have it, he told me later, in case the information in it was required of him at a conference he was to attend after the nap he was about to take, and he had decided it would be better if he had the envelope in his breast pocket when he took this nap. He wanted to get it into his pocket and off his mind. He called the staff sergeant whose duty it was to look after the safe, to put things in it and take things out for all the officers who used it. The major explained about the envelope and asked the sergeant to get it and bring it over to the Quonset office right away. The staff sergeant, who had been working all night too, asked if he could wait and have the clerk who was to relieve him in about fifteen minutes deliver the envelope. The major said no, that he really wanted the envelope right away, that he hated to ask the sergeant to do it, but would the sergeant please just bring the envelope over to him right away? The sergeant started to say something further and the major, a bit tense but still good-tempered, told the sergeant he didn't want to talk about it any

more, told the sergeant just to do what he had asked him to do, and then hung up while the sergeant was still talking. Five minutes later the sergeant brought the envelope to the Quonset, saluted, and laid it on the major's desk. Then the sergeant stood back, saluted again, and

asked, "May I say something, sir?'' The major sleepily replied, "Sure, Sergeant, what is it?," and leaned hack in his chair and looked at the sergeant.

"Sir," said the sergeant, "I just want to say that I consider your having hung up on me just now a very rude and unpardonable thing for an officer to do. I work hard and I do my job and I have never been subjected to such treatment before by anybody and I have been in the Army for three and a half years.

"My God, Sergeant," the major told me he managed to say,

"I'm sorry as hell you're taking what I did that way. I know you're a damn good man, you know I do, and you've helped me out several times before— done work for me you didn't have to do. I apologize, Sergeant, for hanging up on you, and I don't want you to think for a moment—even though what I did was wrong—that I meant any lack of respect for you when I did that."

"I consider your having hung up on me, sir, the same kind of mistaken thing General Patton did when he slapped that soldier."

I he major says he sat there looking at the sergeant and that tears were suddenly in all four eyes in the Quonset office.

"There he stood," the major said, "a middle-aged fellow, a good guy and a good man all through and up and down, and I'm telling you he taught me a lesson and did something to me as he stood there that I'll never forget and that I hope I'll never get over. I didn't know what it was he represented at the time. All I know is it made me want to shake hands with him and then maybe cut my throat. I've figured out since that he was the dignity of man personified, if you see what I mean. He stood there and I looked at him and I apologized again. And then he began to feel bad because he could see that he had somehow hit me below the belt, so there we were,

with tears in our eyes, and he wanting now to apologize to me. I'm still a little hazy about how the hell we ever got the thing straightened out. I think he started to apologize to me while I was apologizing to him for the third time and we both laughed and he saluted again and I told him never to lose whatever it was that had made him tell me what he had and he said something about how he hoped I would just forget the whole matter and finally we saluted each other a couple more times and he left and I lay down on my office cot and cried for a second and laughed for some time and then went right to sleep,

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feeling wonderful. It’s the damnedest experience I ever had, and I thought I had had some in this war.”

Ground crews, who had the stupendous task of getting the B-29s ready to fly on all-out strikes in less than half the time they had always had before, leaped on the big airplanes like hounds on a stag the second the returning pilots switched off the engines after the long trip to Japan and back. I saw a mechanic one day get his stepladder all set against one of the engine nacelles of a B-29, waiting for the pilot to switch off the engines so he could start getting at the insides to tune them up for the next trip. The pilot finally switched off the engines and the propellers coasted round and round, slower and slower. This mechanic couldn’t seem to wait. He put out a determined gloved hand and eased the enormous blade of his engine to a stop; then he went to work with his wrenches. Mechanics worked through the nights and days, for twenty-four and sometimes thirty-six hours at a stretch, without a rest and with only

some gulped coffee and Spam sandwiches for nourishment, until the airplanes took off again. Major General LeMay, commanding the Twenty-first Bomber Command and working at the same high pitch as his men, issued a significant order after two of the incendiary missions had been run. He directed all airplane commanders to examine personally the exteriors of their airplanes two minutes before takeoff time and make sure that no mechanics were still clinging to the undercarriage, working on something. “I don’t want to see any B-29s take off with ground crewmen hanging onto their bellies,” the Cigar said grimly, after watching, with a kind of amazed delight, the last-minute preparations before a takeoff at our operational base on Guam.

THERE is one factor in the operations of the B-29s which perhaps more than any other has given the Twenty-first Bomber Command a character, an individuality. This is simply that until recently the B-29s were the only means of getting at the Japanese enemy on his own home grounds. Until Navy carrier-based fighter aircraft made their first sweeps in the Tokio area in conjunction with the invasion of Iwo Jima, the B-29s had been the only means of striking at the main [apanese island of Honshu. I am told that the R.A.F. and A.A.F. people in England felt almost the same sort of stimulation when they first began bombing Germany, but pilots who have

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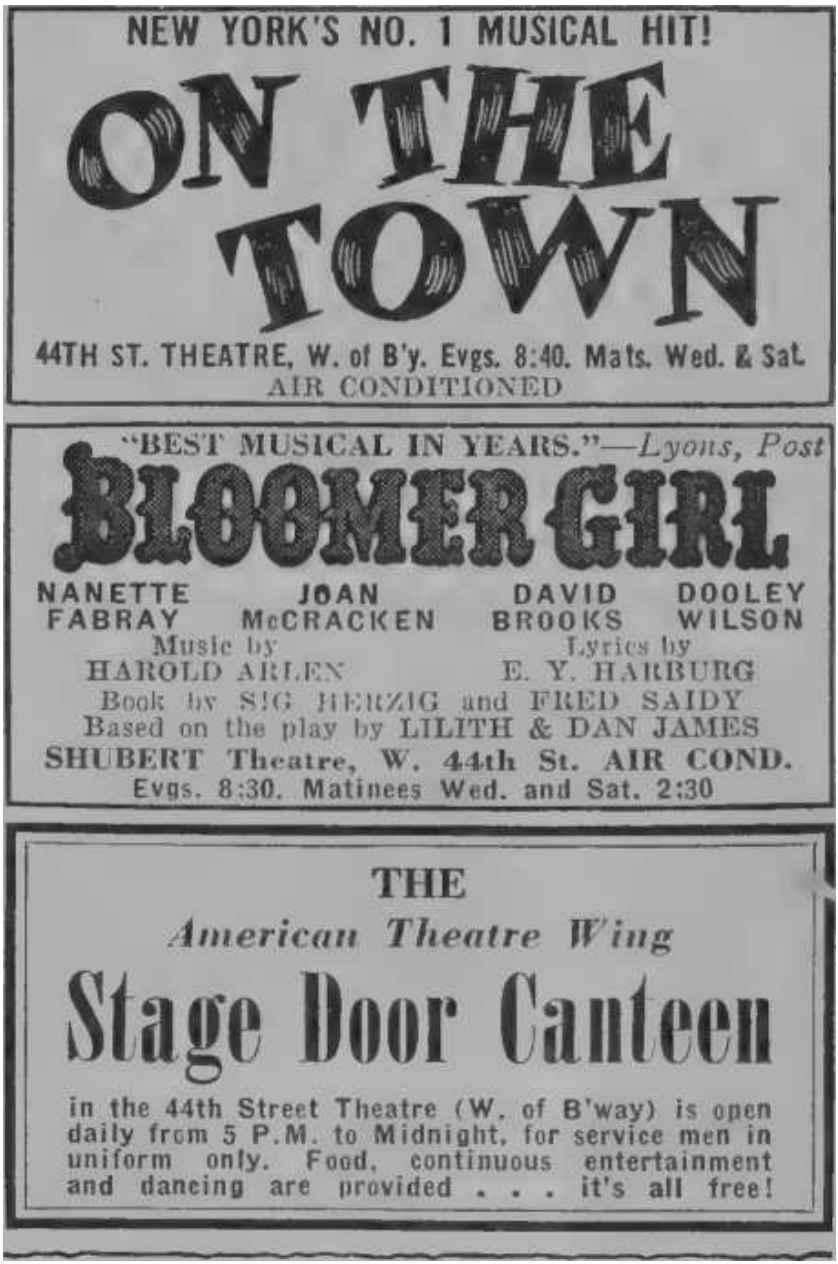
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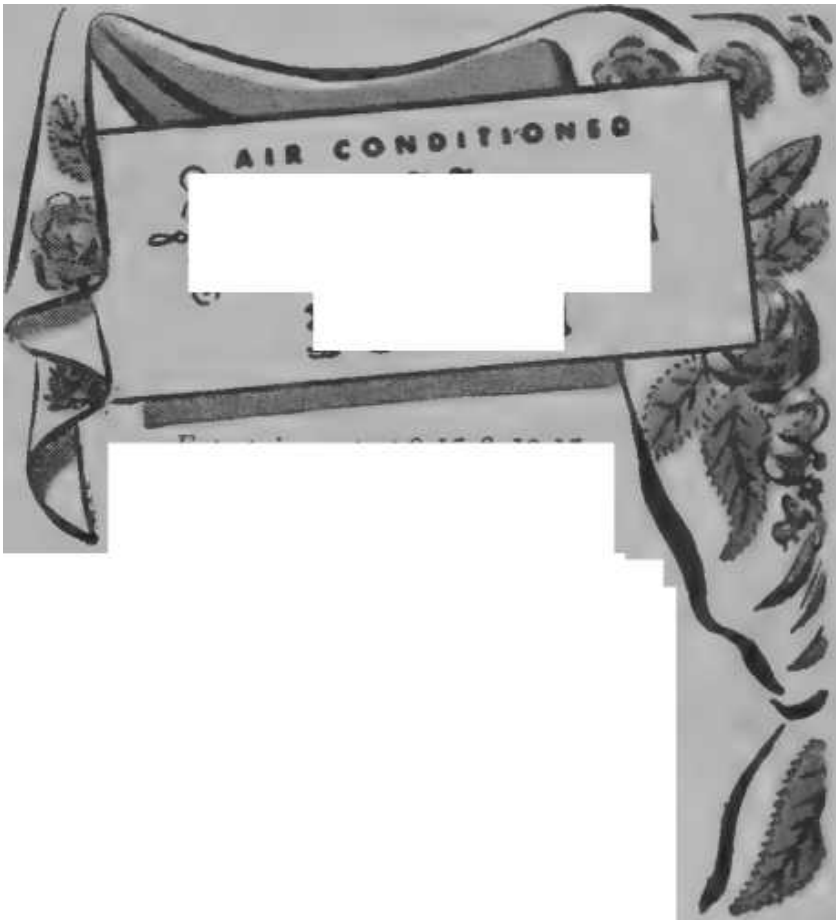

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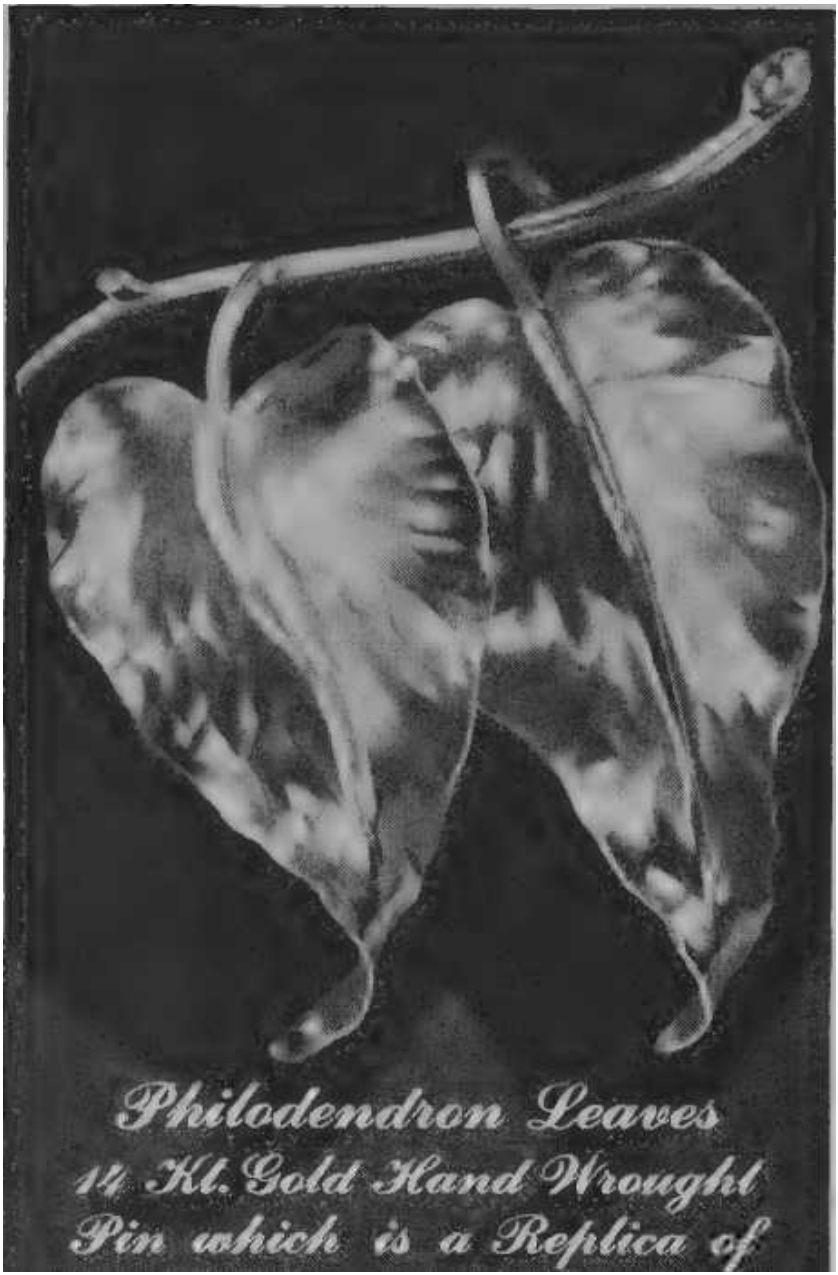

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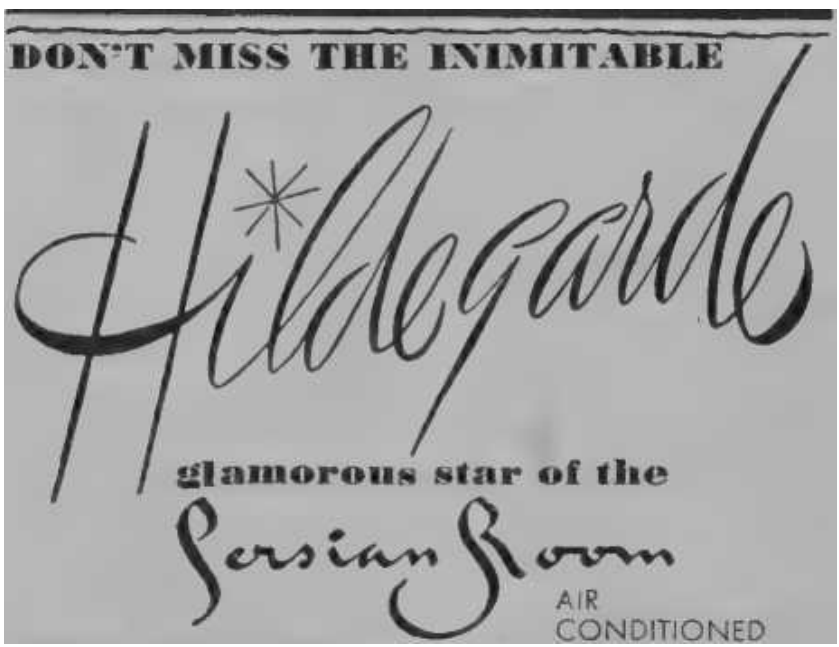

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served both in England and in the Marianas say they never had in

England the feeling of having accomplished something very nearly miraculous which, in the Marianas, they had from the start, because of the vast distances of the missions to Japan and because of the knowledge that the great Japanese cities had been sitting there all that time, invulnerable and undamaged, until we began to get at them with the B-29s. To the people of the Twenty-first Bomber Command, everything else going on in the Pacific, magnificent as it might be, was simply something else again. Yet there seemed to be no arrogance, no swagger, in the attitude of the B-29 people. They had no need of reassurance of any sort. They possessed the only weapon that could be used on the great cities of Japan and they were using it with palpable effect.

The B-29 people had come to the Marianas in such a hurry, had built their establishments in such a rush and so skimpily, conserving both manpower and materials for purely operational matters, that they had no officers' clubs of any sort for months. B-29 enlisted men had their dayrooms and their beer long before officers had their clubs. Pilots and bombardiers used to appear at dusk in front of the clubs of Navy and Marine officers, after a long jeep ride from their quarters, and stand around waiting for a member to ask them in. Shy but thirsty, they would apologize for cadging drinks and explain that their own clubs would soon be operating, after things quieted down a little. In the Marianas, the drink problem was one not of economics but of supply. Money was plentiful, but even in the best Navy clubs drinks were scarce. Once you got inside, under the patronage of a Marine or Navy officer, you were on your own, like a minor who has solicited a stranger outside a movie and has been chaperoned from the ticket win- • dow past the ticket taker at the door. Inside, you stood in line at the bar and bought what you could. There was never any ill feeling either

way and many friendships were made as a result of the Bomber Command's lack of alcohol. B-29 officers, having drunk with Navy and Marine officers until the bars closed (which was at 7 P.M.), would take their new friends home with them to a B-29 base for supper and a close look at some B-29s, a look everybody seemed to want to have. Even after the enlisted men had their dayrooms, they would go visiting, too, around sundown, in

crowded jeeps and weapons carriers, and later in the evening you would see little groups of B-29 men showing appreciative Marines and sailors and Seabees the B-29s on our airfields. What began thus informally became in time an official method of building up good will between the services, and there were submarine and destroyer rides on Sundays for B-29 men and excursions by the truckload from Marine and Navy stations to the B-29 bases. Such recreational activities went along more or less uninterrupted, even in the busiest times, and they were encouraged by LeMay and by the wing commanders.

When the carrier-based Navy aircraft made their first sweep over the Tokio area, the B-29 people read and listened to the news with honest interest and said it was wonderful. I remember asking a B-29 gunner on Tinian how he felt about the sweeps of fighters and light bombers from the carriers. He said, "Hell, it's swell to think of having some fighters up there you don't have to shoot at. But those Navy guys ought to watch themselves, flying around in those little airplanes, all the way up there."

The B-29 people seemed to feel the same way about the Army fighters that were based on Iwo Jima after it had been taken. One

day three formations of LeMay's B-29s took off from the bases on Guam, Saipan, and Tinian to bomb three spots on Honshu by daylight at approximately the same time. The fighters on Iwo were to escort one formation and the other two formations were to go in without escorts, the way the B-29s had been going in since the first strike against Tokio, in November, 1944. One fighter pilot got separated from his fellow fighter pilots on the way and flew on alone, through a thick overcast, coming into the clear, close to the Japanese coast, to find himself the only fighter anywhere around. Plowing along under him in a purposeful manner, however, was a formation of B-29s—the formation he and the other fighters were supposed to be escorting, he thought. He fig

ured that the other fighters had lost their way, so he grimly maneuvered his little single-seater airplane far above and forward of the fifty-odd B-29s going in to their target. He was ot > viously determined to take on whatever came along in the way of enemy fighters and thereby save the bombers for the job ahead. The formation the fighter was escorting was one of the two scheduled to go in without fighter escort. Its leader, an elderly squadron commander of

twenty-nine, saw the fighter, which was piloted by a youngster of twenty-two, and guessed what had happened. He talked to the fighter pilot on the radiophone while the other B-29 crews in the formation listened in. "All set up there?" the squadron commander asked. "Roger," replied the fighter pilot, dipping his wings in the loneliness of the sky and eying the space on either side of him and in front of him for the enemy fighters he expected to take on any moment. The B-29s and the one fighter rode along in sight of each other for a while, the crews of the big bombers watching the fighter who was going to take on the Jap air force single-handed, and grinning, not knowing what the squadron commander would do about it when the time came but figuring he would do the right thing, whatever that might be. It wasn't long before fifteen Jap fighters appeared, far to the right and verv high, and began maneuvering to close in on our airplanes. The squadron commander watched them for a few seconds, then spoke to the fighter pilot again. "Hey, Bud," he said. "Enemy fighters tip there. You all set?"

“Roger,” said the fighter pilot again, and moved his plane a little to the right and a little forward, as if to show that he not only was all set but was going after the enemy fighters as soon as he figured the time and the distance were right.

“Well, look, Bud,” said the squadron commander. “You come on down here and get under my wing. The right wing. You can watch from there, and if two or three of them get off by themselves later on, you can go after them. But I don’t want you to go mess them all up at the same time. Not right now. You just come on down here and get under mv wing.”

The fighter didn’t reply for a couple of seconds. Then he asked, “Is that an order, sir?”

“An order, Bud, and get going,” the commander said.

So, as the Japs began closing in, the fighter pilot made a graceful turn and dip and climb and nestled under the wing of the squadron commander’s B-29. He got one enemy fighter later on, after the Japs had tried to close in and the B-29s had broken up their attack and shot some of them down.

The next day the Jap radio told its listeners that the desperate Americans, in a frenzy over the opposition they were meeting from fighters over Japan, had introduced a new trick. They were suspending a small fighter by wires un-

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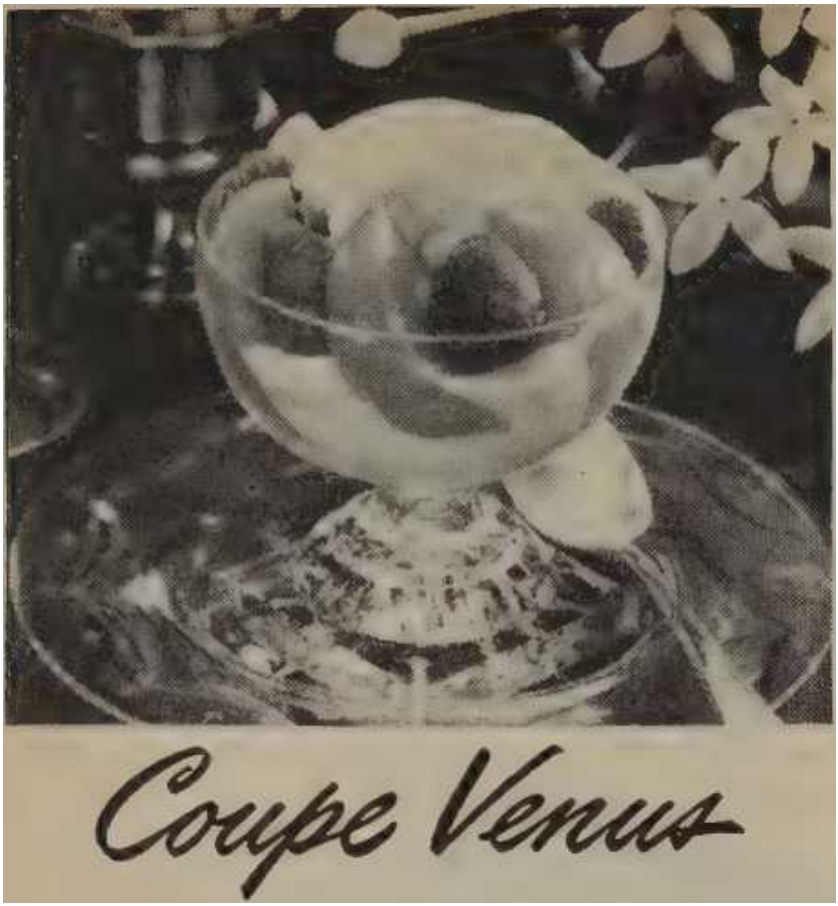

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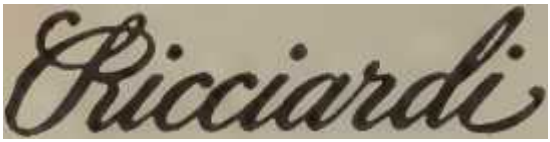

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der the wing of a B-29 and releasing it during an air battle in an

attempt to confuse the gallant Jap airmen. “Will you have a fighter tied to your wing, sir, or will you just go up there plain this morning?” the ground crewmen of the B-29s in the Marianas have been asking the airplane commanders lately.

I WONDERED, while the tough and bloody Iwo campaign was going on, whether the survivors of the Marine divisions that took the island would resent the B-29s, knowin

as they did that the lives of their comrades had been sacrificed mostly to give the B-29s fighter support on their missions and to give the B-29s an emergency landing

field on their return flights from Japan. When the first B-29 landed at Iwo Jima, while the campaign for the island was still going on—a battle-damaged B-29 that otherwise would have had to ditch in the ocean and would probably have been lost with all its crew—the Marines there cheered and waved their guns in the air. That fighting Marines would cheer an Army airplane seemed unbelievable, and still does, to all except those who saw it. Later some B-29s that landed at Iwo were renamed on the spot by their crews—renamed for Marine units on Iwo whose members had made friends with the B-29 crews during the stopover. This is impressive to anyone who knows that the names of B-29s are a very personal creation of the crews who fly them. General Hansell, who initiated the B-29 program in the Marianas and was the first commander of the Twenty-first Bomber Command, once told me that on his way out from California in the first B-29 to land on Saipan, the co-pilot asked him to suggest a name for the airplane. The co-pilot, a new member of the crew, didn’t know that the rest of the crew had been working on a name for weeks past or that, after some arguments, coin tossings, several wrestling matches, and one brief fist fight, the

crew had finally agreed on the name Joltin' Josie. Possum didn't know this either, so, after thinking the matter over in his usual thorough manner, he told the crew that he thought the Pacific Pioneer would be a good name, since it would actually be the first B-29 in the Marianas. He noted a certain embarrassment and lack of enthusiasm on the faces of the crew members; He finally ferreted the facts out of the engineer, who confessed that Joltin' Josie had been the coalition selec

tion and indicated that while the crew members certainly wanted to do anything they could to please the General, they felt kind of strongly about the name Joltin' Josie. The General thereupon withdrew his suggestion. The crew members thought the matter over some more in the long hours of flight to Saipan. Early one morning, a week or so after the General had landed the airplane on Saipan, he found the engineer standing on a stepladder, painting something on the nose. It was the name of the airplane: Joltin' Josie, the Pacific Pioneer.

Some Marine officers I talked to on Guam after the Iwo campaign told me that the forma

tions of B-29s flying over Iwo on their way to Japan were a very tangible booster of Marine morale during some of the worst days of the fighting. "Everybody feels all right about the B-29s," one officer said. "We used to look up and see them, and I remember one day a corporal stood up, with half his body making a target for the Japs, and yelled, Took at those beautiful goddam things up there!' That's about how all of us felt when we thought about it. We would look at the B-29s and feel better and go on fighting. The thing is, we knew the B-29s were really getting at the Japs and, as the corporal said, there was something so damn beautiful about them flying up there over Iwo, and on from there for another thousand miles to do their stuff."

The B-29 ground and air crews have a respect for their airplanes that I have never observed around other airplanes. B-24s and B-17s seem to excite an affection, a good-humored familiarity, in fliers and mechanics. I have seen these people kick B-24s and B-17s on the tail, or under the belly, and say, "Well, you were all right today, you old bitch." Fighter pilots often stroke the nose of a P-51 or

P-47, or pat it affectionately on the side, when they get back to their base. The B-29 seems to arouse almost a reverent feeling among its people. Ground crews of B-l 7s and B-24s like to ignore, and leave unrepaired, minor bits of battle damage that give the airplane a scarred, tough look but do not interfere with flying efficiency. The old-fashioned khaki camouflage paint perhaps encourages them to think of the Fortresses and Liberators as good but ugly. The B-29 crews want their airplanes to look new and shiny all the time. I he B-29s arc silvery, without camouflage paint of any kind, and the crews laboriously smooth out tiny wrinkles on the ex-

teriors and polish the silver skins far beyond necessity. Any night in the Marianas, you can find B-29 crew members fooling around a perfectly airworthy B-29, fussing with it as an ('Ider generation used to fuss with the new car out in the garage after dinner.

Army fliers and mechanics for years now have refused to call any airplane a “plane” or a “ship” or an “aircraft.” They always say “airplane.” The B-29 people have developed a sensitivity that w ill not allow them to refer to a B-29 even as an airplane. They call it a B-29, usually saying “B-two-nine” or even “Baker-two-nine” (Baker is code), as if to make sure that nobody, under any circumstances, will think they are talking about any other kind of airplane.

THE other day, as I was finishing my twenty-one-day leave after getting back to the United States from Guam, I went to a preview of a short Army Air Forces movie called “Tarset Tokio,” which was taken in the early days of the B-29s in the Marianas. Our old commander, General Hansell, was at the preview, having been invited by the Office of War Information, which is sponsoring the picture, to tell the movie reviewers something about the pioneer days on Saipan and to answer questions about the current operations. I had not seen Possum since he completed his tour in the Marianas and started back to the States, waving goodbye to his staff from the pilot’s window of the B-24 he was flying home. He looked ten years younger, or barely thirty. He told me he had been having a wonderful time with the B-29 training wing he now commands out ’West, doing a lot of flying and working on some theories he had cooked up in the Marianas. He had asked for a B-29

training wing when LeMay took over the command in the Marianas, and General Arnold had directed that lie be given one, so that he could get some rest and health and be ready for something bigger and better after six months or so.

“LeMav is certainly going great guns out there,” Possum said to me, looking vc ry pleased. As I watched the picture, J, thought of a phrase Possum had used in an informal statement made to the press in the Marianas back in December, 1944, about what the B-29s were going to do to Japan. He had al-v ays steered clear of any suggestion of bo sting about his B-29s and had always been very conservative in his appraisals of the damage they were doimi. That

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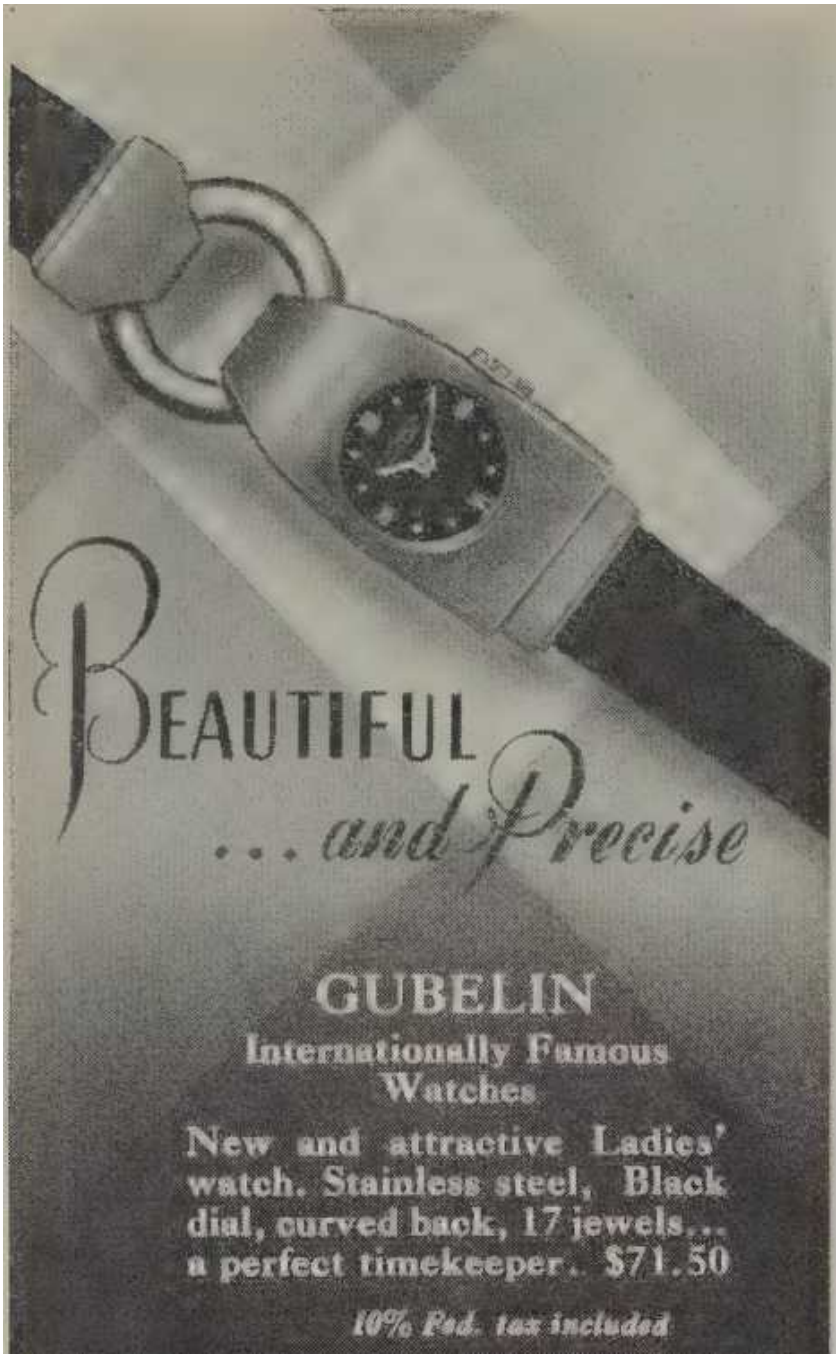
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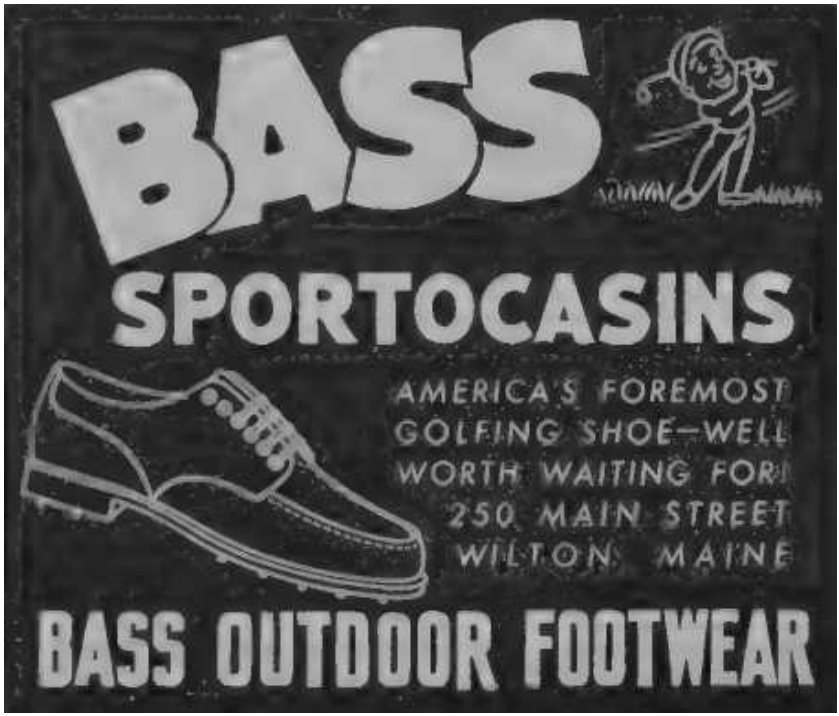

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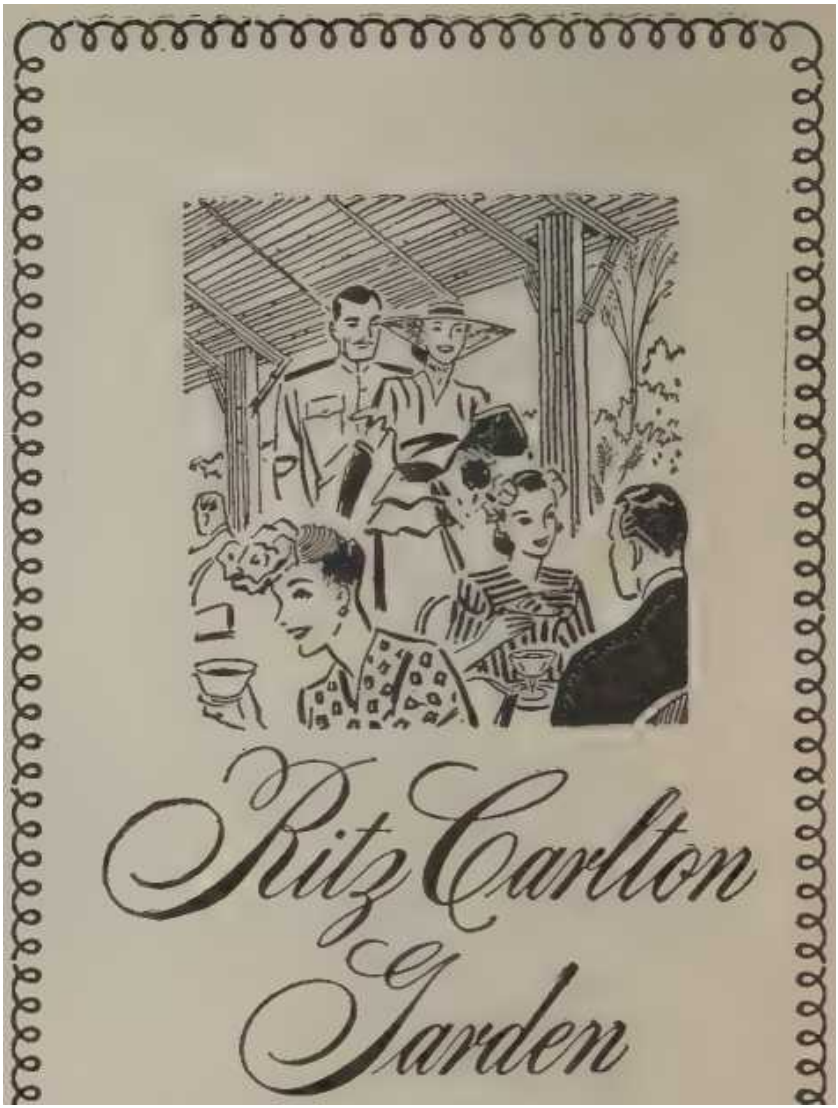
time he had hesitated, with his eyes characteristically focussed inward, as he tried to think of a phrase that would describe what he thought the B-29s would do and that wouldn't sound like bombast. "I think," he had said finally, <cwe shall make Japan bleed internally." For a prediction, this seems to have been fair enough, all things considered.

I found myself very much affected by one scene in the picture, the

landing of the first B-29 to reach Saipan. What got me, I think, was the movement and noise of the vast mob of people who had been waiting for the airplane for some hours and who, as it landed, moved toward it across the base with the happy, fluttering movement of a crowd going! into a baseball park or a race track on a summer afternoon at home. They had been waiting for this moment, actually, for days and weeks and even months. Some of them were members of the first service group to arrive on Saipan, back in August, 1944, the men under Colonel Lyman L. Phillips, who were assigned a few acres of sugar-cane fields by the island commander and who, through the hot rainy season, got servicing and maintenance installations ready for the coming of the B-29s—fighting flies and mosquitoes, fighting dengue fever, and even fighting Japs more than once to help the garrison forces in some of the last campaigns to clear the enemy out of the hills and coral caves not far from the B-29 base that was then being started.

I remembered a day in September when Colonel Phillips had showed me around the service-group establishment he and his people were building on one of the bluffs overlooking the sea, near the airstrip. Phillip-, must be in his early fifties; he is a reserve officer who left his rich farm in California and went back into the Army after Pearl Harbor to see what he could do. I doubt that he has ever been more contented, even though he is essentially a happy man, than he was in those first weeks on Saipan, when he and his people, and other service groups landing soon after, were the only B-29 people there. They were the real pioneers. They ransacked the ruined Jap sugar mill near Charan-Kanoa for pieces of machinery they needed, pieces of steel to reshape and hammer into all sorts of gadgets; they filched a huge iron cogwheel from the mill and made it into a roller to roll the coral gravel firm for the floors of their dispensaries and mess halls; they found a bullet-riddled Jap water tank, patched it, and set it up as their own water tank until the proper



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equipment arrived from the States. Phillips was the sort of commander who, like all good commanders, has a way whh people —who, for example, said to his staff one evening in his tent, as he cooled some beer for them in a make-shift refrigerator, “You know, we ought to have a flagpole for this outfit,” well aware that the next day some of his people would find somewhere, as they did, a flagpole (it was an old Jap one, which they repainted) and have the American flag flying from it at sundown when the bugler blew retreat.

There, too, in the movie, around the landing strip as the first B-29 came in, were the ground people of Brigadier General Emmett (Rosy) O’Donnell’s wing on Saipan, the first wing in the Marianas, who had also cleared the sugar-cane fields, fought the heat and the rain, the flies and mosquitoes, the dengue fever and the hold-out Japs, and built—officers and men alike— the wing headquarters and the group and squadron establishments, preparing everything for the air crews who would fly the B-29s out from the training stations at home. There was Colonel Byron E. Brugge, who was deputy commander for O’Donnell and who had the sorry job of going out with the ground people and overseeing all the construction work, although he was a flier himself, itching for his first chance to fly a mission to Japan. (He flew his first mission a few weeks later and his B-29 was shot down over Tokio and was seen to explode just before it hit the ground.) There was the whole bunch on the landing strip that day, the whole bunch of B-29 people of those ■early days on Saipan. The sound track for the movie was good and accurate— the noises made by a joyful bunch of men—but it didn’t pick up one voice in that crowd which I still remember, the voice of a grease-monkey staff sergeant who shouted over and over, above the racket, as the B-29 people moved across the coral rubble toward the new landing strip and the idling B-29, “Look at ’cr, look at ’er, look at ’er!”

y?ROM the series of all-out incendi--*■ ary strikes in March, 1945 —the same kind of strikes that have been going on in recent weeks in even greater force from the bases in the Marianas—there

emerged one hero who may be said to stand out above all the other B-29 people, some of whom were decorated and some not. He was Staff Sergeant Henry Eugene Erwin, of Bessemer, Alabama, who received for his particular act the Congressional Medal

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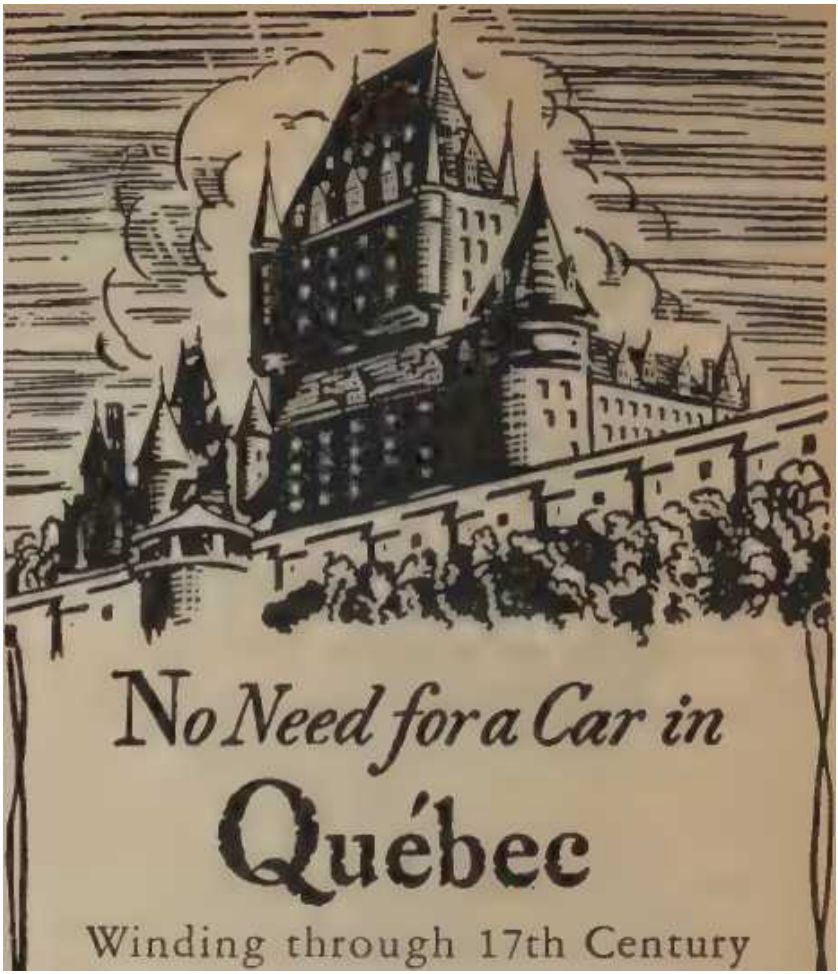
of Honor. Erwin came from the coaland-iron country that has made Birmingham, Alabama, and its suburbs, such as Bessemer, one of the industrial centers of the South. He is a strong, stocky, red-headed young man, twenty-four years old, who worked in the steel mills until shortly after Pearl Harbor. He enlisted in the Air Forces, wanted to be a pilot and went into training to become one, was reclassified, and went to Guam in the winter of 1945 as radio operator in a B-29 crew.

Erwin's B-29 was leading a formation to Japan on one of the first great incendiary raids. He had been given the additional duty of shoving phosphorus bombs down a chute near the rear end of the forward crew compartment. These bombs were being used on that mission to spread smoke over a certain area of Japan and thereby aid the other airplanes to make an .effective rendezvous. One of Erwin's phosphorus bombs was faulty. It began to sputter and smoke as he put it into the chute. J he sputtering phosphorus flew into his face, ate part of his nose away, and blinded him. The stuff splattered on his clothes, on his hands, inside his shirt. It burned the way the top of a faulty match burns when it drops on the back of your hand. The airplane quickly filled with smoke and fumes, and the pilot lost control of it. It went into a spin. Erwin knew what to do and he did it. A phosphorus bomb weighs about twenty pounds. Erwin pulled the sputtering bomb out of the chute, picked it up in his bare hands, and started carrying it to the nearest openings—the pilots' windows. From where he was, this was a distance of about twenty feet. He couldn't see, so he felt his way along the passage

with his shoulders, holding the bomb in his hands.

In a B-29 certain crew members have tables to work on during a flight, tables which, when raised, cut off this passage. The navigator's table was raised when Erwin got to it. The navigator didn't know what was going on, for he was blinded by the smoke and fumes, as was everybody else in the airplane, and was sitting with his back to the table, having swung around in his swivel chair. Erwin felt the table against his thighs. He held the bomb then for a few seconds in one hand, resting it against his chest, and with the other unlatched the table and lowered it so he could get by. All the time the bomb was sputtering and burning, throwing white-hot phosphorus all around. F rwin carried it on to the front of the compartment. The pilot and co-pilot had opened



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their windows, tn ing to get rid of the fumes and smoke. Erwin threw the bomb out the co-pilot's window. Then he walked a few steps back toward his post, near the other end of the compartment, and fell.

The pilot managed to bring the airplane out of its spin three

hundred feet above land a few seconds after that. In a. few seconds more, a crew member managed to get a hatch open and the smoke and fumes cleared away. Then the pilot jettisoned the rest of his load of incendiaries, turned around, and made for Iwo Jima, the nearest piece of friendly land, while the rest of the crew did what they could for Erwin. His face was burned all over and his nose was half gone. The flesh around his eyes was raw, his skin was blistering, and it seemed certain to his comrades that he would never see again. His hands were burned to the bones. His shirt and pants were afire when the crew got to him and the skin under his clothes was burned away.

Erwin has just been returned to the United States by air, along with other injured and wounded from the Pacific, and is now in a hospital near his home in Alabama. His eyes are all right. His face, hands, arms, and other parts of his body will require some skin grafting. The doctors think that a good job can be done on his face and that he will be able to live a normal life after several months of hospitalization and convalescence.

At the Twentieth Air Force Headquarters, in the Pentagon Building, a dossier has been started on Erwin for the Air Forces archives by the Chief of Staff of the Twentieth Air Force, Brigadier General Lauris Norstad, because Norstad thinks Erwin's act is one of the greatest instances of sustained selfsacrifice he has ever heard of. There is in this file, among other things, a copy of a letter Erwin wrote to his mother < >n Mother's Day, 1944, when he was in training in New Mexico. Some of J win's letters to his mother and to his w fe, whom he married a month or two before he went overseas, were copied at his home by an officer from the Twentieth Air Force headquarters and put into the file as evidence of the kind of young man Erwin is. The letter to his mother goes as follows:

Hope and trust you are well. As for myself, I am O.K. Hope you had a wonderful Mother's Day today because you are a wonderful Mother to me and I love you very much, even though 1 sometimes don't show it. My love for you, though. Mom, is of the silent type, because all my life you've been a wonderful influence to

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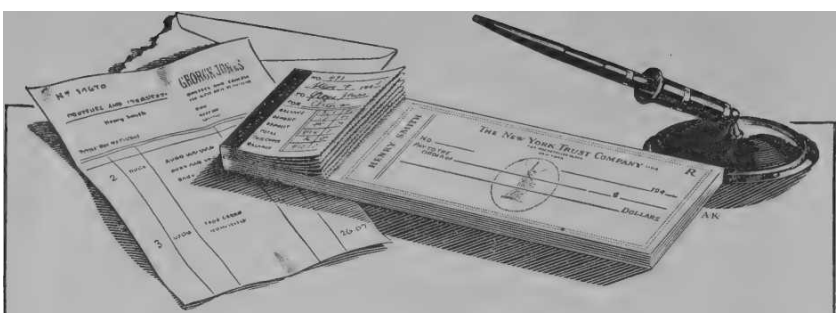

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me and I really never have shown you how much I appreciated it outwardly. But believe me very much, Mom, all my life I've tried to make you proud of me by doing what I thought was right. I know you don't say much to me, but you're a wonderful Mother, the best of 'em all. I guess every boy must think that of his mother, though, or he should. I wish I could give you everything, Mom, but I suppose I'll just be a hardworking fellow all my life, but as the saying goes, "Money isn't everything." Human companionship and friendship are the best. I suppose I've said enough. Could say more, but this is enough.

Erwin invariably put somewhere in his letters to his mother and to his wife the phrase: "As for myself, I am O.K." He calls his wife Cupcake. He wrote to her nearly every day he was in the Pacific, and she wrote as often to him. "Hi, Cupcake," he would write. "Hope and trust this finds you well. As for myself, I am O.K." The

same phrase appears in a letter to her that he dictated after he was decorated in the hospital on Guam, to which he was flown from Iwo Jima after the Army surgeons had done what they could for him at the field hospital there. A photograph of him taken that day shows him lying in his cot, bandaged from head to foot, with a tube coming out of the bandage over his face. He breathed and was fed through the tube. The crew whose lives he saved, and who are still flying and fighting out there, are standing around him, admiring the medal.

Erwin's phrase, with a slight revision of pronouns, seems as good a one as any to describe the people of the Twenty-first Bomber Command in the Marianas. As for themselves, they are O.K.

—St. Clair McKelway

(This is the last of four articles on the Twenty-first Bomber Command.')

WHAT IS THE ORCHID BOX?
The famous "orchid" box of Louis Sherry Chocolates is truly the aristocrat of confections. To the hostess, it is a charming tribute to her hospitality and to your thoughtfulness. To a Lovely Lady, it is a gallant gesture of esteem for her good taste. In your home, it is a mark of distinction. And to everyone an invitation to enjoyment.
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Pasadena.—Dismissal of the perjury charges against Thomas Pierson Jr., 2, who was alleged to have falsified his age to marry his 15-year-old bride, Faye Marie Greer, last September, was taken under advisement by Superior Judge Frank C. Collier here today—while the young husband was passing out cigars.—Los Angeles Examiner.

Probably lied to get the cigars, too. *

DEPT. OF ENGLISH LITERATURE (DELAYED ACTION DIVISION)
[From a story by Richard Sale in the Saturday Evening Post]

“Good,” George said sweetly, “by.” ... “Not,” Alec said, “one wee word.” . . .

“Go,” Alec growled, “away.” . . .

“Get out of,” Sally cried with fire, “here'

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Flizon Horzis

AN acute shortage of practically everything hit the cinema last -*-■*■ week, and the customers were

obliged to get along on a diet composed almost exclusively of calves’ brains. The

most nearly digestible item on the menu was something called

“Murder, He

Says,” starring Fred MacMurray, and through

we might as well sample that first. Though essentially a demonstration of how cleverly thirty minutes of entertainment can be stretched out into ninety minutes of tedium, just by repeating everything three times, the picture was rather better than most of its species—melodramatic farce, I guess you’d call it—because

some of the jokes were fair enough the f”st time around.

With its repetitions dissected out as far as possible, the story deals with an investigator for the Trotter Poll (Mr. MacMurray) who has strayed into the Jukes-Kallikak country to check up on Jiving conditions in the household of a family called Fleagle. Mr. MacMurray gets his first indication that the Fleagles are not precisely like other people when he is chased into an abandoned well by a phosphorescent hound. Then, after being rescued by Mrs. Fleagle, an irritable matron who can pick flies off a wall with a bull whip, he is taken up to the house to meet the rest of the family, which includes a pair of twins, identi-eal to the extent of being

played by the same actor; Mr. Johnson, a dissolute scientist (the incandescent dog is a byproduct of one of his experiments) ; and Grandma, who also glows very prettily in the dark, for she, too, has been treated w'th phosphorus. All these wayward types are looking for a $70,000 bankroll said to have been concealed around the premises by a female cousin, at the moment supposed to be doing a little stretch for armed robbery.

From here on, things get more com-piex. Grandma dies, burning out like an old electric light, and the general impression is that she has confided the secret of the treasure to Mr. MacMurray, though actually the only clue is a scrap of song,stitched on a sampler and going:

Flizon horzis Beezin komzis Onches nobis Inob keezis

Simple as this may seem to students of “Mairzy Doats,” it takes Mr. Mac-

Murray quite a while to figure out that the keys everybody is looking for are hidden in a knob on a chest. In fairness,

however, it must be said that most of the time the industrious Fleagles are

either shooting at him, trying to feed him phosphorus, or dropping him

trapdoors. As you can see, a good deal of thought has gone into “Murder, He Says,” perhaps a little too much.

IN “The Last Hill,” another

of those robust Russian films that have an enthusiastic but limited audience, the six survivors of a bombed warship are ordered to salvage her guns and hold the road to Sevasto-

pol. There is a good deal of kissing, singing, and drinking, and the heroine, deciding to get in the fight too, turns up one morning with a rifle and a bucket of cabbage soup. With her assistance, the six destroy ten Nazi tanks before their ammunition gives out and then die heroically, taking still more of the enemy with them. Apparently

there is a song, well known to Sevastopolians, that goes, “In this place, one is either a colonel or a dead man.” It is easy to believe. . . . “Robert Young is the aviator hero of ‘Those Endearing Young Charms,’ a film adapted from a play that was no good either,” notes the member of this bureau who felt obliged to attend it. “It has something to do with his attempted seduction of Laraine Day, an innocent young woman whose regular young man is a jitterbug, which, of course, is rather tough on her, since she is on her feet all day at a perfume counter. For no other reason that I could see, she falls madly in love with Mr. Young and after a lot of tiresome fuss wrings an honorable proposal out of him” ... “ ‘Bedside Manner,’ ” according to the same authority, “really seems to have been written on the set. Its heroine (Ruth Hussey) is quite a specimen, simultaneously practicing plastic surgery, psychiatry, and obstetrics and wearing hats that look as if they came from John-Frederics. For one reason and another, she is persuaded to go to work on a handsome pilot (John Carroll) who is pretending he is crazy and hides in the cellar with a pet duck. The humor reaches its climax when Miss Hussey brings out a jar of bees and applies them to him, more or less all over.” —AV. G.

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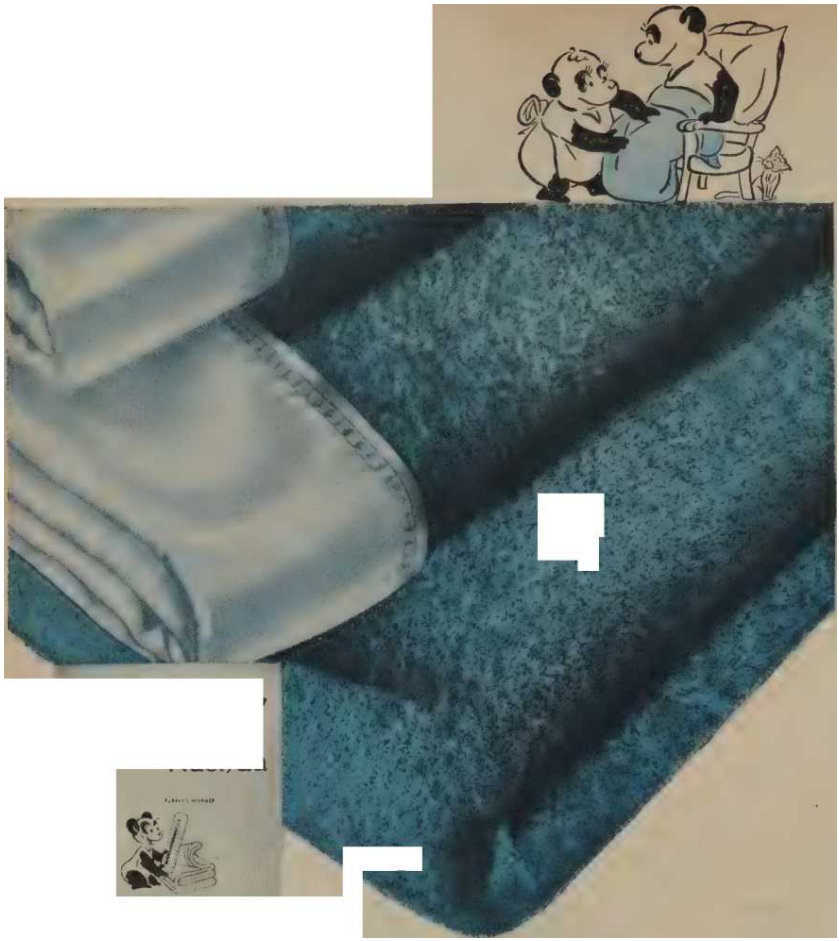

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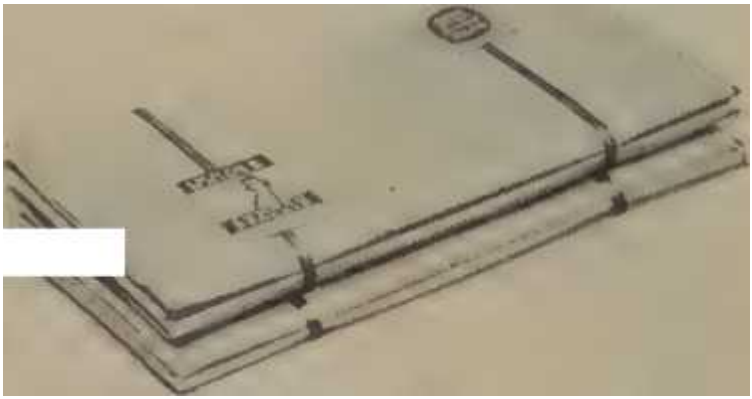

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OR,

MOTHER. VAS A GOOSE

Not long ago, it seems to me, A mother was the thing to be. No

other state could quite confer Such glory on the humble her.

Though she were ignorant, though she had Warts, or were mean, or merely bad, If she was Mother, she was shriven Of sin, respected, and forgiven.

A maid, once she secured a kiss, Was almost sure of wedded bliss And wore as Mother (if a wife) The Distinguished Service Cross for life. Alas! the melancholy fact is That such is not the present practice. Now school, psychologist, and novel Have Mother where she's glad to grovel.

Take Johnnie—no one wants to, but Sometimes he's good, sometimes he's not. T hat's Mother. If he ends in hell, She loved unwisely and too well.

Or wait—the cause of Johnnie's fall Might be he had no love at all.

At least, the culprit can't be hid. It's Mother, didn't she or did.

Girls kissed too often (or unkissed) Now go to a psychiatrist

And there, unhappily, peruse Case histories from Mother Goose.

Peter, Peter, 'pumpkin eater, Had a wife and couldn't keep her; His mother pauperized the lad— Or else she gave him all she had.

Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John Went to bed with his stockings on; His mother loved his faithless father— Or she was cold and spurned him, rather.

Georgy porgy, pudding and pie, Kissed the girls an' made them cry;

His mother spanked him when quite small— Or else she didn't spank at all.

Charley loves good cake and ale, Charley loves good candy;

His mother let her bosom fail— Or fed whenever handy.

Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall;

His mother taught the child to loaf— Or maybe pushed the clumsy oaf?

These histories palpably annoyed, In childhood, little Sigmund Freud, Who made his mind up then and there To track the criminal to her lair, Teaching us that the first mistake We infants are impelled to make, And cause of any dreadful other, Is having ever had a mother.

—Virginia Woods Bellamy

THE RACE TRACK

Arcaro and Blinkers

WHAT most perplexed the forty thousand horseplayers who were trying to figure out who would win the Belmont Stakes last Saturday was which of the starters could actually run a mile and a half. One man, an authority on pedigrees and figure systems, thought that none of them could do it. He said that very likely they would all give up and sit down at the top of the stretch. (There is an old wives' tale that in one of those endurance races out West, several years ago, a horse really did stop, lean for a moment against the fence a furlong from home, and then

go on to

win.) After a fearful examination of the past performances of the runners in the Belmont, it seemed to me reasonable that some such thing might happen.

Well, as you know, Pavot won the Belmont easily. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't have believed it possible that Walter Jeffords' colt could improve so much in a week. He tired so badly after g ing 1 mile in the Preakness that I was sure the only way he could do a mile and a half would be in a horse van. In the Belmont, however, he seemed inexhaustible. He was always fairly close to the unreasonably fast pace, but he didn't begin to take a real interest in things for quite a while. However, after passing the mile mark, he scooted into the lead as quick as a rabbit ..nd came home half a dozen lengths ahead of Wildlife. Jeep was a very tired third. Pavot's time was 2:30%, faster than Whirlaway ran in the same race four years ago, and altogether it was an amazing performance.

Some observers think Pavot won because he wore blinkers, which, in addition to making an animal look straight ahead, have always been a trainers' panacea. (He didn't wear them in the Preakness or the Withers, you ma}' recall.) Others feel that being ridden by Arcaro turned the trick. Although I don't want to do less than justice to Pavot, that's my opinion too. By the way, Arcaro was also offered the mount on Jeep, with whom he had won the Peter Pan Handicap earlier in the week, but with an eye on the jockey's ten-percent share of the winner's $52,670 purse, he declined because he didn't believe that Jeep could win at the distance.

Arcaro is not infallible at picking his mounts, but his average is high.

THE three-year-old fillies who ran for the Coaching Club American Oaks seem no better than they should be. In the race, Elpis, who belongs to William Helis and who never won before she came to Belmont, made short work of Colonel C. V. Whitney's Monsoon and Recce. Colonel Whitney had better luck in the National Stallion Stakes, in which his Enfilade, who radiates quality, won the $12,845 purse in a close finish with Harvey's Pal,

from the Maine Chance Farm. My two-year-old of the week, however, was Glen Riddle Farm's War Kilt, just about the last of the daughters of the now almost legendary Man o' War.

IF Ed Bradley listened to the broadcast of the Santa Anita Derby last Saturday, and I'm sure he did, he was probably shouting, ' Come on, Byme-abond! Come on, Busher!," because Bymeabond (now owned by J. K. Hous-sels), who won the race, and Busher (now owned by Louis B. Mayer), who finished second, ran for him last year. Several months ago Houssels paid Bradley $25,000 for Bymeabond. It wasn't a bad investment; his share of the Derby purse was $37,245. Busher was sold last winter. The other afternoon somebody asked Bradley why he had sold Busher, his best three-year-old. "Fifty thousand dollars," Bradley said blandly.

HERE we are at Aqueduct again.

You may be pleased to know that the racing will be transferred back to Belmont for the afternoon of July 4th, because the Queens County Jockey Club track isn't large enough to accommodate the crowd that is expected to try to see the Brooklyn Handicap. Something that may recommend Aqueduct to you is that steeplechasing and hurdle racing have been dropped for this meeting. In case you didn't keep count, nine horses were killed in races through the field in the three weeks at Belmont this year. — Audax Minor

Write or call Robert, Maitre de Hotel. —From an adv. in The New Yorker, de magazine classy.

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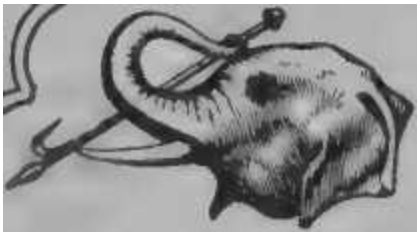

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MUSICAL EVENT5

Outdoors and In

THE twenty-eighth season of the Stadium Concerts opened last week with a Tchaikovsky program and intermittent rain. Happily, there was a good deal more Tchaikovsky than there was rain. After

giving a somewhat matter-of-fact exposition of Tchaikovsky's "Mozartiana" suite, the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra and the evening's conductor, Artur Rodzinski, delivered a sturdy and resounding performance of the composer's fifth symphony. The evening wound up with Nathan Milstein's brilliant playing of the

Tchaikovsky violin concerto. There

were ovations for Tchaikovsky, the or-

chestra, the conductor, the soloist, and

for addresses by Mayor LaGuardia and Sam A. Lewisohn, honorary chairmen of the Stadium Concerts. Only one man didn't get his just deserts in this outbreak of enthusiasm—whoever was responsible for the operation of the electrical amplification system, which seemed to be functioning better than at any other Stadium opening.

After a couple of musical evenings had been eliminated by rain that was

anything but intermittent, the concerts got around to a second session, this time with Alexander Smallens conducting the Philharmonic and James Melton as soloist. That concert was a rather unusual one, for it was actually two programs in one—a section chiefly of American orchestral music and another section of

familiar songs sung by Mr. Melton. There were several Stadium

first-timers among the orchestra's offerings •that night—William Schuman's "Side Show," solid, effective, and high-spirited ; Robert Russell Bennett's bright and charming arrangement of a dozen of the melodies Richard Rodgers wrote for "Oklahoma! ;" and Arthur Benjamin's brisk little "Jamaican Rumba." M. Smallens, a versatile man, took charge of everything with his usual efficiency and enthusiasm. Nir. Melton, after a somewhat uncertain start, sang with his customary appeal and drew so much applause that he added a short en-

core concert.

THE Goldman Band concerts, which are also in their twentyeighth season, are presented at the Central Park Mall on Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, and

at Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, on the other nights of the week. These free concerts are the gift of the Daniel and Florence Guggenheim Foundation. Mr. Goldman, who is a pioneering musician as well as an able

conductor, is giving various programs these evenings. His plans for the summer include, for example, concerts devoted to Bach, Verdi, Sullivan, Schubert, to band music, and to such specialties as the annual music-memory contest, which will be August 1 st, at the Mall. This contest, I might add, is a

tough one unless you are thoroughly

up on your band repertories.

ONE of the most interesting and unusual of the last indoor concerts of the season was a Town Hall program of original compositions by Alan Hov-' haness, whose music is based on Armenian folklore and folk music. The composer directed a capable string orchestra and had the assistance of several accomplished soloists, among them Maro Ajemian, who played the piano solo in Mr. Hovhaness's unorthodox concerto

"Lousadzak." Miss Ajemian did an impressive job. It was obvious that Mr. Hovhaness has an individual style of writing and can create

tonal patterns skillfully. You will probably hear him represented at orchestral events before long. —Robert A. Simon

A slowing up doesn't always occur because a new stage in the learning process is encountered. The student may stop progressing because he has just learned something else that interferes—like starting to study French when he is still not far along in Spanish. Or other matters may take his attention off the learning job —like worry about gambling or love.

In fact, one of the worst plateau producers is falling in love.

Fatigue also slows progress.—Infantry Journal. 4

Yes, and love brings on fatigue.

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[From "Tragic Ground," by Erskine Caldwell]

She was small and slender like Libby, and her dark brown hair was carefully combed.—Page 61.

Her blonde hair was piled on top of her head in a mass of curls and waves.—Sarne character, page 137.

DEPT. OF CORRECTION AND AMPLIFICATION

H/S Company

51st Engineer Combat Battalion APO---, Care Postmaster, N. Y.

8 June 1945 The New Yorker, Gentlemen:

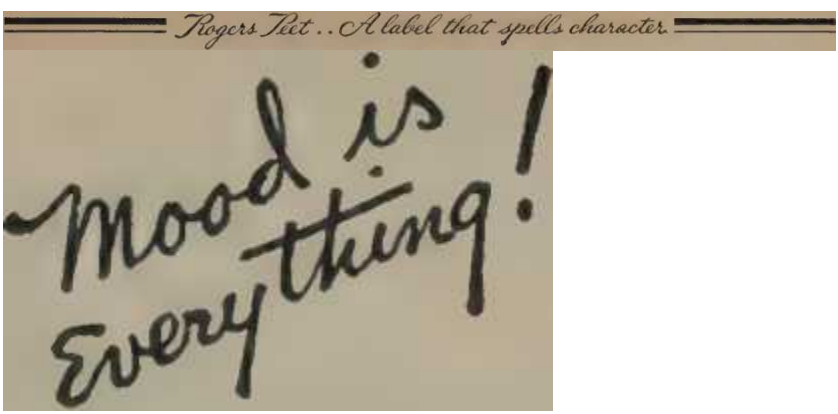
IN your 7 April 1945 overseas edition, you write about treadwav bridges and credit the 237th Engineer Combat Battalion with having built'the first bridge, a treadway, across the Rhine.

The first structures of any type to be thrown across the Rhine were a 1,032-foot treadway built by the 291st Engineer Combat Battalion and a 960-foot heavy ponton bridge built by the 51st Engineer Combat Battalion. Both structures were completed and opened to

traffic on 11 March 1945. The treadway, which took forty-two hours to construct, was situated about five hundred yards north of the famous Remagen bridge; the heavy ponton, requiring thirty-one hours of construction time, was built between Kripp on the near shore and Linz on the far shore of the Rhine and was located about six miles south of Remagen. On the same day that these two bridges were opened, the Remagen bridge was closed down for repairs, after having been used for three or four days. This bridge was never in use after 11 March. Less than a week later, it collapsed completely while undergoing these repairs and came damn near taking the 291st's treadway down the river with it.

For more than a week these two bridges carried all the Rhine River bridgehead traffic. The 51st's heavy ponton took care of eastbound traffic into enemy territory; the 291st's treadway handled traffic coming back across the river. They were the only bridges the Americans had across the Rhine for that period. .About ten days after these two bridges opened up, the 237th used the heavy ponton built by the 51st to get across the river to work on its tread-v ay, then under construction. This is the bridge you wrote about.

It is believed that the 51st's bridge was the longest heavy ponton ever built in this or in any other war. On the record, it is the first time that the United States Navy cooperated with the Army in a major bridge-building operation hundreds of miles inland. At the request of the 51 st's commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Harvey R. Fraser of I lizabeth, Illinois, Navy landing craft, vehicles, and personnel were transported



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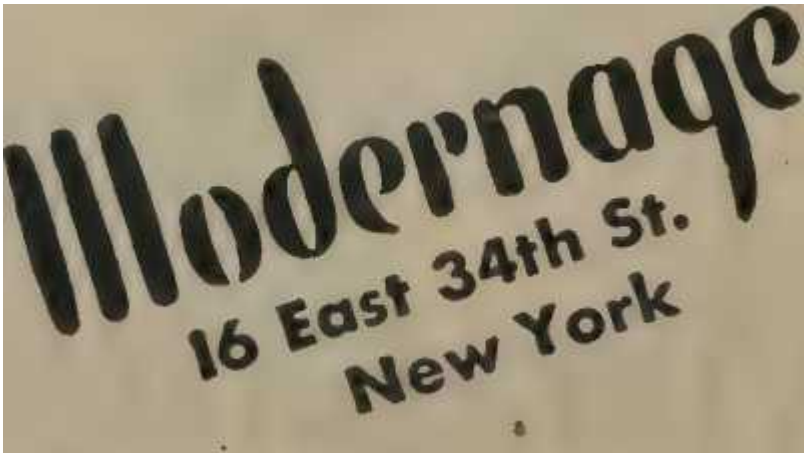

overland on trailers and were lifted right from the trailers into the river with their crews aboard. These boats immediately went to work pushing the heavy pontons into place and holding them there, against a ten-mile-per-hour current, until they could be anchored.

Little need be said here about the importance of these two bridges to both the Americans and the Germans. They were the life lines to our troops fighting like hell to hold their bridgehead against an enemy who knew the jig was up if we did hold. You can understand, then, what I mean when I say that both bridges were built under particularly “hot” conditions. Anything the Krauts didn’t throw at us they just didn’t have to throw, and anyone who says the Krauts lacked planes at that time is talking through his hat. On the other hand, the American anti-aircraft firepower concentrated around the two bridges was terrific. It seemed that every piece of equipment capable of hurling a piece of metal at a plane was jammed into these two areas by the First Army. And, to give the devil his due, those Krauts who dived their planes at the bridges, through that American-made hell, were courageous fliers. They

knew before they started down that it would probably be their last dive. When those guns opened up, one could hear every man, woman, and child in the United States grit his teeth and say, “That bridge is going to stay there. There’s no power on the face of the earth, save God Almighty Himself, that can knock it out.”

All three Engineer combat battalions I have mentioned are Presidential unitcitation outfits. The 237th, as you say,, for D-Day work; the 51st and the 291st for work done against von Rundstedt’s armies in the first week of the ■ Bulge fighting last December. The 51st j are the combat engineers who, alone, held the forty-mile front from Trois-Ponts to Marche in Belgium for four days and five nights of wild battling and -stopped the charge to the north that the Germans thought would roll back to the sea the northern half of the Western Front. But that’s another story. The whole point behind this letter is to tell you that it hurts a little bit to have some other guy get credit for something you did, especially when you have written home about it.

Yours truly, Pvr. Patrick J. Martin

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IT’S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT [Headline in the Times]

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Third Act and Epilogue

I? Scott Fitz* Gerald used to . say that there we re no second acts in American lives, but there was a second and even a third act in his own. Aft- . er the glitter of his early success (he was a best-selling novelist at twenty-three), after the long

disillusionment that was the theme of almost all his stories from “The Great Gatsby” in 19ˆ5 to “Tender Is the Night” in 1934, there was a crisis, a feeling of complete mental and physical exhaustion. That was the third act, and it came near being the end of the play, but before his death, in 1940, at the age of forty-four, there was a little-known epilogue in Hollywood that was a drama in itself. The whole story, and especially the end of it, can be pieced together for

the first time from “The Crack-Up” (New Directions), a volume of Fitzgerald’s literary remains that Edmund Wilson, his friend from Princeton days, has edited with the critical sense one might expect of him and not a little friendly discretion. The volume contains a number of autobiographical pieces, including some very good ones, that J itzgerald wrote for various magazines; a series of extracts from his literary notebooks; sixty-odd letters to his daughter and his close friends, a sampling short enough to make one wish for more; and a brief selection of letters to Fitzgerald and essaj-s and poems about him. The book is obviously not intended for consecutive reading, but it makes excellent reading in snatches; you can open it almost anywhere and find lively writing and painfully honest self-judgment. Moreover, it deals with a n velist whose work and character, for all

their shortcomings, have a way of holding our affection, like the life and work of Stephen Crane.

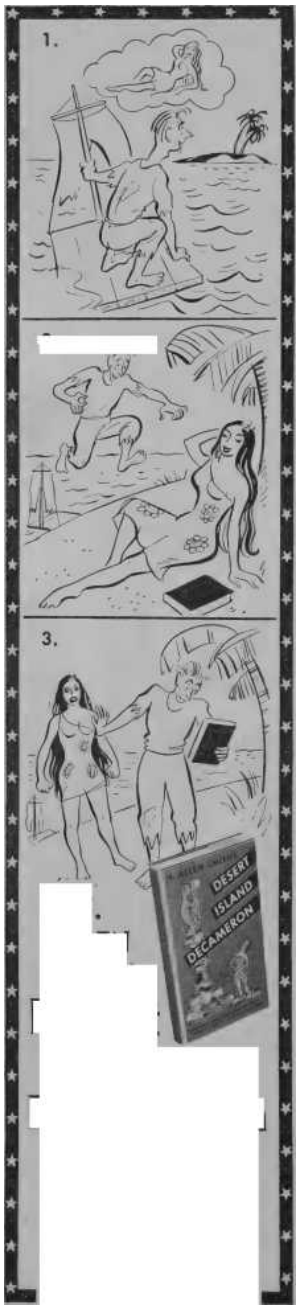
More than any other writer of these times, Fitzgerald had the sense of living in history. He tried hard to catch the color of every passing year: its distinctive slang, its dance steps, its songs (he kept making lists of them in his notebooks), its favorite quarterbacks, and the sort of clothes and emotions its people wore. He felt in the beginning that his own life’ was not merely typical but representative of a new generation; he could look inside himself and tell quite accurately how others would soon be thinking. Even in his later years he continued to be grateful to the Jazz Age because, lie said, writing about himself in the third person, “It bore him up, flattered him, and gave him more money than he had dreamed of, simply for telling people that he felt as they did.” He came to believe that he had helped to fix the patterns followed by people a little younger than himself. Thus, in one of his notebooks, he said of an unnamed relative that she was still a flapper in the nineteen-thirties. “There "is no doubt,” he added, “that she originally patterned herself upon

certain immature and unfortunate writings of mine, so that I have a special indulgence for ----- as for one who

has lost an arm or leg in one's service." He was a little wry about the Fitzgerald characters he kept encountering in life. One anecdote has been printed before, but it is worth repeating as he set it down in a notebook when he was living in Baltimore. It concerns a young man, a stranger, who telephoned Fitzgerald from a distant city, then from a city nearby, then from downtown, to announce his coming. At last the man drove up to the house, Fitzgerald noted, "with a great upping up of garden bord rs, a four-ply rip in a new lawn, a watch pointing accurately and unforgivably at 3 A.M. But he was

prepared to disarm me with the force of his compliment, the intensity of the impulse that had brought him to my door. ‘Here I am at last,’ he said, teetering triumphantly. ‘I had to see you. I feel I owe you more than I can say. I feel that you formed mv life.’”

Fitzgerald was himself the principal victim of his capacity for creating fictional types. “Sometimes,” he told another visitor late at night, “I don’t know whether I’m real or whether I’m a character in one of my own novels.” His early success had made him feel like the hero of a fairy tale. In 1919 he was working in a New York advertising agency for thirty-five dollars a week. He was engaged, he told his friends in his flamboyant fashion, “to the most beautiful girl in Alabama and Georgia.” He had met her at the Governor’s ball in Montgomery, when he was serving in the Army as aide-de-camp to General J. A. Ryan. That spring she broke off their engagement because it seemed that they would never have money enough to marry. He gave up his job, went on a long spree, and then went home to St. Paul, where he wrote “This Side of



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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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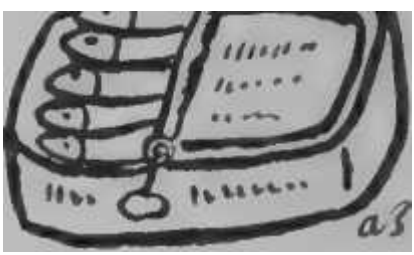
Paradise." He also sold a few magazine stories and earned, during the year, eight hundred dollars as a writer. In 1920, when his novel was published, he made eighteen thousand dollars. He married the girl and brought her to New York, where, he wrote, they wandered about "like children in a great bright unexplored barn." A few days later, he was "riding in a taxi one afternoon between very tall buildings under a mauve and rosy sky; I began to bawl because I had everything I wanted and knew I would never be so happy again." And, remembering that he had been penniless and jilted not long before, he also felt that he "would always cherish an abiding distrust, an animosity, toward the leisure



H ALLEN SMITH'S

Desert

Island Decameron

class—not the conviction of a revolutionist but the smoldering hatred of a peasant. In the years since then I have never been able to stop wondering where my friends' money came from, nor to stop thinking that at one time a sort of droit de seigneur might have been exercised to give one of them my girl."

He cultivated a sort of double vision. He was continually trying to

present the glitter of life in the Princeton eating clubs, on the Riviera, on the North Shore of Long Island, and in the Hollywood studios; he surrounded his characters with a mist of admiration and simultaneously he drove the mist away. He always liked to write about "where the milk is watered and the sugar is sanded, the rhinestone passed for diamond and the stucco for stone." It was as if all his novels described a big dance to which he had taken, as he once wrote, the prettiest girl:

There was an orchestra—Bingo-Bango Playing for us to dance the tango

And the people all clapped as we arose, For her sweet face and my new clothes— and as if at the same time he stood outside the ballroom, a little Midwestern boy with his nose to the glass, wondering how much the tickets cost and who paid for the music. He regarded himself as a pauper living among millionaires, a peasant among the nobility, and he said that his point of vantage "was the dividing line between two generations," prewar and postwar. It was this habit of keeping a double point of view that distinguished his work. There were popular and serious novelists in his time, but there was something of a gulf between them; Fitzgerald was one of the very few popular writers who were also serious artists. There were realists and romantics; Fitzgerald was among the

wildest of the romantics, but he was also among the few Americans who tried, like Stendhal in France, to make the romance real by showing its causes and its consequences. It did not matter too much that the causes were trivial and the consequences often tragic or sordid. "After all," he wrote in one of his notebooks, "any given moment has its value; it can be questioned in the light of after-events, but the moment •remains. The young prince in velvet gathered in lovely domesticity around the queen among the hush of rich draperies may presently grow up to be Pedro the Cruel or Charles the Mad, but the moment of beauty was there." "I am probably one of the most expert liars in the world,"

he said in his notes, "and expect everyone to discount nine-tenths of what I say, but I have made two rules in attempting to be both an intellectual and a man of honor simultaneously—that Ido not tell

lies that will be of value to myself, and secondly, that I do not Ue to myself." It is a difficult technical problem to tell the truth in fiction; often a writer falls into conventional lies simply because he can't find the right words or turns of phrase to express what he is trying to say. Fitzgerald, who regarded himself primarily as a craftsman, had both the technique and the need for being honest. He said in a notebook at the time of his own crisis, "I have asked a lot of my emotions—one hundred and twenty stories. The price was high, right up with Kipling, because there was one little drop of something—not blood, not a tear, not my seed, but me more intimately than these, in every story, it was the extra I had. Now it is gone and I am just like you now."

His crisis, in 1935 and 1936, was caused by a series of big and little misfortunes: serious illness (a recurrence, he said, of tuberculosis, from which he had suffered briefly in college), family troubles, insomnia, gin and water, reduced earning power, debts he couldn't pay, and, worst of all, a feeling that he had used up and wasted his abilities. His mistake, he wrote, was "an over-extension of the flank, a burning of the candle at both ends; a call upon physical resources that I did not possess, like a man overdrawing at his bank. . . . Every act of life from the morning toothbrush to the friend at dinner had become an effort." Now that he couldn't sleep, his days and nights were jumbled together: "In the real dark night of the soul," he wrote, "it is al-

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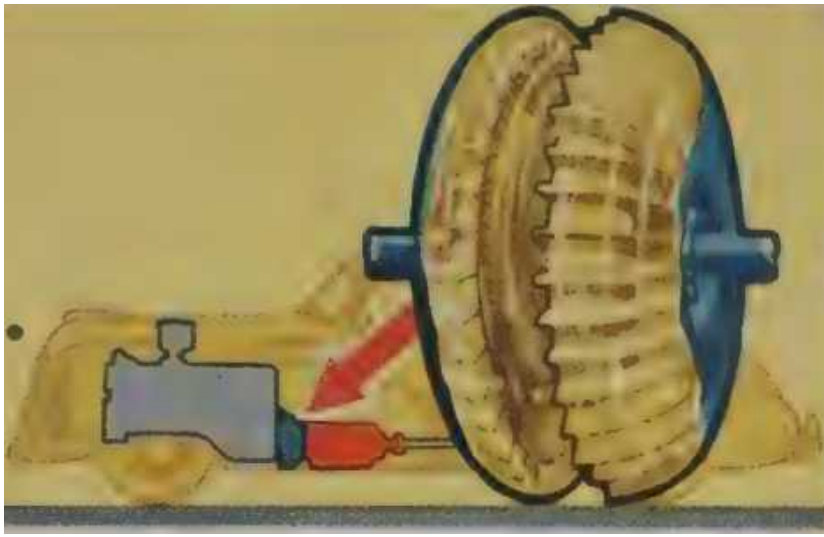

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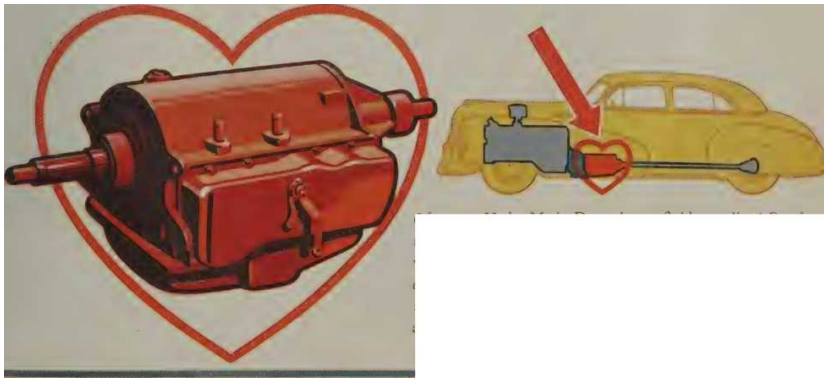

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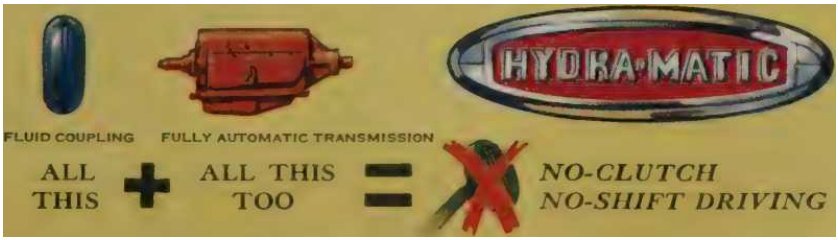

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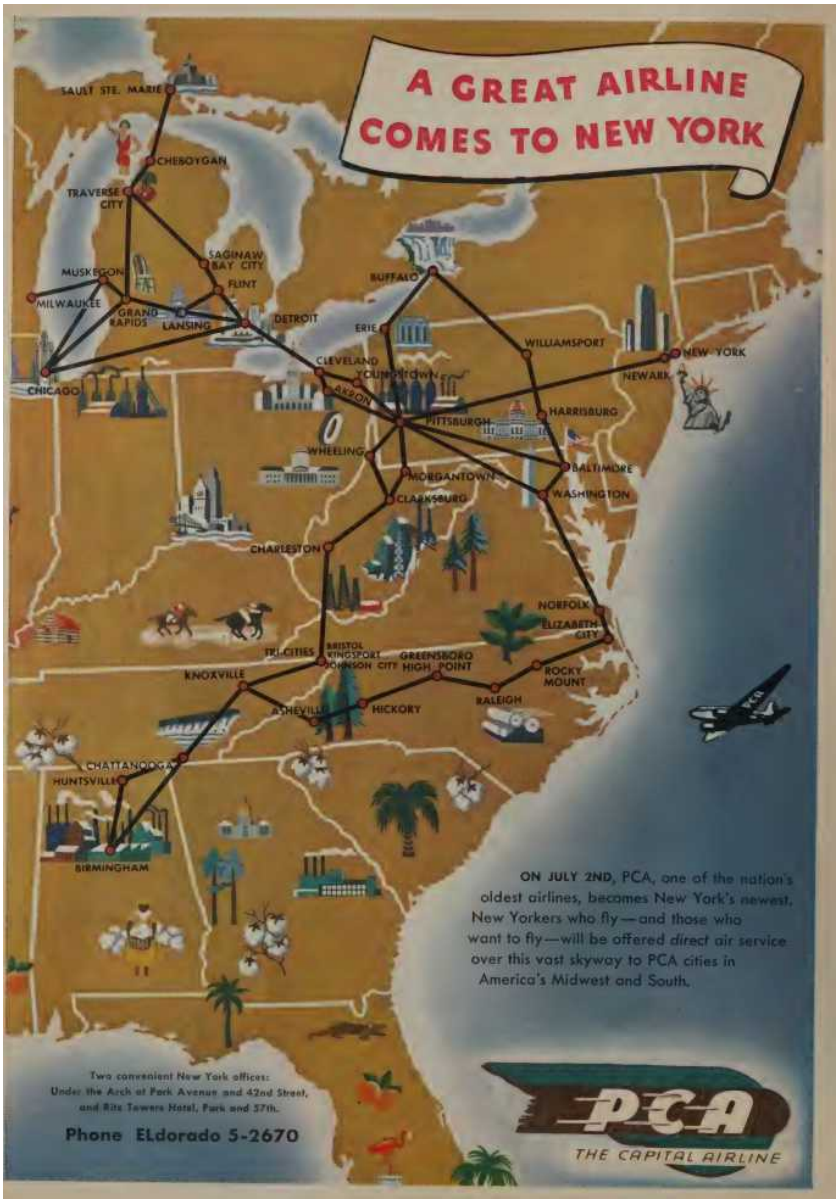

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ways three o'clock in the morning, day after day." There was a moment when he felt suddenly that he had cracked, as an old plate cracks. He tried running away from himself; one day, having left his home in Baltimore, he arrived in a town in North Carolina with seventy cents in his pocket. He lived for two days on tinned meat and soda crackers, washed down with two cans of beer, while he wrote a story to pay his hotel bill; then he went home again to his problems. There was something in his character, a Midwestern toughness or an Irish Puritanism, that would not let him give in; he made the best of whatever was left to him. "Sometimes," he wrote, "the cracked plate has to be retained in the pantry, has to be kept in service as a household necessity. It can never again be warmed on the stove nor shuffled with the other plates in the dishpan; it will not be brought out for company, hut it will do to hold crackers late at night or go into the icebox under leftovers."

Fitzgerald went to Hollywood in 1937 to make a new start. What happened during the next four years is outlined or suggested in his letters, and it is, on the whole, a more heartening story than I had expected to read. Fitzgerald stopped drinking, worked at writing second-rate movies, paid off most bf his debts, kept up his life insurance, and started a novel about the motion-picture industry, "The Last 1 ycoon." In the end his heart gave out, from overwork. For some years there had been months of acute illness and day and night nurses, and other months of convalescence during which his activities were regulated by a clinical thermometer. When his temperature rose to 99.6, he had to rest all day ; when it was only 99.2, he could write in bed in the afternoons; when it fell to 99, he disregarded the doctor's warning and looked around for another studio job. Meanwhile, the novel was going ahead slowly. "It is first-hand," he said in his last letter to Edmund Wilson, "and I am trying a little harder than I ever have to be exact and honest emotionally. I honestly hoped somebody else would write it but nobody seems to be going to." In a letter to his daughter he said, "I am not a great man but sometimes I think the impersonal and objective quality of my talent and the sacrifices of it, in pieces, to preserve its essential value has some sort of epic grandeur. Anyhow, after hours I nurse myself with delusions of that sort." "The Last Tycoon," which was published after his death, has all his essential qualities and,

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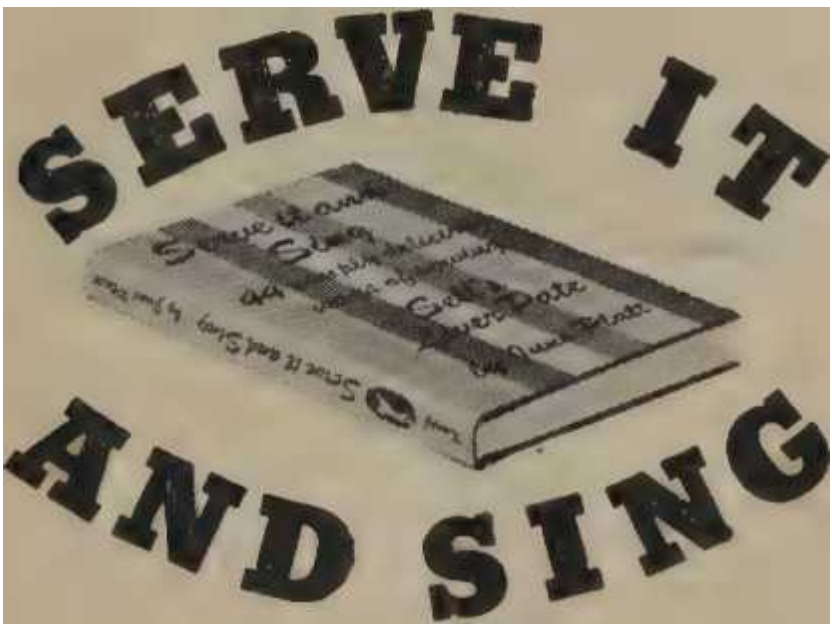

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even in its unfinished state, it is the best of his books. —Malcolm Cowley

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Black Weather, by Berton Roueche (Reynal & Hitchcock), Whatever else you may think about this short first novel, you will almost certainly be struck by Mr. Roueche's intensely satisfactory sense of form. The story is exactly the right length; one paragraph more or less would have marred it. If this seems a pointless observation, then you have not been exposed to the current crop of too-fat or

too-thin fiction. This novel concerns a gentle, unsure young couple who, a few weeks before the wife is to have a baby, go to live in a shabby-genteel rooming house presided over by an evil old spinster with a peculiar brand of perversion. It is this woman's pleasure to give the marriage of the weak young people frequent little shoves, which they have neither the intelligence nor the force to withstand, in the direction of disintegration. Mr. Roueche handles expertly the tensions that grow out of his characters' increasing uncertainty and he leads up quite convincingly to a situation as hopeless as it is inevitable. A quiet but successful first try.

Prelude to Night, by Dayton Stoddart (Coward-McCann). One of those large panoramas of American life for which you are bound to feel respect, even though, in this instance, Mr. Stoddart may not command your admiration as a stylist. The theme (the career of a heel who rises from middle-class obscurity to great wealth and social prominence) has been worn rather thin since Dos Passos created the father of the genre in J. Ward Morehouse, but Mr. Stoddart manages to make more or less the same career extremely interesting. He has included in his long narrative almost all the social phenomena that have distinguished American (and especially New York) life for the past forty years, and dismal reading our monkey-shines of that period make. Mr. Stoddart has the good reporter's un-exaggerating eye, a sly enjoyment of the frailties of the human race, and a sense of the sterility of the kind of success he is recording.

The Wayfarers, by Dan Wicken-den (Morrow). An unpretentious, exceptionally well-told story about

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an unusual American family in the days just before the beginning of the war. The central figure is the father, who, ten years after the death of his beautiful wife, rouses himself from his grief to take stock of his inadequacy as a parent. The slow growth of his understanding of his children and of the consequences of his absorption in his dead wife, together with the author's portrayal of the interaction of a number of highly sensitive characters, make, in a quiet way, as true and intelligent a new novel as you are likely to encounter at the moment.

The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith, by Bruce Marshall (Houghton Mifflin). It's hard to make the peculiar charm of this novel sound convincing. The story is about nothing more dramatic than the life of a parish priest in a Scottish town from 1908 up to the present. It is written with simplicity, a serious, G. K. Chesterton reverence, and a touch (not too offensive) of sentimentality. Such things as a group of fluttery French nuns, parochial gossip, and Father Smith's hopes and disappointments are bound together by only the most tenuous plot, and yet there is in this brief narrative a delicate but very real vitality.

GENERAL

Flowering Dusk, by Ella Young (Longmans, Green). A mosaic of memories, very Celtic and very fey, by one of the leading members of the group of Irish poets, painters, and dramatists that included William Butler Yeats, Lady Gregory, A. E., James Stephens, and Padraic Colum. Miss Young is rather a charming writer, with a

sensitive ear for language and a deep affection for the myths and fables of her native land, and her book, in which she tells the story of her life, ought to be of considerable interest to everyone who cares about the so-called Celtic Renaissance. However, people who don't believe in fairies and fairy music may find the atmosphere of other-worldliness much too rarefied at times.

My Brother Americans, by Carlos P. Romulo (Doubleday, Doran). A non-stop love letter to America and the American people by the brisk and energetic Filipino military man who is now Resident Commissioner of the Philippines. Not long ago, Genera] Romulo went on a lecture tour across this country. Judging by this record of his junket, every single person,

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place, and thing he saw succeeded in arousing his enthusiasm. It's hard to believe that we're as grand as the General seems to believe, but since he feels as he does and is so extravagant in his praise, it's just as hard to keep from thinking that he is pretty grand, too.

The Promise Hitler Kept, by Stefan Szende (Roy). This book, originally published in Sweden under the title "The Last Jew from Poland," is the story, even more exciting than most records of its kind, of a man who managed, against all odds, to escape the Nazi noose. The hero, Adolf Folkmann, who told his story to the author, lived for twenty months under the Soviets after the partition of Poland, saw the German invasion of Lwow, survived a hundred pogroms, lived in the ghetto of Lwow until its liquidation, worked for the Germans in a slave gang, and then escaped to Sweden in the fall of 1943. There is a sameness about all the narratives of escape,

and what happened in Poland when the Germans took over is now quite generally known, but this account, in that it provides a highly detailed and seemingly authentic record of this particularly hideous chapter in Nazi militarism, has considerable historical value.

Tom Paine: America's Godfather, by W. E. Woodward (Dutton). Mr. Woodward, one of our foremost informal historians and no man to run away from a fight, takes on all the detractors, living and dead, of the restless intellectual who helped galvanize the American revolution. The picture of Paine, whom Theodore Roosevelt once called "a filthy little atheist," that has come down to us is viciously distorted, Mr. Woodward says, and in this lively, well-documented, and extremely readable biography he tries to set the record straight. He takes time out, in passing, to give Howard Fast a rap on the knuckles; Fast's novel about Paine comes closer to being a libel than a piece of fiction, Mr. Woodward says, and, on the basis of the record that he presents, the chastisement seems more than well deserved. Illustrated.

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[Headline in the Joplin (Alo.} News Herald]

KONRAD HENLEIN, THE TRAITOR OF SUDETENLAXD, ESCAPES DEATH IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA BY TAKING HIS OWN LIFE

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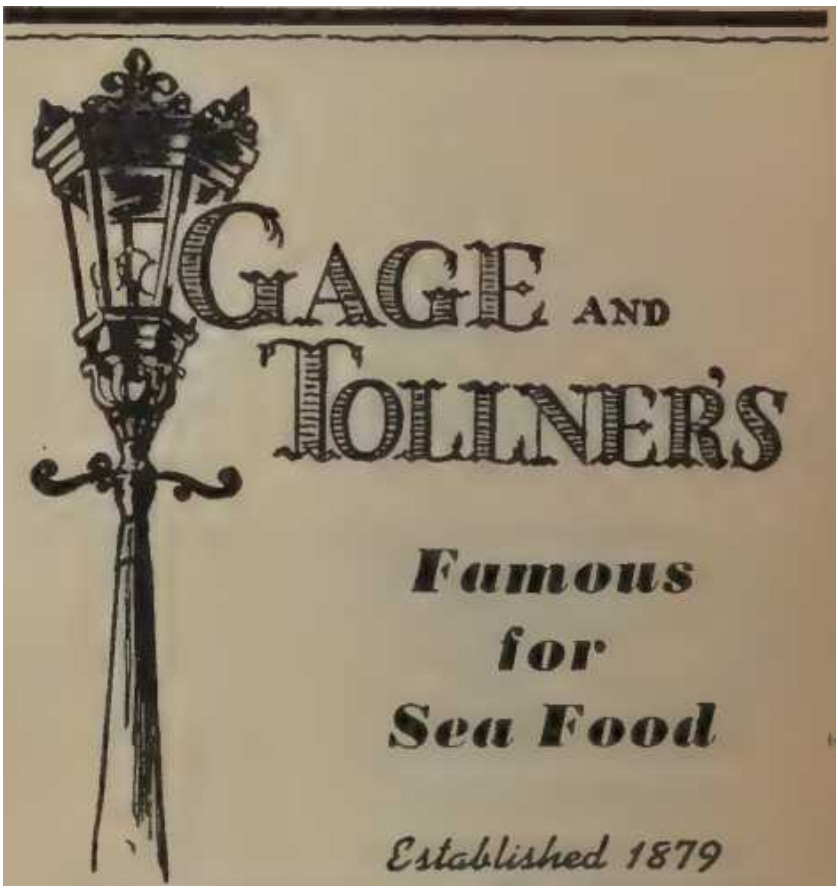

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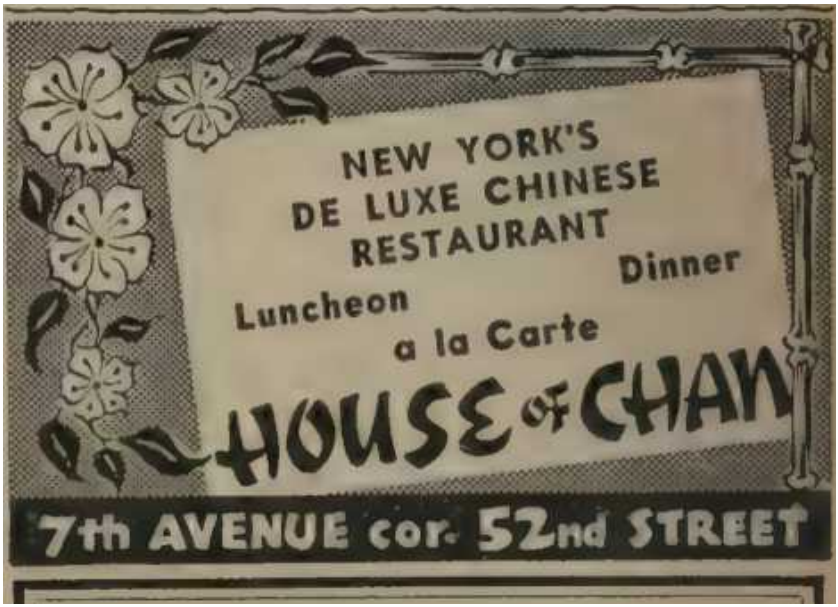

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Jl'NE 30, 1945

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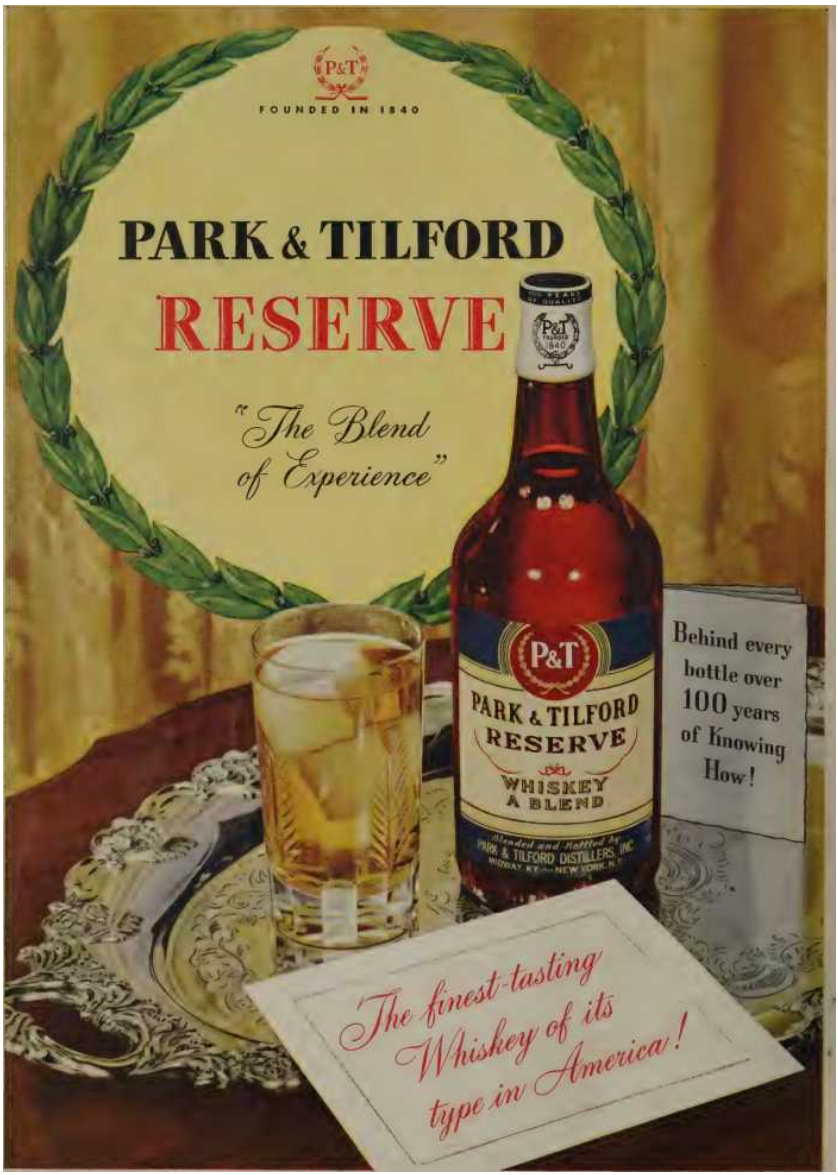

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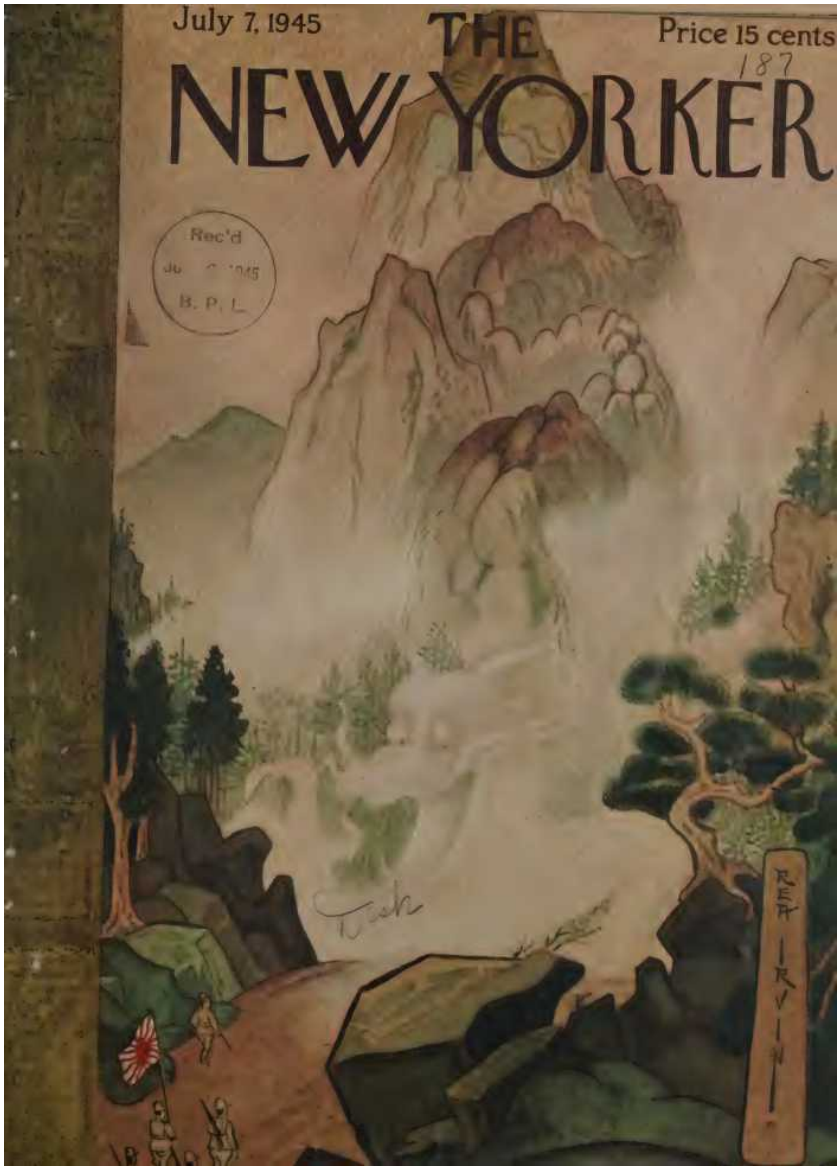
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WRITING NEW RAILROAD HISTORY

Sun glinting on yellow metal marked a great moment in railroad history that day in September, 1883. At Gold Creek, Montana, General U. S. Grant drove home a golden spike —and the Northern Pacific, first of the northern transcontinental railroads, was completed.

Shortly after, a special train puffed over the spot, carrying officials and distinguished guests from the East and Europe, on the first through train trip from St. Paul to Portland, Oregon.

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THE THEATRE

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PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an allNegro play that

made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some f e old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. ? ghtly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. Augusta Dabney, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith are in the cast. (Henry i ller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., • nt 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama C itics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. N ghtly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and S t. at 2 140.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. Winner of the 1' litzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 mo.)

1 Remember Mama—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Frances Heflin and Adrienne Gess-nt r. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. Ci 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play F ther and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE ' ■ 1540

Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Overtons—A familiar Apiece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Judith Evelyn, June Knight. Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets. however, are superb, and the cast, which includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rou-ben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CT 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun, at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at .'30.)

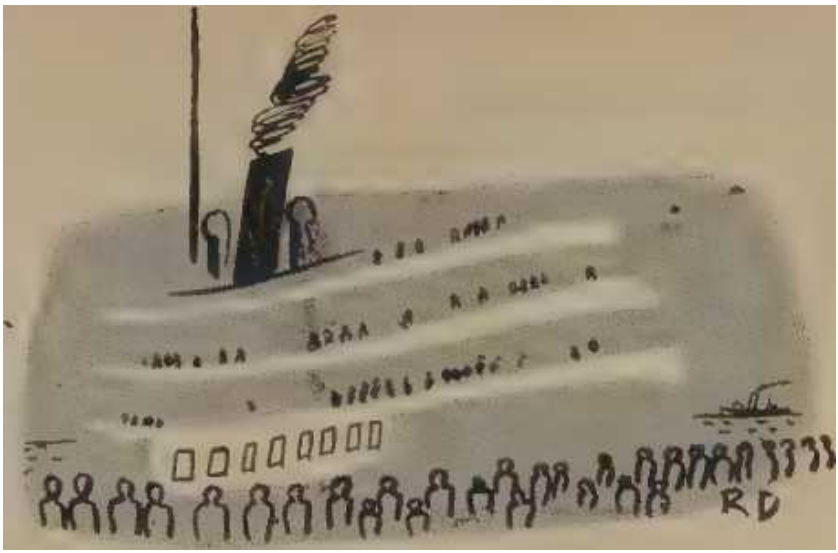
Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI (>699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Hollywood Pinafore—Sir Arthur Sullivan and plain George S. Kaufman have transplanted Buttercup at d her friends to California with not very happy results. Victor Moore and William Gaxton hi ad a cast that includes Shirley Booth, Mary \\ ickes, Annamary Dickey, and Gilbert Russell. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Thurs. Aft., July 5, at 2:30; tickets can be obtained by buying War Bonds at any major department store.)

Laffing Room Only! -Frank Libuse does his best to redeem this latest Olsen and Johnson frolic, but it is still pretty dull and tasteless stuff. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CT 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at

8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of “Green Grow the



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR.

OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY. JULY 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 14.

Lilacs,” by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 44664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Tues. Aft., July 10, at 2:30; tickets can be obtained by buying War Bonds at any major department st >re.)
On the Town—A carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like “The Garrick Gaieties.” With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a good job. With Irra

Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CT 7-288/: Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Marinka—A musical comedy by George Marion, Jr., and Karl Farkas, with music by Emmerich Kalman, and a cast including Joan Roberts, Harry Stockwell, and Luba Malina. Directed by Hassard Short and produced by Jules Leventhal and Harry Howard. Opens Wed., July 11. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

miscellany

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at

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DEPARTMENTJ

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49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves, at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several ot them are closed entirely or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules

Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this cool, subterranean cavern.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—This old favorite has at least one eye open again. Car-dini (one of our more expert magicians), the dance team of Fred and Elaine Barry, and Henry Busse's slapdash orchestra.

Cafe Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—• Paula Laurence, Georgia Gibbs, Josh White, and Beatrice Kraft in a horrid conspiracy (o make you want to stay up all night. Appropriate music by Edmond Hall's accomplished band.

Cafe Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737) « —Imogene Coca making intelligent fun of almost anything, jazz piano by Cliff Jackson and Mary Lou Williams, songs by Ann Hathaway, and music by Phil Moore's overwrought orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—A home away from home for many of our most professional night owls. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chi-quito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)-—For a peaceful din ner and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras. •

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Madison Avenue's largest and coolest all-weather tropics. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the ingenious mind-reader, a dance team, and Stanley Melba's agile orchestra are in the

stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in ' the Cafe Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Walter Liberacc, who plays piano to a victrola accompaniment, is in the Persian Room with Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras alternating on the stand. Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just about as peaceful and pleasant as nighttime on a rooftop can be. Paul Snarr's orchestra for dancing. x (

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Cafe Lounge, large and dressy-, is sweetened by the lush dance music of London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Alberto Linno's rumba band are on hand at night.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has a small supper show, principally Borrah Minevitch's Harmonica Rascals, for no special reason. Nat Brands ynne's sonorous orchestra for dancing, with Mischa Borr's band alternating at supper. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—blue angel, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626) : Eddie Mayehoff and his merry monologues, Mildred Bailey and her sultry songs, along with the cheerful music of the Herman Chittison trio and the Delta Rhythm Boys. . . . spivy's roof, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-9322): Carter and Bowie dispensing their special bran 1 of piano duets, and now and then Spivy herself, singing about her special brand of world-weariness.

Miscellaneous—At the co<? rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 38887): Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing in a highly decorative setting. . i-z-3 club, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk; no dancing. ..casino russe, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the cotelette a la Kiev than for the goings on in the floor show; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . , Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL

8-0310): a fairly standardized show, with Jerry Cooper and a collection of delectable ■ show girls; Joe Ricardel's orchestra. ... el chico, ' 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646) :*' semiSpanish, wnth some strolling singers and a fine rumba band. . . . Copacabana, io E. 60 (PL 81060): Russell Swann, the bright magician, being very untypical of the conventional Copacabana show, which at the moment includes Mitzi Green and the orchestras of Enric Madriguera and Joel Herron. . . . astor roof, B'way at 44 (CI 0 6000): Harry James and his orchestra on this

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WITH CARE
FRAGILE
"The conductor won't let her out of the baggage car till she gets some commuter clothes from Saks Fifth Avenue"

large, cool rooftop, playing for what look very much like jitterbugs. . . . Essex house, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300) : Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . Lincoln, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500) : Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. ... madison, 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Oscar Day's orchestra. Closes for the summer on Sun., July 8. . . . new yorker hotel, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . .

Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000) : George Paxton's orchestra. . . . roosevelt, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200) : Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its open-air deck and that colossal view of the harbor, now has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

Mostly for Munc—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At pick's, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and their helpmeets scorching the midnight air. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at I I (CH 2-9355): ª small but comfortable cave, equipped with Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; also, Don Frye as solo pianist and the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . onyx, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835) : the stertorous Hot Lips Page leading his new band, and Stuff Smith at- work on his electric violin. ... downbeat, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511):" Sidney Catlett and his teammates, Al Casey and pis new trio, and occasionally the moody Billie Holiday; dancing. ... jimmy ryan's, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. . . . three deuces, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

Al Fresco—The Claremont inn, Riverside Dr. at 124; just for the fine view of the Hudson and dance music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . tavern-on-the-green, Central Pk. W. at 67: a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then. . . . museum of modern art, it W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . central park zoo: the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but nice in midweek for a late breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafes: brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; fifth avenue hotel, 5 Ave. at 9; longchamps, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

American—The Encyclopedia Britannica collection of contemporary art: International Bldg., Rockefeller Center. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun.-, 1 to 6 p.m.; through Sun., July 8.

Austrian—A hundred years of Austrian art, from Ferdinand Georg Waldmuller to Oskar Kokoschka; a benefit for the Save the Children Federation: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Sat., July 7.

Frick Collection, i E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been hidden away for safekeeping since wc entered the war are now back in the Museum. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.

Groups—At the durlacher, ii E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.: through July 31. . . . rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through July 31. . . . passedoit, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, Jose de Crceft, and others of this group. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through July 31.... tT gallery, 67 E. 57: fourteen painters, centered about Hans Arp, in whose general style the gallery sees signs of a new "ism." Daily 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., July 7.... perls, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sept. 8. . . . contemporary arts, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through July 31. . . . babcock, 38 E. 57: new paintings by artists of the gallery's group,; also, a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p m.; through Aug. 31. . . . rosenberg, 16 E. 57: work by Rattner, Hartley, Helion, Avery, and Weber. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Fri., July 13. . . art of this century, 30 A . 57: painting and sculpture by Loren Maclver, Gypsy Rose Lee, I, Rice Pereira, and other women. Daily 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sat., July 7. . . . ferargil, 63 E. 57: paintings by around a hundred contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Fri., July 13. ... midtown, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through July 31. ... niveau, 63 E. 57: Dufy,

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 14.

Utrillo, Pascin, and other French painters. Mon. through Fri., 10

a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Sat., July 14. . . . kleemann, 65 E. 57: Corbino, Eil-shemitts, Bosa, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 130 p.m.; through Fri., July 13. . . . weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61: Edward Stevens, Nye Pharr, and other young Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through July 27. ...levitt, 16 W. 57: Oronzo Gasparo, Everett Spruce, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through July 31. . . . feigl, 601 Madison, at 57: members of this gallery's group, including De Hirsh Margules and Mariano Rodriguez. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through July 20. ... milch, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Sept. 15. . . . matisse, 41 E. 57: work by contemporary French artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through July 20.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, newly arranged to show the development of Greek civilization; also, prints and drawings by Goya; and (through Sept. 3) an exhibition, sponsored by the Treasury Department, of paintings and drawings of the Pacific war, by American artists. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.

Museum of Modern Art, ii W. 53—A large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Nov. 4.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

Photography—over two hundred prints in the annual International Salon of Photography: American Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 79. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.; through July 15.

Fred E. Robertson—Semi-naive paintings by Grandma Moses' brother: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., July 14.

MUSIC

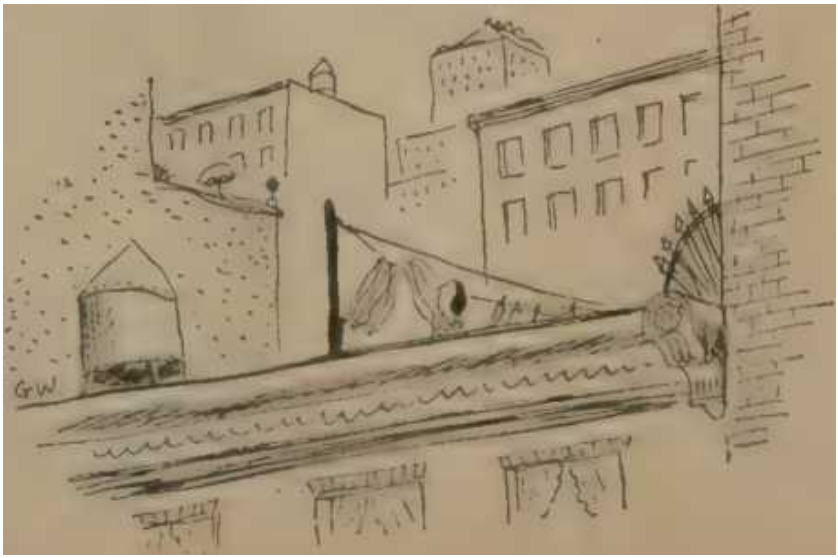
Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Leonard Bernstein conducting, Thurs. through Sun., July 5-8; Alexander Smallens conducting, Mon. through Fri., July 9-13; Ignace Strasfogel conducting, Sat., July 14. Highlights: Bronislaw Huberman, violin, July 5; Alec Templeton, piano. July 7; Gladys Swarthout, contralto, Martial Singher, baritone, and others, in "Carmen," July 9-10; all-Gershwin program, with Oscar Levant, piano, and Todd Duncan, baritone, July 12; Carl Stern, cello, July 14. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 p.m. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534- In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 p.m. over WNYC. Fifth Avenue buses marked "Stadium" leave Washington Square at frequent intervals weekdays between 6:44 and 7:32 p.m. and Sun. between 6:31 and 7:31 p.m.)

Juilliard Concerts—Lonny Epstein, piano, Thurs., July 5; Marcel Grandjany, harp. Fri., July 6; David Holland, piano. Tues., July 10; Rosalyn Tureck, piano, Wed., July 11; John J. Niles, folk singer, Thurs., July 12; Sigismond Stojowski, piano, Fri., July 13. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122. At 4 p.m. No tickets necessary.)

Goldman Band—Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8:30 P.M. (Central Park Mall.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the polo grounds: Giants vs. St. Louis, Thurs., July 5, at 2:30 p.m.; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Fri., July 6, at 2:30 p.m., Sat., July 7 (doubleheader), at 1:30 p.m., and Sun., July 8



(doubleheader), at 2:05 p.m. ... Yankee stadium: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thurs. through Sat., July 12-14, at 2:30 p.m. . . . ebbets field: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thurs., July 5, at 2:30 p.m.; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Fri., July 6, at 8:30 p.m., Sat., July 7, at 2:30 p.m., and Sun., July 8 (double-header), at 2:05 p.m.

Red Cross Benefit Game: Yankees vs. Giants, Mon., July 9, . at 8:45 p.m. (Polo Grounds.) Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Tommy Bell vs.

Jake La Motta, middleweights, 10 rounds, Fri., July 6; Willie Joyce vs. Bobby Ruffin, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., July 13. (Preliminaries at 8:30 p.m.; main bouts at 10 p.m.)

Golf—L.I.G.A. Amateur Championship, Hempstead G.C., Hempstead, L.I.: qualifying rounds, Mon. through Fri., July 9-13; match play rounds, starting Sat., July 14. . . . Metropolitan G.A. Public Links Championship, qualifying rounds,-starting Sat., Julv 14, Hendricks Field Golf Course, Belleville, N.J.

Racing—Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 1:30 p.m., through Sat., July 14. (The Gazelle, July 7; the Shevlin, July 10; the Dwyer and the Great American, July 14.) Frequent trains leave Renn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 a.m. and 1:10 p.m. and Sat. between

10:45 a.m. and 1:25 p.m.

Trotting—Weekdays at Saratoga, N.Y., at 8:15 p.m., through Aug. 25. . . . Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 p.m., through Sept. 22. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 p.m.)

Yachting—Championship regattas on the Sound: New York A.C., Sun., July 8, at about 2 p.m.

OTHER EVENTS

Eclipse—There will be a partial eclipse of the sun on Mon., July 9. which can be seen in this area from 7:07 to 9:05 a.m.

Wartime Exhibitions—At the Chrysler bldg., 405 Lexington, at 42 : a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 p.m., continuous showings of recent Army and Navy films. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. . . . museum of SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., I25O 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simu-' lated. Daily io a.m. to io p.m.; through Sept. 15.

. . . new York historical socieTY, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Tues, through Fri., 1 to 5 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Julv 31.

Planetarium-—•Summer Stars" is the title of the July lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30. and 8:30 p.m.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 p.m.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 p.m.

Housing—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m.; through Sept. 30.

Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104— About a hundred prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built New York's first omnibuses, horsecars, early subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in drawings, photographs, uniforms, and documents: Tues, through Sat., io a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.; through Sept. 30.

Note—"The Fighting Lady," a 103-foot model of an aircraft carrier, is on view in the Sunken Plaza of Rockefeller Center. (Purchasers of A\ ar Bonds, at the Plaza, may go on board.)

ON THE AIR

State Department—Archibald MacLeish and others in a discussion of our international policy, Sat., July 7, at 7 p.m., WEAF.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, George Szell conducting, Sun., July 8, at 3 p.m., WABC.... Stadium Concerts, Fri., July 6 and 13. and Wed., July 11, at 8:30 p.m., WNYC. . . . Boston "Pops" orchestra, Arthur Fiedler conducting, Sat., Jtlly 7 and 14, at 8:30 p.m., WJZ. . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., July 7 and 14, at 5 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Boxing: Tommy Bell vs. Jake La Motta, Fri., July 6; Willie Joyce vs. Bobby Ruffin, Fri., July 13; at 10 p.m., WOR.

News Commentators-—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 p.m., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Europe), Wed. at 10:45 p.m., WJZ. ... Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 p.m., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues, through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 p.m., WOR. ... Edward R. Murrow (from

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1770—1827

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"More than any other composer Beethoven deserves to be called the Shakespeare of music, for he reaches to the heights and plumbs the depths of the human spirit as no other composer has done and it uas his own ambition to be called 'tone-poet.' In him were combined, in a measure that remains (and may forever remain) unique, the power to feel both passionately and tenderly and the mastery of musical resources necessary to express his feelings in the most direct and vivid way." Taken from "The Oxford Companion to Music," by Percy A. Scholes.

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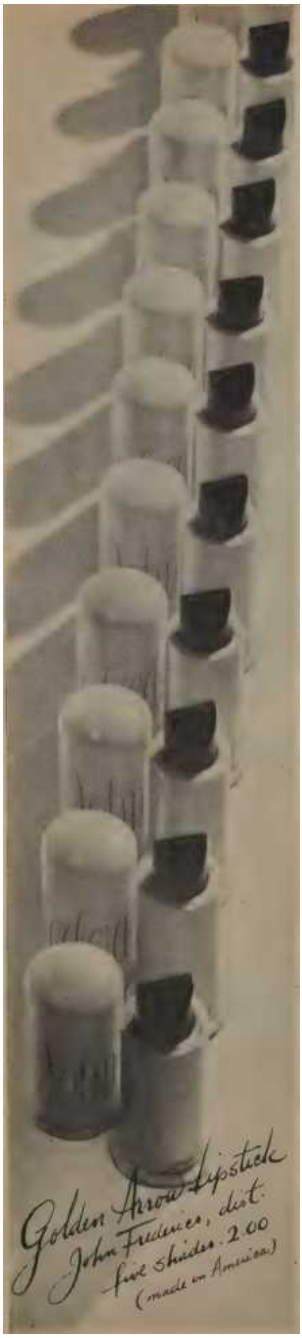

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY. JULY 5.

THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 14

London), Sun. at 1:45 p.m., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 p.m., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at u:15 p.m., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 p.m., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 p.m., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 p.m., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 p.m., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

Guest in the House—A very sensible adaptation of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Thurs., July 9-12. ... Carlton, B'way at too; Tues, through Thurs., July 10-12.)

Junior Miss—Peggy Ann Garner in a very engaging screen version of the play by Sally Benson, Jerome Chodorov, and Joseph Fields. (Rivoli, B’way at 49.)

Our Hearts Were Young ano Gay—Gail Russell and Diana Lynn as a couple of rich and slightly simple-minded girls touring Europe in the 1920’s. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., July 6. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., July 7.)

Rhapsody in Blue—This musical biography of George Gershwin contains all the songs from “Swanee” to "Porgy and Bess,” but the story was largely made up in Hollywood. It is also slightly confused by the fact that some characters, like Oscar Levant, Paul Whiteman, and Al Jolson, are played by themselves. (Hollywood, B’way at 51.)
A Royal Scandal—Tallulah Bankhead, as the Empress of all the Russias, in a comedy that has probably little to do with either Catherine or history, but is pretty funny anyway. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues., July 7-10... . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; and Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Wed. through Sat., July 11-14.)

The Three Caballeros—Walt Disney’s strange combination of

Donald Duck, Fantasia, and the Ziegfeld Follies. One of the great man's mistakes. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., July 8-10.)

Without Love—It's hard to believe that Philip Barry would recognize this Donald Ogden Stewart version as his Broadway play, but it's very lively and amusing just the same. With Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., July 5. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Fri., July 6. ... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., July 7. .. . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., July 8-11. .. . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison, Mon. through Fri., July 9-13. ... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Fri., July 11-13.)

Wonder Man—Danny Kaye doubling up in a stylish ghost story with incidental music. Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, Allen Jenkins, and Otto Kruger are in the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

Note—"Now—the Peace," a graphic and arresting short film having to do with the practical application of Dumbarton Oaks and Bretton Woods, is being shown at the Embassy, 33 W. 50, Thurs., July 5-

REVIVALS

Arrowsmith (1931)—Sinclair Lewis's story, adapted ' for the screen by Sidney Howard. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., July 13.)

The Cowboy and the Lady (1938)—Heiress marries cowhand. Merle Oberon and Gary Cooper. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., July 6-7.)

Desire (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues, through Thurs., July 10-12.)

The Garden of Allah (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles

Boyer, and Technicolor. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., July 7. ... Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Sun., July 8. ... Terrace, 9 Ave. at

23; Sun. and Mon., July 8-9.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Mon., July 9.)

In Our Time (1944)—Poland in 1939. With Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., July 5.)

Mission to Moscow (1943)—An interpretation of ex-Ambassador Davies' book. With Walter Huston, Ann Harding, and Oscar Homolka. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues, through Thurs., July 10-12.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. ss; starting Wed., July ii')

The Prisoner of Zenda (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., July 6-8.)

Shall We Dance? (1937)—One of the Astaire-Rogers series, this time with Gershwin ipusic. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Mon., July 9.)

The Song of Bernadette (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at no; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Mon. through Wed., July 9-11.)

Sous les Toits de Paris (193S)—Early Rene Clair film. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., July 10.)

,

They Shall Have Music (1939)—Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., July 13.)

The 39 Steps (1ˆ35)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., July 7. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Sun., July 8. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., July 8-9.)

Torrid Zone (1940)—Life among banana-pickers, with Ann

Sheridan, James Cagney, and Pat O'Brien. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues, and Wed., July 10-11.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, it W. 53, is showing old films weekdays nt 3 and 5130 p.m. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 p.m. on the following schedule—thurs., july b: one sequence of ' "Hotel Imperial" (1926-7), with Pola Negri; and "The Wind" (1928), with Lillian Gish.... fri. through sun., July 4-b: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928), directed by Carl-Theodor Dreyer. . .. mon. through thurs., July 9-i2: early talkies: two scenes from "The Jazz Singer" (1927); "Movietone Newsreel" (1927), with George Ber-nard Shaw; one sequence of "The Lights of New York" (1928); and "Steamboat Willie" (1928), Walt Disney film. . . . from fri., july u: "Hallelujah" (1929), directed by King Vidor.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Service Men—New York residents Who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing (preference given to service men), 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, , along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the civilian defense volunteer office, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to work' in canteens at least one shift a week, night or day; men and women to take a short training course and then work a minimum of two full days a week as group-leaders in summer play-

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ABOUT TOW

grounds. ... red cross, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . American women's voluntary services, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to work as much time as they can spare'during the day sorting and packing clothing to be sent overseas; women who can pass a driver's test and then,

after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply at 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.) . . . united hospital fund, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150) : women to work in hospitals at least eight hours a week, day or evening, as aides in children's wards, or, during the day, as clinic, linen room, or office aides; men to take a short training course and then work at least one evening a week as orderlies. . . . American women's hospitals reserve corps, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100) : women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

Note—The New York City Defense Recreatioh Committee, 99 Park, at 40 (MU 3-6900), has issued an appeal for volunteers to work two four-hour shifts a week, during the day, giving out theatre tickets and arranging other entertainment for service personnel on furlough in the city.

Harvesters—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

Seventh War Loan Drive—The War Bond campaign will continue through Sat., July 7, and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), are still recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

Salvage—Wastepaper (still very important) and - food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who ■will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper -should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for

every" pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church, New York 7 ' (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). ... Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for games, playing cards, radios, records, floor lamps, and small furniture. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Con- \ tributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . .. Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220. . . . Bibles, in English foreign languages, are' needed for service for people in liberated countries. They or sent to any A.W.V.S. office; for adress of the nearest one, call RE 4-6050.

VI HEN America's biggest job is done, a smart new Ford • • will point the way to pleasures now denied you. And you'll take pride in sharing them with friends.

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. . . Naturally, you can expect this new car to be thrifty and reliable. All the skill and experience which Ford has gained in more than 10 years assure you this.

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The name of Mount Vernon has been known and respected wherever whiskey is served—here and abroad. Now we offer this famous whiskey with the same great character, but with a new mildness to heighten its appeal. Old friends of Mount ˆ ernon have welcomed its new mildness. Many have said that they like it better than ever before. It's certainly worth watching for. One try will show you why.

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iHount Vernon

BRAND

86.8 PROOF—495 GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS — NAT IONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—wonder man, Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—-"Blood on the Sun," James Cagney, Sylvia Sidney.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839) — Through Tues., July 10: "The Naughty Nineties," Abbott and Costello. . . . From Wed., July 11 :

“A Thousand and One Nights,” Evelyn Keyes, Cornel Wilde.

Globe, B’way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—Through Fri., July 6: ‘'Murder, He Says,” Fred MacMurray, Helen Walker. . . . Front Sat., July 7: “The Great John L.,” Greg McClure, Linda Darnell.

Gotham, B’way at 47 (Cl 5-9516)- Thurs.. July 5: "Bedside Manner,” Ruth Ilussey, John Carroll, Charles Ruggles. . . . From Fri., July 6: “Twice Blessed,” Gail Patrick, Preston Foster.

Holltwooo, B’way at 51 (CI 7-5545 (—rhapsody in blue, loan Leslie. Robert Alda, Alexis Smith.

Palace, B’way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Mon.. July 9: “Those Endearing Young Charms,” Laraine Day. Robert Young. . . . From Tues.. July 10 (tentative): “Back to Bataan,” John Wayne, Anthony Quinn.

Paramount, B’way at 43 (BR 9-8738)-—“You Came Along,” Lizabeth Scott, Robert Cummings.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600) — Through Wed., July it: “The Valley of Decision,” Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Donald Crisp.

Rivoli' B’way at 49 (CI 71633)—junior miss, Peggy Ann Garner. Allyn Joslyn.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—“Nob Hill,” Joan Bennett, George Raft.

State, B’way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., July 11: “Bring On the Girls,” Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, Eddie Bracken.

Strand, B’way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—“Conflict,” Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, Sydney Greenstreet.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Alden, B’way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Revivals— Through Sat., July 7: “Rose of Washington Square,” Alice Faye, Tyrone Power; also "Three on a Weekend,” Margaret Lockwood, John Lodge. ...Sun. and

Mon., July 8-9: "Slightly Dangerous," Lana Turner, Robert Young; also "Our Wife," Ruth Hussey. Melvyn Douglas. . . . Tues, and Wed., July 1 o-1 1 : torrid zone, Ann Sheridan, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien; also "Three Faces West," Sigrid Gurie, John Wayne.

Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50 (EL 5-8790)-—Through Sat., July 7: the garden of allah, revival, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer; also the 3» steps, revival, Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat. . . . Sun. through Tues., July 8-10: the three caballeros, Walt Disney full-length film; also "Mr. Emmrm-uel," Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt. . . . From Wed., July it: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter.

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (GR 5-9738) — Revivals— Through Tues., July 10: "Bizarre, Bizarre" (in French), Louis Jouvet; also "The 'Fall of the House of L[T]sher" and "Emak Bakia." short surrealist films; and "Golden Mountains," Dimitri Shostakovitch. . . . From Wed.. July it: "Orage" (in French), Michele Morgan, Charles Boyer; also "Dr. Knock" (in French), Louis Jouvet.

55fH Street ˆPlayhouse, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-9438)—Revivals— Through Tues., Juh to: sous les toits de Paris (in French), Rene Clair film; also "That Uncertain Feeling," Merle Oberon. Melvyn Douglas, Burgess Meredith. . . . From Wed.. July 11: port of shadows (in French), Jean Gabin. Michel Simon; also "Leningrad Music Hall," forty-five-minute musical documentary film.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)—Revivals —Arrowsmith, Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman; also THEY SHALL have music, Jascha Heiftez.

Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—"The Last Hill," Russian film.

Thalia, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Revivals— Through Mon., July 9: the informer, Victor McLaglen; also shall we dance?, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire. . . . From Tues., July to: mission to Moscow, Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka; also "The Moon and Sixpence," George Sanders, Herbert Marshall.

World, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—"Africa Speaks," revival, documentary film.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E 8 (GR 3-7014)—Through Tues., July to: “Molly and Me,” Monty Woolley, Gracie Fields, Roddy McDowall. . . . From Wed.. July 11: “It’s a Pleasure!,” Sonja Henie, Michael O’Shea.

Grahercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660) — Through Sat., July 7: “God Is My Co-Pilot,” Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark, Raymond Massey; also “Zombies on Broadway,” Wally Brown, Alan Carney. . . . Sun. through Wed.. Juh 8-11: without love, Katharine Hepburn. Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball; also "Leave It to Blondie,” Penny Singleton.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)— Through Sat., July 7: "The Clock,” Judy Garland, Robert Walker; also "Gentle Annie,” Donna Reed. James Craig. . . . Sun. and Mon., July 8-9- “It’s a Pleasure!,” Sonja Henie, Michael O’Shea; also “Molly and Me,” Monty Woolley. Gracie Fields, Roddy McDowall. . . . Tues, and Wed.. July 1 o-11 : "Double Exposure,” Nancy Kelly, Chester Morris; also “Steppin’ in Society,” Edward Everett Horton, Gladys George.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Throu-h

AT THE MOVIE HOUSE5

THURSDAY, JULY 5, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, JULY I I

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE6, UNDER “MOTION PICTURES."

Wed., July 11: “Sudan,” Maria Montez, Jon Hall; also “That’s the Spirit,” Peggy • Ryan, Jack Oakie.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434) ■—Through Sat., July 7: our hearts were young and gay, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell. . . . Sun. through Tues., July 8-10: “And Now Tomorrow,” Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, Susan Hayward. . . . From Wed., July 11: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., July 5: “Thunderhead-—Son of Flicka,” Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster. . . . Fri. through Sun., July 6-8: the prisoner of zenoa, revival, Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman. . . . Mon. and Tues., July 9-10: "Mr. Lucky,” revival, Cary Grant, Laraine Day. ... From Wed., July 11: "The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs., July 5: in our time, revival, Ida Lupino, Paul Hen-reid. . . . From Fri., July 6: “On Approval,” Beatrice Lillie, Clive Brook.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)— Through Sun., July 8: “Dillinger,” Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe; also "Earl Carroll’s Vanities,” Constance Moore, Dennis O'Keefe, ... Mon. through Wed..

July 9-11. the song of Bernadette, revival. Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)— Through Sun.. July 8: “Molly and Me.” Monty Woolley, Gracie Fields, Roddy McDowall. . . . From Mon., July 9: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302) — Through Sun., July 8: “The Picture of Dorian Gray,” Hurd Hatfield. George Sanders. . . . From Mon.. July 9: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222) — Through Wed.. July it: "Sudan.” Maria Montez. Jon Hall; also “That's the Spirit,” Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., July 5: "The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon. . . . Fri. and Sat., July 6-7: the cowboy and the LADY, revival, Merle Oberon, Gary Cooper; also “I Was Faithful” (formerly called “Cynara”), revival, Kay Francis, Ronald Colman. . . . Sun. and Mon., July 8-9: “Our Wife.” revival, Ruth Hussey, Melvyn Douglas; also "Mister V,” revival, Leslie Howard.... From Tues., July to: “God Is My Co-Pilot.” Dennis- Morgan, Dane Clark, Raymond Massey; also "Zombies on Broadway,” Wally Brown, Alan Carney.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180) — Through Fri., July 6: our hearts were young and gay, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell. . . . Sat. through Tues., July 7-10: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bank-head, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter. . . . From Wed., July 11: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900) — Through Sun., July 8: "Dillinger,” Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe; also “Earl Carroll's Vanities,” Constance Moore, Dennis O'Keefe. ...Mon. through Wed.. July 9-11: the song of bernadette, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566) — Through Fri., July

6: "It's a Pleasure!," Sonja Henie, Michael O'Shea; also "Molly and Me," Monty Woolley, Gracie Fields, Roddy McDowall. . . . Sat. through Tues., July 7-10: "Frenchman's Creek," Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova; also "National Barn Dance," Jean Heather, Robert Benchley. ... Wed., July 11: "Swing Out. Sister." Frances Raeburn, Rod Cameron; also "They Met in the Dark," Joyce Howard. James Mason.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon.. July 9: "The Clock," Judy Garland, Robert Walker; also "Gentle Annie," Donna Reed, James Craig. ... Tues, and Wed., July 10-it: "Double Exposure," Nancy Kelly Chester Morris; also "Steppin' in Society," Edward Everett Horton, Gladys George.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3 (CH 3-9019)—Through Fri., Jnlv (>: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spen

cer Tracy, Lucille Ball; also "Leave It to Blondie," Penny Singleton. . . . Sat. through Mon., July 7-9: "God Is My Co-Pilot," Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark, Raymond Massey; also "Zombies on Broadway," Wally Brown, Alan Carney. . . . From Tues., July 10: "Frenchman's Creek," Joan Fontaine. Arturo de Cordova; also "National Barn Dance," Jean Heather, Robert Benchley.

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs., July 5: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball. . . . From Fri., July 6: "On Approval," Beatrice Lillie, Clive Brook.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., July 9: "The Clock," Judy Garland, Robert Walker; also "Gentle Annie," Donna Reed. James Craig. ... Tues, and Wed., July 10-11: "Double Exposure," Nancy Kelly. Chester Morris; also "Steppin' in Society," Edward Everett Horton, Gladys George.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350) — Thurs., July 5: "The Keys of the Kingdom." Gregory Peck, Rosa Stradner, Thomas Mitchell. . . . Fri. through Mon., July 6-9: "God Is My CoPilot," Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark, Raymond Massey; also "Zombies on Broadway," Wally Brown, Alan Carney. . . . From Tues.. July 10:

desire, revival, Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper; also "Private Worlds," revival, Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)-Through Sun.. July 8: "Dillinger," Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe; also "Earl Carroll's Vanities," Constance Moore, Dennis O'Keefe. ...Mon. through Wed., July 9-11: the song of bernadette, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)-—Through Sat., July 7: without love, Katharine- Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball; also "Leave It to Blondie," Penny Singleton. . . . Sun. and Mon., July 8-9: the garden of allah, revival. Marlene Diet-rich, Charles Boyer; also the 3? steps, revival. Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat. . . . From Tues.. July 10: "Panama Hattie." revival. Ann Sothern, Red Skelton: also "A Night to Remember," revival, Loretta Young, Brian Aherne.

77th Street, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Wed., July 11: "It's a Pleasure!," Sonja Henie. Michael O'Shea: also "Molly and Me." Monty Woolley, Gracie Fields. Roddy McDowall.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)— Through Sun., July 8: "Dillinger," Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe; also "Earl Carroll'-, Vanities," Constance Moore. Dennis O'Keefe ...Mon. through Wed.. July 9-11: the song of bernadette, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price.

Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)- -Through Wed., July 1 1 : "Sudan." Maria Montez, Jon Hall; also "That's the Spirit," Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie.

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696) — Through Fri., July 6: "Patrick the Great," Don aid O'Connor, Peggy Ryan; also "Frisco Sal," Susanna Foster, Turhan Bey. . . . Sat. through Mon.. July 7-9: "God Is My Co-Pilot," Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark, Raymond Massey; also "Hi, Beautiful." Martha O'Driscoll. Noah Beery, Jr. . . . From Tues.. July 10: "Tonight and Every Night," Rita Hayworth, Lee Bowman, Janet Blair; also "The Power of the Whistler," Richard Dix.

Stoddard, B'way at 90 (SC 4-0257)—Through Sun.. July 8: the

garden of allah, revival, Marlene Dietrich. Charles Boyer; also the 3» steps, revival. Madeleine Carroll. Robert Donat. . . . Mon. and Tues., July 9-10: “Swing Out, Sister,” Frances Raeburn, Rod Cameron; also “They Met in the Dark,” Joyce Howard, James Mason. . . . From Wed., July 11 : “The Clock,” Judy Garland. Robert Walker; also “Gentle Annie,” Donna Reed. James Craig.

Riverside, B’way at 96 (RI 9-9861)-—-Through Sun., July 8: “Dillinger.” Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe; also "Earl Carroll's Vanities,” Constance Moore, Dennis O’Keefe. . . . Mon. through Wed.. July 9-11: the song of bernadette, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price.

Carlton, B’way at 100 (AC 2-3862)—Thurs , July 5: "I'll Be Seeing You,” Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple; also “Escape in the Fog,” Otto Kruger, Nina Foch. . . . Fri. through Mon., July 6-9: “God Is My Co-Pilot,” Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark, Raymond Massey; also “My Gal Loves Music,” Grace McDonald, Bob Crosby.... From Tues., July 10: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also “See My Lawyer,” Olsen and Johnson.

Olympia, B’way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Wed., July 11: “Sudan,” Maria Montez, Jon Hall; also “That’s the Spirit,” Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie.

Nemo, B’way at no (AC 2-9406)-—Through Sun.. July 8: "Dillinger,” Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe; also “Earl Carroll’s Vanities,” Constance Moore, Dennis O’Keefe. . . . Mon. through Wed.. July 9-11: the song of bernadette, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price.

Loew's 175th Street, B’way at 175 (WA 7-5200)— Through Tues., July 10: “Sudan,” Maria Montez, Jon Hall; also “That’s the Spirit,” Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie. . . . Wed., July 11 : “High Powered,” Robert Lowery, Phyllis Brooks; also “Penthouse Rhythm,” Loi; Collier, Kirby Grant.

Coliseum, B’way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Sun., July 8: “Dillinger,” Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe; also “Earl Carroll’s Vanities,” Constance Moore, Dennis O’Keefe. . . . Mon. through Wed.. July 9-11: the song of bernadette, revival. Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price.

HOLLANDER

WORLD'S LARGEST DYERS Of V RECIOTS fl RS

RUSSIAN VOCABULARY

..Yes .True Come .Why

Sprashivat .... Look Pokoopayete . . . Buy Znatchit Means Krasota Beauty

Da, eto pravda, chto lootshiye otbor-niye pryamo iz Rossii pribivayoot k hollander, gdye im pridaydot iest-chyd bolyeie blescoo, myagcostee ee krasoti. Vot pochemoo lootchiye magazini s gordostjoo predlagayoot Featherlite shtempel. Vot potchemoo vi dolshni sprashivat markoo hollander kogda vi pokoopayete cara-cool. Eto znatchit dolgovyechnaya krasota.

TRANSLATION: Yes, it is true that the finest Persian Lamb pelts come straight from Russia to Hollander—to be made even more supple, lustrous, lovely. That's why the best steres are proud to feature the Featherlite Brand. That's why you should look for the Hollander tag when you buy Persian. It means lasting beauty.

Da.....

Pravda .. .. Pribivayoot Pochemoo .

Effize -^^ayg St&gz^ aww &

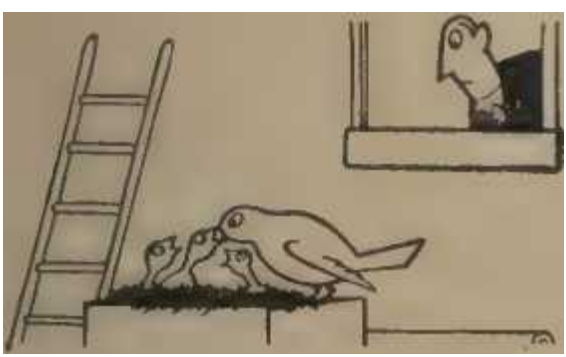
THE NEW YORKER

THE. TALK OF THE TOW

Notes and Comment

Friendly Note of Advice to the Peanut-Butter Industry: We have just concluded an informal poll which revealed that ten out of thirteen housewives stand pea-nut-hutter jars upside down to keep the oil from collecting at the top. Advice: Print the labels upside down.

WE spent a couple of days last week in the New Weston, in a room which overlooked an areaway. The areaway, a repository for ladders and pipes, was occupied by pigeons that moaned incessantly during all the daylight hours. One of the pigeons was a hen-bird who was caring for a lusty squab, and, as with many parents these days, the sight of a young offspring readv for the world filled her with an incurable sadness. At intervals she and her friends would stop moaning while



she refilled the squab's crop, pumping the special fluid down its throat with strong strokes of her neck. Then she would creep away and her friends would break into sobs again, thinking of all the trials and uncertainties, all the dangers and the hard times ahead

for a new pigeon. Two days were about all of this cuTying on we could stand, but it was all we were permitted, anywaj—the hotel h.ad made us sign a paper on arrival promising to get the hell out on Thursday. We left with a full crop, and there was a sound of moaning in Fiftieth Street.

BUSINESS people and newspaper people love nothing better than getting together of an afternoon and , opening up a vista. Some of these peo

ple assembled the other day by the Patuxent River and opened up a vista of homes with no kitchens, of meals with no trouble at all. It seems that the Maxson Food outfit, which turns out sky food for plane passengers, has been looking ahead to the day when housewives will lean not on the stove but on Maxson's belt line, from which perfectly prepared meals will roll in an unending stream. This is O.K. with us, but we trust that Maxson will follow through and not stop at any halfway measures. Stronger than a housewife's longing for a precooked meal is her dream of an uncluttered aftermath: a sink with no dirty dishes, a table with no residue. It is therefore not enough that the Maxson meal be precooked, it must arrive in an edible container. All plates, all utensils should be made of some humble legume, firm yet palatable, and with a glazed finish. Then when the meal is over and the last dish has been eaten, there will be no trace of the ugly occasion—just the full people, the empty board, the vacant stare.

JUST as we were going in to lunch with a fellow, he was accosted by a waiter and the two of them drew apart for a minute and talked something over in low tones, speaking without moving their lips. Suddenly we felt left out—a flashback to the lonely feeling we used to have in the base

ment of our grammar school when big boys whispered together. Our friend apologized when we sat down to table; he explained that the waiter had been giving him a couple of horses to watch. Lunch did not improve our spirits, however, and the sensation of being on the outside persisted. Our partner was un

usually silent through the meal and picked moodily at his food. A man who is watching a couple of horses doesn't want to be annoyed with any puny distractions.

THE New York Times put out a wirephoto edition during the Conference in San Francisco—we used to snitch a copy every morning from the desk of the Palace Hotel. It was an experiment in publishing and in our opinion a successful one, pointing the way which newspapers will travel as they trot manfully along at the great swift heels of radio. The thing that scares us about the newspaper business is not the challenge of speed but the new conception of publishing, which seems to release the publisher from all responsibility for what he publishes. (We're not talking about the Times, which we regard as a highly responsible rag; we're talking about papers in general.) Just the other day we happened to see a Mobile Register which led off the Drew Pearson column with the following cool disclaimer:

Editor's Note to Readers:

Drew Pearson's column is published without endorsement of The Register, as a service to its readers, solely because this column has become an effective factor in national politics and New Deal propaganda. The Register does not vouch for the accuracy of any statement in Pearson's column, nor does The Register editorially

concur or recommend credence in any inference, any conclusion or any opinion appearing therein.

It makes you wonder just what “service to its readers” a newspaper can or should render. There used to be a feeling that one service a newspaper could perform was to vouch for the accuracy of the stuff it printed. Not any more, apparently. We are now in the syndicate era, when editors depend more and more on the personal opinions and findings of special writers whom they never see. “Of course,” the papers say to

their readers, “we don’t ask you to believe any of these guys.”

Adult Farm Labor

IN the fourth summer of war, the volunteer crop pickers are still trudging sturdily along. We spent one sunny day of last week up at Clermont, New York, watching sixty-seven members of an adult Farm Labor Camp, all but seven or eight of them female, get in the last of the Hudson Valley strawberries. High-school and college students generally live in separate camps, and everybody else is classified as Adult Labor. There were several college people at this camp, though—some kind of exception to the rule. These workers, many of whom will continue to gather various crops for the rest of the summer, were all recruited by the Farm Workers Bureau of the United States Employment Service. They are guaranteed ten dollars a week, even if it’s too rainy to work or if there’s no crop ready at the time. That takes care of room and board. In this instance it was at a hostelry known before Pearl Harbor as Ye Clermont Inne. At hourly or piecework wages—the arrangement differs according to the crop—an inexperienced but willing picker can gross fifteen or eighteen dollars a week, and enjoy the knowledge that he or she has helped ease the food situation. The typical picker is a she in the low twenties with a sunburned nose.

We arrived at Ye Inne just as the pickers, who had been delayed by early-morning showers, were setting out in trucks to the various farms to which they were assigned. There are fifteen strawberry growers within driving distance of Clermont, and every day each one drew on the labor pool according to his needs and the available

manpower. So many crops were killed off by the freakish spring, by the way, that the labor shortage hasn't been as acute or the crops as profitable as last year. We boarded a truck with a group of girls who were headed for'the farm of a Mr. Stickles, described by one and all as the local dream man. "He lets you sit down and slide along while you're picking, and doesn't keep telling you you're crushing the plants," one girl expl lined. I here was one other male passenger on the truck, an Army lieutenant on leave from a hospital. He had tried out strawberry picking, had given it up, and was hitching back toward the hospital. "I liked it at first, but it's no work for a man," he told us. "And besides,

you're cooped up with a lot of girls." "He proposed to Dottie Saturday night, and she turned him down," one of the girls whispered to us. The only other interesting men in camp, we learned from the same source, were three terribly cute Cornell medical students who wouldn't even look at a girl who didn't have a broken arm or a runny nose.

Mr. Stickles' farm turned out to be high up on a plateau, with a view of the purple Catskills across the Hudson. His rows of berries stretched as far as the eye could see. Mrs. Stickles, who, like her husband, was browned by the sun, elderly, and affable, gently urged the volunteers to bear down hard. "Got to make up for all this rain," she said. "Don't forget, now, put the big, red ones on top, and don't pick any overripe ones or they'll rot the whole box." The girls deployed into the field, carefully avoiding a group of professional pickers who were gathered in one corner of it. "All they talk about is pinochle," one of the girls explained. A pretty girl named Claire, who told us she worked in an antique store on Madison Avenue, showed us how to tackle strawberries. "You kneel on one knee, like a knight getting- his sword," she said. "When you get exhausted you sit, but don't bend. Honest, I know." "It's all right if you want to reduce," a plump girl called over to Claire. "I've been bending ever since I came up, and I've lost five pounds." "Does this work ever make you sleep at night!" another picker exclaimed. "I brought 'The Faerie Queene' with me and I haven't even opened it."

A SENTIMENTAL old gentleman whose afternoon stroll takes him past Gramercy Park stopped the

other dav to listen to two little girls who were deep in conversation just inside the fence there. “What I want more than anything else, I want to have a puppy,” one of them was saying. “So do I,” the other said. “And I’m going to have one, too—just as soon as the war is over and my nurse dies.”

TT seems that at any given moment -I- there's some fellow known to inner-circle political observers (the readers of Time and Pearson) as the Administration's favorite bright young man and potential Harry Hopkins or Ben Cohen. Such, as we write, is the reputation of Hugh A. Fulton, senior and stoutest member of the ten-month-old law firm of Fulton & Walter, with offices in Radio City and Washington. Fulton is Falstaffian, red-faced, blueeyed, and somewhat choleric, and deplores the current rumors about him. "I'm nobody's bright young man," he informed us. "I'm not even so very young. Thirty-seven this May, and that's an old man—in baseball, anyway." Considerable has been made of the fact that Fulton served as legal adviser to the new President in the davs when Truman was chairman of the Senate committee investigating the wartime practices of big business. "After all, I have done other things besides work for Harry Truman," Fulton said to us.

Fulton was born and brought up near Toledo and went to the University of Michigan for his A.B. and his law degree. It may reveal something about his character to tell you that he earned his tuition by collecting overdue accounts for local merchants. "I was too shy to walk into anybody's house as a salesman," he explained. "But when . they owed money and I was there to collect it, I figured I had just about as r much right there as they did." We see young Fulton next in the law offices of Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine & Wood, for whom he spent eight years trying financial and corporation cases. Next he became a special assistant to Robert Jackson, at that time the Attorney General. Fulton tagged a nui$-ber of businessmen who had got out of line, impressing Jackson so favorably that he recommended him for a federal judgeship. As Fulton was only thirty-two, this appointment would have put him in the prodigy class. Fortunately (as Fulton now thinks), Roosevelt couldn't see him as a federal judge and turned down the recommendation.

“The appointment’s for life, you know,” Fulton said, adding, with a massive shudder, “Imagine earning only ten thousand a year for the rest of your life.” When the Truman Committee was in the process of formation, Jackson sent Fulton to Truman. “I met Truman in his office at eight in the morning and left at eight-fifteen with everything settled,” Fulton told us. For the next three years, the two met nearly every day for the same quarter-hour and hashed over the committee’s legal problems and procedure. Truman can make up his mind about anything inside of thirty seconds, his counsel reports. Since returning to private practice, Fulton has seen very little of Truman. Not only that, but Truman’s ascension has cost Fulton money. He has returned a couple of fees to clients for whom he did jobs that rmght seem, to the suspicious, to have been facilitated by his friendship with the President. Fulton has been receiving op rs from radio networks, advertising men, and magazine editors, all of which he has brushed off. “I guarantee you’ll never read anything by me on Harry Truman as I Knew H.m, or My Pal Harry and Our Many Fine Talks Together,” he said. Nor does he want

to become known as a fixer. “Say you go around looking mystic and keep your name out of the phone book, and everybody gets to know you as the man who can fix things,” he says. “Well, in the first

place, you probably can't fix anything, and in the second place, even if you can, it's only temporary. Truman, the source, supposedly, of all your fine powers, stops being President after a while, and' the first thing you know you've got to climb down from your perch and put your name back in the phone book and start all over again. My name has been in the phone book from the very first."

Bated

IN the course of a long taxi ride he . had to make one day last week, a friend of ours became convinced that the driver was succumbing to the heat. Every time the cab had to stop for a red light, the fellow would collapse over the steering wheel with an alarming, noisy exhalation. Finally our friend asked if there was anything he could do. The driver remained silent until the next red light. "Paaaaaaaah," he then said, exhaling again. "I'm O.K. I'm an

underwater swimming champ and the only way I can keep in condition is holding my breath between red lights." After that the fare held his breath too.

Whiterˆ Coming

LIST Thursday we dropped around to

J the Fidelity Fireproof M arehouse, on West 117th Street, one of a dozen such places that are being used as depots for the sorting and handling of the clothing collected in the recent drive to help the people of Europe. A Mr. Berens, representing the United National Clothing Collection, took us.in hand, first remarking, "Well, the drive's over and it 'isn't over. We'll be another four or five months putting this stuff together. It's just starting to come in from the other parts of the country." The drive aimed at a hundred and fifty million tons of clothing, and it's already certain that the final figure will be higher. New York City has contributed twelve million tons, the bulk of which came from upper Manhattan and Brooklyn. "The six-floor apartment buildings certainly gave us the goods," Berens said. "We had motor caravans go through certain sections, with loudspeaker cars announc-

“Colonel Jones was saying that, the Japanese briefcase is superior to ours—better material, better workmanship.ˆ

ing that a collection truck would be along soon. The clothes would come streaming out the windows—shoes, fur coats, suits, and a veritable rainfall of lingerie.”

Mr. Berens turned us over to a warehouse employee named Mr. Edwards, who took us on a brief tour of the premises. “People sure are all sizes,” Edwards remarked in rather an exhausted way. He added that they had started out sorting all clothing by size, sex, and description—sixty-four categories in all—but had whittled this

down to twenty-five broader categories, such as Women's Wear—Size 15 and Over, Boys' Wear—Sizes 6-14, and the like. "Makes it quicker," he said. "Winter's coming." After this rough sorting, the clothes are compressed into hundred-pound bales—except for hats and shoes, which are put into boxes— and shipped to Europe as fast as available cargo space permits. This depot

prepares about six hundred bales a day. Apparently nothing is discarded; we noticed one box labelled "Shoes—Mismates." "There's been a lot of talk about mildew," Edwards said, fixing us with an accusing eye. "PM and the Post were up here, though, and they couldn't find any mildew."

The advance publicity for the collection drive asked the public please for God's sake to be sensible; but you know the public. Somebody donated a shooting stick. (We saw it.) And two pairs of ice skates. There are about a thousand fur coats on hand. These will come in handy if the staff can figure out how to pack them. "We go through all the pockets of everything, just in case anything valuable may have been left," Edwards said, picking up a raccoon coat and fishing out a Harvard Club match book. A lot of uniforms have turned up, too—doormen's, ushers', and West Point, not to mention regu

lar G.I. and Navy stuff. These are carefully stripped of identifying marks and insignia. The women's underwear offers a generous selection of whalebone corsets, and among the footwear are bathing shoes, ballet slippers, riding boots, and one pair of ladies' yellow button-top boots, size 3AAA. In with the women's things are such items as strapless evening gowns, bare-stomach bathing suits, satin housecoats, and marabou bedjackets, which it is 'hoped the European ladies will take in their stride. "We got a million tuxedos," Edwards said. "We asked people not to, but they gave them anyway. Not a million, maybe, but lots." It was while we were inspecting the hat collection, which included an Abe Lincoln stovepipe and a Pennsylvania Railroad conductor's cap, that Edwards whispered, "I'm telling you, I've learned more about people since I started this work than I ever did from the movies."

Physics

A FELLOW taking over a summer -4 ˆ sublet realized, as he was moving in, that he had neglected to ask the agent what kind of electric current the place had. The janitor, a genial, dilapidated West Indian, said he didn't know but would find out. After a lengthy expedition to the basement, he returned with an explicit report: "Sar, we have Westinghouse current."

Bringing up Cholrnondelcy

AT eight-fifteen one morning last -TA week we had breakfast in the Biltmore with Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of penicillin. At the table were John Cameron, of the British Ministry of Supply, who acts as a sort of chaperon to Sir Alexander, and two officials of a pharmaceutical house in Brooklyn, who were waiting to take Sir Alexander on an all-day, knock-down-and-drag-out tour of their plant. Knowing that Sir Alexander has been compared to Galileo and Newton, we felt self-conscious about sitting down beside him as he went to work on a saucer of sliced peaches, but, luckily for us, he is the spitting image of a football coach we had in high school, and this gave a certain matter-of-factness to our meeting. Sir Alexander is a small, thickset man with white hair, blue eyes, glasses, and plump, pink hands. Like most scientists and football coaches, he gives the ■impression of knowing exactly what he thinks about things.

He speaks with only a faint Scotch accent, but he struck us as being actively, even combatively, Scotch in manner. He took a long time to reply to questions, and made his answers so brief and noncommittal that they sometimes seemed full of wit. When we were introduced to him, he stared at us, sipped his coffee, hesitated, swallowed, and said incredulously, "What do you want of me?" We said, "Well, sir, for example, has the discovery of penicillin ruined your life?" Sir Alexander appeared to be working out a number of complicated equations in his head. At last, in a hoarse whisper, he said, "Nearly-"

' "How long are you going to stay in this country?"

"Some time yet."

“Don’t you get tired of being rushed around frofti one plant to another, from one speech to another?”

A pause. “Yes.” Then, as a waiter set a plate of scrambled eggs in front of him, he added, “Not everyone in Eng-

land is a weakling, you know.”

“Oh, no,” we said, sidestepping an international incident. “No, you look fine. It’s just that you’re apparently getting roped into so much stuff—”

“Stuff? ” Sir Alexander said. “Am I?” He glanced at Mr. Cameron and the two officials of the pharmaceutical house. In an accent which we feel safe in describing as thicker than haggis, Mr. Cameron said, “You don’t have to wor-r-ry about Sir Alexander. We get to bed around two, get up at seven, and keep going all day. Doesn’t bother him a bit.” One of the drug men nodded. “Why, it’ll take him all morning just to walk through our place,” he said. “It’s going to be a killer of a day.” Sir Alexander said, “You see? But of course I have had amusements.” He hesitated, breaking up what must have seemed an intolerably long flow of words. “In Detroit I attended a baseball game. Very pleasant.”

We asked Sir Alexander how it happened that it took some ten years from the time he discovered penicillin for it to become an important factor in medicine. He told us that the delay was largely caused by the difficulty of producing it commercially. “The war has helped

us there,” he said, “in that the economic factor has been unimportant. Great advances have been made in quantity and cheapness of manufacture.” He drew a breath. “Personally, I am less interested in its production than in its uses.”

“Did you invent the word ‘penicillin?’ ” we asked.

Sir Alexander nodded. “There was little enough to invent. The mold from which it comes is called penicillium.”

“People over here had a lot of trouble at first in pronouncing the word,” we said. “Do you think it’s likely to get corrupted into

something shorter and snappier?"

"I trust not," Sir Alexander said. "It's a good word. It won't be corrupted in England."

"What about the way people in England pronounce Cholmondeley 'Chumley'?" we demanded.

"You always bring up Cholmondeley in this country," Sir Alexander said. "That's a family name. A man can do what he likes to a family name. But

"... and they tell us it's going to get worse."

penicillin is penicillin." He had evidently talked himself out. He turned to Cameron and said, "Well?"

“Right,” Cameron said, and we all got up. Sir Alexander led the way into the Biltmore lobby, a little, white-haired man ready for a killer of a day.

The Military Life

WE have reached the conclusion that the Army acted with wisdom when it reduced its age limit. What convinced us was a letter from a young friend who is finishing O.C.S. training. He told us about what he called one of the older men in his group, a gaffer past thirty, who collapsed quietly one day during a long march. Running over to him, the officer in charge demanded, “What’s the matter with you?” The ancient fellow, sprawling on the ground, panted that he simply couldn’t go any further, sir. “Well, don’t just lay there,” the officer barked. “Do pushups.”

“Buty Mr. Schlmg, how old was he? Was he tall? Did he have a mustache? Was he bi uniform? Was Jie sober?”

PAKCEL OF LAND

I l is always enl ghtening to learn that one’s preconceptions of everyday transactions are completely erroneous. Take, for example, the purchase of a piece of real estate. For a number of years my husband and I and our family have spent our summers in the country, in a rented house which we recently decided to buy. Our landlord was willing to sell, he lived nearby, the price for the house

and land had been agreed upon, and mine was the innocent fantasy that all there remained for me to do was to sign a document, hand over a cheek, and set up a smart little black sign bearing our name in gold letters at the entrance gate. But it turns out that this is not the way one goes about it. The house is a good fifty miles out on Long Island, so was the gentleman from whom I (my husband and T agreed that the purchase was to be in my name) was buying it, and so was I. Therefore the formal purchase had to be effected in Wall Street.

It was a shock to learn that property deeds, like divorce papers, have to be handled by lawyers. It was a continuation of the shock when my phone rang and a lady with a brisk voice informed me that she was the secretary to Mr. X., my real-estate lawyer (it was the first I knew I had one, my husband having started the ball rolling), and would I please be at Mr. X.'s office Wednesday morning at nine-thirty for the "closing"? I asked her politely if ' rhe appointment couldn't possibly be put off an hour, to which she replied politely that it couldn't possibly be. /Apparently, deed signings, like operations, have to take place in the early morning. I stayed at our apartment in town Tuesday night, had a light dinner, an 1 got to bed early, but some pals showed up from Chicago and took me out on what they laughingly called the town, and Wednesday morning, after a savage alarm clock had brought me back t-' reluctant consciousness, I lay for a space wondering miserably what good the property could be to me now, with , the possible exception of that little plot in the pine grove.

By dint of considerable fortitude and Mack coffee, I trembled into some 'clothes, selecting the soberest in my wardrobe. It was raining, so I »put on rubbers and took the only umbrella to be found in the hall closet—a large, cotton man's affair. These items, I hoped, helped to create an aspect of substantial respectability. Bravely I emerged, found my way to the nearest subway station,

and managed to board a downtown train.

Wall Street always frightens me, and lawyers' offices frighten me even more. When I enter them, I find myself wanting to say to the girl at the reception desk, "Please tell them I've come to make a complete confession." It was worse than usual this time because Mr.

X., my newly acquired real-estate lawyer, was a member of one of those impressive firms with a name like Threadwell, Hayes, Plunkett, Farmer & Sinus, whose outer office was only a degree less imposing than the entrance vestibule of the White House. Panelled walls formed a cream-colored background for candelabra which might have come out of Mount Vernon, and there was a black marble floor on which I should have skidded sickeningly if it hadn't been for my rubbers.

The reception young lady, who operated an Early Colonial switchboard, inquired if she might do something for me. When I'm particularly overawed I m apt to go nervously folksy, and I heard myself babbling something like how did she do and yes indeed she could help me—I'd bought a house, that is I hadn't quite bought it, because I had come in now to buy it, although the house itself was fifty miles out on Long Island. The young woman brought me to a merciful stop by saying she guessed I wanted to see Mr. X. and what was the name, please. After a little thought, I told her, and she plugged in Mr. X. and told him I was there. The effect of this information to Mr. X. was food for speculation, for after imparting it, the girl listened for several suspensive seconds, murmured a laconic "I see, sir," unplugged the connection, and, with a

look which implied that she certainly knew all about me, asked if I'd be kind enough to wait. I said I'd be kind enough to, and pulled out one of six Sheraton chairs grouped around a polished table. It made a rasping noise and the girl turned to look.

The table was strewn with reading matter for the edification of waiting clients—the Tribune, some Time magazines, a Life, and the latest edition of Fortune, a publication which impresses me very much because I can't understand it. I didn't try to read, partly because I had left my glasses at home and partly because the way I was feeling I wasn't sure I still knew how to. I just sat still, except

for one unfortunate moment when, in spite of all efforts to stifle it, I emitted a lone, loud hiccough. The young lady again turned. I turned, too, hoping to see someone behind me on whom I might throw the guilt. The only thing behind me was a steel engraving of Thomas Jefferson, and the sight made me sigh over the sorry depths to which American womanhood has sunk since the days of the lions. I continued to wait, and for a time everything was very hushed.

Then a distant door opened and two men advanced along a corridor, conversing in low tones on a subject which appeared to be not only secret but of grave import to the State. One of them, who wore a dark raincoat and carried a bowler, was obviously a 7 itan in the world of finance, and the cares of his position showed in the distinguished furrows on his strong face. The other, having neither hat nor raincoat, was obviously a member of the firm, and, as the two drew near, with a start of joy I recognized him as a close friend and neighbor whose sentiments for me I had hitherto fatuously believed to be those of admiration, not untinged with a certain amount of conservative prurience. Certain that he would be overjoyed to see me, I leapt to my overshod feet and rushed over to him with outstretched hand and said cheerily, “Hello, darling!” He looked at me blankly, while the captain of industry turned to him with an expression that clearly said, “Do you know this woman, or shall I ring for the guardr” For a moment I thought my friend was having his little joke, but I was reckoning in ignorance of the way of a lawyer in his lair. He paused for a considerable time before he allowed a cold glint of recognition to come into his eye, then gave me a stiff bow and the smile an elderly uncle manages to force when a small child has just slapped a

mud pie on his white flannels, muttered a staid “How do you do?,” and continued his ambulatory conference with his impressive client. I slunk back onto my Sheraton chair and opened Fortune. Before me was an article illustrated with graphs which looked to me like the fever chart of my own state of debility. I put Fortune down.

After a time, a bright-looking young man appeared and, with some hesitancy, asked if I were Mrs. Y. Apologetically, T said I was. He was quite a presentable young man, and I rather wanted to explain

that this was a bit early in the morning for me and to please not think I always looked this way. I vaguely hoped he might be Mr. X., my realestate lawyer, but he informed me that] > e was a Mr. Whitby and that he'd come to take me to Mr. X. Apparently Mr. Whitby was a sort of intern around the place. Trying bravely to rise above my rubbers and umbrella, I followed him down a corridor, up a palatial stair-wav, and along another corridor to

the open door of Air. X.'s office. Kir. X. was a distinguished-looking gentleman. He greeted me with a solemn "How do you do, Mrs. Y. I'm Mr. X.," and, not to be outdone in matters of legal etiquette, I answered, "How do you do, Mr. X. I'm Mrs. Y." With great courtesy he asked me to be seated, indicating a line of heavy chairs drawn

up around the kind of massive table at which one imagines peace treaties are negotiated. I chose a place down at the end, in a position that was definitely below the salt. Mr. X.'s manner was so politely solemn that I wanted gently to remind him that I had come about buying the house, not reading the will, but before I could say anything, another gentleman entered, carrying a briefcase. He approached Mr. X. and, in a tone of deep bereavement, announced that he was Mr. Beddoes, attorney for the seller. This surprised me and quite hurt my feelings. Why should the seller, whom I regarded as an old and true. friend, require an attorney? Didn't he trust me? May

be he did, but it was obvious Mr. Beddoes didn't. After being formally introduced, he gave me a look of considerable doubt, gathered his briefcase to his bosom, and betook himself to the further end of the Dumbarton Oaks conference board. . .

Another gentleman with a briefcase walked in and informed Mr. X. that he was Mr. Fenner, closer for the title corporation. I had no idea what a closer was, but I gathered by Mr. Fenner's bearing that he must be mighty important. He bowed distantly to me and also took a seat at the far end of the table. Mr. Fenner was followed by Mr. Coogan, who said he was from the office of Henry Rafferty. I never did find out who Mr. Rafferty was. There then arrived a Mr. Davison, who said that he had come to acknowledge the mortgage. I hadn't realized there was to be a mortgage until Mr. Davison showed up to acknowledge it. The word has a sound of doom for me, and I had a premonitory picture of our little family being turned out of the old homestead on the eve of the final payment.

The seller, my landlord, then appeared, and it was somewhat cheering to note that the gentlemen at the far end of the table greeted him as they had me—politely, but definitely as a suspect. He modestly took the chair beside me, and for a time we exchanged shy snatches of conversation in the subdued manner of parishioners waiting for service to start.

A few further individuals made their appearances—some ladies who I gathered were secretaries, a little gray man whose identity was a mystery to the end, and an unhappy-looking office boy who handed Mr. X. a rolled-up something which looked like an enormous

diploma. It proved to be the blueprint of the property that was to be mine, and Mr. X. opened it out on the table, asking if I would please verify it as being “a correct map of your intended parcel of land.” I have never understood maps, and without my glasses I couldn’t even make out the white lines, but I rose and leaned over the blueprint, carefully scrutinizing, trying my best to look like General MacArthur planning a campaign. Mr. X. nodded to one of the secretaries, who started reading off a quaint and completely incomprehensible description of the boundaries of the place. Instead of “left by the Jones’ cornfield,” which is what I would have said, she rattled off a lot of stuff about north so many degrees so many seconds, which struck me as peculiar. What struck me as not only

peculiar but definitely depressing was the list of landmarks they had picked out to define my boundaries: “Southeast by three decayed trees,” and “West around stagnant swamp,” and even “Due north past large manure pile.” My neighbor, the seller, shifted his feet uneasily. I began to wonder if I weren’t buying a tract of land on Riker’s Island.

Then began an extended period of signing things. Mr. Beddoes produced a document to which, he explained, reading from a lesser document, “forty-four dollars in revenue stamps must be affixed and cancelled upon acceptance of the deed and payment therefor.” Mr. Fenner, after examining the first document with an air of

"Any of you gentlemen remember the word for four babies at one time?"

mixed respect and suspicion, passed it on to

Mr. X., who announced it to be in order and handed it on to me, asking me please to read it and sign it. Even if I had had my glasses, it is doubtful if I would have been able to read, much less understand, it. Shyly I asked what it was. In shocked astonishment, Mr. X. said "The deed," and I said "Oh, the deed," and signed. As I did so, someone—I think it was Mr. Coogan ■—said, and it's all I remember him saying ever, "The deed contains no covenants except the one required by the lien law," to which I murmured that that was indeed comforting, as I certainly didn't want any covenants. The deed was followed by the statement of closing figures and adjustments, which had to do with a village tax and a town tax. Wondering why there should be both, I asked if the elders of our country hamlet hadn't made up their minds yet whether we were a town or a village. I guess Mr. X. didn't know, because all he said was "If you'd just sign here, please—" He then I[1] nded me two documents which he said were affidavits in regard to my citizenship. Not without some slight indignation, I asked if there were anything wrong with my citizenship, and Mr. X, with an

indulgent smile, ex-p[1] lined, “One is to induce the title com

pany to issue a policy to insure your title fee, and the other is to induce the title company to insure the mortgage.” Expressing the hope that the title company would prove to be easily induced, I signed both papers. As I did, I heard someone say that something—I didn’t get just what—was in escrow. Now, “in escrow” is a phrase which for years I’ve been intending to take a day off and look up; it always gives me a mental picture of some kind of deep-freeze apparatus in the nethermost subbasement of a bank. Everybody seemed relieved that, wherever it is, the property was in it, and I felt relieved too, somehow.

I was next asked to make out a certain number of checks, not in payment for the house but for such interesting items as appraisal fees, a credit report, and tax accrual. Then there was Mr. Coogan to be taken care of. He had turned out to be a very pleasant gentleman bitt seemed hardly to have contributed fifty dollars’ worth to the occasion. These items disposed of, Mr. Fenner, in a nervous voice, asked the seller if he was ready to surrender the lease (which is what my husband and I had had on the propertv all along). The seller said he was, and did, and that last bit of drama closed the closing. Mr.

X smiled like a minister who has just tied the knot and informed me that I now owned the house and land. At what moment during the formalities they came into my possession, I shall never know. Everybody shook hands with everybody but me, and I hastened to the Pennsylvania Station. I panted to see my land. I was afraid it had grown into the Louisiana Purchase.

A local took me back to our little station, and when I got out I hailed Mr. Moore, our town’s taximan, and started for my property with palpitating heart. I was almost afraid to look as we turned in at the gate, but I needn’t have been. The house wasn’t Chenon-ceauxand the land looked just the same. The hole in the road still needed filling in* and the top hinge of the screen door was stdl conspicuously broken. I turned to Mr. Moore and said, “Thanks for driving me home.”

—Cornelia Otis Skinner

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From "Under Cover," by John Roy Carlson]

While Japan and its Axis partner stabbed at us from without, Stahrenberg and Klapprott, Moran and their gangsters were going to stab us in the back from within.

THE PATTERNS OF LOVE

Kvie Talbot's bantam rooster, awakened by.the sudden appearance of the moon from behind a cloud on a white June night, began to crow. There were three bantams—a cock and two hens—and their roost was in a tree just outside the guest-room windows. The guest room was on the first floor and the Talbots' guest that weekend was a young man by the name of Arnold, a rather light sleeper. He got up and closed the windows and went back to bed. In the sealed room he slept, but was awakened at frequent intervals until daylight Saturday morning.

Arnold had been coming to the Talbots' place in Wilton sometime during the spring or early summer for a number of years. His visits were, for the children, one of a thousand seasonal events that could be counted on, less exciting than the appearance of the first robin or the arrival of violets in the marsh at the foot of the Talbots' hill but akin to them. Sometimes Duncan, the Talbots' older boy, who for a long time was under the impression that Arnold came to see him, slept in the guest room when Arnold was there. Last year, George, Duncan's younger brother, had been given that privilege. This time, Mrs. Talbot, knowing how talkative the boys were when they awoke in the morning, had left Arnold to himself.

When he came out of his room, Mrs. Talbot and George, the apple of her eve, were still at breakfast. George was six, small and delicate and very blond, not really interested in food at any time, and certainly not now, when there was a guest in the house. He was in his pajamas and a pink quilted bathrobe. He smiled at Arnold with his large and very gentle cyesandsaid,"Didyoumissme? "

"Yes, of course," Arnold said. "I woke up and there was the other bed, flat and empty. Nobody to talk to while I looked at the ceiling.

Nobody to watch me shave."

George was very pleased that his absence had been felt. “What is your favorite color? ” he asked.

“Red,” Arnold said, without having to consider.

“Mine, too,” George said, and his face became so illuminated with pleasure at this coincidence that for a moment he looked angelic.

“No matter how much we disagree about other things,”

Arnold said, “we’ll always have that in common, won’t we?”

“Yes,” George said.

“You’d both better eat your cereal,” Mrs. Talbot said.

Arnold looked at her while she was pouring his coffee and wondered if there wasn’t something back of her remark— jealousy, perhaps. Mrs. Talbot was a very soft-hearted woman, but for some reason she seemed to be ashamed— or perhaps afraid—to let other people know it. She took refuge continually behind a dry humor. There was probably very little likelihood that George would be as fond of anyone else as he was of his mother, Arnold decided, for many years to come. There was no real reason for her to be jealous.

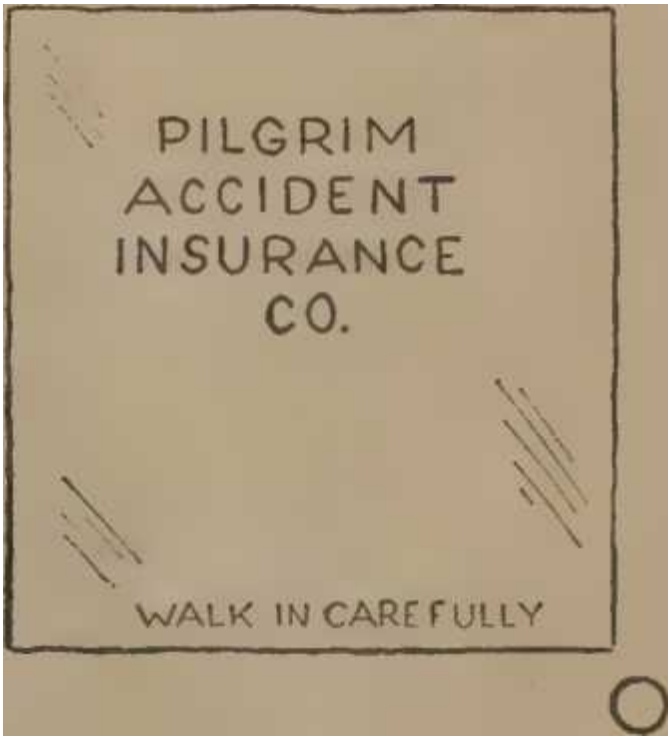
“Did the bantams keep you awake?” she asked.

Arnold shook his head.

“Something tells me you’re lying,” Mrs. Talbot said. “John didn’t wake up, but he felt his responsibilities as a host even so. He cried ‘Oh! ’in his sleep every time a bantam crowed. You’ll have to put up with them on Kate’s account. She loves them more than her life.”

Excluded from the conversation of the grownups, George finished his cereal and ate part of a soft-boiled egg. Then lie asked to be excused and, with pillows and pads which had been brought in from the garden furniture the night before, he made a train right across the dining-room floor. The cook had to step over it when she brought a fresh pot of coffee, and Mrs. Talbot and Arnold had to do

likewise when they went out



through the dining-room door to look at the bantams. There were only two— the cock and one hen—walking around under the Japanese cherry tree on the terrace. Kate was leaning out of an upstairs window, watching them fondly.

“Have you made your bed?” Mrs. Talbot asked.

The head withdrew.

“Kate is going to a houseparty,” Mrs. Talbot said, looking at the bantams. “A sort of houseparty. She’s going to stav all night at Mary Sherman’s house and there are going to be some boys and they’re going to dance to the victrola.”

“How old is she, for heaven’s sake ? ” Arnold asked.

“Thirteen,” Mrs. Talbot said. “She had her hair cut yesterday and

it's too short. It doesn't look right, so I have to do something about it."

"White of egg?" Arnold asked.

"How did you know that?" Mrs. Talbot asked in surprise.

"I remembered it from the last time," Arnold said. "I remembered it because it sounded so drastic."

"It only works with blonds," Mrs. Talbot said. "Will you be able to entertain yourself for a while? "

"Easily," Arnold said. "I saw 'Anna Karenina' in the library and I think I'll take that and go up to the little house."

"Maybe I'd better come with you," Mrs. Talbot said.

The little house was a one-room studio halfway up the hill, about a hundred feet from the big house, with casement windows on two sides and a Franklin stove. It had been built several years before, after Mrs. Talbot had read "A Room of One's Own," and by now it had a slightly musty odor which included lingering traces of wood smoke.

"Hear the wood thrush?" Arnold asked, as Mrs. Talbot threw open the windows for him. They both listened.

"No," she said. "All birds sound alike to me."

"Listen," he said.

This time there was no mistaking it—the liquid notes up and then down the same scale.

"Oh, that," she said. "Yes, I love that," and went off to wash Kate's hair.

FROM time to time Arnold raised his head from the book he was reading and heard not only the wood thrush but also Duncan and George, quarrelling in the meadow. George'c

voice was shrill and unhappy and sounded as if he were on the verge of tears. Both bovs appeared at the window eventually and asked for permission to come in. The little house was out of bounds to them. Arnold nodded. Duncan, who was nine, crawled in without much difficulty, but George had to be hoisted. No sooner were they inside than they began to fight over a wooden gun which had been broken and mended and was rightly George's, it seemed, though Duncan had it and refused to gjve it up. He refused to give it up one moment, and the next moment, after a sudden change of heart, pressed it upon Georgi? —forced George to take it, actually, for by that time George was more concerned about the Talbots' dog, who also wanted to come in.

The dog was a Great Dane, very mild but also very enor-mous. He answered to the name of Satan. Once Satan was admitted to the little house, it became quite full and rather noisy, but John Talbot appeared and sent the dog out and made the children leave Arnold in peace. They left as

they had come, by the window. Arnold watched them and was touched by the way Duncan turned and helped George, who was too small to jump. Also by the way George accepted this help. It was as if their hostility had two faces and one of them was the face of love. Cain and Abe],

Arnold thought, and the wood thrush. All immortal.

John Talbot lingered outside the little house. Something had been burrowing in the lily-of-the-valley bed, he said, and had also uprooted several lady slippers. Xrnold suggested that it might he moles.

"More likely a rat," John Talbot said, and his eyes wandered to a two-foot espaliered pear tree. "That pear tree," he said, "we put in over a year ago."

Mrs. Talbot joined them. She had shampooed not only Kate's hair but her own as well.

"It's still alive," John Talbot said, staring at the pear tree, "but it doesn't put out any leaves."

“I should think it would be a shock to a pear tree to be espaliered,” Mrs. Talbot said ‘ Kate’s ready to go.”

i(There’s something I want to ask you, Colonel. Would the Army like to know how to make Spam interesting?”

They all piled into the station wagon and took Kate to her party. Her too-

short blond hair looked quite satisfactory after the egg shampoo, and Mrs. Talbot had made a boutonniere out of a pink geranium and some little blue and white flowers for Kate to wear on her coat. She got out of the car with her suitcase and waved at them from the front steps of the house.

“I hope she has a good time,” John Talbot said uneasily as he

shifted gears. “It’s her first dance with boys. It would be terrible if she didn’t have any partners.” In his eyes there was a vague threat toward the boys who, in their young callowness, might not appreciate his daughter.

“Kate always has a good time,” Mrs. Talbot said. “By the wav, have you seen both of the bantam hens today?”

“No,” John Talbot said.

“One of them is missing,” Mrs. Talbot said.

ONE of the things that impressed Arnold whenever he stayed with the Talbots was the number and variety of animals they had. Their place was not a farm, after all, but merely a big white brick house in the country, and yet they usually had a dog and a cat, kittens, rabbits, and chickens, all actively involved in the family life. This summer the Talbots weren’t able to go in and out by the front door, because a phoebe had built a nest in the porch light. They used the dining-room door instead, and were careful not to leave the porch light on more than a minute or two, lest the eggs be cooked. Arnold came upon some turtle food in his room, and when he asked about it, Mrs. Talbot informed him that there were turtles

The hottest day of summer was the day We always chose to picnic in the glen. When the lake, fringed with lifeless foliage, lay Sagging beneath the burden of the sun, We’d pack a lunch and lock the cottage doors, Follow the tunnelled short cut in the grove, Angle the pasture, scramble through the bars, And scuffle dust clouds in a chattering drove Until, at last, over a rise we saw

Our Beulah Land. Then, whooping down the hill Into its shade, we suddenly were still, Held spellbound by a momentary awe, That water-freshened dimness, to our drouth Like a cool, hushing hand across the mouth.

All of a canyon’s wealth was in that crack In minuscule—a thread of waterfall

Like milkweed floss; the rock-ledged puddle, black And fathomless for inches; two feet tall Rose polished cliffs; a pygmy torrent tore

Between them to the shallows, ceaselessly Tossing its mane, with such a silken roar As that in which a shell repeats the sea.

The crumbling banks were forested with fern; Saplings ascended, monarchs in that wood, Meshed overhead, till we could just discern Scraps of a sultry sky. We drank the good

Sweet smell of pine and leaf mold, laced with spray, And wonder splintered into watery play.

Then what immersions, what mad risk of bones, What daft, audacious leaping over chasms! What mossy mishaps on the steppingstones! What splashings after minnows! And what spasms, What gales of glee, when Mother, greatly daring, Stripped off her long black stockings where she stood, Pinned back the petticoats that she was wearing, And dipped her toes demurely in the flood!

T oo hoarse at last for speech, too worn to wade, Too waterlogged to trust our liquid legs, We hauled the bulging baskets from the shade, Doled out the pickles and the hardboiled eggs, Sprawled limp as lizards on the clammy slate, And ate and ate and ate and ate and ate.

Never from Eden turned more listlessly The primal exiles than that homing band, Our ravished hampers bumping at the knee, The cardinalis wilting in the hand, Voices all levelled to an insect drone, Too drowned and dazed with blissful memory yet To note an eyelid closing on the sun Or catch the mutter of a muffled threat.

Black menace glittered on an angry lake •

As one by one we straggled to the shore.

We lived again, feeling the first drops break. Then heaven opened with a flashing roar, And worlds of wind and water washed away The residue of summer's hottest day.

—Carolyn Wilson Link

in the guest room, too. He never came upon the turtles.

The bantams were new this year, and so were the two very small

ducklings that at night were put in a paper carton in the sewing room, with an electric-light bulb to keep them warm. In the daytime they hopped in and out of a saucer of milk on the terrace. One of them was called Mr. Rochester because of his distinguished air. The other had no name.

All the while that Mrs. Talbot was making conversation with Arnold, after lunch, she kept her eyes on the dog, who, she explained, was jealous of the ducklings. Once his great head swooped down and he pretended to take a nip at them. A nip would have been enough. Mrs. Talbot spoke to him sharply and he turned his head away in shame.

“They probably smell the way George did when he first came home from the hospital,” she said.

“What did George smell like?” Arnold asked.

“Sweetish, actually. Actually awful.”

“Was Satan jealous of George when he was a baby?”

“Frightfully,” Mrs. Talbot said. “Call Satan! ” she shouted to her hus

band, who was up by the little house. He had found a rat hole near the ravaged lady slippers and was setting a trap. He called the dog, and the dog went bounding off, devotion in every leap.

While Mrs. Talbot was telling Arnold how they found Satan at the baby’s crib one night, Duncan, who was playing only a few yards away with George, suddenly, and for no apparent reason, made his younger brother cry. Mrs. Talbot got up and separated them.

“I wouldn’t be surprised if it wasn’t time for your nap, George,” she said, but he was not willing to let go of even a small part of the day. He wiped his tears away with his fist and ran from her. She ran after him, laughing, and caught him at the foot of the terrace.

Duncan wandered off into a solitary world of his own, and Arnold, after yawning twice, got up and went into

the house. Stretched out on the bed in his room, with the Venetian blinds closed, he began to compare the life of the Talbots with his own well-ordered but childless and animalless life in town. Everywhere they go, he thought, they leave tracks behind them, like people walking in the snow. Paths crisscrossing, lines that are perpetually meeting: the mother's loving pursuit of her youngest, the man's love for his daughter, the dog's love for the man, the two boys' preoccupation with each other. Wheels and diagrams, Arnold said to himself. The patterns of love.

THAT night Arnold was much less bothered by the crowing, which came to him dimly, through dreams. When he awoke finally and was fully awake, he was conscious of the silence and the sun shining in his eyes. His watch had stopped and it was later than he thought. The Talbots had finished breakfast and the Sunday Times was waiting beside his place at the table. While he was eating, John Talbot came in and sat down for a minute, across the table. He had been out early that morning, he said, and had found a chipmunk in the rat trap and also a nest with three

“On this side, we’re starting on our postwar program.”

bantam eggs in it. The eggs were cold.

He was usually a very quiet, self-contained man. This was the first time Arnold had ever seen him disturbed about anything. “I don’t know how we’re going to tell Kate,” he said. “She’ll be very upset.”

Kate came home sooner than they expected her, on the bus. She came up the driveway, lugging her suitcase.

“Did you have a good time?” Airs. Talbot called to her from the terrace.

“Yes,” she said, “I had a beautiful time.”

/Xrnold looked at the two boys, expecting them to blurt out the tragedy as soon as Kate put down her suitcase, but they didn’t. It was her father who told her, in such a roundabout wav that she didn’t seem to understand at all what he was saying. Mrs. Talbot interrupted him with the flat facts; the bantam hen was not on her nest and therefore, in all probability, had been killed, maybe by the rat.

Kate went into the house. The others remained on the terrace. The dog

didn't snap at the ducklings, though his mind was on them still, and the two boys didn't quarrel. In spite of the patterns on which they seem so intent, Arnold thought, what happens to one of them happens to all. They are helplessly involved in Kate's loss.

At noon other guests arrived, two families with children. There was a picnic, with hot dogs and bowls of salad, cake, and wine, out under the grape arbor. When the guests departed, toward the end of the afternoon, the family came together again on the terrace. Kate was Iving on the ground, on her stomach, with her face resting on her arms, her head practically in the ducklings' saucer of milk. Mrs. Talbot, who had stretched out on the garden chaise longue, discovered suddenly that Mr. Rochester was missing. She sat up in alarm and cried, "Where is he?"

"Down my neck," Kate said.

The duck emerged from her crossed arms. He crawled around them and climbed up on the back of her neck. Kate smiled. The sight of the duck's

tin}' downy head among her pale ashblond curls made them all burst out laughing. The cloud that had been hanging over the household evaporated into bright sunshine, and Arnold seized that moment to glance surreptitiously at his watch.

They all went to the train with him, including the dog. At the last moment Mrs. Talbot, out of a sudden perception of his lonely life, tried to give him some radishes, but he refused them. When he stepped out of the car at the station, the boys were arguing and were with difficulty persuaded to say goodbye to him. He watched the station wagon drive away and then stood listening for the sound of the. wood thrush. But, of course, in the center of South Norwalk there was no such sound.

—William Maxwell

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[From the Rosendale (N.Y.) Nezus]

Paul M---- leaves tor the U.S.

Army Wednesday May 9th. Good

The career of Joe E. Brown, one of the two or three most-travelled war-zone entertainers, was based on a mistake—a mistake made by Billy Ash, a veteran circus acrobat and head of the Five Marvellous Ashtons. Ash's error was thinking that in Joe he had discovered a boy who had no sense of pain. As Captain Ahab combed the seven seas for a white whale, Ash had been searching the continent for a bov ,who had no sense of pain. Ash believed he could make a great star out of any boy who didn't know when he was hurt. Every year

he picked new boys and trained them to become Marvellous Ashtons. He judged boys entirely on their ability to absorb punishment. He didn't care whether they were bright,, dull, quick, or slow; the only distinction a boy could have was that of being a good sufferer. Ash had become almost convinced that the ideal boy —one totally insensible to misery—didn't exist. B it in 1901 he stumbled on nine-year-old Joe E. Brown and got the idea that cither Joe was born without a sense of pain or his system generated some sort of pain-killing chemical. Ash made a star out of Joe. He was mistaken, however, in thinking Joe lacked a sense of pain. All that Joe lacked was articulateness.

Ash wintered every year in Toledo, where Joe lived. Most of the boys in Joe's part of town started learning acrobatics at the age of seven or eight, in the hope of becoming Marvellous Ashtons. Joe, a backward youngster, was nine before he got the prevailing ambition. He began by secretly practicing the back handspring on a sofa. Finally he considered himself ready to make his debut as a tumbler on the cinder track at school, Joe overlooked one important fact—the cinder track had no springs. It did not "give" the wav the sofa did.

PR.OFILE5\

COMEDY

Instead of doing a back handspring, Joe landed on his head in the cinders. The reasoning power was jarred out of him. He couldn't understand what had gone wrong with the trick, and he threw himself over backward again with equally bad results. Other boys jeered and whistled. Joe kept at it. He hurled his head at the cinders until he was lacerated and gory. Anger and bewilderment prevented him from noticing the pain. Shouts of laughter attracted the attention of Billy Ash, who frequently visited the school grounds to do a little scouting. After watching the boy butting the earth with his skull awhile, the circus acrobat stopped him and said, "Come round to the gym after school."

Ash was disappointed at first. Joe was not the ideal wooden boy. He turned human when the pain was severe enough. But Ash finally decided that Joe was just about right; he took the hard knocks of

training without a murmur and yet reacted smartly to a cudgelling. Joe had to utilize his talent for martyrdom on his first afternoon at the gym. Ash had a mannerism of clashing a boy's ankles together as if they were cymbals the moment after catching him or before throwing him to another member of the troupe. The veteran did everything with clockwork precision, and slamming the ankles together helped his timing like the beat of a metronome. At the end of the first couple of hours of practice, Joe's ankles were swollen double. In a gym suit today, Joe looks like a gamecock.' Spurs of bone stick out from his ankles where they were clapped together thousands of times to punctuate Ash's rhythm.

Joe practiced after school from January to April that year. Then, as one of the Five Marvellous Ashtons, he made his debut with the Sells-Downs circus on its arrival at Toledo. He was drunk with glory when he first ran into the arena, and he has been slightly circus-intoxicated ever since. His pain-resisting gift was severely tried two weeks after his first public appearance. As a result of being only half-trained, he broke his jaw by hitting it against his knee in a forty-foot fall into a net. The circus hone-setter strapped up the jaw and Ash advised Joe to forget it. The boy lived on soup and milk for nine weeks, but he never missed a performance.

Ash regarded the younger Marvellous Ashtons as his sons. There was a

considerable turnover among his heirs, but his illusion of parenthood never wavered. The billboards said the Ashtons were one family, and that settled it. Joe learned about this point of view shortly after his jaw had knitted. "Is Ash your father?" somebody asked. "No," said Joe. Ash corrected Joe severely for uncircuslike behavior.

Ash was a strict father, and ambitious for his children. He punished them and required hours of extra practice for anything less than perfection in their work. Any mistake caused him to strike instantly with whatever was handy. It was his theory of education ; he felt that' a mistake took root unless instantly blotted out by suffering. He instructed Joe over the head and admonished him across the shoulders. He once broke an educational broom handle on the boy's shins. He laid it on heavily because of his fixed belief that Joe

didn't appreciate . ordinary pain. Only once was pain too much for Joe. Both his ankles had been sprained. When he tried to walk, his suffering was unendurable. "I'll fix you up," said Ash. He soaked the ankles in chloroform liniment and bandaged them tightly. "You'll soon hardly notice those sprains," he said. He was right. The liniment burns made the ' sprained ankles a comparative pleasure.

It took Joe many years to realize that Ash had given him a million-dollar face. The most noticeable characteristic of his countenance in repose is a desperate attentiveness. It has the dramatic quality that appears in the face of a defendant when he listens for the verdict from the foreman of the jury. Joe's look of frantic concentration is the result of having to catch Ash's ideas instantly or take a - clubbing. Another characteristic of Joe's countenance is woodenness, which he cultivated in order that no sign of intelligence would ever betray what was in his mind. Ash gradually sculptured Joe a face of dynamic meaninglessness that is the envy of most other comedians.

Joe bore all his other sufferings better than homesickness. He thought he was going to die of that malady. After the circus season the act played the street fairs, and the nine-year-old boy thought he would never see his parents and his six brothers and sisters again. He nearly lost his mind with joy when he finally got home. He ate enormously. He recovered from his bruises and sprains.

He went back to school and loved it. Comfortable, well fed, showered with affection, he suddenly found that he was acutely wretched. Joe missed something, but he didn't know what. One day he discovered what it was; he missed his shooting pains, his hunger, his sprains, his aches, and his general miseries. He missed the smell of sawdust, tanbark, menageries, and kerosene torches. He was nostalgic for an occasional clubbing. One day he found himself back in the gym. In April he hit the road again with the four other Marvellous Ashtons.

Ah was a great teacher. Two or three of the tricks he taught Joe have, it is asserted, never been duplicated. One of these is the aerial double twist. Ash, lying on his back, would use his feet to catapult Joe high in the air; Joe would do a somersault and twist his body around twice, landing in a sitting position on Ash's feet. Ash was

prouder of this than of any other achievement of his life. He wasn't satisfied with showing the trick to paid spectators. He kept Joe beside him all the time so that they could perform the double twist wherever they went.

Ash was a great talker, and he had only one subject—acrobats. He would sulk for a while when any other topic came up and then suddenly swoop down on the conversation and switch it to acrobats. He had his own formulas for changing the subject from crops, politics, baseball, or horse races to acrobats in one or two sentences. If T heo-dore Roosevelt was being discussed, Ash would cut in with "Teddy certainly turned a double back somersault on the tariff. Now, speaking of double back somersaults—" Or, "Did you ever know that Teddy's uncle was an acrobat? He was the first man that ever . . ." Having thus put the subject squarely before the house, Ash would rapidly develop it to the point where he had removed his shoes, planted himself on his back, and sent Joe spiralling upward in a double twist. Once Ash stole a conversation in the lobby of the Palmer House, in Chicago, and was soon kicking Joe at the ceiling. Under the pretense of contributing a simile or metaphor, he would confiscate conversations from strangers in railway stations and send Joe corkscrewing toward the roof. In the course of his career, Joe has known most of the great conversation snatchers of the entertainment world, but he says he has never met the equal of Ash.

Ash's severity was intended for Joe's

benefit, but he sometimes overdid the good-Samaritan angle. He could always produce a noble motive for anything. He encouraged his young acrobats to strengthen their hands by rubbing and kneading his head as hard as they could. "There's nothing a young athlete needs like strong hands," he would tell them. "Punish the old skull with all your might. Don't worry about me. Put more power into it. Build up those hands. Never mind how it hurts old Billy Ash." It was years before Joe learned that Ash had periodic headaches

which nothing except strenuous rubbing and kneading would

relieve.

One day Ash asked Joe if he loved his mother. Joe said yes. In that case, Ash said, Joe ought to make a collection of cigar bands for her. There could be no sweeter surprise for a mother, he said. This seemed reasonable, and Joe practically lived in gutters for months in search of examples of this art form, with their miniature gold-encrusted portraits of kings, queens, and princes, artists like Van Dyck and Rembrandt, and stars like Patti and Lil-

lian Russell. In Allison, Iowa, Joe f)und Ash on the porch of the hotel, relaxing royally with the natives and gesticulating with a long, black, twisted cheroot with one of Joe's most expensive cigar bands around it. From that time on, Ash never smoked a cheroot with less than a twenty-five-cent cigar band. In the better hotel lobbies he flourished thirtv-five-cent and fifty-cent bands. It was years before Joe realized that this was high-class showmanship. Ash's cheroots cost a cent apiece, and were not always worth it. He was unable to make one specimen draw at all and ripping it open in a rage, he found a human tooth in it. On another occasion he scratched his tongue on a broken hairpin in one of these cigars. Ash said the trouble was that the cheroots were made from the sweepings of cigar factories and that they didn't sift the sweepings the way they used to.

-In five years Joe's salary rose from a dollar and a half a week to seven-fifty a week, but it was all sent home to his parents. He also got an allowance of five cents a week, which he always spent on a hamburger. The only time he ever satisfied his appetite was at D. J. Grau-man's Unique Theatre, in San Francisco. For box-office reasons, Grauman fed his vaudeville talent on the stage. His method of running the show made it necessary for him to have all his performers on hand all the time. The Unique was an L-shaped theatre. The early customers sat in the part of the L which faced the stage. The latecomers had to wait in the part of the L that faced a blank wall until they could get seats within sight of the stage. Grauman, father of the famous Sid Grauman, who runs the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, allowed the show to run its full time if the crowd was only fair. But if his clients came in large numbers, he cut the acts to half or even to a quarter of their length, in order to

shorten the show and increase the audience turnover. He couldn't work the hurry-up system if he let the actors go out to eat, so he fed them sandwiches in the wings. Later, taking a lesson from the Zoo, he made a special act out of feeding them before the audience. He kept the house happy by his comments on the table manners of the performers. Occasionally he would snatch a steak from a vaudevillian's plate and devour it to show how tender it was. Then he would name the butcher who had supplied it, for he had an arrangement whereby he got meat free in return for favorable mentions of the meat. He had a similar arrangement with a grocer. A nearby

restaurant man cooked the food free for two reasons; the first was a complimentary mention; the second was the fact that the smell of hot food helped his restaurant business by making the theatre audiences ravenous. In order to sharpen the spectators' appetites, the vaude-villians were instructed to cat greedily, and no troupers ever lived up to their 'obligations more enthusiastically. Joe has always loved San Francisco since that time.

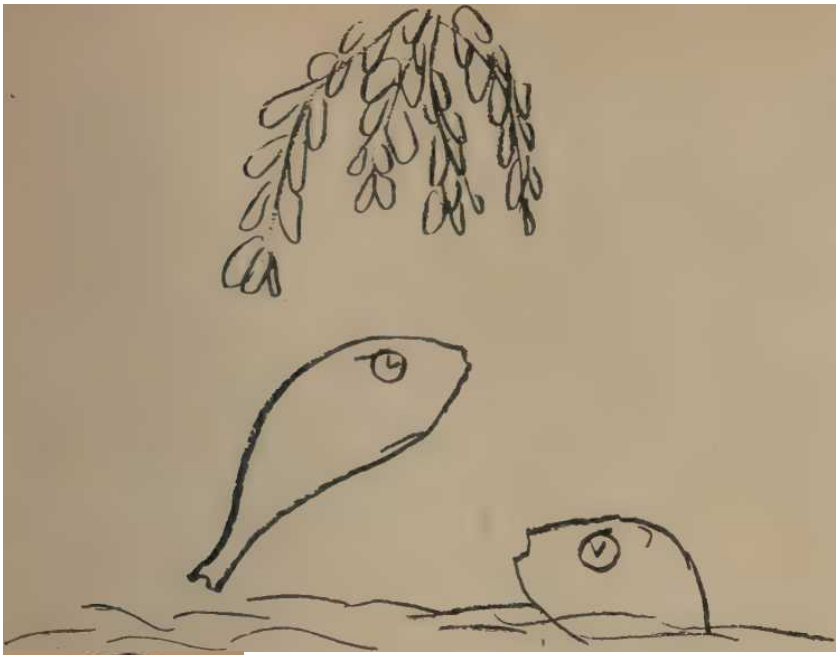
THE Five Marvellous Ashtons were thrown out of work by the San Francisco earthquake of 1906. They got separated during the fire that followed. Joe found his way back to Toledo alone. That was the end of his connection with Ash, the great starmaker. In five years the veteran had geared Joe up to such high speed that he has been travelling on the momentum ever since. The character that Ash pounded into him made him a star of vaudeville, burlesque, musical comedy, moving pictures, and radio, and author of a best-seller, a pillar of the community in southern California, and one of the leading entertainers of soldiers, with more than a hundred thousand miles of war-zone trouping to his credit. The pain-defying discipline under Ash made it possible for Joe to do a few thousand miles of his touring while unable to walk because of sciatica. Before that, the Ash training had enabled him to think practically nothing of two fractures of the spinal column and more than twenty other broken bones.

By 1906, Joe had alreadv begun to mix with celebrities. One of his friends was Ollie Pecord, premier sport of Toledo, the man who refereed the Dempsey-Willard fight in 1919. He introduced Joe to

Tommy Bell, a fine acrobat, who was looking for a partner, and the team of Bell & Brown was formed. Joe learned later why Bell had

liad no partner. Bell was a perfectionist. He couldn't stand it when Joe turned a fraction of an inch too much or too little in his aerial twists and somersaults. After projecting Joe into the air with his feet and catching him wfith his hands, Bell would sit up and groan indignantly. "A full inch too much to the left," he would say. "I warn you, I can't stand it." One day they wуere performing in Hudson, New York. After shooting Joe high into the air for a double twist, Bell uttered a loud groan, got up, and walked off the stage. With nobody there to catch him, Joe hit the stage hard and broke a leg. "I warned you," said Bell.

Whenever anything kept him off the stage, Joe always headed for school. As soon as he was able to hobble on crutches, he started going to the ninth grade in Jamaica, Long Island, where he was living with some friends. That was his last schooling. His later education came from touring the country in vaudeville and absorbing what people had to say. For a comedian, he is a good listener, probably because of his early training in pantomime. Now and then he got hold of a book. One of his great literary treasures was Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son. The young tumbler steeped himself in the worldly wisdom of the eighteenth-century king of deportment. It is odd that a comic star should be enthusiastic about the man who wrote, "In my mind, there is nothing so illiberal and ill-bred as audible laughter." Nevertheless, Joe has had a lifetime admiration for the superelegant nobleman. He was furious at D*. Johnson for saving that Chesterfield taught the manners of a dancing master and the morals of a whore. The fact that Joe's general reading was limited was of considerable advantage to him years later. It gave him the distinction of being the only movie actor who ever made good in a Shakespearean role. Joe had never seen or read a Shakespeare play when Max Reinhardt chose him for the part of Flute in the movie of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Joe was against the idea; he was converted only when Warner Brothers promised him a Packard and promised his agent, Ivan Kahn, a bicycle. All the other actors played their parts as if terrified by the name of Shakespeare. 1 he comedians looked as humorless as the man who was half hanged and cut down by mistake. Joe was not afraid of any author who was unbeknownst to him. He played the part of Flute exactly as if it had been written by some second-rate, $3,000-a-

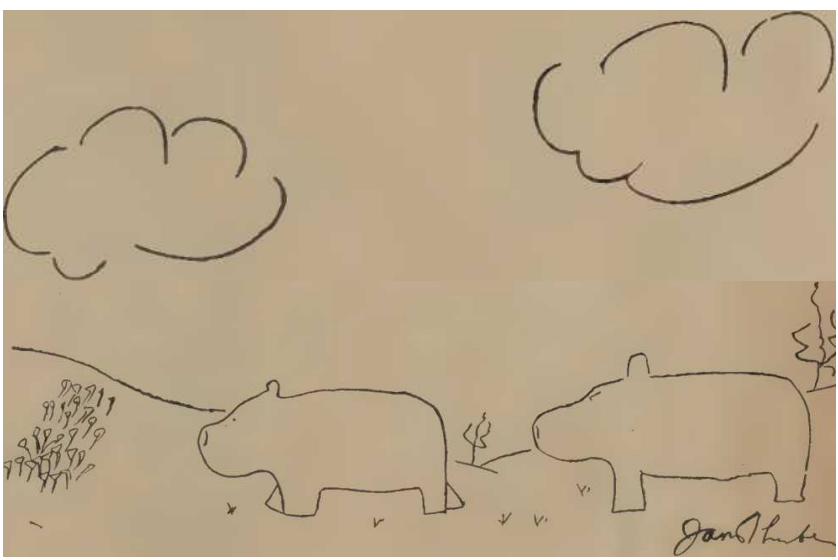


The female Snarl (left) and the male Sulk

A Garble With an Utter in its clavts

week hack writer. Joe actually topped Shakespeare as a Hollywood gag man; the laugh dockers reported that the best audience reaction followed the line “I won’t play any more,” which was not written by the Elizabethan but was adlibbed by Joe after he had been thrown into a lake. Since then, Joe has seen and read plays by Shakespeare, and he now respects the man, probably has the usual secret ambition to play Hamlet, and is undoubtedly ruined as a Shakespearean interpreter.

AS soon as his broken leg was mend-■*- ed, Joe was back on the stage in the team of Prevost & Brown, which later became well known in vaudeville as Rochelle & Brown. The manager of the Orpheum circuit forced the change of name. He explained that the Orpheum people were the aristocrats of the show business, that the name of Prevost & Brown had the stamp of low life on it because the act had appeared or one of the other vaudeville circuits, and that he couldn't ask Orpheum stars to mix with common performers. He was ready to hire the act, but not as Prevost & Brown. The tw'o acrobats talked it over in their hotel room. Joe couldn't think of changing the name of Brown; it seemed like changing his head or his flag. Brown, he felt, was the finest name in the world, and his effort to live up to it benefited his character. He kept reminding himself of who he was by wearing only brown suits, hats, neckties, shoes, and socks. He had even violated the tradition of the burlesque comedian



The male Wedlock (left) cautiously approaching a clump of Devil-May-Care; at righty the female

by refusing, through loyalty to his own color, to paint his nose red. Prevost had no such feeling for "Prevost." His eye happened to rest on a bottle of Rochelle salts and he said, "All right, from now on 1 m Rochelle."

Joe thought there was nothing in the world so fine as to be an acrobat on the Orpheum circuit, but his feelings were constantly hurt by his vaudeville colleagues. All of them, down to the grand-opera and barnyard imitators, pretended to look down on the acrobats. Nobody ever addressed a group of

vaudevillians except by saying, “Ladies and gentlemen and acrobats.” The curse of curses was “May your children be acrobats!” Joe began to look around for another occupation.

Wherever Joe went, he played sandlot baseball during the season. While he was resting between engagements in St. Paul, in 1910, Mike Kelly, manager of the St. Paul team, invited him out to practice. Joe was a good fielder but too light to be much of a hitter. It looked for a time as if he would work in as the regular second-baseman

of the St. Pauls. In one game he was about to hurl himself into a feet-first slide for home when the coach at third base gave him the “Don’t slide” signal. Trained ' through years of acrobatics to exact obedience to signals, Joe tried to stop sliding, but it was too late. He hit the ground awkwardly and broke a leg again. That was the last of Joe as a professional in baseball. He became famous later as an amateur scout and amateur bench warmer for the Yankees. His greatest find was Earl Combs, once outfielder and lead-off man for the Yanks. When Joe signed a long-term contract with Warner Brothers, he insisted on a unique clause, which required the company to maintain a complete baseball team for him among the employees at the studio. From 1932 until 1935, Joe was part owner of the Kansas City Blues. He has a photographic memory and is a human record book on baseball. This gives him a flying start as an overseas entertainer, because, no matter where his audience comes from, Joe can tell them thrilling anecdotes about the baseball heroes of their own sections of the country.

Rochelle, or Prevost, was getting along in years for an acrobat and had to take short breathing spells now and then during an act. This accidentally made Joe a comedian. He had to do something to hold the attention of the audience while Rochelle rested. He first developed an expression of super-idiocy that fascinated their audiences, at least momentarily. Next he invented a comedy head

cold. He would make six or Seven unsuccessful attempts to sneeze, then sneeze six or seven times, and end up with a smile of unearthly bliss. As time went on, Rochelle needed longer

breathing spells, and Joe had to go in for telling stories. Joe's mouse that fell into the barrel of whiskey became a national institution. It was the success of his dissipated mouse that gave him his first visions of stardom.

IN 1918, when Joe was twenty-six, he went into burlesque. He had been making a hundred and fifty dollars a week as a star tumbler and he became a second comedian in a burlesque show for seventy-five. This was a difficult step. Joe had married Kathryn McGraw, a Superior, Wisconsin, girl, in 1915 and now had a family. But he believed he could become a star comedian, and burlesque was recognized as the best college

of comedy. After he made the change, he wrote to his parents about

it. They didn't know what burlesque was and were delighted at his rise in the world. When he was playing Detroit, he received a letter from his mother. She was arriving there next day and planned to take in the matinee. Joe collapsed. He knew that two minutes of burlesque would kill his mother. Speechless with terror, he went to the theatre and handed the letter to Heinie Cooper, a Dutch comedian, who was the star of the show. Cooper gave a long, low whistle and then shouted for everybody to gather round him. "We got to take out every off-color line," he said. "Joe's ' mother's coming to the show." Aftey the night performance, the whole company got to work trying to purify the entertainment. Taking out the offcolor lines was not enough; the plot, dialogue, stage business, scenery, and costumes were all off-color. Not only that, but every syllable in the English . language was off-color, as a good burlesque comedian pronounces any vowel so as to cause blushes of shame. The most innocent-looking stage properties were full of sulphurous implications. Joe's colleagues set themselves wholeheartedly to the task of cleaning up the show. Most of them were respectable, home-loving people who would rather die than commit a social error in private life. The blue jokes were thrown out first and the broad innuendoes next. That disposed of everything in the show, and some old vaudeville acts had to be substituted. The whole cast worked for hours trying to break themselves of winks, leers, and lifted eyebrows and trying to talk as if they were not uttering double-entendres. The ladies fell into the spirit of the thing and practiced dancing innocently and gesticulating with their hands only. Joe's mother was charmed. Moreover, the regulars of the burlesque audience were completely satisfied. They brought their off-color minds to bear on everything and read extra-grimy meanings into the most sanctimonious dialogue.

IT is commonly supposed that the foundation of Joe's greatness is a mouth of startling dimensions, but this is not so. His mouth is not of extraordinary size. Its apparent magnitude is an optical illusion that he achieves by throwing his head back so that his wide-open mouth occupies the foreground of the audience's field of vision. Joe was an established comic star long before he discovered his million-dollar mouth. He learned the possibilities of his mouth by

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accident. He was trying to put life into a dull scene. He had only a few words to speak in this scene afid those words

were not funny. He realized that if the

audience was to go wild over this part

of the show, he would have to invent had. some pretty delirious stage business. He went worked hard to perfect the faint, ed in

squeaky voice he had used in telling the mouse saga. But to convulse an audience with faint squeaks, he had to have its attention. Joe hit on the idea of opening his mouth as wide as possible and holding it that way until

the audience was staring at it with concentrated attention, believing that he had forgotten his lines and was petrified with fear. When he had perfect attention, he barely whispered his line. The audience was murdered by the small voice coming from the big mouth. For twenty-five years Joe's life has been dominated by that incidental bit of stage business. It bothers Joe a little that people think he owes his fame and fortune to his mouth. He doesn't like to have the rest of Joe E. Brown regarded as second fiddle to an oral cavity. As a matter of fact, it would have been just an ordinary trap without Joe's brains behind it. The mouth didn't make Joe famous; Joe made the mouth famous. Joe's friends learn to avoid too many references to the Great Open Space

and Mammoth Cave.

Joe was still playing burlesque when John Cort picked him to take the stai' part in the musical comedy "Listen Lester" to replace another comedian during the run of the show. On the night he was to make his debut, Joe arrived at the theatre at six. For two hours he put on and took off his makeup. At eight o'clock, somebody stuck his head in the doorway of Brown's dressing room and said, "No show tonight. Strike." It was the first night of the great Equity strike of 1919. Joe hadn't known that a strike was brewing. He started carrying a strike banner before he learned what his grievances were. He went to Equity headquarters and explained that he wanted to join but didn't have the five dollars to pay the initiation fee. Equity loaned him five dollars. Joe handed it back and became a member in good standing.

After the strike, Joe made a hit in “Listen Lester” and soon was an established star, appearing in “Jim Jam Jems,” “The Greenwich Village Follies,” “Captain Jinks,” “Twinkle, Twinkle,” and a road-company “Elmer the Great.” In 1928 he started his Hollywood career in a melodrama,

“Crooks Can’t Win.” Year after rear the comedies in which Joe starred were among the ten biggest box-office draws

of the movies, and he had one of the

greatest publics of boys any star ever

The one-man comedies finally into a decline. Joe had startHollywood as a character actor and he went back to character parts.

WHEN Joe’s two sons went to the University of California at Los Angeles, Joe became a sort of perpetual

sophomore there himself. He joined a college fraternity when he was approaching fifty. He was a sparkplug of the campus movements and a pep-talke;¯in U.C.L.A. athletics. It was Artie Reichle—one of Joe’s fraternity-house brothers—who started him on his career as a war-zone entertainer. Shortly after Pearl Harbor, Reichle, then in the Army in Alaska, wrote Joe about the gloom and boredom of Arctic soldiering and urged him to come up there to relieve the monotony. Joe immediately appealed to Washington for permission to tour the Alaskan camps. He got permission early in 1942, and since then he has spent much of his time following the flag into strange parts of the world. He was the first star to tour Alaska and the Aleutians and one of the

first in the South Pacific. He is the onlv

man in the world who has been initiated into the Lambs, Elks, Shriners, the Solomon Island headhunters, and the Eskimos of St. Lawrence Island, in the Bering Sea. March 19th, the day he visited St. Lawrence, was declared a perpetual legal holiday by the Eskimo council of that island and it was made a crime for anybody to do any work on that memorable date.

Joe returned from the Aleutians to tour in a revival of “The Show-Off” and appear at Bond rallies. For years, one of his ways of amusing himself has been to take over the sale of tickets in the box office of the theatre he or a movie of his is playing. He never gets tired of the surprised expressions on the faces of the ticket buyers. He was putting on this stunt in Detroit on October 8, 1942, when the ticket-office telephone rang. Joe answered. “This is the Army Air Forces Ferrying Command in Long Beach, California,” said the voice. “We’re trying to locate Joe E. Brown to tell him that his son has just been killed.” This was Joe’s older son, Don, a captain in the air service, who had been killed in a plane crash in southern California. Joe’s second son,

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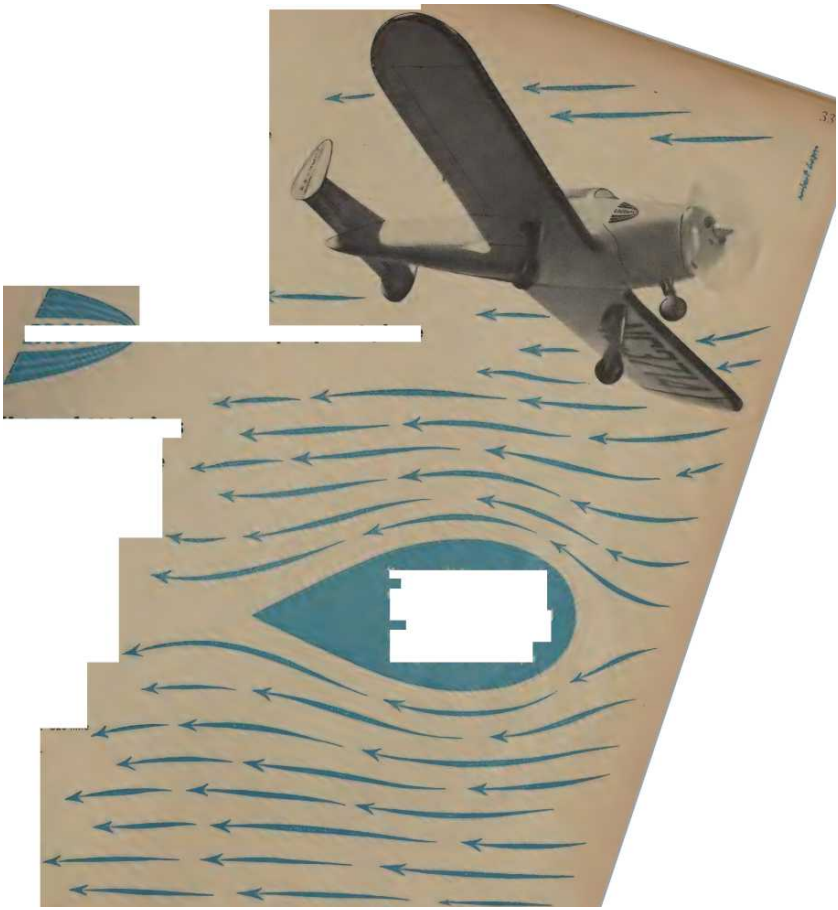

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Joe Leroy Brown, is now a captain in the Army. Joe also has two daughters, Kathryn and Mary.

As soon as Joe could get an O.K. from Washington, he started on a tour of the South Pacific under U.S.O. auspices. He received commendations from President Roosevelt and from many generals for making a hundred-thousand-mile circuit and some journalistic abuse for not doing more. The Pacific was the seventh heaven for a comedian. Joe appeared at hundreds of places where no professional entertainer had been before. Comedy-starved audiences became hysterical at the word “Brooklyn” and practically died at

the initials “M.P.” They had been storing up laughs for months and released them in explosions that would turn any comedian’s head. Joe’s baseball monologue went over like laughing gas on laughing hyenas. Probably no other comedian has ever had such a glorious experience. It was as if practically a third of the globe was inhabited by a funny man’s paid claque.

No comedian has ever gotabig enough reaction to suit him. Joe combed the coral reefs to harvest one more laugh. On the island of Canton, he climbed a palm tree to catch his smallest audience. The entire house was one soldier from Houston, who had missed Joe’s regular performance because he was on lookout duty. At a hospital in the New Hebrides, Joe and Johnny Marvin, the hillbilly king, put on a complete show, with encores, for two sick soldiers in a hospital tent. Sciatica was not enough to stop a comedian who was surrounded by such delirious senses of humor. Lying flat on his back on a stretcher for three weeks, Joe continued on the trail of this hair-trigger hilariousness. The reception he got on Christmas Island exhilarated him to such an extent that, forgetting his sciatica, he did an eccentric dance and cured himself. He put on acts in jungle grass so tall that his audiences had to hang from branches of trees to see him and he made night appearances by electric torchlights when stronger lighting effects were forbidden because of the nearness of the enemy. Leaving the Pacific, Joe did India, China, the Near East, Africa, Italy, and other theatres. A couple of months ago he started on another tour of the Pacific Theatre. — Alva Johnston

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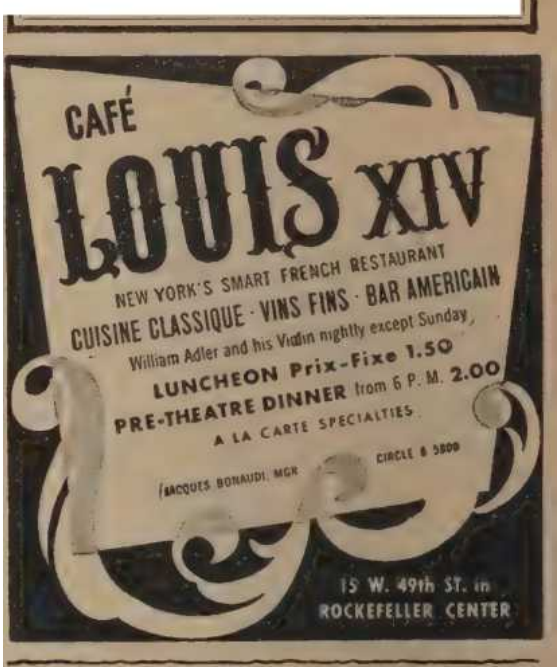
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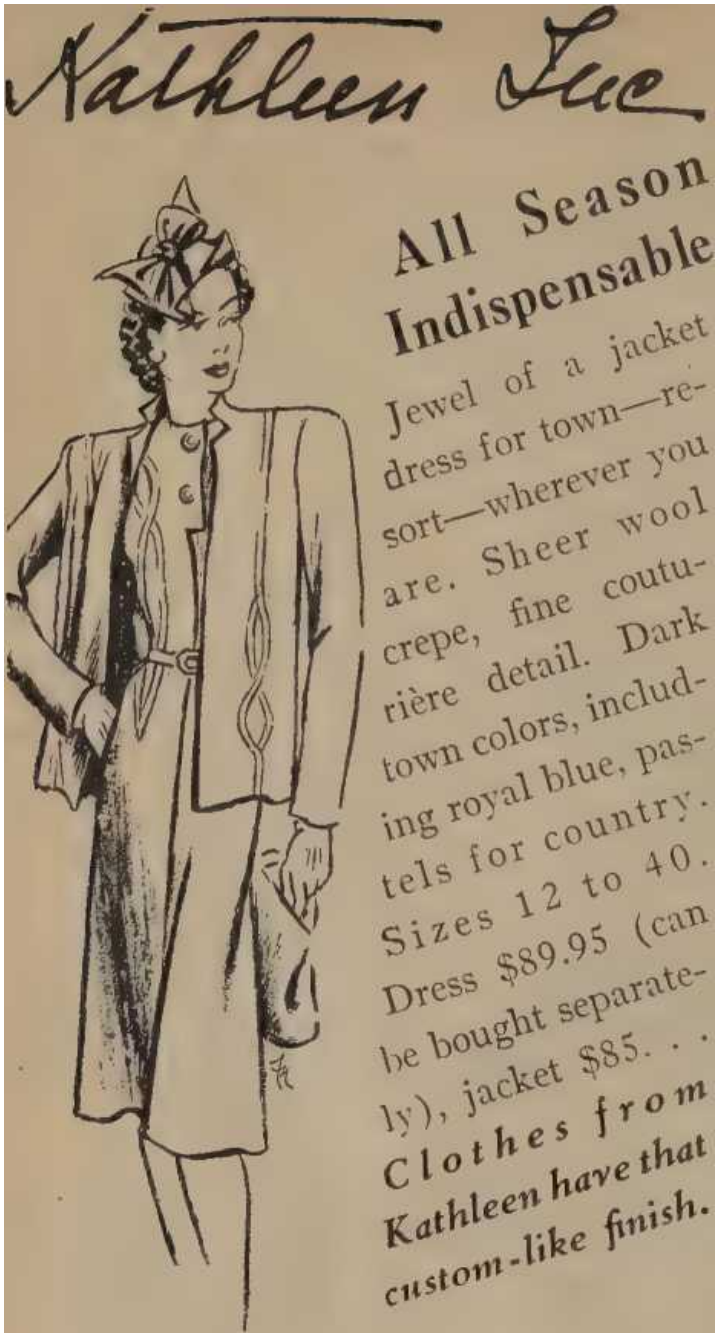
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The Imperfect Tribute

“TF you had it to do all over again, I George, would you still fall in love ■ˆ with yourself?” inquires an actor called Oscar Levant representing a character called Oscar Levant in “Rhapsody in Blue,” a picture purporting to be a biography of the late George Gershwin. I think that Mr. Levant is credited with actually having made some such remark in life, but whether he did or not, it offers a useful clue to the nature of the subject. To one who never knew Gershwin, the stories about him have only

one common and striking characteristic ; they are almost never about a man in relation to his contemporaries, as the members of the Algonquin Round Table, for instance, were inextricably parts of a rather dismaying whole. He was closely bound up with the Gershwin family, rather as the sun might be said to be bound up with the solar system, and he lived a good deal in crowds, all banging endlessly away on pianos, but the total impression was solitary. He had apparently an intense preoccupation with the appearance and behavior of the man known to him—more or less in the third person—as George Gershwin, and everything else, except music, impinged on him only lightly. In other words, the story was simply that of a boy who was born exclusively to compose music, who succeeded easily and fabulously at it, and died young. Such a career, of course, is intolerable to the cinema, which can imagine only one primary obsession, so quite an elaborate little emotional life has been cooked up for the hero.

Mr. Gershwin, it now develops, had at least two deep and

mysterious romances in his life, both quite unknown to his more fact-bound biographers. The first was with a young woman named Julie Adams, whom he met while he was plugging songs for Remick, subsequently raised to stardom with his songs, and then abandoned at the height of his success. It was clear, however, that she was his real spiritual mate, both from the remonstrances of his friends and relatives, who discussed his conduct on

all possible occasions, once indeed on a deathbed, and from the fact that his thoughts turned sentimentally to her whenever he happened to have nothing else in particular on his mind. The other was with Christine Gilbert, a rich divorcee who spoke French and went to art galleries and therefore, I suppose, was

to be classed as an intellectual. Inspired by her example—for she herself painted, quite badly—he took up art and rapidly excelled at that too, being especially gifted at self-portraiture, though he was never quite convinced that his brush had captured all the infinite Gershwins so miraculously fused in a single man.

Rather overpowered by so much talent, Mrs. Gilbert retreated to Mexico, observing dispassionately that Mr. Gershwin struck her as clearly cut out to be a bachelor. The introduction of these two

frustrated ladies could be justified, I guess, on the ground that Gershwin's behavior with them would not have been essentially out of key with his character. It is a matter of opinion. In mine, somebody has just inserted a silly and tiresome love affair as annoyingly as possible.

The rest of the plot wasn't much better. There was the battle over Gershwin's future between his mildly cynical music publisher and his idealistic old teacher, respectively symbolizing, of course, Tin Pan Alley and Carnegie Hall, and its happy conclusion when "The Rhapsody in Blue" demonstrated that their protege had successfully combined them both. This may have been the truth, for all I know, but again this was put on the screen with such a dismal absence of intelligence or taste—the smiling death of the old teacher as he listened to his pupil's triumph on the radio was a handsome example of what went on—that it all seemed wildly improbable. There was a studious contrast between Gershwin's family

background and his public splendor, the spirit of Potash and Perlmutter surviving triumphantly through some of the dizziest miracles of montage in film history. And behind this monumental collection of nonsense, there was always the magnificent music, from “Swanee” through the score of “Porgy and Bess,” to make it all seem by contrast even more sad and embarrassing and dull.

The film presented a slight problem in mental adjustment to the audience,

since about half of the cast, including Mr. Levant, Al Jolson, Paul Whiteman, and George White, were played by themselves, while the rest were actors who bore no perceptible resemblance to their originals. Since in this second group there were such familiar and unmistakable figures as Otto Kahn, Heifetz,

Damrosch, and Rael maninoff, the whole effect was a little unsettling, a though Mr. Truman and Victor Moore were to turn up together somewhere as the President and Vice-President of the United States. The other substitutes ■—Robert Alda as Gershwin, Herbert Rudley as his brother Ira, Morris Car-novsky and Rosemary De Camp as his parents, and Joan Leslie and Alexis Smith as the two ladies who never existed an) way—presented fewer difficulties, and even succeeded now and then in infusing some suggestion of life into the caricatures they were asked to portray.

NOTES from another typewriter:

“ ‘Blood on the Sun’ is a desperate piece of work about an American newspaper man in Tokio and the trouble he has smuggling the original of the infamous Tanaka plan, the Japanese equivalent of ‘Mein Kampf,’ out of the country. It is the most violent workout Mr. Cagney has had since ‘Public Enemy,’ and it ought to be fine for those who admire a good, ninety-minute massacre. With some assistance from a shapely half-Chinese spy (Sylvia Sidney), Mr. Cagney dismembers practically all the Secret Police, using a combination of judo and a short American hook to the jaw, and provides his government with a reasonably clear outline of Japan’s designs on the United States, though unfortunately neglecting to mention Pearl Harbor. ... In ‘You Came Along,’ three rollicking aviators are escorted on a flying War Bond tour by a beautiful

blonde, kindly furnished by the Treasury Department. To her disgust, the boys are up to all kinds of childish tricks, like pinning French medals on girls who (I assume) have been terribly silly. In the middle, however, the picture abruptly wipes the foolish grin off its face. The heroine marries the most exasperating of the three aviators, having discovered that he has leukemia, and they settle down in a cottage near Mitchel Field. Everyone is naturally depressed when he gets his orders to report to Walter Reed Hospital and die there, but after the bride gets home from the funeral, she hears an airplane motor over the house, and a whisper, I'm having a fine time.' I will have a fine time myself when they stop making pictures like this." —W. G.

He Remembers It as the First Airplane He Knew

The cargo glider he now flies as a member of the world's mightiest air force is not the first Waco in this pilot's life ; . . nor will it be the last.

Not the first... because his is a generation that has grown up with

Waco ... a generation that can remember WACO as the first plane they ever saw . . . the first plane they ever flew in.

Not the last... because, in the plane he will fly tomorrow, he will demand the same advanced engineering and skilled craftsmanship that took him safely through hell and high water in one glider invasion after another . . . the same sturdy dependability that has distinguished the performance of Waco commercial and military aircraft for almost a quarter of a century. The Waco Aircraft Company, 66 Peters Avenue, Troy, Ohio, U. S. A.

The Exchange Telegraph Agency. •. said the 44-year-old Gestapo chief had been arrested three days ago in Cognito.

—Petersburg (Pa.) Progress-Index. That gloomy little dump?

All of the cargo-transport gliders in the service of the Army Air Forces. . . all of the gliders employed by our airborne infantry in four major invasions . . . have beett designed by Waco and thousands of them have been built in Waco's plant. ; ; now devoted entirely to glider production.

All ARMY CARGO TRANSPORT GLIDERS ARE WACO DESIGNE

LETTEK FKOM LAKE GONfTANCE

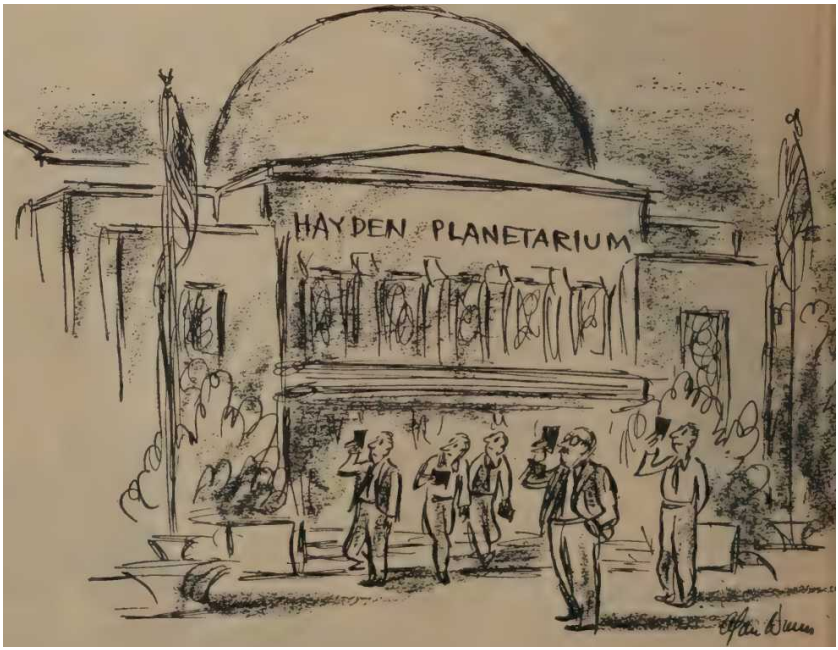
June 22 (by wireless) HE First French Army's occupation headquarters in Germany is flourishing in Lindau, a charming medieval town, on an island in Lake

Constance, that has managed to come through from 1275 to 1945 without having been hit by a big war. General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, the commander of the First Army, is using it as a sort of fancy, foreign county seat. The French Gouvernement Militaire et Moral—the French have one more adjective in their occupational setup than the rest of us Allies—has established its offices in the Aites Rathaus, new in 1436. It is a handsome building on a cobblestone street, with a high, V-shaped facade, stepped copings on either side, and, over its postern door, a faded, Gothic-lettered proverb still full of fine advice, since it counsels, in German, "Cease doing evil and learn to do good." This program, with a certain up-to-date, realistic twist, is just about what the First French Army, as a matter of occupation policy, expects the former Nazis to get to work on. The French are more hostile to the Germans than we Anglo-Saxons, are more brusque, precise, and positive in their occupation ideas, and have probably been running their German show better. Certainly they are doing a more efficient job with the ex-Nazis than they are doing with their own people back home. ‘

According to information recently given out by Lindau's Military and Moral Government, housed in what used to be Lindau's smart Nazi officers' club, the French are interested, first, in administrating the Germans and seeing that they get food—not too much food, because the French have bitter recollections of the million French who died, mostly from starvation, in the German concentration camps—but enough food. The French policy is for the Germans to exist agriculturally, then industrially, and finally, if possible, intellectually. Their plan for reeducating the Germans will be affected by the way the Germans react in the early stages of the occupation and, in any case, will be more psychological than scholastic. (The } rench haven't enough paper to print schoolbooks for their own children, let alone textbooks for German adults.) The newspapers and broadcasts the French are now providing for the Germans are planned along a psychological line that goes as follows: no French propaganda is to be given to the Ger

mans—nothing but pure news, in order “to cause the phenomenon of disintoxication by pure objectivity.” The French have decided that now or never the Germans must learn to believe that facts and truth have value. More foreign news is given than French news, and local German news is featured. The French play up standard hometown stuff, such as who was married last week in the Dreifaltigkeits-bero; Pilo;rima2:e Church, near Tuttlingen; news of the production of butter and hay; and, as can happen, the regrettable incident of the war widow’s little boy who was run over and killed on his village street by a French truck.

The French have succeeded better than the rest of us in choosing the least untrustworthy Germans to be burgomasters and the like, because of their special local screening service—their own prisoners of war in the area. At first the French automatically reappointed any mayor who had been kicked out by the Nazis in 1933; now they incline to appoint men, even lacking administrative experience, who the French P.O.W.s say listened to the B.B.C. or fed them decently or refused to go and gawk at Goering when he came to town. Knowing a bit about collaboration, the French refuse to employ the now eager collaborationists, whom we Americans seem to find so useful and whom they don’t trust. They are also



skeptical about employing the few antiNazis still alive, since they complicate the problem of governing with their denunciations and revenges. In general, the French have retained fewer of the pre-surrender German figures than we have.

IN the graph of the French occupation policy, the main curve seems to be traced by the ideas and personality of the First Army's commander, General de Lattre, who is an unusual character. It is his shrewd notion that "German eyes and ears were perverted by spectacles under the Nazis," that the Germans became aurally and ocularly susceptible to a sickly degree, and that a definite, spectacular, French quality, for which he certainly has talent, will help cure them. He believes that if the Germans see another race throwing its w eight and color about, especially in the Germans' own land, they will be disillusioned and will no longer feel that such performances are the prerogative of supermen. To illustrate his idea, and because he's a disciplinarian anyway, he is trumpeted in and out of the Renaissance portal of his quartier general, on Lindau's little harbor, while red-fezzed Senegalese soldiers as tall as ebonj' totem poles present arms. The Germans gather in groups and stare from a distance. Following a new route each morning, his

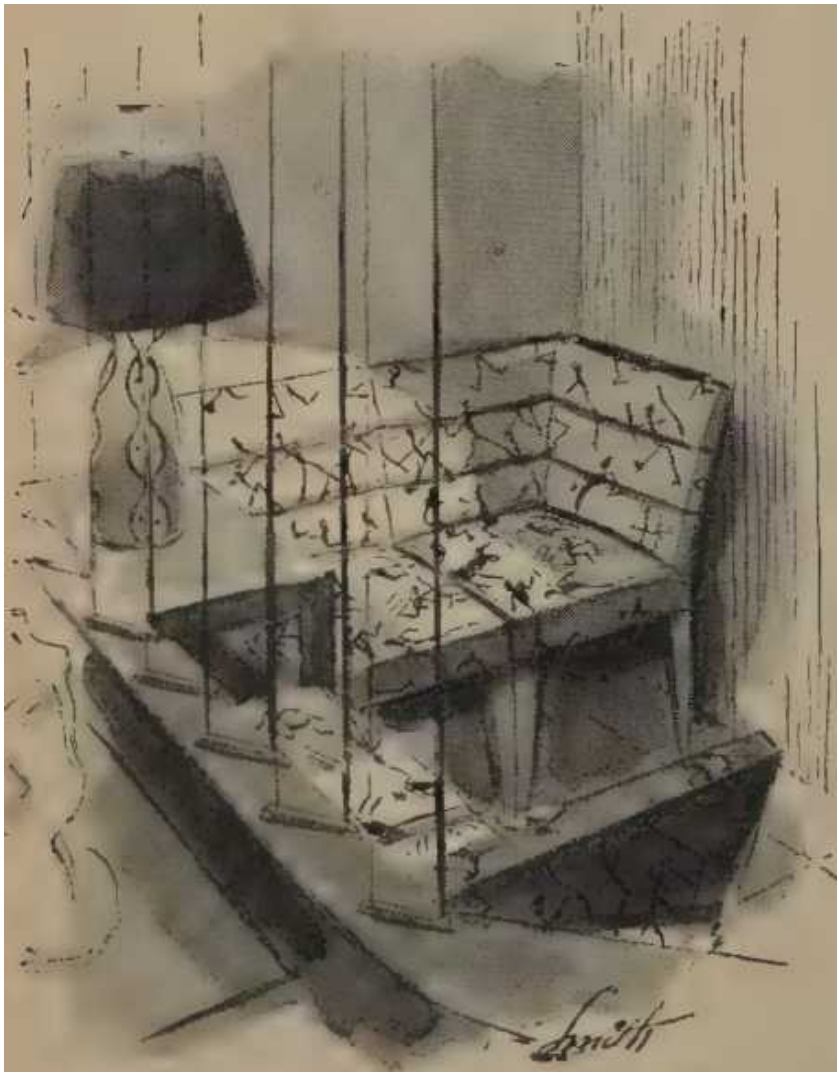
white-turbaned Moroccan spahis and his brown-djellabahed goumiers from the Atlas Mountains trot along the roads on their little gray or

when

better bars

are built...

. . . they'll be simple streamlined affairs . . . sans gingerbread or doodads. As we build them, the host and guest look good in any stage of conviviality. Maybe we can design one to fit your personality ... if the one illustrated isn't it! Sectional chair units (below) complete your nook!



Modernage

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brown stallions and gallop impressively through the towns. While he is reducing German pride, de Lattre is deliberately building pride up among his Frenchmen to offset the' shame, lethargy, and corrosive influences of 1940-44. His officers are billeted in hillside chateaux with staffs of German domestics; his troops cock their helmets over one ear, drive their jeeps like crazy, and live on the limited fat of the land. Fraternization doesn't bother the French. No matter what fraternizing a French soldier does, there's no danger that he likes the Germans, or even that particular German. As for rape—of the French African troops, only the goumiers have their wives with them, and that doesn't inhibit them—the French harshly consider that France herself was raped. As for looting, which they call recouping—as it often is', when they pounce upon German caches of French wines, bed sheets, dresses, and even children's toys— the officers declare that, aside from rabbits or chickens for the pot, their soldiers now recoup less than American G.I.s liberate. Many men in the First Army escaped to North Africa during the occupation, many others fought in the resistance, and many lost their families, either as hostages or in Dachau. As they grimly say, the occupation does not bore them.

According to certain of his officers, General de Lattre is really practicing in Germany his pet personal French Army idea, the Ecole des Cadres et de Mon-iteur de 1'Education Physique, which he thought up and first tried out in Tunisia, in 1941, and later tentatively set going again at Rouffach, near Colmar, in France. The idea of his Cadres is a sort of Commando training and special education for men picked because they are physically the flower of the flock. With this goes a socializing and, to French Army brass hats, a scandalizing new esprit-de-corps notion that throws the officers and noncoms—there are no privates—into the same training classes and camps. In Tunisia, his Army engineers built him a stadium, with gymnasium and pavilion, which displeased him so thoroughly that he warned them he didn't want to have to lay eyes on it the next morning. They labored all night to raze it and, by working night and day for a week, managed to put up something he had planned himself. At Lake Constance, his Cadres march, sunburned and singing, to their daily swim. It's these Cadre lads that lie plans—if he keeps his high post—to use in contacts with, and as examples

Chateau Frontenac

WAeneverlfot Can... Come to Quebec

Any time of year, this storied city's mellow charm will make your visit a lasting memory. Everything you want to see and do is convenient to the famous Chateau, site of two historymaking conferences. For reservations: Madison Avenue at 44th, VA 6-4444.

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Imported
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to, the Germans and who will eventually handle German reeducation. No matter who runs the reeducation program, all the French, after their two defeats by the Germans and their one unsuccessful victory over them, today regard German reeducation as a common and solemn European responsibility.

WITH the candid interest that the

French always have in a fantastic character, French First Army officers cheerfully discuss the startling anecdotes that make up their commander's legend. Apparently he flies into what are known as four-day rages; probably liver, they think. He almost flew into a double, or eight-day, rage last month when he took his first official Lake Constance boat ride in a captured German gunboat and his French Navy pilot innocently steered it into the Swiss portion of the lake, whereupon the sturdily neutral Swiss fired across its prow. He is respected by his troops but not loved. He punishes and praises—often the same person—with great rapidity. His conversation has a violent and winning charm; his ideas spring from a literary mind. The best bon mot about him is that he has enough defects to destroy him and enough good qualities to make him. He was a general before de Gaulle was and is reported not to get on with him. Paris military and political circles consider de Lattre ambitious. He is fifty-four, a country aristocrat from the same Vendee town in which Clemenceau was born, is married, has a son, Bernard, in one of his tank corps, has flashing dark eyes and an eagle nose, is not quite tall enough, is elegant in manner and battle dress, and wears the Medaille Militaire, which when presented to a general ranks as his most precious order. Many experts consider him the best strategic brain in France and his Belfort operation in November, 1944, the best military deception of the war. He planned it in October, in the nearby town of Besangon, where he widely gave out a secret order that his army would spend the wintei' there and not attack until spring. The day after the dissemination of this order, his spies, much to his satisfaction, brought him a German photostatic copy of it. His real secret orders were written, during the next three weeks, by his own hand. He

removed troops from General Bethouart, who was to lead the attack, to make the Nazis think that chaos reigned in the French camp, and he spread the story that these troops were getting ready to attack an Atlantic pock-

LISTEN:

JULY 7,1945

For some first-rate CBS entertainment this summer, you might pin up this list right next to your radio:

Edwin c. hill—Sunday, 7 p.m. ewt in Men of Vision.

Hugh Herbert—Sunday at 7:30 p.m. EWT in That's My Pop.

mary astor—Monday at 8:30 p.m. EWT in the Merry Life of Mary Christmas.

pat o'brien—Monday at 9:30 p.m. EWT in The Sea Has a Story.

NORMAN CORWIN—Tuesday at 9 p.m. EWT in Columbia Presents Corwin.

BRIAN aherne—Wednesday at 8 p.m. ewt in The Saint.

ann sothern—Wednesday at 10:30 p.m. EWT in Maisie.

ray bolger—Friday at 10 p.m. ewt in the Ray Bolger Show.

dick todd—Saturday at 9 p.m. ewt in Your Hit Parade.

★

Pfc. George Welch Sr. is a Colonel's orderly and driver with the 89th Divi-

sion at Camp Old Gold, somewhere in France. George Welch Jr. is 5(4 years If

old and lives with his mother in Hollywood.

Recently George Jr. wrote to George Sr. and told him he'd be on the

air on Columbia's G.E. Houseparty program at 4 p.m. EWT on Friday, June 22. George Sr. told his Colonel, his Colonel

told SHAEF and SHAEF asked yˆ

CBS please to shortwave the pro

gram to Paris so George Sr. could hear ping

George Jr.

CBS said sure. So George Sr. traveled

the 200 miles from Camp Old Gold to SHAEF and at the last minute every-

thing went flooey because Armed Forces Radio policy doesn't permit commer-cals to be broadcast to the military.The commercials on G.E. Houseparty are skillfully woven throughout the text of the program and are hard to delete.

So for a bad moment it looked as if George Sr. had made his trip in vain. But CBS had made a recording of the program and intended, come hell or high-water, that George Sr. should hear his boy. CBS lifted from the recording the spot of dialogue in which Art Linkletter interviewed George Jr.; arranged with Press Wireless and SHAEF to hold open a special shortwave communication channel, and exactly at 4:54 p.m.

ewt (10:54 Paris time), George Sr., listening at SHAEF in Paris, heard:

LINKLETTER (in Hollywood): Georgie, where is your Dad?

GEORGE JR.: In France.

linkletter: What part of France? georgie: Just plain France.

linkletter: Now, Georgie, what message do you want to send him?

georgie: I love you, Daddy.

★

And speaking of commercials, a lot of homesick American boys overseas are less homesick because the Armed Forces Radio Stations rebroadcast many of the radio programs you listen to. With only one difference: the commercials are taken out. But to the boys on Saipan the words "A beautiful Eversharp Pen and Pencil set" bring memories of home just as real as Phil Baker's gags. So the Saipan radio announcer one day inserted his own commercial:

"Don't overlook our collapsible foxhole—no hurry, no rush, no dig-in."

★

you don't think the Japs are worried about your Red Cross blood donations, you didn't hear what Col. Earle Boothe, head of the New York Red Cross Blood Bank, told Arthur Godfrey, head of GAPSALS (Give A Pint-Save A Life Society).

The Red Cross is now painting its blood containers an olive drab because the aluminum foil wrap-reflects the sun and Jap snipers

have been knocking them off with alarming regularity.

Boothe told the story the other day on CBS at the fourth meeting of the

GAPSALS. With the temperature hitting 90, Godfrey rounded up

1739 members, each of whom gave a pint, bringing the total donations of the Society to over 7000. The next meeting is September 15. That's plenty of notice for you to be there. .

This

the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

W hy we stopped borrowing notebooks

A Friend OF ours has a remarkable notebook. Tn it he keeps a catalogue of words. Words to describe weather. Words to describe women. Words to describe food.

When we wanted to write a piece about

Camembert cheese, we borrowed the notebook. We turned to the section: Food, words to describe. And we made checks by the Camembert words.

For the golden crust, we chose tender. For the creamy center, a

whole bouquet of words .. . mellow, mild, smooth, delicate.

We sprinkled these words through a paragraph of prose. V e read it over. W e stared at the words. The words stared back. Something

w as very wrong.

So we took out a package of Borden’s Military Brand Camembert, and spread the cheese on a crack

er. We tasted. We tasted again. W e spread another cracker.

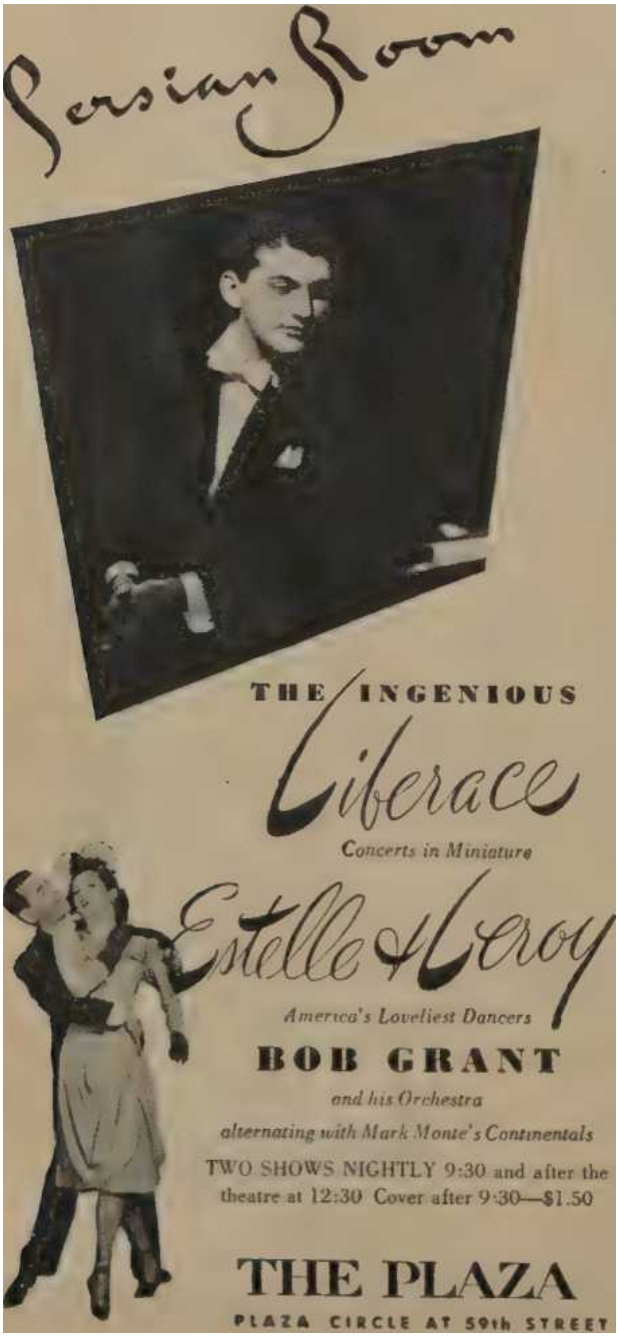
How foolish to consult a notebook! For the soul of Camembert is a gentle, fugitive thing. It cannot be captured in an adjective, or held in a net of sentences. It must be enjoyed— w ordlessly and abundantly!

We spread another cracker.

MILITARY BRAND CAMEMBERT

One of Borden’s Fine Cheeses

AIR CONDITIONED

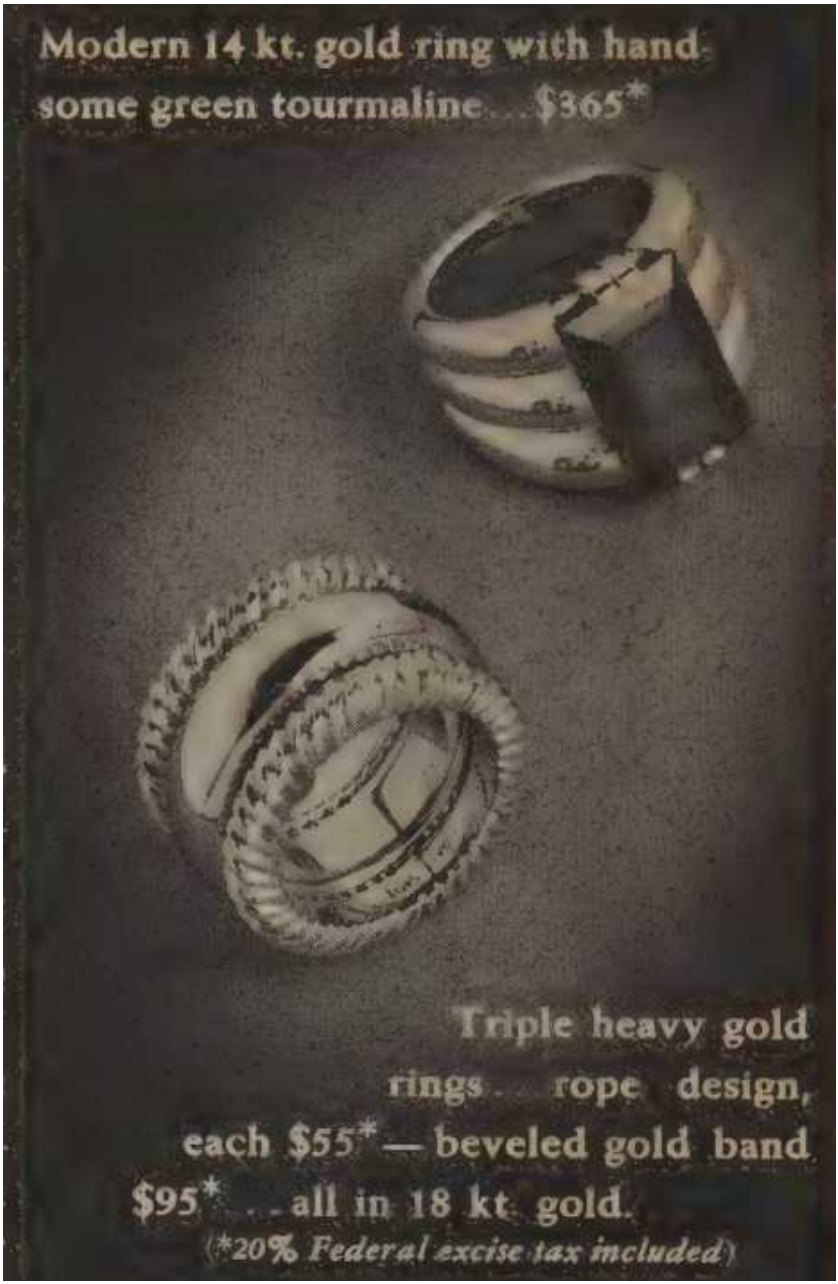


et. By this time, sufficient chaos really did reign to cause one of his

colonels to complain, "'Mon General, I no longer understand anything." "Perfect," de Lattre said, beaming. At the climax of these deceptions, Winston Churchill arrived in Besanqon and saw the goumiers walking barefoot in the snow and the over-all poverty of the French equipment, which the Americans had given the French and which they had been forced to spread too thin. Being made privy to the General's real plans for a sudden, swift attack, Churchill, it is reported, not only declared it impossible but said that he was going to see Eisenhower the next day in London and that Eisenhower would undoubtedly make it impossible by ordering no attack until warm weather. De Lattre attacked the next morning and Belfort fell to him and his men on November 20th.

This spring, during the Rhine-cross-ing season, de Lattre and his army got over it at night, at Germersheim, in captured German rowboats, which they lashed together and affixed automobile motors to. By dawn, one of his nine divisions of Infanterie Coloniale had passed over and gained three kilometres. It was after the Rhine crossing that de Lattre and his First Army and General Jacob Devers and his American Seventh Army, who had fought with the First all the way up from the south of France, took their separate military paths.

IT was a remarkably sociable effort to ease troubled Franco-American relations that de Lattre made when he recently used Lake Constance as the scene of a fabulous fete in honor of General Devers, now commander of the American Sixth and Twelfth Army Groups, with forty other American and twenty French generals attending. The fete, which was as grandiose as something under Louis XIV and included an almost royal use of a large slice of the French Army, lasted from three o'clock on the afternoon of June 15th to three o'clock the next morning and dazzled the Americans, the French, and even the Germans— what little of it the defeated foe could see at a distance—by its magnificence and taste. It covered territory extending from the General's residence in Lindau, at one end of the lake, to the town of Constance, near the other end, and it included an al-fresco dinner for four hundred guests, antiphonal choirs singing invisibly behind forest trees, Lithuanian dancers from a displaced-


Modern 14 kt. gold ring with hand-
some green tourmaline . . . $365*
Triple heavy gold
rings . . rope design,
each $55* — beveled gold band
$95* . . all in 18 kt. gold.
(*20% Federal excise tax included)

Ntpdern 14 kt. gold ring with hand some green tourmaline $365*

Triple heavy gold rings rope design, e«th $55*—beveled gold band

5* . . all in 18 kt gold.

'*20% Federal excise tax includedˆ

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BROADWAY AT 51st STREET AIR-CONDITIONED CONTINUOUS

persons camp, a military parade, and a nocturnal boat ride with searchlights overhead, air support, and stalwarts from the goumiers serving as linkmen, with flaming flambeaux, to guide the guests ashore afterward.

It would seem that the present poor Franco-American relations, which weren't entirely repaired by de Lat-tre's hospitality, really started years ago at the top—the lack of affection between Roosevelt and de Gaulle, whose rift, spreading out through time and troubles on both sides, has now led to the two nations' distant disregard for each other. Against the background of Francophobia which is found in much of our occupation army, the rare Francophile is looked on as peculiar. What to the French has long seemed the shiftiness of our State Department; what to the Americans now seems the arrogance of the French in foreign relations; what to the French seems Yankee bossiness and what to the Americans seems Gallic inefficiency; the rowdiness of our G.I. on leave in ungav Paris; the G.I.'s irritation at what everything costs him with the deflated dollar and inflated franc; our pre-liberation promises of help and our inability to fulfill them because w^{T}e were still busy liberating; and, above all, turning warm blood to ink, the vast bureaucracy, with tentacles full of papers, forms, signatures, orders, counter-orders, and permissions granted or denied—these elements have deformed our contacts. On both sides, what was a war has turned into a long-drawn-out quarrel. We demand gratitude as if it could be ordered, and the French demand respect as if it could be had for the asking. Isolationism and xenophobia have come to seem like a couple of naturals, and the idiocies of nationalism have set in as a form of virility. The unified weight of the three Western Allies saved I urope; now their jealousies are beginning to unbalance it. The German generals' misery at losing the war must be mitigated by what they hear of the Allies' lack of pleasure in the peace.

SO long as history leaves the average

I renchman alone, he is not a traveller. Occupation has again sent Frenchmen in large numbers, and with a new sense of observation, into one of the prettiest portions of the land of a nation that has

repeatedly been their enemy. Among the French of the hirst Army, men and officers both, there seems to be astonishment ar finding have-not Germany looking so rich in green fields and at seeing, along the

I. Miller Fledgling

a newcomer . .

al once young and worldly . . .

in its

adaplability

to your life today and tomorrow.

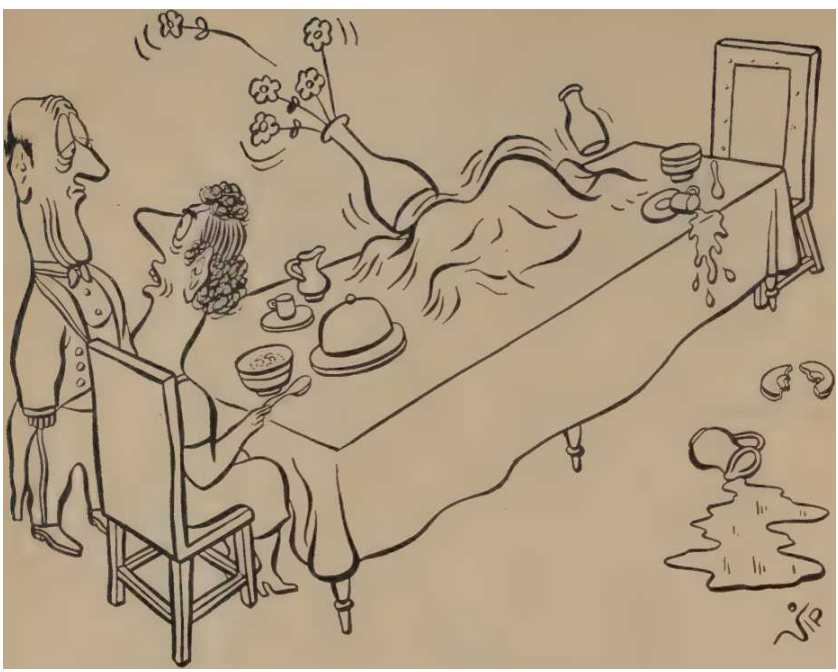
Black

Suede

14.95

Zfˆ Stoˆt &n/7.rfrtAˆv&nife

44



roads, a silent, hard-working population whose uniformed men for five years obediently spread noise and destruction over Europe. As one young French soldier remarked, simply, “IL nc meritent fas un si beau fays”—They don’t deserve such a beautiful country.

—Genet

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[From the Boston Globe'] Youth and the Man

Picked up in the gutter

And placed in the Hall of Fame. He had written many a classic, Rhythm and Rhyme, Edgar Allan Poe his name.

“The Gold Bug” Twenty-five dollars, He did receive.

Printed and placed throughout the world. Like one great flag unfurled.

The things he wrote, and the things he thought,

Made one wonder a lot and a lot, One of the Boys and moving about, Thought many things amidst the Tavern shout.

“See? Here he comes after my Wheaties now.”

Advertisement: Better buy the Extra-Big-Pak. Signed, General Mills, Inc.

Mystery, intrigue, was his lot, Ever after youth was spent and sort. Older writing here and there, Never giving up, never despair, Over the paper dashed the pen, To the tune of Winter, snow and rain.

Summer too was material months, Poems and stories, books and clumps, Ink in the dust, Pen in hand, sitting on a clump of dirt in the sand.

He scratches “The End” and lays the pen down. That’s another for the World to Sound.

Youth, spent among the paper and pens, Long reams of paper, long, long ends;

A stranger wherever he went, To tavern, store, or small show hall. Dreaming, thinking, 1,000,000 words, Easy, easy, enough for him and him alone. But requiring thought and lots and lots of stuff.

Older and forward into literature.

Into a tavern one day,

Name unknown, among strangers to play;

One took him by the trousers, the other by the belt

And, in American slang, “Threw him out.”

Landing in the gutter, with stars and moon above.

Late and pleasure tavern.

And Poe himself the Pen in the Dust.

A light fall he tumbled, results;

It might have been a mountain peak, Amidst the tavern thrust.

Jˆr ^^^>ˆ7 dˆre 772/

17 jewels, from $40. of selected tewetеˆ Writ® for new Watch Style Booklet No HAS

Girard- Perregau> 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20

Like Aesop, the writers fall;

He was the first and Laugh King of them all.

Yet guards pushed him over in a fall. Poe, in the American Hall of fame, But Aesop and Poe both would say, “It’s all just the same.”

Tommy Snow

THE RACE TRACK

Hard Going

THE other afternoon one of this department’s listening posts overheard a first-time visitor to Aqueduct complain that in hours of tramping around the place his feet had never once been off

concrete. The visitor added wistfully that all race tracks should have grass-covered paddocks, as well as trees under which horses could be saddled. That's old-fashioned. The race track of the future, which is undoubtedly going to be built just as soon

as the war is over, will have an air-conditioned paddock, equipped with television, and everything except the track itself will be concrete. Right now, Aqueduct, the newest and smallest of Long Island's courses, is doing all right without either grass or air-conditioning. The attendance at the opening, Monday of last week, was nearly thirty thousand and the crowds have been large ever since. Horseplayers like to be uncomfortable, apparently.

ONE of the disappointments of the week was the failure of Stymie in the Queens County Handicap on opening day. Because he had finished second to Devil Diver in the Suburban, and because he was ridden by Arcaro, who is awfully good right now (Arcaro rode three winners that afternoon), Stymie was a hot favorite. Just before the start of the race, he balked; he sat down in his stall in the starting gate and got so tangled up that it took considerable pulling and hauling bv the assistant starters to put him on his feet again. The mishap must have taken a lot out of him, but he managed to finish a fairly close second, behind Olympic Zenith. I haven't kept track of how many horses have been hurt in the stall gate this season, but I daresay that the length of the list would surprise people.

I hardly know what to say about Esteem. He ran no better on his first appearance at Aqueduct than he did on his first at Belmont Park. Perhaps he takes after his mamma, Esposa, who, you may remember, needed a lot of racing to wind her up to her best form. We'll know more about that after we see him in the $10,000 Shevlin Stakes and the $50,000 Dwyer Stakes next week.

HAVE you ever noticed that gray horses seem to be either very

good or just plain incompetent? Look it up

sometime if you don't believe me. What reminded me of this was the return of First Fiddle, who is a gray and one of the good ones. While he doesn't gallop with quite his old freedom—after all, he's six now and housemaid's knee or some such infirmity may be creeping up on him—there are races in the old fellow yet. Devil Diver, you know, must give him nine pounds in the Brooklyn Handicap. Incidentally, Devil Diver, who's been assigned

132 pounds in the Brooklyn, has to spot Rounders, the recent winner of both the Dixie and the Suffolk Handicaps, six pounds. I hope he can do it.

INSTEAD of concerning yourself with the dismal problem of picking daily doubles, you might spend your weekend reading "American Race Horses, 1944," the ninth yearbook of tiie series published by Lieutenant Alfred Vanderbilt's Sagamore Press. This book, which was written by Joe H. Palmer, is the neatest, most entertaining, most thoughtful work on the thoroughbred that I've come across in a long time. It not only tells you what the forty leading horses did last season but what they look like, and it includes such lagniappe as the true story about Devil Diver's limp, how Bossuet got his name, and so on. Mr. Palmer turns a nice phrase, too.' The book has the customary charts of all the important stakes races and is generously illustrated. The edition is limited to a thousand copies and sells for fifteen dollars. You can get it at your bookdealer's or from The Stake Bulletin, Box 109, Belair, Maryland.

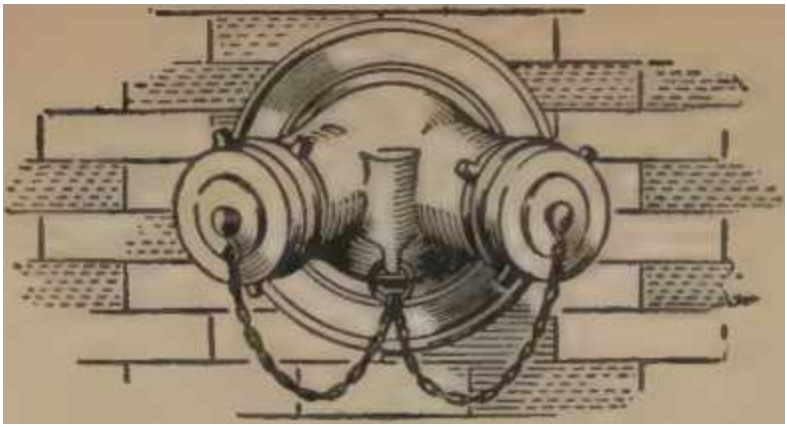
Diogenes Checkpoints reports that one of the more successful bettors at Aqueduct these days is a railroad man who always wagers exactly $600 to show and wins practically all his bets. Knowing the fallibility of Jack's Little Green Card and the like, Diogenes thinks that the fellow must be getting his handicap figures from the columns of a Long Island Railroad timetable. —Audax Minor

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Cairo Egyptian Mail']

H.E. the British Ambassador and Lady Killearn last night gave their

seventh and last cocktail party in celebration of VE-Day.



SIAMESE

SHIN BARKER

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DEATH AND DICK TKACY

THE platoon was taking a break. Three of the men were sitting under a group of palm trees, talking. The youngest of them was a tall, black-haired kid. “Sure is something,” he was saying. “They fought like hell here on Guadalcanal and look at it now —nothing but a lousy staging area. Bet two years ago we wouldn’t be sitting here as calm as this. It must have been hot then, hey, Pop?”

Pop didn’t answer, but Eddie, who was between the other two in age, grunted and said, “It’s hot now. Look at my shirt.”

Pop puffed on his pipe. He was sitting against one of the trees, a crumpled handkerchief covering his partly bald, wet head. “Must be the end of the war for real,” he said. “I’ve set my can down in Africa, Italy, and now the Pacific. Not many more places left, except the States.”

“You’ll never see the States, Pop,” said Eddie. “You and the kid are too big. When you come off them landing barges, first thing the Japs pick off is the big guys.”

“You’re just full of happy thoughts, Eddie,” Pop said.

The kid was watching a formation of bombers approaching the island. He said, “Do they really pick off the big guys, Pop?”

“No, although I guess the big boys are easier targets. Why talk about it?”

“And the Japs’ve got a complex against big guys,” Eddie said, watching the kid. “Being shrimps, they think a big man is important. They don’t pay no mind to small, skinny guys like me.”

The planes roared overhead and Pop said, “B-24s.”

The kid said, “Must be swell to fly. Weren’t you in the Air Corps, Pop?”

Eddie looked at Pop and laughed.

“Well,” Pop said, “I never did no combat flying.”

“But you flew a lot?”

“Sure, I used to hitch rides up and down Italy,” Pop said.

“That’s right. Tell him all about the wild blue yonder,” Eddie said.

“At least I didn’t spend my first year overseas running a goddam motionpicture projector,” Pop said loudly.

“So whatr” Eddie said smoothly. “Infantry has us both now. That was a good racket I had. Damn good.”

The kid was still watching the planes in the distance. “Know what I think when I see a plane? ” he asked. “It must be better dying up there. Sort of cleaner

than if you get it in a foxhole or the jungle mud."

"What's everybody talking about d)'-ing for?" Pop said quickly. He turned to the kid. "Let me tell you something. The clouds may look nice and clean, but it's cold up there. You don't know how cold it gets around fifteen thousand feet. The inside of a plane is cold— nothing warm, all cold metal and gadgets and oil. You get a feeling like you don't belong, like a guy's place is on the ground. And when those babies go— Wham! They burn like tissue paper or explode before you know what happened."

"Anyway, what goes up comes down. You always end up in the ground," Eddie said.

"But you're dead then," the kid said. "I don't know. I'd hate to be looking at some damn pile of dirt and rocks knowing it's the last thing I'll see in my life. Up there, well, you can see the whole world, almost."

Pop laughed. "It's great up there, all right. Once at a base in Italy, a plane crashed as it landed, burned up. We were having fried chicken that night, first time in months. Nobody ate it because it smelled like the mess on the runway. Damn. Why talk about dying? "

Eddie said, "Then why don't you stop? Me, I'm the only guy that can talk. I seen Death himself once."

"You did? " the kid said.

"Yeah, he saw it in the movies, behind his projector," Pop said.

"No kidding," Eddie said. "I got pneumonia in Tunis. I was in the hospital with a hell of a temperature. Would have kicked off if they hadn't given me penicillin. Anyway, when I was out, I dreamed I was walking through a dark woods, a spooky joint. At the end there was a path that led out into the sunlight and green fields. Death was waiting there to take me along that path."

"And she was a tall, pretty girl, wearing white robes?" the kid asked.

“Death wasn’t a girl; it was a man. Looked like Dick Tracy.”

Pop sat up straight. “Dick Tracy?” Eddie nodded. “A big, husky guv. Like Jack Holt used to look in the movies, strong and capable—like he could handle himself. He took my arm and said sort of quietly, ‘Let’s walk down the path, son.’ I was going to do it, that path looked so warm and sunny. Then I hesitated. I guess that was when they gave me the penicillin. Dick Tracy just

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smiled and said, ‘No rush. Take your time. I’ll be back later.’ Then

he walked down the path and left me in the woods. He had some shoulders."

The kid said, "I always thought Death would be like an angel. That's the way they got it in posters. My old man is a hot rock in the American Legion—makes speeches about our hallowed dead, the debt we owe them, they did not die in vain." The kid grinned. "Bet he's bulling about £my son in the far-flung Pacific' right now."

"That's a lot of bunk," Pop said. "Whether they died in vain or not doesn't matter, and if we owe them a debt, it don't count—they're dead. The dead never collect anything but worms."

"That's no way to talk," Eddie said.

"Aw, go back to your comic strip," Pop said. "A dead guy's dead."

"Maybe they get a reward in heaven," the kid said seriously.

Pop said, "Then we don't owe 'em nothing on earth."

"I don't know," the kid said. "If a guy dies, we owe him something. He died fighting for his country."

"That's right," Eddie said.

"Don't give me no speeches," Pop said fiercely. The sweat was starting to roll down his big face. "The dead are dead; they can't collect. Sure, we owe his family plenty. We owe the live soldier something, and not just fancy words. Me, I been in since I was thirty-two. Four years out of my life at this stage of the game is bad. Hell, you're kids. Yon don't know what a guy pushing forty has to do to get a job."

"Plenty of work selling apples on the street corners," Eddie said.

The kid said, "Maybe we'll get a bonus."

"What the hell good is a bonus?" Pop said. "A handout don't last. I just want some peace, not have to worry too much, work at a decent job. Nie and the wife don't ask for much—steady job, a little apartment, some clothes, take in a show now and then. Maybe we'll

even try to have a kid if the war is over before she has her change of life."

Eddie laughed.

Pop turned on him. "You laugh too much. What's so damn funny about that?"

"Nothing," Eddie said quickly.

"Damn right, nothing," Pop said. "The Army's no place to get old in. That's why I don't like this talk about dying. I mean, I want to collect what's coming to me. They used to talk a lot about fighting for freedom from want

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and fear. Don’t hear much about that now. All they talk about is who is going to get this island or run that country. Freedom from want and worry, that’s the payoff, what I'm going to collect. After the war, I figure, a soldier’s entitled to as much peace and happiness as they can give him. That’s why I want to be around.”

THE beefy sergeant at the head of the platoon stood up and blew a whistle. “Shake the lead out! Shake the lead out!” he shouted.

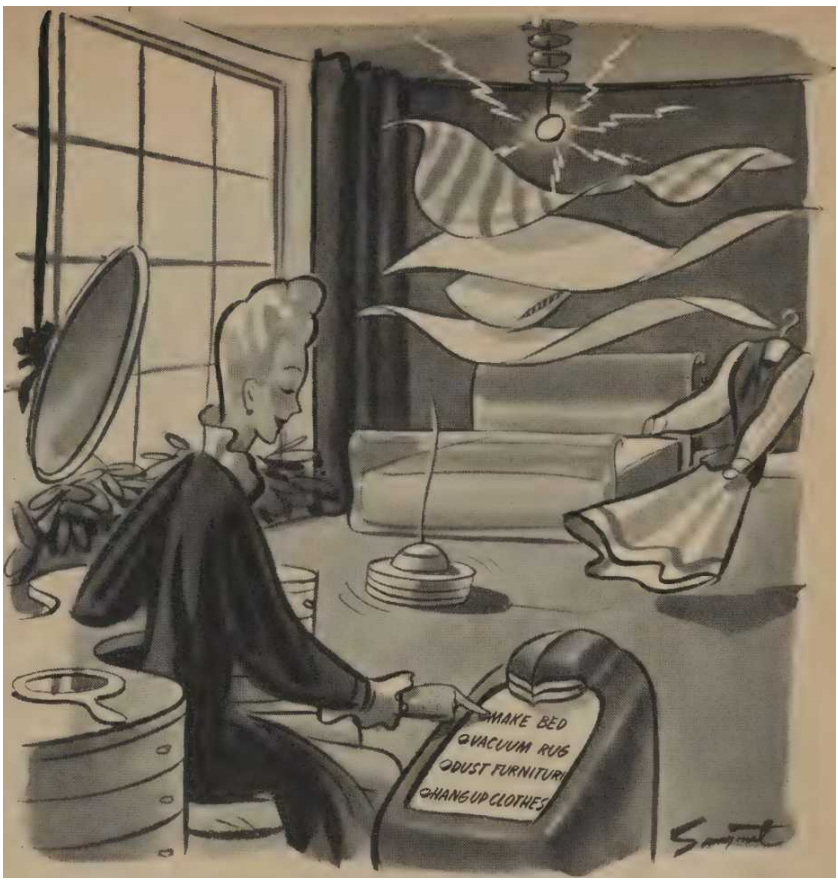
The men lined up quickly. Eddie said, “One good thing, the sergeant is big. Maybe the Japs’ll get him.”

“You’re as funny as a boil,” Pop said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

The platoon started walking down the road in two columns, one column on each side of the road. The kid was in front of Pop. After a while, he said over his shoulder, “Don’t worry. We’ll get a bonus.

My old man wrote me the Legion is starting to plug it already." Pop shook his head sadly.

Eddie was in the other column. He looked over at Pop and laughed. "Take it easy, Pop," he said. "Maybe the Legion can put in a good word for you with Dick Tracy, too."—Len Zinberg



FAIL AND COOLER

The W.P.B. announces that this summer there will be a larger supply of Freon, the fluid used in railroad air-conditioning units.—Neus item.

Remember how it was before That precious Freon went to war, How thoroughly one's blood congealed In cars hermetically sealed?

Even at ninety in the shade The five-fifteen was well glaceed, While zephyrs not of sea or land Blew down and chemically fanned Our fevered brows. No extra fare To breathe refrigerated air.

Then came the days when, homeward bound,

We caught a salty whiff of Sound And always, after New Rochelle, Were conscious of a country smell. Windows and doors were open wide While we sat sweating out the ride. And then it was we lost our freeze To government priorities.

But now it looks as though we're due For reconversion and a new Supply of Freon to insure A tolerable temperature, Plus (and I'd much prefer it minus) Stiff necks and the commuter's sinus.

—Leslie Nelson Jennings

Design for Tomorrow

Remote Control Housekeeping . . . Convenient is the word for this postwar home ... a delightful pushbutton model that actually does its own housework. Don't count on it too soon, though— even in the ultra modern residential section of the Grand Central Zone! But you can always depend on the unequalled basic convenience of living in this smart mid-town area. Here you're within a stone's throw of everything worthwhile in Manhattan—all the best shops, markets, restaurants and key centers of business and social activity. The greatest variety of intelligently planned apartments and the most attractive hotel suites are within this zone. There's every reason why.modern families prefer to live in this section that offers so much for so little!

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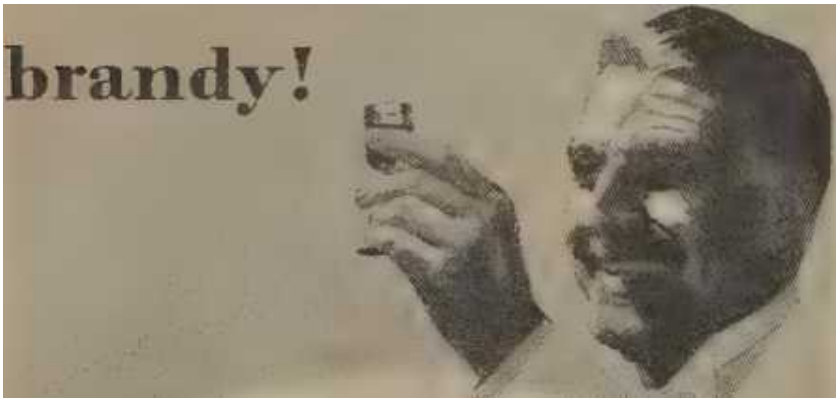

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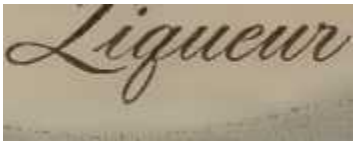
AFTER-DINNER



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ONNECTICUT

THE gift shops are full of useful summer stuff, and none of it makeshift, either. At Bergdorf Goodman, there are Lucite things in almost prewar abundance—magazine racks, wastebaskets, trays, clothes hangers, hatstands, table mats, boxes, and especially a vast Lucite salad bowl that

couldn't be more beautiful and could

hardly be bigger. It's a salad bowl in which you can actually toss a salad. Big as it is, the bowl is as light as a soap bubble and, in fact, looks something like one, or maybe I'd better say half of one. Squarish

Lucite tossing tools with good long

handles go with it. There are even

table place mats, which are large, thick, and rigid, in colorless, transparent Lucite or in deep, smoky green Lucite. You

can have hand-painted designs or monograms on them if you like.

Bergdorf has some wonderful closet boxes (not, as it happens, made of Lucite, which was probably just an oversight) for people who haven't all the household space they'd like. These can be folded flat and stored away in a drawer when they aren't being used. The boxes are covered with a flowery chintz. There are two designs: hatbox size, at $3.50, and shirtwaist size, at $4.

Bergdorf has also made up some blanket covers in such summery stuffs as flowered marquisette, dotted swiss, and batistes in eggshell, pink, blue, or tea rose with all-over embroidery in self-color. The covers look good enough to be used as spreads. There are ruffled

pillow shams to match the marquisette and the dotted swiss. A set of a single cover and a sham is $20 to $30. A

somewhat more tailored set is made of sheer white nylon (yes, nylon) that has a lacy pattern worked into the weave. The nylon is cool to the touch, smooth, and has a crisp texture rather like tissue paper.

Next, there are some lap robes of soft, light, leopard-spotted plush lined with a wool tweed that is equally soft and light. You can have your choice of red, beige, or Kelly green. They'd be nice, I'd say, for chilly knees on the terrace after dusk—not that you always have to wait until after dusk this summer to chill your knees. They're $27.50. There are other things for terraces, too—all-glass, table-size hurricane candlesticks with squat, solid bases ($8 a pair), and an oversized but light

weight serving tray of bleached oak and a folding stand. Finally, there is even a Thermos ice tub. It's $25, in an aluminum finish that they say won't tarnish.

Altman's Country Shop is well

-4 A. stocked, as it usually is, with fur-

niture in the Early American styles

(including the Pennsylvanian), as well as with suitable modern furbelows for dressing up the plainness of primitive pine and cherry and maple. The lampshades are the most successful of these fur-

belows. I especially liked the opaque

paper ones with pierced and cutout deco

rations that reveal starry patterns when the light is on. In dark and

light colors, of which I liked best the gold. A good

assortment of antique beds is on hand right now. Some of the more massive ones have been cut down to twin-bed size for small bedrooms. And the shop has rounded up old dining chairs, mostly in the Hitchcock style, in sets of six and even eight. The set of six wooden-seat Hitchcocks that still have their painted decorations on the backs is perfect for someone who needs just that many simple, sturdy chairs for a covered dining terrace or an unpretentious country dining room. Other sets are dressier and correspondingly more expensive.

BY this time, anyone might be excused for balking at the idea of hearing about even one more piece of

old ironwork painted white, or painted anything, and converted to a use for which it was never intended. Well,

balk if you like, but after a bit, you may feel equal to going down to see what Lord & Taylor have done about this hackneyed idea. Their collection includes lamp bases, wall brackets, candle sconces, fire screens, plant stands, and the like made out of pieces of some admirably hand-forged old iron estate gates. The things have been given a coat of flat white paint, which makes the metal look even lacier than it is. The lamp bases are tall and slender, having been made, for the most part, from leaf sprays, flat strips of scrollwork, and some elaborate bits that look as if thev might once have been gatepost finials. They'd go well in any sort of room, traditional or modern, that can use a white lamp to advantage. There are

other lamps, made from old doorstops, and there is one, or was the day I was there—a white iron easel-type mirror with a white-shaded lamp perched on top of it—that is just the thing for a dressing table. The terrace tables and garden benches have thick white wooden tops on iron legs,-some plainly old sewing-machine legs and others harder to identify; there are umbrella racks to use as plant stands (or, if you insist, as umbrella racks) ; there are acanthus-leaf rosettes of iron that have been fitted with cups to hold from one to six candles. These candelabra would make fairly unusual table decorations, particularly the ones that have been topped off with fat, urn-shaped hurricane globes. Vertical panels of elaborate

grillwork, with rings to hold plant pots, are pleasant things to stand before fireplace openings in summer, if you feel you must stand something before fireplace openings in summer. One of these, which you can see here on duty in front of a dummy fireplace, holds four small white pots of quite creditable manufactured ivy that might interest people whose apartments are hostile to honest plant life. The pots, filled with this ersatz greenery, are $2.95 each.

Richard Thibaut, the wallpaper

ˆ man, at 269 Madison Avenue (39th), also has something for concealing a fireplace opening. It's a great, spreading wallpaper fan, which you can have made up of any Thibaut paper. It can be made to match your walls, if they happen to bear a Thibaut paper, or it can be something chintzy in the way of a rose pattern (rose patterns seem to adapt themselves especially well to this use). The fans are quite attractive, even to one as bewildered as I am at the whole idea of hiding a fireplace when there isn't a fire in it. I suppose a grille or a fan does keep people from throwing burnt matches and cigarette butts into your clean grate. Perhaps that's enough, at that. —B. B.

HIROHITO'S HORSE GETS A BREAK

London, lune 3—(UP)—Tokyo today expressed concern over the welfare of Emperor Hirohito and complained that the war interferes with his horseback-riding.

"One hundred million Japanese are filled with trepidation to learn that our emperor has augustly been carrying out his daily routine work despite successive enemy raids on the capital," said the broadcast.

It is rare now for the emperor to find leisure for horseback-riding."—Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.

Hon. Tail now wagging horse?

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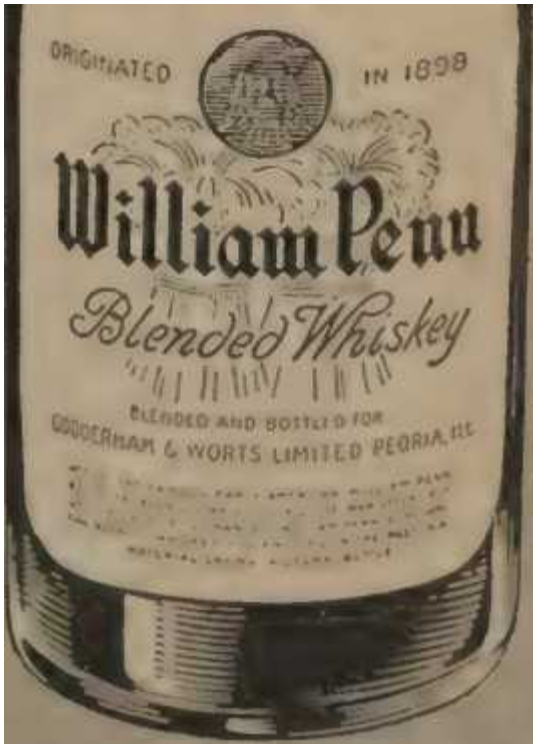


LETTER. FR.OM R.OME

THE period between the resignation of the Bonomi Government, known hereabouts as the Bonomi Camomile (or sedative) and the ap

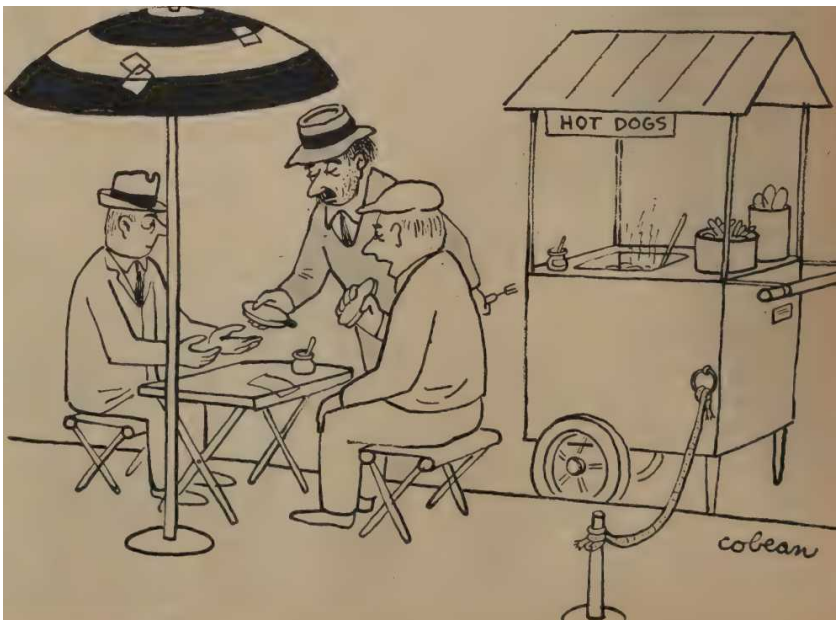
pointment of Premier Parri is commonly referred to as a “crisis.” However, to a good many thoughtful and detached Italians I’ve talked with, this is like saying that a man who has been in bed for years with a fever of 104 has a crisis whenever his temperature jumps to 105. Doctors are hurriedly summoned, there are excited conferences and consultations, the fever drops a degree, but the patient very likely feels just as miserable as he did before. Whatever

it is that Italy suffers from probably cannot be cured merely by a change of premiers and cabinets, these Italians feel. On the whole, they appear highly pleased with the new government, but they point out that certain fundamental ambiguities must be cleared up before any Italian government can be effective. Most of all, they want the Allies to settle Italy's status. Let's drop this fiction of cobelligerency, they beg, and be honest with each other. Is Italy to become a respected member of the United Nations—that is, of the world —or is she to be treated as an enemy? They insist that until that is known, nothing is known. They would be grateful for a clear statement of Allied intentions on one or two other points. We—that is, the Allies—have made sacrifices and given aid that can never be repaid, but we have been here quite a while now and, although we are liberators, presumably interested in creating a democratic way of life, we have done many odd and disturbing things. These Itai-ians are more than puzzled by our preservation of the House of Savoy. They are humiliated not by our harsh armistice terms (most Italians I have spoken to seem to feel that it was only just that a man like Badoglio, who was among those most guilty, should be forced to sign for Italy's guilt) hut by our subsequent bestowal of official blessings on many of the culpable men, thus tacitly calling all Italy Fascist and forcing anti-Fascists to cooperate with their enemies inside the government. Also, they have, perhaps, a growing fear that, whereas the Americans

give every indication that they intend to pack their bags presently and leave Italy to the Italians, the British may decide that, the mellow climate and the broad, blue Mediterranean being what they are, it would be nice to stay on indefinitely, "Sometimes I think we are slated to become a little Egypt," one man remarked to me the other day.

All this notwithstanding, politics appears to be of little concern to the majority of the people of Rome. Even in normal times, supposedly, their approach to political problems is roughly that of a somnambulist who attends a large rally, cheers politely, and returns home without knowing he has left the house. Climate may account for this phenomenon, or perhaps it's simply the result of cynicism induced by living in the shadow of too many relics of too many old governments. For the past month, political leaders from the more

vigorous north have poured into Rome, bustling with energy, carrying briefcases, and looking like Eric Johnston; by the end of their first day of conferences with politicians down here, they have aged noticeably. I was struck by this recently when I talked to a friend of mine from Milan, the editor of a middle-of-the-road-party paper, who had flown down for some consultations. In Milan he had been a vibrant little man—intense, garrulous, and provocative. Now his shoulders were bowed and he was dispirited and uncommuni



cative. “What’s wrong?” I askˆd “Rome,” he said wearily. “Just Rome.’

AFTER a year of Allied occupation.

± Rome is still struggling toward normality. Street lights are faint at best, and many are not working at all. Home consumption of electricity is supposed to be limited to the equivalent of one dim bulb for each room, burning approximately three hours a day, but the rule is hard to enforce and many people have discovered that by putting little sticks in their meters they can keep them from recording the power consumed. Most hotels have been requisitioned by the Allies. Prices in the restaurants open to the public are

literally prohibitive except to the very rich (who, as someone has said here, have “survived brilliantly, under Fascism, through war, and in peace”) and the nouveaux riches of the black market. Many of the black-market people are former maids and porters. Wearing shoes that cost the equivalent of a hundred and twenty dollars and five-hundred-dollar suits, they consider it almost degrading to pay only fifteen or twenty dollars for a meal. As usual, the middle classes have suffered the most, and ever since the Nazi occupation they have been gradually disposing of their possessions. “Staying alive a couple of years ago,” one middle-class Italian said to me, “meant waking up each morning, looking around the room, and deciding whether today it would be the bed, the bureau, or the old family candlesticks.” Conditions have improved

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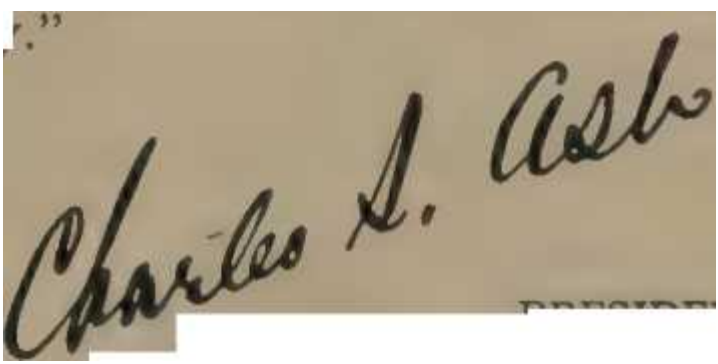

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somewhat, but every newspaper contains such pathetic little advertisements as “Rather urgently, a lady sells, at small price, a radio, binoculars, sewing machine, and double bed” and “Suit of English material—as new—average size.”

Basically, there are only two thriving businesses, the black market and the camionettcs. The electric buses are out of commission, and although the street cars are running, most travel that is not done on foot is done in camionettes, private cars converted into something like open trucks, with benches facing each other. Often these have motorcycle motors and sound like an air attack. Hundreds of camionettes line up at the principal corners and in the -piazzi and make runs on regular schedules, at twenty lire a ride. When jammed full, with people dripping from the sides, they remind one of E. M. Forster’s description of a train in India, but to their customers they are, however horrendous, a blessing. “I never ride in one without imagining that I am in a tumbrel,” a lady said to me, “but it gets me home.”

A good many schools now servje as barracks for refugees-from bombed-out towns, but other schools are just schools, and they are operated in shifts. By and large, parents have simply had to stop worrying about the effect of the war years on their children. “Believe me, at eight or ten they are aware of the problems of life,” one mother said recently. “Almost every day my daughter comes home with another dreadful tale. One schoolmate has just learned that her cousin up north was buried alive; another child in the class

has died of tuberculosis; another now knows that her father died in Germany, in a labor camp. And so it goes. If we keep them alive and healthy, we feel we're doing all we can do. And the education is good today. No more memorizing the names of hundreds of obscure villages in Ethiopia!"

MANY lovely things in Rome arc as they were before the war. The flower stalls are exquisite, the parks are luxuriantly green and restful, and music seems to seep from the ground, float down from the rooftops, and swirl through the streets. Rarely can you stand anywhere for more than a minute without hearing music. Mussolini's old offices in the Palazzo Venezia now house a comprehensive exhibit of Italian masters, including works of Titian, Tintoretto, and Bellini, on loan from private collections and state gal-

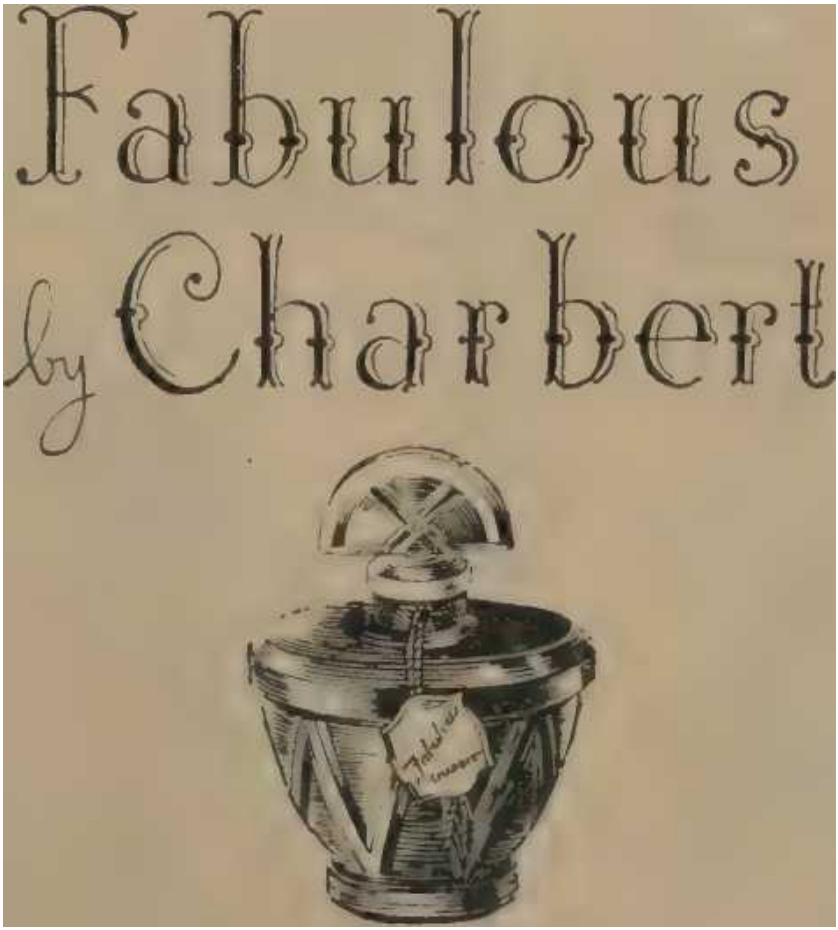
Pries. One pleasant distraction during a tour of the exhibit, particularly for foreigners, is afforded by a guard who was a handyman around the palace during the Fascist days. Given the slightest cm ouragement, he leaps into action, pi ding out his chest, popping his eyes, projecting his lower lip, and uttering insane, guttural noises in imitation of the late Duce. He especially delights in pointing out a low window seat in Mussolini's enormous chamber —low enough to shield its occupant against chance bullets from outside—where the Duce spent many mornings dozing over his newspaper or eating grapes and spitting the seeds on the floor.

In order to make it easier for customers under the existing transportation conditions, plays start at five-thirty in the afternoon and many of them run only a week or two in one theatre before moving to another, in the manner of shows that played the old subway circuit. By far the most popular drama this season is "Napoli Milionaria," a realistic picture of latter-day family life in Naples and of the moral decay resulting from a wife's extensive buying in the black market. Topical revues come and go, but a diverting one called "Cantachiaro"—the title is the name of a contemporary humorous weekly and the revue is something like our old "Little Shows"—has been running for months and is now in its second edition. It sells out every night. In addition to kidding the Italians, "Cantachiaro" does some kidding of the Allies, a tangible

and heartening sign of freedom. Under the Germans, no such nonsense was permitted, and any references to affairs of the day were either diluted to pointlessness or shrouded in ˆ°Sgy allegory. Now it is possible to bear jokes—not too funny, really— about jeeps, Allied soldiers and Italian women, rush tours of Rome, and gum chewing on the Via del Tritone. N it all of “Cantachiaro” is humorous. In one sketch, which has a touching, childlike quality, Scampola—a traditional, engaging Italian street gamine—

Good-bye my turtle dove..

Don’t forget now dear I’m coming a-courting another night with a bottle of that tempestuous new perfume



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dreams that she breaks into the San Francisco Conference and faces the big powers, who rather stuffily inform her that she has no business being-there. “You have been a Fascist,” they say. “But how can you blame me for that: I am only eighteen,” cries Scampola, who then makes a fervent speech pleading to be allowed to join the Conference and eventually is told all right, she can join. That’s all there is to it, but the evening I saw “Cantachiaro,” most of the audience burst noisily into tears at this sketch.

A corned)' called “Arsenico e Vecchi Merletti” is currently an immense success. The locale is still Brooklyn; the two old ladies are still mild but deadly; the orthodox number of corpses are disposed of; Teddy Roosevelt continues to run upstairs shouting “Charge!” Also, the victims are still done in by elderberry wine, now known as sambuco.

—Philip Hamburger

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

(TINKLING OF DISTANT TIN DIVISION)

[From the Congressional Record]

Mr. Dingell. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Knutson. I yield to the gentleman from Michigan.

Mr. Dingell. The gentleman was corrected on that statement in the hearings to the effect that there was only one tin mill in the United States located down in Texas, and it came in only recently during this war.

Mr. Knutson. Oh, we have been making American tinware for years and years and years.

Mr. Dingell. That is not a tin mill.

Mr. Knutson. I am standing by my statement.

Mr. Dingell. Not tin mills. The gentleman cannot stand on it.

Mr. Knutson. I am talking about the manufacture of tinware.

Mr. Dingell. That is a different story, tinware and tin mills.

Mr. Knutson. If the gentleman wants to argue the difference between tweedle-dee and tweedledum, I will be glad to yield some time to him later.

Mr. Dingell. There is no such difference here now. A tin mill is different from tinware.

Mr. Knutson. I am too busy to'argue the difference.

Mr. Dingell. I am sorry the gentleman cannot differentiate. If that is the kind of discourse he is delivering here, he is just deluding his friends on his side of the House, and they are in a daze now.

Mr. Knutson. Sit down, and I will handle this.

Mr. Dingell. I will sit down when I am good and ready.

Mr. Knutson. Sometimes the gentleman's manners are as faulty as his lack of information.

Mr. Dingell. I have more information than the gentleman has.

TABLE5 FOK TWO

In the Usuu/ Old Summertime

CUSTOM being a rigid matter in the trade, several of the roofs around New York opened up at the usual time, now some weeks ago, in spite of what their thermometers must have been telling them. Except during a couple of outbursts of grossly overheated weather, the more open-air places of the lot have been a great deal cooler than anyone had ever thought possible. They have been a great deal windier and damper, too, at times. There was a night on the Biltmore Roof when the universe was plainly coming apart outside the windows

and the waiters looked as though they were momentarily expecting an order to abandon ship. In the end the waiters compromised by abandoning the customers, a not uncommon procedure these days.

It was a nice idea for the Biltmore to reopen its roof, which lay fallow last season. After all, great and historic nights, nights that shaped the lives of a generation now going a bit gray at the temples, have occurred on the Biltmore Roof. Nostalgia, for such people, is closely associated with these premises, and the management went so far as to enhance the atmosphere by opening up for the season with a couple of veteran troupers, Henry Busse and Cardini. Occasionally, the illusion of yesterday was perfect, as when Busse stopped being roguish at the audience and revived "Wang Wang Blues" on his silvery-sweet trumpet, or as when Cardini did his enviable mysteries with decks of cards and lighted cigarettes. Cardini is the traditional magician—tailcoat, silk hat, opera cape, gloves, walking stick, monocle, the look of surprise at his own deftness, and the sotto-voce "By Jove!" that accompanies his tricks—and the right I was there he aroused one of the gloomiest audiences I have ever seen. But even Cardini was not enough to make things stay lively. As soon as he had gone, the old place dozed off again, and after what seemed a decent interval I went away too, leaving it to dream of its golden youth.

Life on the other roofs is about what it was a year ago. It might, however, be runted that the top Hour of the St. Rems, which is handsome in its own right, is further embellished with handsome young ladies waltzing about in the arms of young men in uniform who

look very pleased about what they have come home to. Their interest is, understandably, dancing, and so that there will be no waste of time, the St. Regis has put its mechanized bandstand to work again. There are two small but pleasant orchestras, under the direction of Paul Sparr and Theodora Brooks.

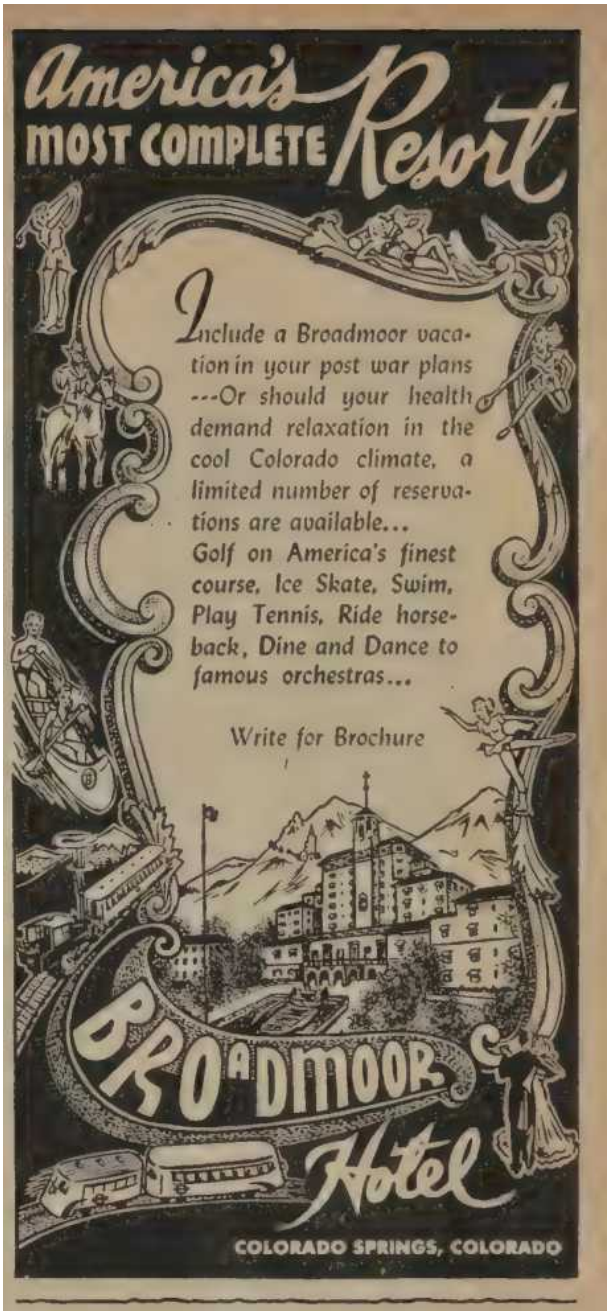
When it is time for one of them to take a rest, the platform descends with all hands into the floor and the other band slides, in full cry, out of a wall. It is a trick that a man of Cardini's stature could do with a knife and fork, but it is engaging enough to stop

the show night after night, I am told by devotees of the place.

TO the ground-floor and basement night clubs, summer is a sometiine thing, and this year they have not let it bother them at

all. Cafe Society Uptown, for example, has just launched its most ambitious project in months —bringing Paula Laurence and Georgia Gibbs back to the life in which they belong. The impact—and impact is surely the word—of Miss Laurence on the average night-club visitor is tremendous, and often upsetting, for her burlesquing of the mannerisms and cliches of the world of entertainers can become so withdrawn that even her special clientele is sometimes not sure what is going on. For a few years she abandoned night life to adorn the musical-comedy stage, but to'almost no purpose since no one could think of anything comic for her to saw And before that interlude, there were times in her night-club career when she seemed distinct!} unfunny by any standards. Hearing her the other night at Cafe Society, back in the hands of Bob Framm, her original collaborator, who is again helping out at the piano, I suspected once more, as I have in the past, that she may be one of the great women of our time. Miss Gibbs, too, is in refreshing form. Her repertory of songs, in general reflecting the Fin Pan Alleyapproach to passion, requited and otherwise, is admirably suited to that huskyvoice of hers. A lot of very visible work goes into everything she does, but the effect, though perhaps studied, is excellent.

The rest of the show has Josh White as Josh White (a very fine Josh White), Beatrice Kraft as ballerina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“Yesterday? Oh, yesterday I saw Chloe in Chicago . . . Madge in Detroit . . . Janie in Cleveland . . . Dolly in Pittsburgh . . . and boy! Was Atom’s dinner last night in Brooklyn good!”

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(Oriental dances in Harlem tempo, and kind of wonderful), and Edmond Hall as leader of the band. Mr. Hall does a Metropolitan Opera House job of conducting for the show, and he is particularly deft in accenting the introspective humor of Miss Kraft's work. He is best, as might be expected, later on, when his clarinet and the rest of the band are making their loving and leisurely way through things like "Sweet Sue."

AT the moment, there is little to be ■ˆ said for or about Fifty-second Street. Sidney Catlett, the mighty drummer boy, has looked in at a couple of places there, and he is always worth sitting up at night for.. He is supposedly at the Downbeat now, and maybe he really is there, but you know about Fifty-second Street. Hot Lips Page has lately returned to the Onyx, where he is in charge of a reasonably successful band in which Joe Eldridge's saxophone and Hank Jones' piano may also be heard. Jones, one of the stream of use fid pianists Detroit is putting out for the export trade, is new to me. He has a predilection for boogie-woogie, and he has a left hand that is considerably better than most performers' right. Page shows some of the effects of his barnstorming tour of the Midwestern dance halls, and now and then he and Eldridge fall into a clinch with a fairly routine duet. When Page squares off and really addresses his trumpet, though, he is as forthright and splendid as

ever. Specialists in instrumentation may be pleased to know that Page is doubling on the French horn during this engagement. At the lips (cold) of the conventional practitioner, the French horn has a sweet and woodland melancholy, but when Page goes to work on it, it is a rollicking and boisterous street urchin, throaty as a trombone but having the additional virtue of occasional vagrant overtones that seem completely accidental. In a Fifty-second Street sinking into a lethargy from which there may be no return, it is a lovely noise indeed. —R. E. M. W.

SCHERK

NEWYORK3.N.Y.

in

HAPPY SHAVERS

Washington, June 18 (A.P.) —The Supreme Court ruled today that the Associated Press, m passing on applicants for membership, must disregard possible competitive effeffcfftff ff ffonxitsemnieg qm viteeect etaoishrdluetaoshrdlu tive effects on existing members.

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OF ALL THING5

PRESENT indications arc that there will be no organized opposition in the Senate to the United Nations Charter. However, it may take three or four weeks to mop up all the snipers.

It is revealed that we are sending munitions to the Russian forces in Siberia. This material would come in handy if relations between the U.S.S.R. and Japan should take a turn for the worse, we hope.

•

The Tokio government is now showing signs of going democratic. It has extended to all civilians the inalienable right to die for their emperor.

•

We are warned that the industries of the Reich may start preparing for war again if we don't watch out. To make things harder, we now have four Germanys to watch instead of one.

Lord Haw Haw claims that he cannot be guilty of treason to the British Empire because he was born in Brooklyn. A free-born Brooklynite owes allegiance to nobody on earth except the Dodgers.

•

The Southern senators have denied that they are filibustering against a permanent Fair Employment Practice Committee. It seems that any excessive verbosity on their part has merely been an

“extended explanation.”

Two hundred captured Nazi banners were dragged through the streets and thrown into gutters in the Moscow victory celebration. That could not happen here, of course, because we have too much respect for souvenirs.

The Treasury Department list of the nation’s big salaries shows how seriously the war has disrupted the American way of life. Several of our industrial leaders now actually’ get higher salaries than Hollywood stars.

•

Many people fear that New York is in for a dirty, mud-slinging political campaign. Already the ugly word “ma-chine-ocrat” has made its unwelcome appearance in our midst.

—Howard Brubaker

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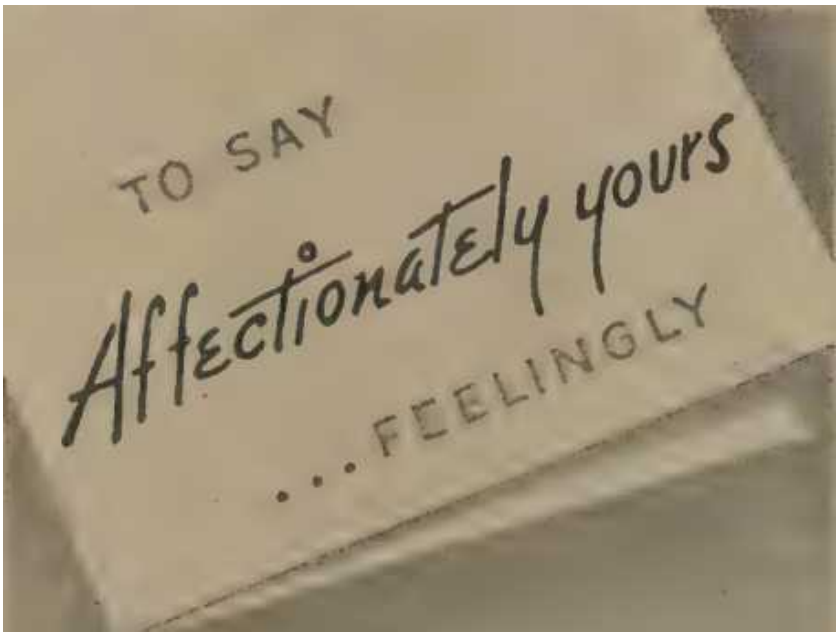

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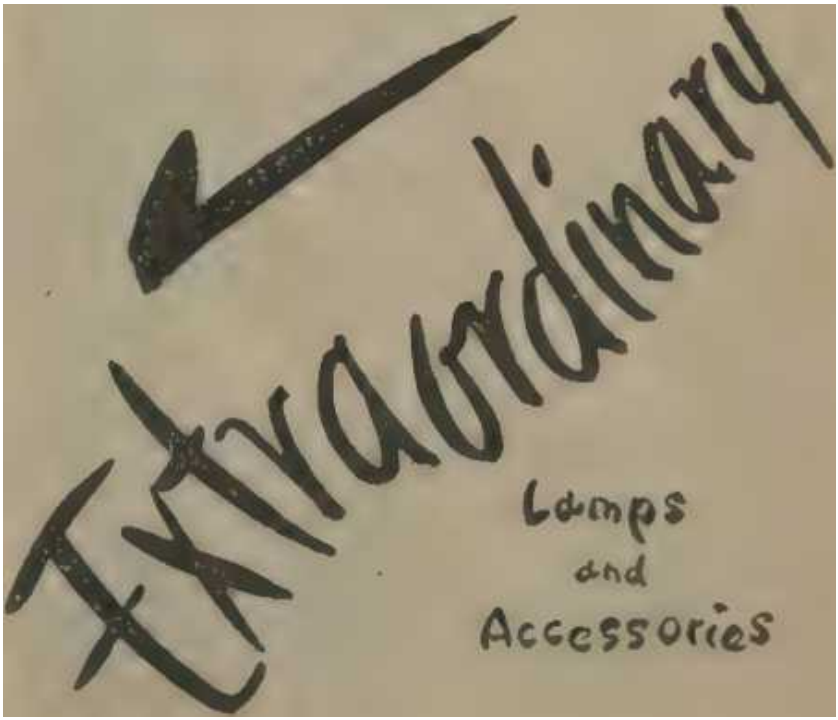

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THE ART GALLERIE5

Family Album

A GOOD many things go on at the Modern Museum in the course of a season—movies, garden parties, architectural surveys, photographic displays, and so on, not to mention a practically continuous series of big special showings that have ranged in the past few years from the art of the American Indian to modern housing. There's so much going on, in fact, and it's so helter-skelter in character, that one now and then forgets that the place is a museum, in the time-honored sense of being a repository of works of art, with a permanent collection and a

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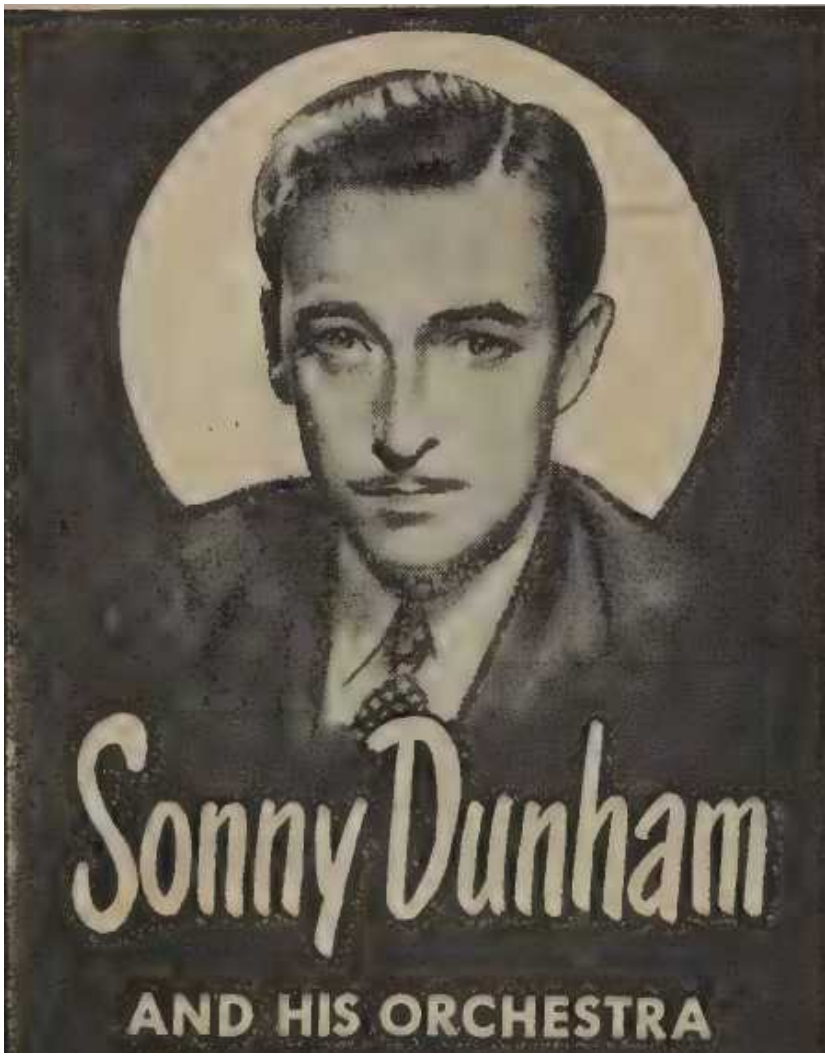

PLUS A GREAT all NEW

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purchase fund to keep the collection active. It is a museum, though, and, as if to remind us of the fact, it is devoting this summer and its two main exhibition floors to a display of its possessions, with very little in the way of special lighting effects or other theatrics to dramatize the affair. This is something that old-fashioned museums do all the time, but in the case of the Modern it is rather an event, for it is the first time in its sixteen-year history that it has found time and space for such a showing. It is an event in another sense, too, for although even now only about a third of the collection is on view— some three hundred paintings and sculptures out of nearly nine hundred pieces —it is enough to give a fair glimpse, and a badly wanted one, into what is unquestionably one of the. three or four finest aggregations of modern art in the world.

Perhaps because of the space limitation and the pruning that had to be done on account of it, the show has its weaknesses. I was disappointed in the Cubist and post-Cubist sections, for instance, in which I had thought the exhibit would excel. These have a few "landmark" pictures, such as Picasso's "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" and Leger's "Le Grand Dejeuner," but apart from them and a few other less well-known paintings, like the untypical but curiously effective diagonally patterned Juan Gris "Still Life," a Braque "Oval Still Life," Bakomb Greene's bluish-gray "The Ancient Form," and I. Rice Pereira's precise, delicate "Shadows with Painting," this part of the show seems slipshod and undistinguished. Further on, the selection results in an unexpected indecisiveness, when it attempts to mark out differences between realism and romanticism in contemporary American

painting. This, surely, is a fundamental cleavage in art, running all through its history, ancient and modern, and it is odd to see the matter dealt with so tentatively: on the one hand, Thomas Benton and Julian Levi classed among the realists, and on the other, Marsden Hartley and George Grosz placed among the romanticists. To cap this, Edward Hopper appears in both camps, his "Gas" and "New York Movie" in the first group, and his "House by the Railroad" in the second.

There is a further fault that runs through the show

and points up, I think, one of the major weaknesses of the Museum

in its attitude toward modern art. Bluntly, and inexactly, the show is-too "French" in makeup. I mean not so much that the selections are predominantly French in origin (the show is fairly catholic in the matter of nationality) as that the French tradition is the one emphasized—it is used, indeed, as the norm, or control, for ■the exhibit—and while this is all right for the French, it leads to some strange strainings at the seams when the attempt is made to force artists of other schools and nationalities into that pattern.

There is no doubt that France led, artistically, all the way from Impressionism on down to Surrealism. It is also true, though, that there were other, independent developments, such as Purism, Expressionism, and Futurism, that occurred at the same time and that now, by one of those unpredictable reversals of interest which come up fairly frequently in art, seem to be gaining as the French tradition weakens. The show largely ignores these developments, either in themselves or as influences, and the view it presents of the field of modern art, particularly contemporary work in this country, is slightly distorted in consequence. Mondrian appears, but the Dutch Purist movement, of which he was a part and which certainly, even if indirectly, affected such Americans as Charles Shetler and Georgia O'Keeffe, is left out entirely. Kandinsky and Klee are hardly mentioned, and Expressionism, which, although it had its roots in French Fauvism, was largely a German development and is now being revived in different form in this country, is handled very gingerly indeed, its presentday exponents being either labelled "Romanticists," like Hyman Bloom, or

classed loosely as "Fantasists" o£ one sort or another, like Jackson Pollock and Arshile Gorky.

I have said almost nothing so far of the excellences of the show, which are considerable. Ever since the Museum fell heir to the Lillie P. Bliss Collection, in 1934, it has been particularly rich in post-Impressionist paintings, and this section, with its wonderful Cezannes (the blue "Bather," "Still Life with Apples," "Man in a Blue Cap," and so on), the bold Matisse "Bather," the Degas "Dancers," among others, is really a.delight to walk through. There are notable pieces throughout the show —Peter Blume's "The Eternal City," Otto Dix's enigmatic "Dr. Meyer-Herrmann," Orozco's

moving “Zapatistas,” Henri Rousseau’s “The Sleeping Gypsy,” and Jack Levine’s “The Passing Scene,” to name a few—and the Surrealist section (only here it is called “fantastic art”) makes as sensible an attempt to schematize that chaotic field as J re seen. There are some fifty pieces of sculpture to round out the show, including a series of particularly fine figures by Despiau, as well as a vigorous E pstein “Portrait of Oriol Ross,” a nice baroque “Blossoming” by Lipchitz, and two monumental figure studies by Wilhelm Lehmbruck, “Kneeling M oman” and “Standing Youth.’’ set off to brood in a room by themselves.

—Robert M. Coates

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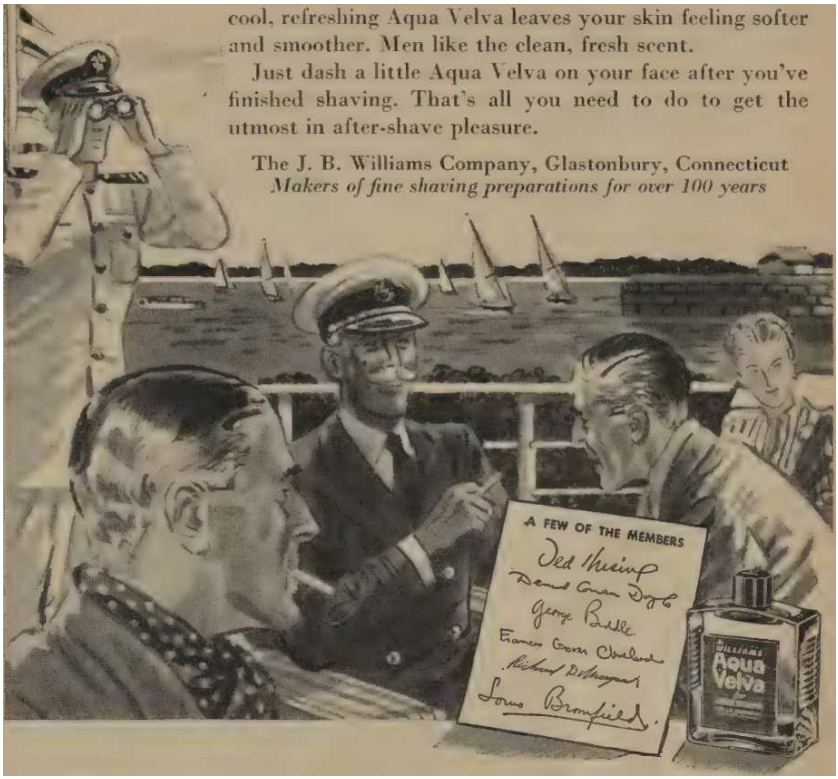
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Memorial Day may be associated with flags and flowers and the rolls of drums, but to residents'of Dedham it means the annual Horse Show at the Dedham Country and Polo Club.—Boston Herald.

And what dead soldier wants to be a spoilsport?

Her flair for interior decoration is almost as marked as her talent for creating clothes. The apartment which she and her husband maintain on 78th street and which they “occasionally get to see,” is one of m xed Swedish, Moroccan, Chinese and Mexican influence pulled together with crude white rugs.—Detroit News./

A long, hard pull.

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DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[From the ll orld-Telegram]

The declaration, which scraps the Communists’ wartime co-operation with American capitalism, consists of a resolution by the National Board of the OPA, made in response to the Duclos document which the World-Telegram first made public May 22 and smoked out into an open admission bj the CPA itself.

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Comment by

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Christopher Morley

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"Don’t miss W. Gaunt’s The Aesthetic Adventure... P. 114 of said book started me on another in my series of Art Episodes (by the Snide Professor) :—

ft ft

Ruskin’s critique was a sizzler: 'Mr. Whistler is a chiseler, Coxcomb, racketeer, and sniggerer’ He remarked, in Fors Clavigera. Whistler, swearing on the Bible, Got a farthing’s worth of libel.

'ft

Ruskin, as he grew more goofy, Left the world and lived aloof; he Soothed his various ills and aches At Coniston, with hills and lakes. Weary of the mail’s abundance He retired from correspondence.*

ft

If, after crumpets, after tea, He fell too deep in reverie

And sat to dream the dusk in

The parlor-maid was trained and trim

Respectful to announce to him: 'The Sunset, Mr. Ruskin!’

ft

ft ft

*This is the exact phrase, in a letter from his secretary which I have above the table in my office: 'Mr. Ruskin has retired from correspondence'."

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ft ft

Comment by the publishers

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The Aesthetic Adventure by William Gaunt is a witty and highly entertaining history of the Bohemian movement in art and writing. It may not set every reader to writing poetry, but it is sure to heighten your enjoyment of- Oscar Wilde, Whistler, Swinburne, Ruskin,George Moore, and many other men

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BOOK5

BRIEFLY NOTED .

FICTION

Farewell My Heart, by Ferenc Molnar, translated by Elinor Rice (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Molnar's well-known charm shows signs of wearing thin in this love story of a self-centered, middle-aged refugee from Hitler's Europe, who first refuses the passionate love of a young dancer, also a refugee, and finally accepts it too late to do either of them any good. The American setting, a departure for this Hungarian author, is the only surprise the novel has to offer.

The Happy Time, by Robert Fontaine (Simon & Schuster). A mildly entertaining although rather selfconscious story of the home life of a little French-Canadian boy of a couple of decades ago. The family is unconventional and warm-hearted, and in real life (there is an air of autobiography about this novel) it was probably amusing enough, but grownup Mr. Fontaine is so set on making little Master Fontaine appear engaging that the narrative seems strained. The fact that the story is written in what seems to be a literal translation of French-Canadian patois makes it all the more awkward.

GENERAL

Woodrow Wilson and the Great Betrayal, by Thomas A. Bailey (Macmillan). Mr. Bailey's "great betrayal" is the failure of the United States to back up Woodrow Wilson and join with the other nations in creating an international organization. In the final chapter of this book, which is a close-knit, scholarly study of what happened in this country between Wilson's return from Paris and the death of Warren Harding, the author draws up a list of fourteen betrayals ("betrayal of the League of Nations," "betrayal of the Treaty of Versailles," "betrayal of France," "betrayal of Germany," "betrayal of the masses everywhere," and so on) which, according to him, add up to the one big betrayal that he thinks was directly responsible for the war in Europe we have just finished fighting. Mr. Bailey, in his indictment, probably overstates his cases and makes the United States more of a villain than it actually was (there were a lot of other betravers in the

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and grew up /o be a Fabbu/ous Monster"

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'This, then, is the man whom thousands knew and loved as the Town Crier, the greatest selfpublicist of our day. In all his quarrelsome, egotistical, generous career, he never let the world penetrate the real mystery of his paradoxical personality. Now his astute biographer has stripped away the mystery and presented the whole man.

To do so, Adams dug deep into Woollcott's precocious childhood; unearthed the strange circumstances which shaped his emotions and his physique; discovered the insecurity which made it necessary for Woollcott to revile his friends and shock his acquaintances. He has resolved the seeming paradox of this man who gave himself with equal fervor to personal aggrandizement and selfless crusading. The result is a fantastic and gossipy biography of the man who gave wit and fire and tenderness to his age.

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Adams, one goes on reading avidly. Like Woollcott himself, his biographer has the divine gift of entertaining."

— LEWIS GANNET, Herald Tribune.

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international woodpile, after all), but his book, an examination of certain mistakes it might be well for us not to make again, has an immediate as well as a historical value. Illustrated. Tolstoy and His Wife, by Tikhon

Polner, translated by Nicholas Wre-den (Norton). If being a genius is difficult, as the lives of so many geniuses remind us, being the wife of a genius is, as this study of Tolstoy's marriage amply proves, even more difficult. The relations between Tolstoy and his wife were so stormy and tormented, particularly during the latter part of their lives, that Mr. Polner's book, were it concerned with nothing else, would be almost too painful to read. However, this section of the story of Tolstoy, although it occupies the foreground of Mr. Polner's book, is made an integral part of the whole story of

Tolstoy, and in tracing his transition from a hard-riding, hard-gambling, hard-living Army officer to a moral philosopher preaching and practicing the tenets of primitive Christianity, the author has written as good a biography of the Russian master as there is in the English language.

Walt Whitman, edited by Mark Van Doren (Viking). This, the latest addition to the well-edited and well-printed Viking Portable Library series, is one of the most successful of the lot. Mr. Van Doren can't be given all the credit, for almost any anthology of Whitman is bound to be interesting, but he has assembled, with a very fine sense of selection, what is perhaps the best and most comprehensive one-volume edition of Whitman ever put together. It includes ninety-five poems from "Leaves of Grass," a book that has long needed intelligent cutting and has at last got it; all of "Democratic Vistas," and selections from "Specimen Days." 1 he introduction, by Air. Van Doren, is sound, sensible, and pleasantly restrained.

The Wisdom of Israel, edited by Lewis Browne (Random House). A seven-hundred-and-forty-three-page anthology of Hebrew writing, from the Old Testament and the Apocrypha down to the literature of today. /Anthologies are generally spotty, even ones so encyclopedic as this, but Mr. Browne has nevertheless put together an impressive cross section of a most impressive literature.

The Mode in Hats and Headdress, by R. 'Turner Wilcox (Scribner). The history and folklore of the things

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that people have put on their heads from the time of the Egyptians of the protodynastic period to the time of the Americans of the Rooseveltian period. Mrs. Wilcox, who is also the author of “The Mode in Costume,” provides both the text and the hundreds of line drawings that illustrate the shifting trends of style, but it’s the drawings that make the book. Artists, designers, researchers, and period-piece novelists ought to find 'them extremely useful, and those less professionally interested may get some satisfaction out of this visual proof that hats and headdresses, especially women’s, are no crazier now than they used to be.

Hawaiian Types, by Henry Inn (Hastings House). A book of photographs of young Hawaiian women, nearly all of whom are beautiful and most of whom wear bathing suits, that the publisher, with one of those over-solemn faces that publishers sometimes put on, is trying to pass off as a record of “the characteristics resulting from the free meeting and mingling of many cultural and racial strains.” It may be that the way to make anthropology interesting is to undress it as attractively as possible, but if this sort of thing keeps up, Congress will have to pass a pure-blurb-and-jacket law. Andrew W. Lind, professor of sociology at the University of Hawaii, contributes a two-page introduction, but he seems rather embarrassed about the whole thing.

Retriever Gun Dogs, by William F. Brown (Barnes). The selection and schooling of the entire retriever group of dog breeds is here dealt with by the author of “How to Train Hunting Dogs.” This book, which is simply written, may well increase the enthusiasm among outdoor lifers for these breeds, already, it seems, quite popular because of their ability to operate with equal efficiency on land and water, like amphibious tanks. Drawings and photographs.

Bass Tackle and Tactics, by Harold C. Hollis (Barnes). The author, an experienced angler, advocates very light equipment to make fishing for bass sportier. His obviously sensible book is full of tips about things like when to use dark-colored surface lures, when to fish deep lakes, and other matters of moment. Drawings and photographs.

VEK5E

Selected Poems, by John Crowe Ransom (Knopf). Mr. Ransom, a

newspaper

EXTRAS don’t always have headlines!

The Oregon Journal's ten demonstration victory gardens in Portland are newspaper extras in the liveliest sense!

Inaugurated to furnish an extra service to thousands of aspiring Victory gardeners, the first Journal demonstration garden was started the spring after Pearl Harbor. From this single garden have sprouted the current ten. Each is open for inspection and is close to transportation. Strategically located throughout the city, these backyard “food factories” serve as pace-makers for Portlands’ Victory gardening campaign.

zW The gardens are owned and operated by a picked group of amateurs from all walks of life ... an elevator operator, a psychiatrist, an electrical engineer, a real estate broker, to name a few. They are all average citizens who share a love for getting their fingers into the soil, who can make things grow. Because they have a knack for showing other folks how and a patriotic willingness to do it, The Journal invited them to be its demonstration gardeners.

/PˆFach spring, The Journal inaugurates the Victory ˆTˆgarden season with a series of evening rallies held in Portland school auditoriums. Here experts explain the principles of successful-gardening, soil preparation, planting, pest control. Then come The Journal’s demonstration gardens where eager amateurs can actually see “how to do it”. Spearheading and co-ordinating the entire campaign is the Sunday Journal’s GARDEN Magazine replete with practical suggestions, timely tips for gardeners and weekly reports on the progress of the demonstration gardens.

GARDEN

■ JOURNAL

; VJCTOHY ! GARDEN & izzi/sˆ ˆiˆi:ˆˆ

I ” C. A. Sartain '

It is typical of The Oregon Journal's understanding of the needs of the community that it should have a garden editor who has his ear to the ground when it comes to finding out what Portlanders want. . . . typical of The Journal to have its entire staff keyed to Portland's tastes in newspaper extras! Whether it's the latest foreign, domestic or local news they want... or homely, important advice about how to hoe a straight row... Portland folks know they get it when they turn to The Journal!

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former member of the University of Tennessee “Fugitive” group, has collected poems from two of his books, “Chills and Fever” (1924) and “Two Gentlemen in Bonds” (1927), and added five later poems. Ransom shares with Wallace Stevens —although formally more traditional than he is—a rather quizzical and quaintly conceited vocabulary. The mannerisms of the early work, as in his poignant elegies and the unforgettable “Piazza Piece,” are perfectly suited to his subject matter. In his later work, the material tends to fade out, leaving what he calls “a verbal eloquence” to operate more or less on its own.

Poems for Painters, by Charles Henri Ford (View). The painters are Marcel Duchamp, Leonor Fini, Esteban Francis, Yves Tanguy, and Pavel Tchelitchew. Mr. Ford’s poems are now strongly influenced by Paul Eluard’s brand of Surrealism. Edith Sitwell has said of them, “They give me always a shock of delight and revelation.” This large pamphlet, whose typography was designed by Parker Tjlcr, contains sixteen halftone reproductions on heavy paper.

MY5TEKY AND CRIME

First Come, First Kill, by Francis Allan (Reynal & Hitchcock). John Storm, a youngish and enigmatic private detective, investigates a series • of murders in an expensive portion of Westchester for a bride who has been told that she is next in line. The lights keep going out, a house burns down, and bullets zing about, but in spite of this, Storm gets to the bottom of things, and sinister things they

are, too. Well planned, and featuring a detective who looks as if he would shape up well in future mysteries.

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[From the Hudson (N.Y.) Register]

MONTH OF MAY IS ONE

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The month of May, 1945 will go down as one of the most outstanding in world history. Here are just a few of the events which have occurred and the month is only 10 days old-

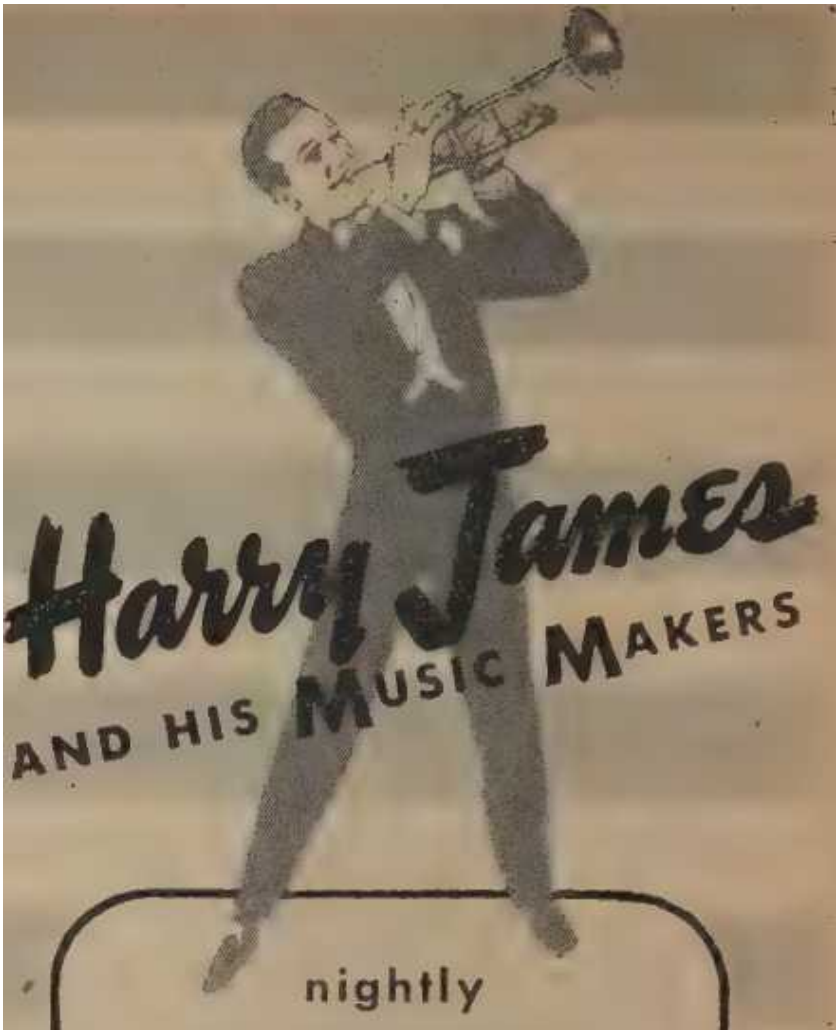
May 1—Adolf Hitler reported dead.

May 7—Associated Press announces Germany surrenders.

May 8—V-E day officially proclaimed by President Truman.

May 9—Goering, Quisling captured.

May 10—Snow fell all over Columbia county.



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PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 66075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

.

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her elder sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. The cast includes Augusta Dabney, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9'3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally very effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading role is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agues de Mille's ballets are very fetching. The cast includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with very agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30-)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Hollywood Pinafore-—George S. Kaufman has fixed Sir Arthur Sullivan up with a new book and lyrics, but many are likely to prefer the originals. William Gaxton, Victor Moore, and Shirley Booth are prominently displayed. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., July 14.)

Laffing Room Only!—This is the third Olsen and Johnson exhibit, and the boys seem to be running cut of ideas, not to mention taste. With Frank Libuse. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., July 14.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the L acs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscai Hammerstein II and

presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. N ghtly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR. OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 12. THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 21.

girls. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina (to be replaced by Wilma Spence on Mon., July 16), Heiena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances arranged by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Marinka—A musical comedy by George Marion, Jr., and Karl Farkas, with music by Emmerich Kalman, and a cast including Joan Roberts, Harry Stockwell, and Luba Malina. Directed by Hassard Short and produced by Jules Leventhal and Harry Howard. Opens Wed., July 18. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—'Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves, at 8:15; other Eves.,

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except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER. AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules

Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this cool, underground retreat,

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An old favorite, uninhabited for quite a while, is again in business, with Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), a dance team, and Henry King's orchestra.

Cafe Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)— Paula Laurence and Georgia Gibbs being practically a whole show in themselves, plus Josh White and Beatrice Kraft being practically ditto. Also, Edmond Hall's band.

Cafe Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Imogene Coca, who apparently can't help being funny; songs by Ann Hathaway through Mon., July 16; and accomplished piano playing by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson; Phil Moore's orchestra will be replaced by John Kirby's on Tues., July 17.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very fancy, and sometimes almost too bustling. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the infallible mind-reader, is in the Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra dispenses its

bouncy dance music. . . . Another Melba orchestra is in the Cafe Pierre during dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's cheery bands alternate on the stand in the Persian Room; Walter Liberace plays piano, and there is also a dance team. ... Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A romantic long-ago-and-far-away setting for dinner and supper. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Cafe Lounge, handsome and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by London's Roy. Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Not as old as Groton, but it gets most of its graduates into Yale just the same. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Alberto Linno's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has Nat Brandwynne's stately orchestra and a show involving Borrah Minevitch's Harmonica Rascals. On Thurs., July 19, there will be a new show headed by Jane Pickens, and George Olsen's orchestra will play for dancing. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lotmge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—blue angel, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Eddie Mayehoff, a comic comic; Mildred Bailey, singing mootlily; the Herman Chittison trio, playing expertly; and the Delta Rhythm Boys. Closes for the summer on Sat., July 14. . . . spivy's roof, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-9322): Spivy, singing songs no mother ever taught her, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets.

Miscellaneous—At the coo rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 38887) : small and elegant, with gay music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . l-z-3 club, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet in this darksome glade, broken only by the rambling piano solos of Roger Stearns; no dancing. ... Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Jerry Cooper and a collection of beautiful but not very animated girls in their summer

doldrums. Joe Ricardel's orchestra. ... casino russe, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a show full of those cozy old dagger dances and Russian torch songs but really starring the chef; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. ... EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646) : ,a very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin cookery, Latin atmosphere, and Latin music. ... COPACABANA, io E. 60 (PL 8-1060): back in its noisy old groove, with Enric Madri-guera's and Joel Herron's orchestras and a better-than-usual show, with Russell Swann and Mitzi Green. . . astor roof, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large and cool, with Harry James' orchestra, to be replaced by Gene Krupa's on Mon., July 16. . . .

The New Yore fr, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXI, No. 22, July 14, 1945. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1945, by The F-R. Publishing (poration, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription juices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

A VERY FINE FACE POWDER

WITH THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHAMEL

essex house, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300) : Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . new yorker hotel, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): George Paxton's orchestra, to be replaced by Woody Herman's on Mon., July 16. . . . Roosevelt, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its open-air deck and that colossal view of the harbor, now has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At nick's, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683) : specialites de la maison by Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and other selected Old Masters. ... village vanguard, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): Art Hodes' sterling trio, which has Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. ... downbeat, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Sidney Catlett's band, Al Casey's new trio, and Billie Holiday; dancing. . . . onyx, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Hot Lips Page heading up his new band, and Stuff Smith's trio. . . . jimmy ryan's, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. . . . three deuces, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Don Byas and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

Al Fresco—The Claremont inn, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and dance music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . tavern-on-the-green, Central Pk. W. at 67: a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then. . . . museum of modern art, ii W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. ... central park zoo: the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but nice in midweek for a late breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafes: brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9; LONGCHAMPS, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

Aaron Bohrad—Water colors of war scenes in France and the South Pacific: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Mon. through Fri., io a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Fri., July 20.

Frick Collection, i E. 70—Tne pictures and other art treasures which have been hidden away for safekeeping since we entered the war are now back in the Museum. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.

Groups—At the durlacher, ii E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through July 31.

. . . passedoit, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, Jose de Creeft, and others of this group. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through July 31.... »7 gallery, 67 E. 57; fourteen painters, centered about Hans Arp, in whose general style the gallery sees signs of a new “ism.” Daily 11 A.M. to 6 p.m. ; through Fri., July 13. . . . perls, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 p.m.; through Sept. 8. . . . contemporary arts, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . babcock, 38 E. 57: new paintings by artists of the gallery’s group; also, a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Aug. 31. ... rosenberg, 16 E. 57: work by Rattner, Hartley, Helion, Avery, and Weber. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 P.M.; through July 27. . . . ferargil, 63 E. 57: paintings by around a hundred contemporary Americans. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Fri., July 13. . . . midtown, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery’s group. Mon.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 21.

through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. ; through July 31. . . . niveau, 63 E. 57: Dufy, Utrillo, Pascin, and other French painters. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Sat., July 14. . . . kleemann, 65 E. 57: Corbino, Eilshemius, Bosa, and others. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Fri., July 13.... weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61: Edward Stevens, Nye Pharr, and other young Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through July 27. ...levitt, 16 W. 57: Oronzo Gasparo, Everett Spruce, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through July 31. . . . feigl, 601 Madison, at 57: members of this gallery’s group, including De Hirsh Margules and Mariano Rodriguez. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Fri., July 20. ... milch, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Sept. 15. . . . matisse, 41 E. 57: work by contemporary French artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Fri., July 20.. . macbeth, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by Joseph de Martini, Andrew Wyeth, James Lechay, and others. Tues, through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 p.m.; through July 27. ... American British art center, 44

W. 56: work in various mediums by gallery members. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through July 27. . .. kraushaar, 32 E. 57: summer show by Louis Bouche, Russell Cowles, Iver Rose, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . lilienfeld, 21 E. 57: old masters and contemporaries. Mon. through Fri., 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.; through July 27. Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, newly arranged to show the development of Greek civilization; also, prints and drawings by Goya; and (through Sept. 3), an exhibition, sponsored by the Treasury Department, of paintings and drawings of the Pacific war, by American artists. .Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.

Museum of Modern Art, ii W. 53—A large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m.; through Nov. 4.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun. 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

Photography—Over two hundred prints in the annual International Salon of Photography: American Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 79. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.; through Sun., July 15.

Fred E. Robertson—Semi-naive paintings by Grandma Moses' brother: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.; through Sat., July 14.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Alexander Smallens conducting, Thurs. and Fri., July 12-13; Ignace Strasfogel conducting. Sat. and Sun., July 14-15; Fabien Sevitzky conducting, Mon. through Fri., July 16-20; Sigmund Romberg conducting. Sat., July 21. Highlights: all-Gershwin program, with Oscar Levant, piano, July 12; Carl Stern, cello, July 14; Michael Rosenker, violin, July 15; Alexander Brailow-sky, piano, July 16; Erica Morini, violin, July 19; Robert Merrill, baritone, and Victoria Schools, soprano, July 21. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400.

At 8:30 p.m. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 p.m. over WNYC. Fifth Avenue buses marked “Stadium” leave Washington Square at frequent intervals weekdays between 6:44 and 7:32 p.m. and Sun. between 6:31 and 7:31 p.m.)

Juilliaro Concerts—John J. Niles, folk singer, Thurs., July 12; Sigismond Stojowski, piano,

Fri., July 13; Karin Branzell, mezzo-soprano, Tues., July 17; Mack Harrell, baritone, Wed., July 18; Alfred Mirovitch, piano, Thurs., July 19; Josef Raieff, piano, Fri., July 20. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122. At 4 p.m. No tickets necessary.)

Park Concerts—Central Park Mall—Goldman Band: Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8:30 p.m. . . . City Amateur Symphony Orchestra,[1] Judge Leopold Prince conducting; soloist, Emanuel List, bass: Sat., July 14, at 8:30 p.m.

SPORTS

Baseball—Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Cleveland, Thurs. through Sat., July 12-14, at 2:30 p.m.; Yankees vs. Detroit, Sun., July 15 (doubleheader), at 2:05 p.m., and Mon. and Tues., July 16-17, at 2:30 p.m.; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Wed. through Fri., July 18-20, at 2:30 p.m.; Yankees vs. Chicago, Sat., July 21, at 2:30 p.m.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Willie Joyce vs. Bobby Ruffin, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., July 13; Johnny Greco vs. Tony Janiro, welterweights, 8 rounds, Fri., July 20. (Preliminaries at 8:30 p.m.; main bouts at 10 p.m.)

Golf—L.I.G.A. Championship, Hempstead G.C., Hempstead, L.I.: qualifying rounds, Thurs. and Fri., July 12-13; match play rounds, Sat. and Sun., July 14-15. . . . Metropolitan G.A. Public Links Championship, Hendricks Field G.C., Belleville, N.J.: qualifying rounds, Sat. and Sun., July 14-15; finals, starting Sat., July 21.... Metropolitan G.A. Beers Memorial, Winged Foot G.C., Mamaroneck, N.Y., Fri., July 20. . . . N.J. State G.A. Amateur-Pro Medal Play Championship, Crestmont G.C., West Orange, N.J., Fri., July 20.

Racing—Daily at Aqueduct, at 1:30 P.M., through Sat., July 14. (The Dwyer and the Great American, July 14.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Thurs. and Fri. between 11:05 a.m. and 1:10 p.m. and Sat. between 10:45 a.m. and 1:25 p.m. . . . Empire City meeting, at Jamaica, weekdays, at 1:30 p.m starting Mon., July 16. (Yonkers Handicap, July 16; East View Stakes, July 18; the Empire City, July 21.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 a.m. and 1:10 p.m. and Sat. between 10:45 a.m. and 1125 p.m.

Trotting—Weekdays at Saratoga, N.Y., at 8:15 p.m., through Aug. 25. ... Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 p.m.; through Sept. 22. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 p.m.)

Yachting—Championship regatta on the Sound, Indian Harbor Y.C., Sun., July 15, at about 2 p.m.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the Chrysler blog., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese, also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 p.m., continuous showings of recent Army and Navy films. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. . . . museum of science AND industry, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the “Gunairstructor,” a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily io a.m. to io p.m.; through Sept. 15. . . . NEW YORK historical society, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Tues, through Fri., 1 to 5 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through July 31.

Housing—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m.; through Sept. 30.

ON THE AIR

State Department—Archibald MacLeish and others in a discussion of our international policy, Sat., July 14. at 7 p.m., WEAF.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, George Szell con-

Today — as through the

centuries — earnest, spoken vows of constancy and love echo

from holy walls ... to stir young hearts with living hope . . .

to forge brave dreams of a new and better world. For a young couple thus married, the memory of the moment is an inspiration

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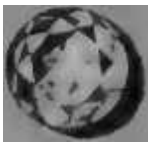

$1375 to $2300

Facts About Diamonds: These are average current prices for unmounted quality diamonds. Add 20% for federal tax. (The exact weights shown occur infrequently.) Size alone does not determine diamond values. Color, cutting, brilliance and clarity have an equally important bearing. You should have a trusted jeweler's best advice at all times when buying diamonds.

Industrial Diamonds—a key priority for high-speed war production—come from the same mines as gem stones Millions of carats are used in United States industries today. The occasional gem diamonds found among them help defray production costs for all these fierce little "fighting" diamonds. Thus, there are no restrictions on the sale of diamond gems.

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IN ON THE KILL

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DIVISION OF GENERA L M 0 T O R S

ducting. Sun., July 15, nt 3 r.M., WABC. . . . Stadium Concerts, Fri., July 13 and 20, and Wed., July 18, at 8:30 p.m., WNYC. . . . Boston “Pops” orchestra, Arthur Fiedler conducting. Sat., July 14, at 8:30 p.m., WJZ. ... Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., July 14 and 21, at 5 p.m., WJZ. . . . Jascha Heifetz, violin, Mon., July 16, at 9 p.m., WEAF.

Sports—-Racing: the Dwyer. Sat., July 14, at 4 P.M., WABC. . . . Boxing: Willie Joyce vs. Bobby Ruffin, Fri., July 13; Johnny Greco vs. Tony Janiro, Fri., July 20; at 10 p.m., WOR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 p.m., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Europe), Wed. at 10:45 p.m., WJZ. ... Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 p.m., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues, through Sat. at 10:30 P.M.. WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 p.m., WO Ri-... Etiward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 p.m., WABC. ... Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 p.m., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 p.m., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio. Mon. through Fri. at 7 p.m., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 p.m., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 p.m., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 r.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 p.m., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

A Bell for Adano—This version of John Hersey's novel loses some force by emphasizing the comedy, but is still worth seeing. With John Hodiak, Gene Tierney, and William Bendix. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

Guest in the House—A very sensible adaptation of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; and Carlton, B'way at too; Thurs., jlllv !2.)

Junior Miss—Sally Benson's series about a little girl who tries to rearrange life in terms of the cinema has been very pleasantly adapted for the screen. With Peggy Ann Garner. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Murder, My Sweet—A version of the murder mystery called "Farewell, My Lovely" and very nice indeed as these things go. Dick Powell is the detective whom practically everybody beats up. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., July 13-16. ... Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues, through Thurs., July 17-19.)

Rhapsody in Blue—The life of George Gershwin as it might have been if he hadn't wasted so much time playing the piano. The old songs, however, still sound fine. With Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith. (Hollywood. B'way at 51.)

A Royal Scandal—Tallulah Bankhead, as the Empress of all the Russias, in a funny piece that has probably little to do with either Catherine or history. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., July 12. . . . Gratnercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., July 14. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Fri. through Sun., July 13-15. . .. Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mor , July 13-16. .. . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., July 18-19.)

Without Love—Donald Ogden Stewart's version of Philip Barry's play has practically nothing to do with the original but is very gay and charming anyway. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy head the cast. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., July 13. ... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. through Tues., July 13-17-)

Wonder Man—Danny Kaye plays twins in this funny film about love, murder, and ghosts. With Virginia Mayo and Vera-Ellen. (Astor, B'way at 4S-)

Note—"Now—the Peace." a graphic and arresting short film having to do with the practical application of Dumbarton Oaks and Bretton Woods, will be shown at the Sth Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8, Fri. through Mon., July 13-16.

revivals

Arrowsmith (1931)—Sinclair Lewis's story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. With Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., July 13.)

Bamii (1942)—Walt Disney's version of the Felix Salten story. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., July 15-17.)

Desire (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Diet-rich, and Gary Cooper. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., July 12.)

The Garden of Allah (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., July 13-15.)

Gaslight (1944)—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street." With Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues, through Thurs., July 17-19.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 12. THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 21.

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery and Claude Rains. (Gram-ercy Park, Lexington at 23; tentative, Sun. through Tues., July 15-17. ... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues, and Wed., July 17-18.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; and Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. through Tues., July 15-17.)

Mayerling (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. In French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Dar-rieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., July 13-16.)

Mission to Moscow (1943)—An interpretation of ex-Ambassador Davies' book. With Walter Huston, Ann Harding, and Oscar Homolka. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 12.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues, and Wed., July 17-18.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

They Shall Have Music (1939)—Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., July 13.)

They Were Five (1938)—About a lottery and a country inn. In French, with Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., July 18.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., July 16-17.)

To Be or Not To Be (1942)—Ernst Lubitsch, with the help of Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, takes the Gestapo apart. (Alden, B'way at 67: and Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues, and Wed., July 17-18.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Bronte moors. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., July 13-16.)

You Can't Take It with You (1938)—The Kaufman-Hart comedy. Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold, and James Stewart. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Sat. through Fri., July 14-20.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 p.m. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 p.m. on the following schedule—thurs., July 12: two scenes from "The Jazz Singer" (1927), with Al Jolson; "Movietone Newsreel" (1927), with George Bernard Shaw; one sequence of "The Lights of New York" (1928); and "Steamboat Willie" (1928), Walt Disney film. . . . fri. through sun., July 13-is: "Hallelujah" (1929), directed by King Vidor. . . . mon. through thurs., July u-i»: "Anna Christie" (1929), with Greta Garbo. . . . from fri., july 20: "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Servicemen—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing (preference given to service men), 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the civilian defense volunteer office, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): women to work one morn-

ing or afternoon a week as nursery assistants and recreation aides in child care centers. . . , red cross, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eightyhour course and then work at least two days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. ,. . American women's voluntary services, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050) : women to work as much time as they can spare, during the day, sorting and packing clothing to be sent overseas: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid. work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, call RE 7-3700.) . . . united hospital fund, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least eight hours a week day or evening, as aides in children's wards, or, during the day, as clinic and library aides: men to work as much time as they can spare during the day or evening as orderlies in wards. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, a-, drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in

veterans' rehabilitation centers.

Note—The New York City Defense Recreation Committee, 99 Park, at 40 (MU 3-6900), has issued an appeal for volunteers to work two four-hour shifts a week, during the day, giving out theatre tickets and arranging other entertainment for service personnel on furlough in the city.

Harvesters—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

Salvage—Wastepaper (very important right now) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meatration tokens for every pound you turn in. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church, New York 7 (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). ... The American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps. 817

Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100), has issued an appeal to stamp collectors and business houses to send in foreign and unusual domestic postage stamps, which will be distributed to hospitals for veterans who wish to start collections. . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for games, playing cards, radios, records, floor lamps, and small tables. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. {6 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881) ; and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050). ... Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220. ... Bibles, in English and foreign languages, arc-needed for service men and for people in liberated countries. They can be taken or sent t" any A.W.V.S. office; for the address of the nearest one, call RE 4-6050.

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—wonder man, Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—Through Wed., July 18: "Blood on the Sun," James Cagney, Sylvia Sidney.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—"A Thousand and One Nights," Evelyn Keyes, Cornel Wilde.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—"The Great John L.," Greg McClure, Linda Darnell.

Gotham, B'way at 47 (Cl 5-9516)—"Twice Blessed," Gail Patrick, Preston Foster.

Hollywood, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—rhapsody in blue, Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith.

Palace,‘B’way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Tues., July 17: “Those Endearing Young Charms,” La-raine Day, Robert Young. ... From Wed., July 18: “Along Came Jones,” Loretta Young, Gary Cooper.

Paramount, B’way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—“You Came Along,” Lizabeth Scott, Robert Cummings.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)— a bell for adano, Gene Tierney, John Ilodiak, William Bendix.

Rivoli, B’way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—junior miss, Peggy Ann Garner, Allyn Joslyn.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—“Nob Hill,” Joan Bennett, George Raft.

State, B’way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., July 18: “Thrill of a Romance,” Esther Williams, Van Johnson.

Strand, B’way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—“Conflict,” Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, Sydney Greenstreet.

FOREIGN. SPECIAL. ETC.

Alden, B’way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Through Sat., July 14: “Stanley and Livingstone,” revival, Spencer Tracy, Nancy Kelly, Richard Greene; also “That Night in Rio,” revival, Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda. . . . Sun. and Mon., July 15-16: "The Men in Her Life,” revival, Loretta Young, Conrad Veidt; also “Song of the Open Road,” revival, Edgar Bergen, W. C. Fields... .Tues, and Wed., July 17-18: to be or not to be, revival, Carole Lombard, Jack Benny; also “Mademoiselle Fili,” Simone Simon, John Emery.

Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50 (EL 5-8790)—Thurs., July 12: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter. . . . Fri. and Sat., July 13-14: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope. . .. Sun. through Tues., July 15-17: the informer, revival, Victor McLaglen; also Bambi, revival, Walt Disney full-length film. .. . From Wed., July 18: “Molly and Me,” Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall; also “Man of Affairs,” revival, George Arliss.

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (GR 5-9738)— Revivals—

Through Tues., July 17: “L’Orage” (in French), Michele Morgan, Charles Boyer; also “Dr. Knock” (in French), Louis Jouvet. . . . From Wed., July 18: they were five (in French), Jean Gabin; also “Tanya” (in Russian).

55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-9438)—Revivals—port of shadows (in French), Jean Gabin, Michel Simon; also “Leningrad Music Hall,” forty-five-minute musical documentary film.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (Cl 6-1365)—Revivals— Through Fri., July 13: Arrowsmith, Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman; also they shall have music, Jascha Heifetz. . . . From Sat., July 14: you can’t take it with you, Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold.

Stanley’ 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—“The Last Hill” (in Russian).

Thalia, B’way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Thurs., July 12: mission to Moscow, revival, Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka; also “The Moon and Sixpence,” revival, George Sanders, Herbert Marshall. ... Fri. through Mon., July 13-16; mayerling (in French), revival, Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux; also wuthering heights, revival, Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier. . . . From Tues., July 17: murder, my sweet, Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Ann Shirley; also gaslight, revival, Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman.

World, 153 W. 49 (CT 7-5747)—“Africa Speaks,” revival, documentary film.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Through Sat., July- 14: “It’s a Pleasure!,” Sonja Henie, Michael O’Shea. ...Sun. through Wed., July 15-18: “Diamond Horseshoe,” Betty Grable, Dick Haymes.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)— Through Sat , July 14: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter; also “Honeymoon Ahead,” Grace McDonald, Allan Jones. . . . Sun. through Tues., July 15-17 (tentative): here comes mr. jordan, revival, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains; also “The Stars Look Down,” revival, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave. ... From

Wed., July 18: “It’s a Pleasure!,” Sonja Henie, Michael O’Shea; also "Molly and Me,” Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)— Through Sat., July 14: "Sudan,” Maria Montez, Jon Hall; also “That’s the Spirit,” Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie. . . . Sun. and Mon., July 15-16: “Diamond Horseshoe,” Betty Grable, Dick Haymes; also "The Scarlet Clue,” Sidney Toler. ...Tues, and Wed., July 17-18: here comes mr. jordan, revival, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains; also “You’ll Never Get Rich,” revival, Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth, Robert Benchley.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Wed., July 18; "Rainbow Island.” Dorothy La-

AT THE

MOVIE HOUSES

THURSDAY, JULY 12, THROUGH

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 7, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

mour, Eddie Bracken; also “Till We Meet Again,” Barbara Britton, Ray Milland.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434) —Through Sat., July 14: A royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter. . . . Sun. through Tues., July 15-17: the informer, revival, Victor McLaglen. ... From Wed., July 18: “It’s a Pleasure!,” Sonja Henie, Michael O’Shea.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., July 12: “The Princess

and the Pirate," Bob Hope. . .. Fri. through Sun., July 13-15: the garden of allah, revival, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer. ... Mon. and Tues., July 16-17: the m steps, revival, Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat. .. . From Wed., July 18: "One Roniantic Night," revival, Ilona Massey, Alan Curtis.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-55ˆ0)—Thurs., July 12: "On Approval," Beatrice Lillie, Clive Brook. ...Fri. through Mon., July 13-16: "They Met in the Dark," Joyce Howard, James Mason. . . . From Tues., July 17: "Here Come the Waves," Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)— Through Wed., July 18: "The Enchanted Cottage," Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall; also "The Brighton Strangler," June Duprez, John Loder.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Fri., July 13: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball. . .. Sat. through Wed., July 14-18: "Frenchman's Creek," Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)— Thurs., July 12: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy. . . .From Fri., July 13: "A Song to Remember," Merle Oberon, Paul Muni.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—• Through Wed., July 18: "Rainbow Island," Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Bracken; also "Till We Meet Again," Barbara Britton, Ray Milland.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., July 12: "God Is My Co-Pilot," Dennis Morgan, Dane Clark, Raymond Massey; also "Zombies on Broadway," Wally Brown, Alan Carney. . . .Fri. through Tues., July 13-17: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball; also "Leave It to Blondie," Penny Singleton. .. . From Wed., July 18: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bank-head, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter; also "Tarzan and the Amazons," Johnny Weissmuller.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)— Through Fri., July 13: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball. . . . Sat. through Wed., July 14-18: "Molly and Me," Gracie

Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)— Through Wed., July 18: “The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall; also “The Brighton Strangler,” June Duprez, John Loder.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)— Through Fri., July 13: “Diamond Horseshoe,” Betty Grable, Dick Haymes; also “The Scarlet Clue,” Sidney Toler. . . . Sat. through Tues., July 14-17: “The Clock,” Judy Garland Robert Walker; also “Gentle Annie,” Donna Reed, James Craig. ... Wed., July 18: “Double Exposure,” Nancy Kelly, Chester Morris; also “Steppin’ in Society,” Edward Everett Horton, Gladys George.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., July 16: “Sudan,” Maria Montez, Jon Hall; also “That’s the Spirit,” Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie. ... Tues, and Wed., July 17-18: here comes mr. joruan, revival, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains; also “You’ll Never Get Rich,” revival, Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth, Robert Benchley.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3 (CH 3-9019)—Thurs., July 12: “Frenchman’s Creek.” Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova; also “National Barn Dance,” Jean Heather, Robert Benchley. . . . Fri. through. Sun., July 13-15: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bank-

head, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter; also “Tarzan and the Amazons,” Johnny Weissmuller.. . . Mon. and Tues., July 16-17: “Dillinger,” Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe; also “Earl Car-roll’s Vanities,” Constance Moore, Dennis O’Keefe. . .. From Wed., July 18: “The Clock,” Judy Garland, Robert Walker; also “Gentle Annie,” Donna Reed, James Craig.

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs., July 12: “On Approval,” Beatrice Lillie, Clive Brook. . . . Fri. through Mon., July 13-16: “They Met in the Dark,” Joyce Howard, James Mason. . . . From Tues., July 17: “Frenchman’s Creek,” Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., July 16: "Sudan," Maria Montez, John Hall; also "That's the Spirit," Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie. ... Tues, and .Wed., July 17-18: here comes mr. joroan, revival, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains; also "You'll Never Get Rich," revival, Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth, Robert Benchley.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)— Thurs., July 12: desire, revival, Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper; also "Private Worlds," revival, Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer. ... Fri. through Mon., July 13-16: A royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter; also "Tarzan and the Amazons," Johnny Weissmuller. ...From Tues., July 17: "Journey for Margaret," revival, Margaret O'Brien, Laraine Day, Robert Young; also "The Stars Look Down," revival, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)— Through Wed., July 18: "The Enchanted Cottage," Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall; also "The Brighton Strangler," June Duprez, John Loder.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Thurs., July 12: "Panama Hattie," revival, Ann Sothern, Red Skelton; also "A Night to Remember," revival, Loretta Young, Brian Aherne.... Fri. and Sat., July 13-14: "Beyond Tomorrow," revival, Maria Ouspenskaya, Charles Winninger; also "Tom Brown's School Days," revival, Sir Cedric Hard-wicke, Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon. . .. Sun. and Mon., July 15-16: "Honeymoon Ahead," Grace McDonald, Allan Jones; also "Swing Out, Sister," Frances Raeburn, Rod Cameron. . . . From Tues., July 17: "The Clock," Judy Garland, Robert Walker; also "Gentle Annie," Donna Reed, James Craig.

77th Street, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Wed., July 18: "Diamond Horseshoe," Betty Grable, Dick Haymes; also "The Scarlet Clue," Sidney Toler.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)— Through Wed., July 18: "The Enchanted Cottage," Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall; also "The Brighton Strangler," June Duprez, John Loder.

Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)— Through Wed., July 18: "Rainbow Island," Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Bracken; also "Till We Meet Again," Barbara Britton, Ray Milland.

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)— Thurs., July 12: "Tonight and Every Night," Rita Hayworth, Lee Bowman, Janet Blair; also "The Power of the Whistler," Richard Dix. . .. Fri. through Mon., July 13-16: "1'11 Be Seeing You," Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple; also "Murder in the Blue Room," Grace McDonald, Donald Cook. . . . Tues, and Wed., July 17-18: naughty marietta, revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; also To be or not to be, revival, Carole Lombard, Jack Benny.

Stoddard, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Tues., July 17: "The Clock," Judy Garland, Robert Walker; also "Gentle Annie," Donna Reed, James Craig. . . . From Wed., July 18: "Sudan," Maria Montez, Jon Hall; also "That's the Spirit," Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie.

Riverside, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Wed., July 18: "The Enchanted Cottage," Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall; also "The Brighton Strangler," June Duprez, John Loder.

Carlton, B'way at too (AC 2-3862)—Thurs., July 12: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also "See My Lawyer," Olsen and Johnson. ... Fri. through Mon., July 13-16: muroer, my sweet, Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Anne Shirley; also "Seven Sweethearts," revival, Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin . . . Tues, and Wed., July 17-18: "The Fallen Sparrow," revival, Maureen O'Hara, John Garfield; also "Forever and a Day," revival, all-star cast, including Ida Lupino, Brian Aherne, Merle Oberon, and Charles Laughton.

Olympia, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Wed., July 18: "Rainbow Island," Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Bracken; also "Till We Meet Again," Barbara Britton, Ray Milland.

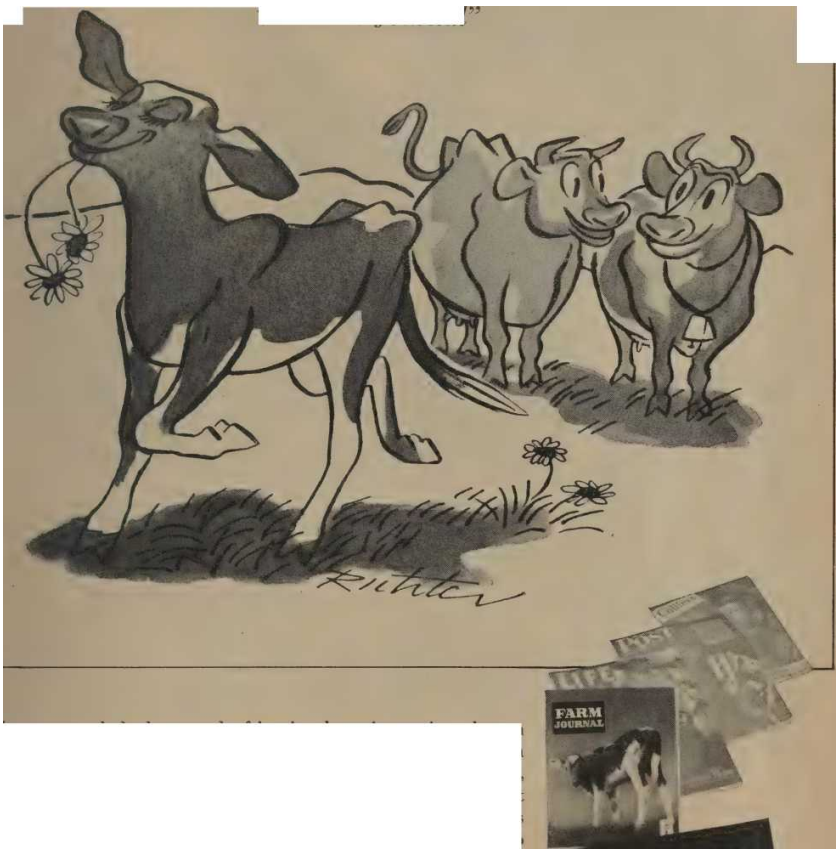
Nemo, B'way at no (AC 2-9406)—Through Wed., July 18: "The Enchanted Cottage," Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall; also "The Brighton Strangler," June Duprez, John Loder.

Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)— Through Tues., July 17: "Rainbow Island." Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Bracken; also

“Till We Meet Again,” Barbara Britton, Ray Milland. . . . Wed., July 18: “Blonde from Brooklyn,” Lynn Merrick, Robert Stanton; also “Bells of Rosa-rita,” Roy Rogers.

Coliseum, B’way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Wed., July 18: “The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall; also “The Brighton Strangler,” June Duprez, John Loder.

"She was chosen for Cover Girl on Farm Journal



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Well may any lady be proud of having her picture in color on two-and-one-half million copies of Farm Journal. That’s half a million more than any other rural magazine prints. Better still, look at the quality of Farm Journal’s contents. Not only latest farming news but

women's fashions up to date, recipes and ideas for making: farm homes more convenient and attractive. Also pages for youth. The whole family reads Farm Journal.

F 4RM Journal editors are able to make so interesting a magazine because they are travelling all the time, talking to farm people and finding out what they like to read. Other Farm Journal people are studying the farm market, learning what farmers will buy and what's the best way to sell to them. Together they have accumulated a wealth of data that's valuable to anyone who hopes to do business with the rural trade. Ask Farm Journal. If we don't have the answer, we know where to find it.

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GENERAL MAGAZINES

RURAL MARKET

GRAHAM PATTERSON, Publisher

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Tires

wear rayon

to beat the heat!

HEAT . . . friction heat... is a tire's worst enemy. It eats up rubber . . . weakens construction . . . causes tires to bruise easily, often to blow out.

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comparable service. Since less rubber means cooler running, rayon cord achieves an even further reduction in tire heat.

This ability to run cooler is one of the scientific reasons why rayon-cord tires give longer life, greater mileage, and increased safety.

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The American Viscose Corporation and its program of continuous research have played a major role in developing and producing the high tenacity rayon yarn that makes these better tires possible.

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AMERICA'S STRENGTH IN WAR AND PEACE-THE PARTNERSHIP

OF MAN AND WOMAN

lilt gets supplies by paper parachute

SHE helps provide the paper

PAPER parachutes, dropped from planes, carry x ital supplies to

men in advanced positions. This is only one of the 700,000 military needs for which paper is used.

Women help provide this paper hy salvaging every scrap of household paper, as well as newspapers and magazines. They delve into attics and cellars for accumulations of dormant paper such as old periodicals ami discarded hooks.

As purchasing agents lor the home, women help. too. by conserving paper —by carrying home many

items unwrapped, eliminating the need for precious paper hags and wrappings.

They know that paper is America's Ao. 1 11 ar Material Shortage.

McCall's a Powerful

Influence in 3.500.000 Homes

Paper salvage is only one of the many forms of cooperation w ith the war effort to which McCall’s Magazine is conditioning its readers. In war as in peace, women in 3,500.000 homes look to this magazine each month for inspiration and guidance.

(Magazines use only 4% of all paper ami much of that is salvaged for re-use. McCall Corporation, along with other publishers, has instituted practices which are saving thousands of Ions of paper. Because there are not enough McCall’s to go around, readers help, too, by sharing their copies with friends.)

THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE

WEASKED: Why did you buy

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OFFLUORESCENTL/GHT..:

Fluorescent Light

for your Home ?

'o

MVFR/ENOS RECOMMEA/E FLUORESCENTL/GHT/NG...

"FLUORESCENT L/GHT/NG SAITES ME MONEY..."

22.2%

7 USE FLUORESCENT L/GHTFORSPEC/AL*

PURPOSES..."

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*

Such as orer desks, sinks, work bench; for sewing, sharing, etc.

YOU TOLD US. You and thousands of others gave us your ideas on home lighting, as well as radio, television and electronic devices—ideas which will guide our future planning. There's nothing we like better than giving you exactly what you want. That's why we're asking

questions. The results of our nationwide Sylvania Surveys—your wants—will shape our postwar products.

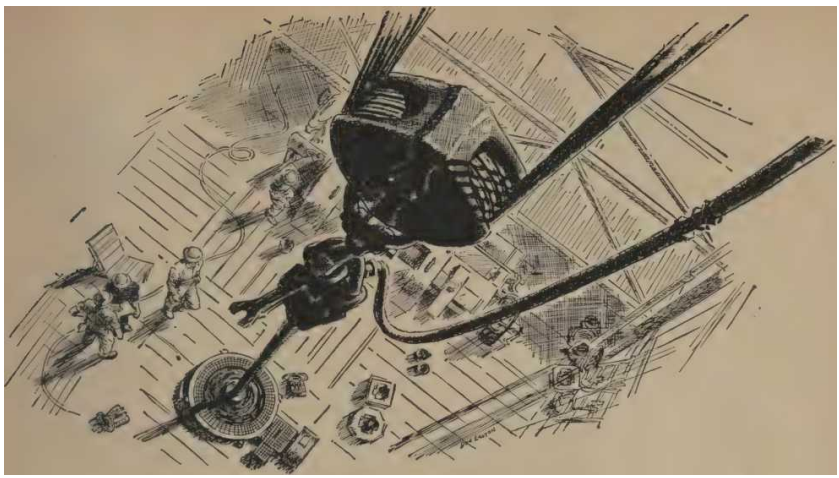
"THEY KNOW WHAT THEY W ANT"

Here's the story of Sylvania's national survey. It's yours for the asking. It includes dozens of fascinating questions and their enlightening answers on home lighting and electronics. Send for your copy now. Address Sylvania Electric Products Inc., Dept. 567, 500 Fifth Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

Note: Figures add up to more than 100% because some people gate more than one answer.

SYLVANIA ELECTRIC

Makers of Fluorescent Lamps, Fixtures, Accessories; Incandescent Lamps; Radio Tubes; Cathode Ray Tubes; Electronic Devices

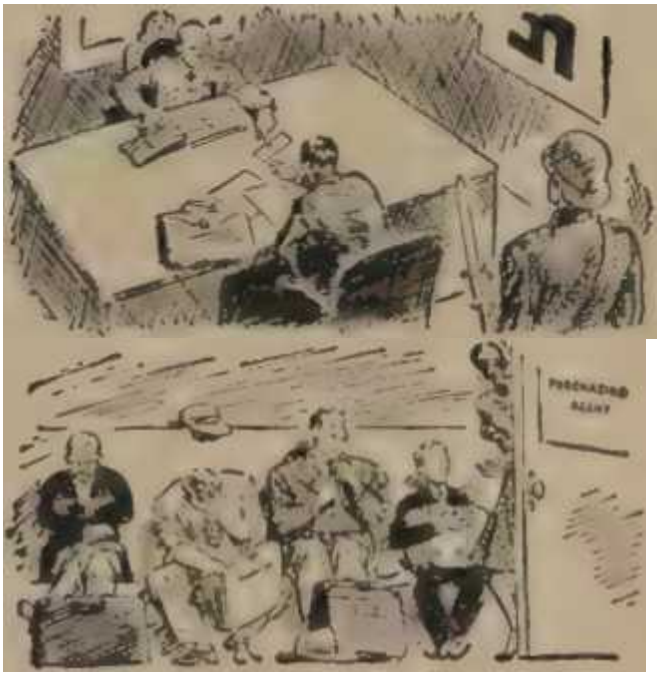


$212 to drill an oil well ?

1 Yoe —the average oil well, drilled by Union Oil in California, costs $65,888. If you divide that expense between two men, it would cost them $32,944 apiece. But if you divide it among 31,375 people, as we do, the average cost to each person is only $2.10.

2 For Union Oil Company is owned not by one man, or two, but by 31,375 men and women. In this principle of multiple ownership you have the secret of America's amazing ability to produce more goods (at lower prices) than any other nation on earth.

3 Before the machine age, when everything from shoes to rifles was made by hand, almost any business could be financed and operated by one man. But with the advent of mass production techniques, many businesses began to require more equipment than any one man could finance.



4 tn the early 1890's, for example, you could drill an oil well in the California fields for about $2,500. Today, because we go so much deeper and need such expensive equipment, it costs almost 26 times as much. Furthermore, the chances of getting oil in an exploratory well are only 1 in 12.

5 Obviously, you can't finance that kind of operation for very long unless you pool the money of a lot of people. Now some countries form these pools by government ownership. But in America we do it under legal agreements known as corporations. For that way we can preserve the freedom of the individual...

. the efficiency of a free economy and that all-important human incentive—competition. Apparently those factors are worth preserving. For while our system isn't perfect yet, it has given us the highest standard of living and the greatest capacity for production the human race has ever known.

UNION Oil COMPANY OF CAIIFOKHIA

This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is

dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to ojfer. Write:The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT used to be different, New York in summer. There was an emptying out, and the citj' had a sultriness which Alec Templeton once set down in music. Those who remained in town

were members of a queer club—die-hards to whom an electric fan was sweeter than a mountain breeze. There was plenty of time in New York in summer, plenty of time. The mornings were bright and sadistic, and you walked on asphalt Jello as you crossed the street to buy a book to take to the office (so 5 ou would have a book to take home from the office). Heat and fumes accumulated from day to day in the arcades like trash accumulating in a slattern's kitchen. Heat built up strength among the buildings as it does in the tall grasses of a July field. Summer was the voluptuary's season and the time of the Peeping Tom. But the distinguishing quality used to be

the laziness and emptiness: in the restaurant the empty table, in the theatre the

empty seat, everywhere the sense of loss but of gain, the feeling of loneliness but of intimacy, the sense of fidelity and you the faithful, you the one who knew the whole story of the city's year, not just part of the story. Now, in war, the summertime in town is crowded and strange; the heat the same, and the suffocation of the nights and the terribleness of the mornings, but on top of it all the full table, the full bus, the haste-in-heat, the business-in-hot-haste. There used to be a few mad dogs and Englishmen in the noon hour in the streets, and you joined them, feeling alternately mad and English.

But this year, every hour is noon, everyone you meet seems either mad or English.

WE are in a position to announce a new crisis in dentistry. Perhaps you haven't heard, but the latest thing in the open-wide-please field is the use of plastics to fill cavities. The resulting inlays are said to be admirable. Admirable in all but one vital respect: a person who has a plastic filling in his mouth

can't chew gum, for the simple reason that the gum sticks to the filling. O brave new jaw, with Spearmint cleaving to the choppers as rockweed cleaves to the rock'

Note on the Profession of Letters in Our Time: A young writer whose first novel has just appeared got a letter from one of the movie companies the other day. He opened it, with some nervousness, and read that they had seen his picture on the back of the jacket of his book, and would he be interested in a screen test?

THE Navy feels cramped in Annapolis and wants to buy the St. John's College campus, next door to the Academy. Secretary Forrestal says that acquisition of the thirty-two-acre plot is v ital to national security. St. John's says that hanging on to its campus is vital to its security. It's a nice dispute. We rather doubt that anybody knows what is vital to national security any more, if indeed anyone ever did. The head of St. John's, Dr. Stringfellow Barr, is one of the people who believe that if the nation is to rest secure

the world will have to have a federal government, and we imagine that his views permeate the air of the campus and give it life. This in itself may advance our national security. The Navy, on the other hand, quite naturally believes that national security is in the hands of the U. S. Navy, just as it always has been. Both views appeal to us. After all, there aren't many colleges that have a federalist for a president, and we shouldn't want to see one of them kicked around. And if another war should ever get under way, with mirrors hanging in the sky to turn the sun's rays upon us, our warships might easily he burned to a crisp before the Navy could weigh anchor. Who knows? Not Forrestal. Not Barr. Not us. That being the

case, this is no time to evict a college, particularly one like St. John's. It is obvious what we owe the Navy in this war, but it is anybody's guess what we'll owe Dr. Barr if the next war can be prevented.

E RE against the idea that Ger-' ' mans shouldn't be allowed to read books glorifying war. This idea was included in a report of the Institute on Reeducation of the Axis Countries. War books, the report said, should be "kept out of reach" of the Germans. This seems a silly idea and an impractical one. For one thing, it would include an awful lot of books—everything from Homer down through Teddy Roosevelt's "The Rough Riders" to "Thirty Seconds over Tokio." We don't know just how you keep a book out of reach anyway. The Germans themselves tried to do it by burning the books, but it didn't really work, didn't put them out of reach. I he books lived and the smoke drifted away. .The people of Dayton, Tenn., tried the idea. The people of Boston keep trying it; It never works. It's just a very bad idea, to keep books out of reach. People

should read everything, and that goes for German people. Libraries in the conquered countries should be enlarged, not expurgated. We hate to think what, sort of culture would result from people bootlegging Caesar to their children.

Mademoiselle Vernier

WE suspect that it will not be long before the people who claim to have been leaders in the European underground will be as numerous, and as undocumented, as our own Southern colonels. As an example of the McCoy, we give you Catherine Noufflard, a vivacious, brunette French Army lieutenant now over here as a member of a good-will mission. She wears the insignia of the Second Moroccan Division, in which she served as interpreter while the division was attached to our Third Army, and in addition she has the Croix de Lorraine and the winged F.F.I. insignia in silver, indicating that she was one of the first thousand regular members of the organized resistance. She has been spending all her spare time over here eating chocolates in the bathtub. "Your soap is like modelling clay," she told us. "And your chocolates— mon Dien!"

Genevieve Noufflard is our heroine's right name, but she called herself Catherine Vernier for underground purposes, and now retains the Catherine out of sentiment. She learned English

at the American Conservatory in Fontainebleau, where, before the Germans came, she was studying the flute. "In the early davs of the occupation, I spat at the Boches, gave them wrong directions when they asked their way— all the little obvious things," she told us, crunching voluptuously on a chocolate. "But you get over that when you have real

work to do—there is too much at stake to run the risk of getting into trouble. At first my sister and I hid many Jews, escaped soldiers, and Allied aviators in our apartment in Paris. We got a very ugly reputation in the neighborhood. But when I joined the

F.F.I., in 1943, we had to stop that, too." Lieutenant Noufflard served first as a secretary to the general staff of the Franc-Tireurs et Partisans, then switched over to the F.F.I. She

was mixed up in sabotage, guerrilla activity, preparation for the invasion, and the uprising in Paris which preceded the entrance of the Allied forces.

At the height of the uprising, Lieutenant Noufflard was the only woman in a group of four patriots who took over the Ministry of War in the name of the Free French. For this momentous occasion, the lieutenant wore a boy's shirt, a divided skirt of faded pink, and an F.F.I. armband. "I didn't even have a pocketbook," she told us, still disturbed at this flagrant lack of chic. "The four of us went through the barricades to the Ministry, and as we crept into the building, all we could hear were our own footsteps and the sound of rifles outside. We tiptoed up a marble stairway and into a big room full of crystal, and there were all the old generals, sitting around a mahogany desk, drinking champagne. You should have seen their eyes pop when we appeared, three men in overalls and I with my hair streaming down my face! We had suspected them of being perhaps a soupcon collaborationist, but they pretended to be very happy to see us, and we toasted the Allies with them in champagne. Some patriots were fighting a German tank down in the garden and bullets were coming in through the window, and the generals, with much bowing and jolies choses, formally turned the Ministry of War over to us. It was then three in the morning, and my colonel said we must have some

rest—none of us had slept since the insurrection began, of course. I slept in the most beautiful room I ever saw, the bedroom of Napoleon's mother. I washed a little, then I found a piece of Ministry paper and wrote to my parents in Normandy. They hadn't known, of course, that I was connected with the underground. Imagine when they heard I was secre

tary to the general staff and had just captured the Ministry of War, when they had thought all along I was learning to play the flute at the Conservatoire!"

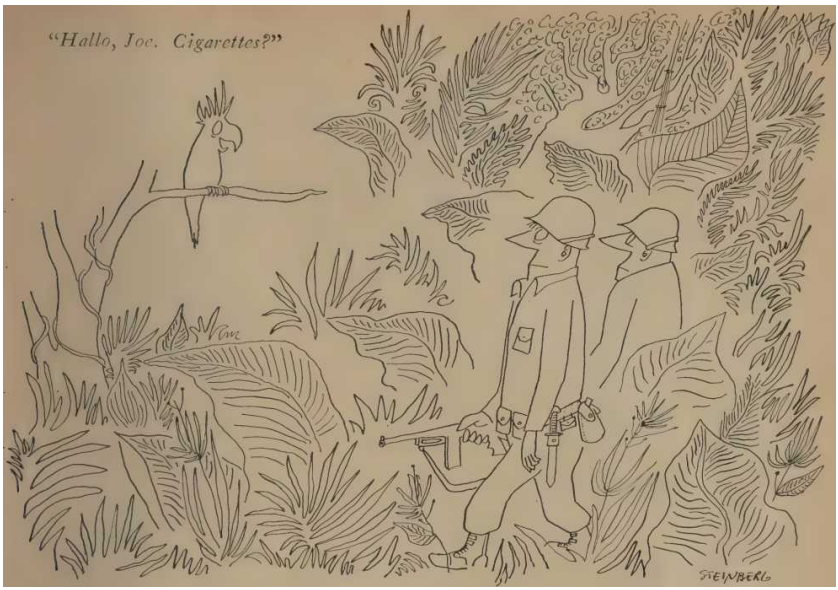
AT a railroad station near one of the 2 1 big Midwestern Army camps, a couple of very young Army wives boarded an eastbound train, loaded

down with luggage and obviously headed for their husbands' next stop. "You know, I'm kind of sorry we had to leave," one of the little matrons said, dipping into a shoebox for a bite of early lunch. "I was just getting used to the funnies here." •

Paine Restored

ON the Fourth of July we stood on the lawn outside the Thomas Paine cottage in New Rochelle as the Mayor of the town started to read a proclamation restoring to the Revolutionary patriot the rights of citizenship which he lost in 1806. There were about twenty-five people on hand for the ceremony, including W. E. Woodward, author of the recent biography of Paine, Joseph Lewis, executive secretary of the Thomas Paine Memorial Committee, photographers from the Times and the Tribune, a disinterested motorcycle cop, and a small boy who pranced about thwacking fitfully on a drum. "Whereas," read the Mayor, who was flanked by Mr. 'Woodward and Mr. Lewis, "the fair city of New Rochelle did do a grave injustice to a great American patriot—" "Move a little to the left," the Tinies man said. As the Mayor obeyed, Mr. Woodward remarked, "You sure are a young feller to be a mayor. I expected to meet an old coot." The Mayor, who was done up in a creamy-brown ensemble and looked to be about thirty-five, smiled wanly, said he had a headache from entertaining some mayors from Canada in New York City, and tried again: ". . . grave injustice to a great American patriot, namely, Thomas Paine, 'America's Godfather,' author of 'Common Sense' and 'The Crisis,' papers—" "The gentleman on the right," said the Trib-' une man, "could move back a little." Mr. Woodward backed up. The boy belted his drum furiously. A lady next to us observed, "If this were to honor some reactionary, everybody in Westchester County would be out here. Moses," she continued, "do I hate Pelham!" "By denying him," read the Mayor, "the vaunted privilege of citizenship and the right to vote in this* city on the ground that as an honorary citizen of France he had lost his citizenship in his adopted land, and—" "The gentleman on the left," said the Tinies man, "could look more at the

Mayor." Mr. Lewis duly shifted his gaze and announced firmly that as soon as the Mayor was finished, he was going to make a speech. At that point we drifted into the cottage to ask the caretaker for



a glass of water. The caretaker was a young matron wearing glasses who remarked to us that nobody had told her anything about the celebration or else she'd have had the cottage all shined up. "Good thing I was here at all," she said. When we returned to the ceremony, Mr. Lewis was speaking, all right. He wound up by pointing out that our times, like Paine's, try men's souls. The gathering then proceeded to the Paine Memorial House nearby, and on the way over, we fell in with Mr. Lewis's wife, a Paine enthusiast.

"Sometimes I feel as if I were married to Paine," she told us. "My husband isn't only interested in Paine; he even looks like him. You know, every place you go in the world—Barcelona, Rome, Paris—people love Tom Paine, but in New Rochelle not even a band for him on Fourth of July. If folks around here would just visit the cottage once in a while, it would do them all good. Why, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman told me that it was from dropping in at the cottage and the museum that she became a liberal. She's a member of the P ine Memorial Committee now. One of the biggest things the

committee in

tends to do is to get the statue dug up and erected in Paris." "What statue is that?" we inquired. "The statue Gut-zon Borglum did of him," Mrs. Lewis explained. "My husband and I took it over to France on the Champlain in 193 7. It was cast by Rudier, who did a great deal of casting for Rodin, but even then it looked as though Hitler was going to move on France, so the statue was never erected. It was buried in a secret spot by Rudier before the Nazis marched into Paris. The committee will dig it up and erect it in a park there next year. It will be one of the ten gilded statues in all Paris. When it goes up, it will be a big day for Painites everywhere."

"When we reached the museum, Mr. Woodward inscribed a copy of his "Tom Paine: America's Godfather" for the library of the institution while the Mayor moved into the rear of the main room, where we heard him saying to a committee member, "I .think this proclamation was supposed to have been read in the museum instead of at the cottage. Maybe I'd better read it to you to make it official for sure." "O.K.," said the committee member. "Where

as," read the Mayor, "the fair city of New Rochelle . . ."

Humanitarian

LADY strolling in Morningside

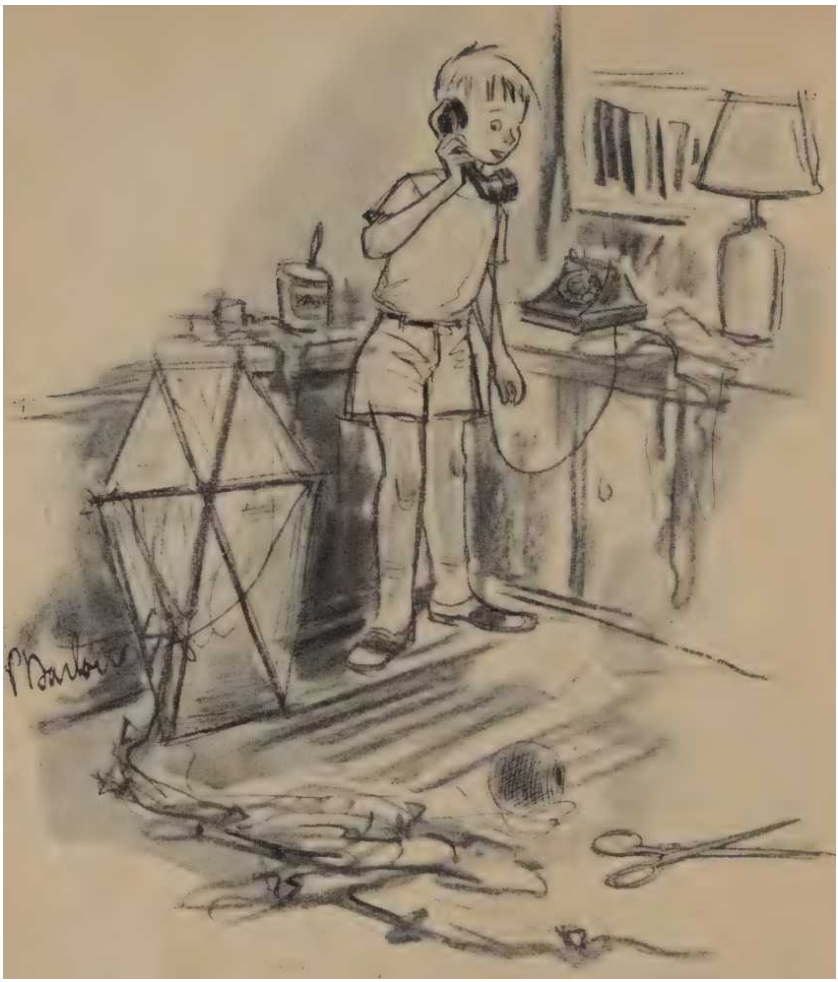
Park was stopped by another

lady, middle-aged, well dressed, and obviously distressed. "Look!" the second lady said, pointing to the ground. The first lady looked, and saw a large beetle. "It's just a beetle," she said. "It won't hurt you." "I know that" the other lady said. "But he's on his back. Do you think he wants to be turned over?"

Our Own Baedeker

WE take our readers now to the

China coast—specifically, to the maritime province of Fukien. The Japs made a landing in this region about a week ago, and it has been mentioned often by armchair strategists as a likely spot for a landing of our own. It's become all the likelier, of course, since the Chinese forces opened up Foochow, the capital and biggest port of the province. Fukien, whose name means "happy es-



(< United States Weather Bureau forecast for New York City and vicinity: 10:30 A.M. temperature 72 degrees, humidity 56 per cent. This afternoon, clear to partly cloudy. Highest temperature 80 to

tablishmcnt,” is about the size of Pennsylvania, whose name means “Penn’s woods.” It is separated from the rest of China by almost impassable mountain ranges; until 1933, when the Chinese government began building military roads thereabouts, the only way to get in and out of Fukien was by four footpaths over the mountains. As a result of this isolation, the Fukienese developed their own special characteristics. Their cuisine is equalled only by the Cantonese, they have slender hands and feet, and their I.Q.s are consistently high. Of two hundred and eighty-two biographies included in the great Chinese historical work, “Words and Deeds of Famous Men of Chinese History,” one hundred and sixty-one are of Fukienese.

Fukien was settled comparatively late

in China’s long history. It bobs up first in the Imperial records of around 200 B.C., when it was known as the Land of the Southern Barbarians. Just what race the aborigines belonged to is a mystery. Anyway, by the middle of the ninth century A.D., it was a stop on China’s great international trade routes, and by the sixteenth century it was a province. Marco Polo spent some time in Fukien, and in his memoirs mentions the tigers and beautiful women that abounded there. Blanc de chine, white porcelain made in Fukien, created something of a sensation in Europe during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but the real sensation was the discovery, by Europeans and Americans, of the region’s tea, particularly Foochow oolong. For centuries the early shoots of Foochow oolong, which

were thought to be especially fragrant, were sent by runners over the mountains to the Emperors at Peiping. In addition to exporting tea, the province does a lively domestic business in bamboo shoots, mushrooms, and camphor. Foochow is the home of the famous Sing family, who hold the secret formula for making gold lacquer ware.

There are thirteen million Fukienese, more or less; they have seven dialects, none of which means much outside the province. As for fauna, there are monkeys, tigers, wild boars, leopards, wild dogs, otters, turtles, anteaters, eight kinds of poisonous snakes, and

eighteen-inch-high deer which bark at night. There's a tribe of Fukienese, the San Taks, who believe themselves to be the descendants of a dog-headed man. Once a year they gather in family groups, lock themselves in their houses, get down on all fours carrying bones, and run around the dining-room table barking. There's also a tribe which lives on houseboats in Foochow harbor; none of the members may own property ashore or marry a shore-dweller. All this is supposed to be a punishment for some long-forgotten misdemeanor, and the case is recommended to the attention of Morris Ernst. A drowning man is out of luck in Fukien; the people won't rescue him for fear of annoying the water devils. As early as 300 B.C. the Fukienese, supposedly, knew the secret of anesthesia. They are said to have used a jasmine-root extract which kept a person under for as long as two days. The Fukienese are great ones for parades, an important feature of which is live snakes. They play the numbers game and believe that a corpse should be buried in two more coats than the total number of pants it has on; that is, if the corpse is wearing eleven pairs of pants—-which would not be unusual—it should have thirteen coats. A

Bulletin

A FORGETFUL lady we know recently telephoned police headquarters to inquire if a petit-point cigarette case she thought she had left in a taxicab had been turned in. (Fhe case was full and she was anxious about it.) She was turned over to the Lost Property clerk, who wasn't able to help her. "No cigarette case," he said. "But we do have an airplane and some boats—and a brown-spotted horse." The lady mumbled something or other and was about to hang up when Lost

Properties added, "The horse, incidentally, was minus a harness."

No News

UN TIL the strike got under way, the Times' circulation manager, Mr. Schleigh, had been concerned principally with broad business policies; afterward, he was concerned exclusively with pennies. Pausing only for an occasional nap or ice-cream cone, he kept travelling between his office on the sixth floor and the emergency

newsstand set up near the loading platforms on Forty-third Street. On the way up, he'd carry pails full of silver and small bills; on the way down, pails full of pennies for making change. Net paid circulation at this stand had been fluctuating between thirty-five thousand on the hot days and seventy thousand on a cool day, we were told when we surveyed the scene. "You wouldn't think it was possible," Mr. Schleigh stated. "You wouldn't think it was possible." The newsstand was manned by a dozen or so of Mr. Schleigh's assistants. They sold Sunday's paper on Thursday? Monday's and Tuesday's on Wednesday, and even T hursday's on Thursday. They had lost all sense of time, and presumably much of their contact with sanity. "Sure, it's all right to buy' two," they said, and, "Sorry, we can't give you the results in the seventh at Suffolk Downs — you'll have to buy a paper," and "No, dammit, we do tiot sell the Doily News." They' sold fifteen hundred copies in three minutes one night.

The day city editor reacted to the

strike by forgetting to wear his Phi Beta Kappa key the first day, but he remembered to warn his staff: "There will still be just as many complaints about inaccuracies." The night cable editor, who was handling the landings on Borneo as he drifted by us, sadly' remarked into the air, "It's like preparing a speech and talking into a dead mike. It's like an actor reciting his lines in the bathroom." "Never mind," said a man from the morgue. "It'll all get on microfilm, anyway." One of the reporters, a veteran of twenty years' service, whom we interviewed,

was still shattered by' the experience of coming into the city' room the first night of the strike and finding it dark and deserted. "I was dumfounded," he said for the record. "For the first time in twenty' years the lights were out."

Eighty people had called the Times to tell the management that there was a strike on, and an infinite number had called to ask where they could buy' the News. (Or that's what they told us. The Times seemed not to have considered the possibility' that some of them w'ere merely' saying, "Where can I get the news? ") Of the people who bought their Times at the building, a surprising number merely' tore out the obituary' page and threw the rest away. One

old gentleman drove down from New Haven for his paper, then solicited the Times for help in getting gas coupons for the trip. “Give me the Times or give me death! ” a fierce fellow exclaimed on Independence Day, putting down his three cents, taking a Times, and walking off alive. Mr. James, the managing editor, was just a tiny' bit unhappier than he might have been in the circumstances, because his secretary was away' having a baby, and a lot of the people who had called up wanting to know where they' could get the News (or the news) had been put through to him. A few people called and wanted the switchboard girls to skim through the front page for their benefit, but by' and large the switchboard staff did not regard itself as in an emergency. Mary Ann Timmons, who has been on the Times’ switchboard for twenty-seven years and is described by' some as the best switchboard

operator in the world, said there had been nothing that could properly' be termed a flood of calls. “Rumors are what give us trouble,” she said. “Rumors are much worse than facts. I’d like to meet that Senator Connally. We got twelve thousand calls the first hour and a half after he made that false peace announcement on April twenty'-eighth.”

Mr. Duffy, who writes the material projected on the Times electric bulletin board, was frankly' excited by his increased audience. “I’m pleased that so many people are counting on me,” he told us. “And I

don’t mind putting in the notice that papers are for sale on Forty-third Street.” The boys in the composing room were, as always, composed. “We throw the type in, that’s all,” a spokesman said. “You think we got to read it, too? ”

Skeptic

NE of the agents we have on duty' in the Third Avenue taverns

watched a man spread a series of photographs of a baby on the bar in front of his drinking companion, and he prepared to move away' if the conversation got into a too sentimental stride. It didn’t, though. “In this one,” the man said, “he looks like that actor Donald Meek. In this one he looks like Mayor O’Brien. And in this here latest one, he looks like Herbert Hoover.” The man took a long, thoughtful swallow of his drink. “I don’t think,” he said gloomily', “the poor little bastid’s ever going to look like a baby.”

THE MU5EUM

Mrs. Chadwick, standing in front of the dresser mirror in the hotel room, gave her hat a final tug and turned to her son, Gerald. He was sixteen, of medium height, frail, and sallow, and he had lacklustre blue eyes. He stood at the window, hands in the pockets of his flannel trousers, looking down into Chicago’s State Street.

“You have your book and the magazines,” said Mrs. Chadwick. “You can keep yourself amused, can’t you?”

“I’ll be all right,” said Gerald.

“Are jou sure you don’t want to come with me? Marshall Field’s is a wonderfifl store.”

“Gosh, I’m tired, Mother.”

“Don’t say ‘gosh,’ Gerald.”

He turned around. “I mean, you know I’d like to, Mother, but I have a sort of headache.” He passed slender fingers lightly over his brow.

“Of course, after the long train ride,” said Mrs. Chadwick. “You just sit comfy there by the window, where the light’s good, and I’ll be back as soon as I can.” She picked up a pamphlet from the dresser. “Look, here’s a guide

to points of interest. You read through it and decide what you’d like to see and tomorrow I’ll take you.”

Gerald accepted the pamphlet. She turned a flaccid, powdered cheek to him and he kissed it.

“You can take off j our coat if you’ll feel more comfortable,” she said.

She picked up her brown suede pocketbook from one of the twin beds and put it under her arm as she went to the door. “Remember, now,” she said, turning, a gloved hand on the knob, “if anybody knocks, don’t open. Just ask who it is, and if thej' say they have a message, or something like that, tell them to leave it desk.”

“Oh, Mother.”

“I don’t care, Gerald. I know what Chicago’s like.”

“But you said I’d learn something here.”

“Chicago is a metropolis with cultural attractions which could not help but be beneficial to a boy your age. We’ll attend them. But at the same time, goodness knows we aren’t wealthy, but 1 do dress well, and I dress you well, end anybodj- seeing us cross the lobbj- might easilj' have got the notion that we’re wealthy.”

at the

“But, Mother, the Palmer House!

Nobody’s going to—”

“You don’t know, Gerald. This isn’t Mason City. You simply don’t know how much racketeering and kidnapping there is.”

“I guess I can read.”

“I may sound foolish, but it’s what you least expect that usually happens. I don’t want to make you uneasy. I’m sure you’ll be all right.”

Gerald grimaced.

“Don’t be difficult, Gerald,” she said. “You know I’m thinking only of j our own good. If you’ll just promise you won’t open the door to anyone, I can shop without worrying.”

“All right.”

She smiled and went out, pulling the door until the lock clicked.

Gerald looked at his wrist watch, then, sitting down in an easychair, he thumbed through the pamphlet. Planetarium. Field Museum of

Natural History. Grant Park. Art Institute. Civic Opera. Wriglej' Building. Train schedules. Bus schedules. Street map. Lakeshore Drive. He flipped the pages

listlessly.

He looked at his watch again. His mother had been gone ten minutes.

He got his hat from the closet and put it on in front of the mirror. He straightened his pale-blue tie. He thought he saw a blackhead between his eyebrows, and leaned close to the mirror and squeezed it. As he started for

the door, his throat suddenlj' felt dry. He turned into the bathroom and ran a tumbler of water and gulped it down. Looking at himself in the bathroom mirror, he frowned at the rolled brim of his hat. He snapped down the right front edge. He walked brisk-

ly out of the bathroom, opened the bedroom door, peeked out, then slipped into the hall, pulled the door to, and walked swiftly to the elevators.

As he passed through the lobby, he veered awaj- from the desk. He didn't want the desk clerks to see him. They, alone in this city, knew that he was from Iowa. He still couldn't see whj' his mother hadn't accepted his suggestion that they register as from New York or even Boston.

OUTSIDE, the afternoon traffic roar frightened Gerald momentar-ih \ The peculiar light under the slate

sky heightened the sense of menace. He turned left, up State Street. He didn't particularly care which way' he went. The important thing was, he was on his own, and anything he met he would face alone.

He walked rapidly at first, but after a while found that he could thread his waj' among the pedestrians more easily if he adjusted his pace to the general movement. His eyes registered on his brain a clutter of faces, parts of arms, swinging legs, moving mouths, and

he heard a medlej- of fragments of words and splinters of metallic noise. He was veiy excited.

He had walked several blocks when he became aware that somewhere along the way, perhaps after he passed under the elevated railway, the street had undergone a change. Now the stores were shabbj'—there were groceries with shelves of fruit in front, second-rate haberdasheries. There were fewer pedestrians and they were not as well dressed; some of the men were swarthy and rather evil-looking. The street had become more than a little disreputable to Gerald's eyes. His heart beat faster, but he kept going.

He passed a small jewelry ' store where an auction was being held. A man stood on a platform talking into a microphone, although his hearers were clustered within a few feet of him, and he was selling diamonds for two or three dollars. Gerald lingered in the doorwaj- for a few minutes, then walked on.

He stopped in front of a movie. He stared at great, jagged cardboard cutouts of a frothing wolf, of a woman's head with a man's hairy hands at her throat, of a man shooting down another man with an automatic. The cheesecloth banner overhead advertized a double feature, "The Wolf Man" and "Terror bj' Night."

Gerald hesitated, considering. It looked good, but he could contrive somehow or other to see these forbidden horror movies at home.

Farther on, he saw a smaller theatre across the street. He crossed over out of curiosity to see what was being shown. In glass cases flanking the entrance there were photographs of beautiful, practically nude girls. The show didn't have a name. The only sign was red-lettered on tin: "Men Only, 10 cents."

He stepped up to the box office and shoved a dime under the window and said to the orange-haired cashier, "One ticket, please."

"Ya don't need a ticket," said the

ˆWatson, you and Jones get shovels! Brewster, you get the air-conditioning people on the phone at once!"

girl. She tossed the dime into a cigar 1)' x.

At the door he passed a short, thin man wearing a maroon sports shirt and checked pants, who glanced at him sharply as he went in. He walked down a narrow, dark corridor. Sweat broke oi t on his forehead, and he wiped it aw ly with the palm of his hand.

He came out into a bare room about thirty feet long and eighteen feet wide, not a great deal larger than the living room at home. Fifteen or twenty men were in the room. Most of them were leaning against the side walls, smoking and talking in low voices, or gazing indi Terentiy toward a stage at the far end of the room. A fat man in a black suit stood on the stage, speaking in a thick

voice. As he talked, he fumbled nervously with the handle of a pitcher of water on a little table beside him, and his glasses kept falling oft his swollen nose and dangling at the end of a black

ribbon until he fumbled them on again. As soon as Gerald became adjusted to the place, he discovered the man was delivering a lecture on venereal diseases. In a moment the man finished his talk and walked unsteadily-off the stage.

“All right, gents,” said someone.

Gerald turned. The short man in the maroon sports shirt was talking. He stood at the foot of a narrow stairway near the entrance to the room.

“That’s all from the eminent doctor. And now, upstairs, we have arranged

for your edification a scientific display unequalled in its eruditive qualities. It’s of biological, anthropological, geological interest—an education in a capsule. This exhibit is strictly non-profit, but, to defray the expenses of the scientific association which gathered these rare and unique specimens, the nominal fee of ten cents will be charged. Step this way.”

Even as he talked, the men in the room were filing past him and going silently up the stairs. Gerald looked back longingly at the stage and thought of the photographs out front. Reluctantly, he handed the man a quarter, got his change, and went up the stairs.

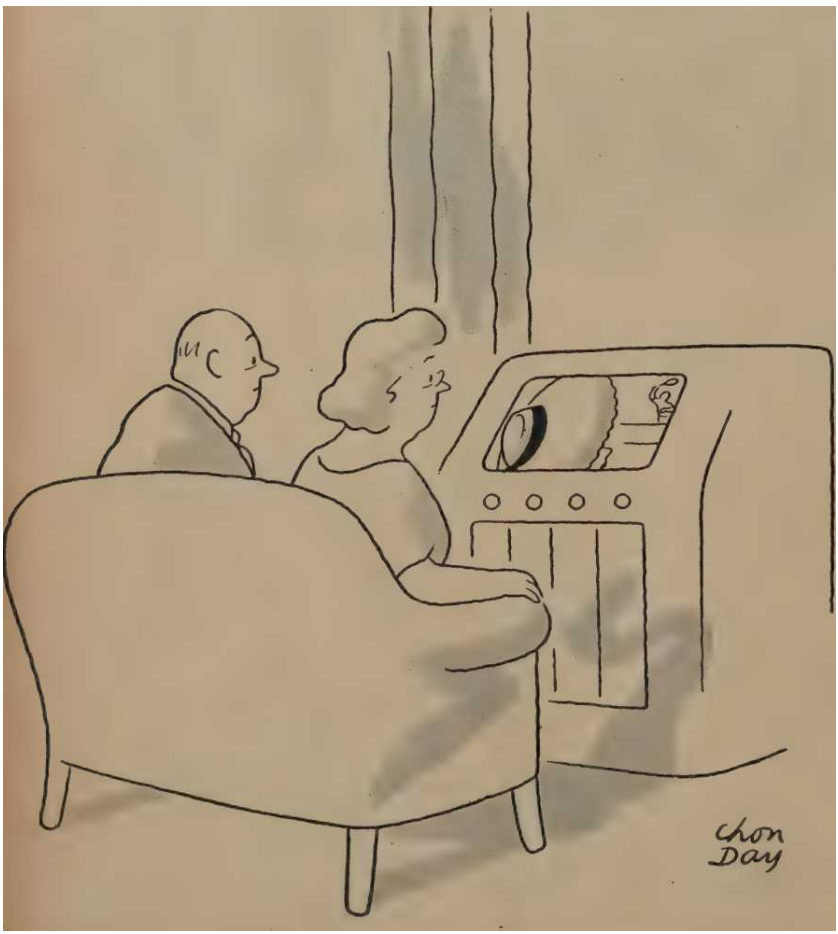
The upstairs room was badly lighted

by two bulbs hanging from cords in the ceiling. Along the walls were a moth-eaten stuffed seal on a platform, a petrified man in an open coffin, a family of four plaster Indians wearing blankets and sitting around a red-tissue campfire, a stuffed squirrel on a plaster twig, and two showcases containing differentsized chunks of rock with long names typed on cards.

Gesturing with a pointer, the man in the maroon sports shirt began a circuit of the exhibit, talking rapidly in polysyllables. Gerald started to accompany him, but nobody else did, so he stopped. The other men stood about, shuffling their feet, two or three of them lighting fresh cigarettes. The way the guide snarled out of the corner of his mouth fascinated Gerald, but nevertheless he decided

that he had been taken in. He wondered whether anybody would try to stop him if he tried to leave. He started hesitantly toward the stairs. The guide's change of tone made him pause.

"All right, gents, you've been very patient. It's plain you're all men of the



world. I have your nickels here. Step right up and get your change." He thrust a hand into a canvas bag which he had produced from somewhere, and pulled out a handful of nickels. The men closed in around him, then walked to the back wall of the room. It was shadowy there, but Gerald could see that the men were taking positions at the wall before apertures which were hooded like the

eyepiece of a stereoscope. Each man put a nickel in a slot beside the aperture before him, and then there were whirring noises.

Gerald went back and stood at an empty place and put his eyes to the eyepiece. He couldn't see anything. He dropped a nickel in the slot. A noisy clockwork mechanism lifted a tin shield from before the eyepiece, and there, in a little, bright room, was a beautiful girl. She had on a black brassiere and black lace panties. Her skin was the whitest white Gerald had ever seen. She stood barefoot on a mirror, with her hands clasped over her head, and her hips were writhing. Gerald sucked in his breath and couldn't exhale. The whirring

ceased and the tin shield banged down before his eyes.

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Gerald dived into his pocket for another nickel. He didn't have one. He rushed over to the man with the nickels, who was making change for someone else, and urgently held out a dollar bill until the man turned to him and counted out twenty nickels.

Returning to the rear wall, Gerald put his eyes to the dark opening, and dropped in another nickel. Whir-r-r-r! The shield lifted. O God, how beautiful, and almost naked! Bang! The shield fell. He put in another nickel. Whir-r-r-r! She was taking off her brassiere, still revolving her hips. Bang! He put in another nickel. Whir-r-r-r! Bang! Whir-r-r-r! Bana;! Whir-r-r-r! Still dancing, she was toying with the buttons on her panties. Bang! Don't, don't shut her off like that. Whir-r-r-r! Naked! She was dancing naked! Bang! Stay up longer, please! The nickel slipped from his fingers. He dropped to his knees, couldn't find it, rose quickly, and put in another nickel. Whir-r-r-r! Bang!

His nickels gave out. He got another twenty. When he returned, the man at the next aperture was saying to his companion on the other side of him, "Hurry, Carl, she's gettin' good now." "Wait a minute," muttered Carl. "I'm makin' sure that pimp didn't shortchange me."

One by one, the other men had enough and departed. When only Gerald was left, the girl made an ugly face and thumbed her nose at him. The gesture drove him to ecstasy. A contact had been

established between her and him. He put in another nickel. The beautiful girl was disappearing through a doorway, and as he watched, the door closed behind her.

WHEN Gerald reached the street, blinking in the light, his lungs were so tight he could hardly breathe. He stood dazed for a moment, then started back along the street. His stride was buoyant and confident.

Passing a penny arcade, he saw inside, besides the marble-board players, men standing at machines which they cranked as they looked down into hooded eyepieces. His lip curled. He knew the kind of pictures those machines showed. How infantile to consider them racy.

He heard a rifle shot at the rear of the arcade. Ever since his mother had once found him in a shooting gallery at home and forbade him ever to touch a

gun again, shooting galleries had been his favorite sport.

There were only one customer and the chubby proprietor at the counter on which the rifles lay.

Gerald tossed down a dollar bill.

“Gimme a repeatin’ rifle,” he said, tough, out of the corner of his mouth, like the maroon-shirted guide. The proprietor handed him a rifle.

Gerald picked out the target with the smallest hole for a bull’s-eye and fired rapidly, fifteen times. The gong behind the hole clanged fifteen times.

The sudden clamor caused heads to lift throughout the arcade.

“That’s fairly good shootin’, bud,” said the proprietor.

Gerald swallowed. He was pretty surprised himself. He scowled. “Reload it,” he said curtly.

He sighted on the same target. Again, there was a wild clanging like

a tire gong. Several men drifted back to the gallery.

Across the front of the target area was a row of fifteen imitation candles, with gas flames. Shooting from right to left, almost as fast as he could pull the trigger, Gerald snuffed fourteen of the fifteen candles.

“Lousy gun,” Gerald complained. “Reload it.”

Quite a crowd had gathered.

A line of iron ducks moved on an endless chain through a pool of water at the bottom of the target display. Gerald swiftly knocked over the twelve that showed, waited for three more to come up, then knocked them over.

While the proprietor reloaded the gun, a ruddy, shirtsleeved man next to Gerald said, “You must be a champ of some kind. What’s your name, friend r ”

Gerald fixed him with cold blue eyes. “I don’t think the Boss would like you askin’ that question.”

“Jeez,” said the man uneasily. “I was only askin’.”

Handing Gerald the rifle, the proprietor whispered, “Just keep on shootin’ for free. You’re drawin’ ’em in for me.”

Gerald slammed the rifle to the counter. “What do you think I am?” he snarled. “The pimp for this joint?”

He turned, a way was made for him, and he swaggered out without looking back.

ENTERING the hotel lobby, Gerald went straight to the desk. “I’m Jerry Chadwick, Room 1534,” he said crisply. “A key, please.”

The clerk turned to the rack, then swung back. “Are you the Chadwick

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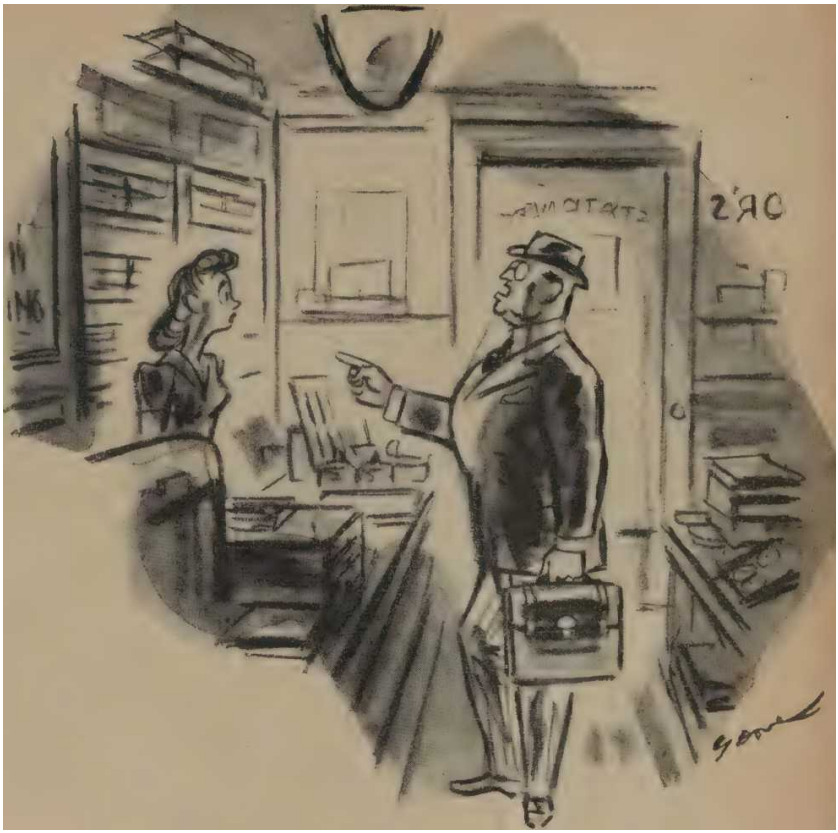


<(Do you, and by you I mean the organization by which you are employed, carry legal foolscaps Please answer with a simple 'yes' or 'no.' "

lad? Your mother's been going crazy." "Oh. Is she back?"

"Mr. Hammer," the clerk called. A chunky man in brown, obviously the house detective, came up. "This is the Chadwick lad. He's not lost."

"Your mamma's been goin' crazy," said the house detective. "I'll take you up"" . .

"That won't be necessary," said Gerald.

"I'll take you up."

After Mrs. Chadwick had screamed “Gerald!” and fallen weeping on his neck, and had recovered sufficiently from her hysteria to cancel a call to her husband, and the detective had withdrawn, and she lay outstretched, with a cold cloth on her head, Gerald sat on the edge of the bed and explained.

“I was reading about those points of interest in the pamphlet, Mother, and finally I decided I just had to see some of them right away. I walked to the

lake. It’s beautiful. I bought a bag of popcorn, but there were some pigeons who looked hungrier than I was, so I gave them all of it.”

Mrs. Chadwick sighed. “So generous, always.”

“I sat by the lovely lake and thought of a beautiful poem, a sonnet. Then I walked a long way and I passed the Museum of Natural History and wanted very much to go through it.”

“Did you do it, son?”

“I’d been away so long, I was afraid you’d be worried,” murmured Gerald. “Besides, I want to see it with you.”

—Noel Houston

•

In seven years of marriage, she lived with her husband for only three weeks, Mrs. Ellen G. Adams, of 2305 Park, told Judge Sherman D. Callender. She won a divorce from Ewing Adams, an optimist, of 1433 Farmer.—Detroit Free Press.

An undue optimist, apparently.

FINAL EXAMINATION

SOME of the G.I.s stationed in France are taking courses in the universities there, according to a newspaper story I read the other day. It seems that they are studying such varied subjects as French architecture, medieval history, languages, philosophy, and the sciences, under some of the greatest scholars in France. I can’t help

wondering whether any G.I. has been attending, as I once did, a University of Paris course known as Discours et Debats, and whether he knows what a terrifying experience is in store for him, now that examination time is at hand over there.

In the early twenties, the more experienced students at the University of Paris, which I attended after graduating from Columbia, went around recommending Discours et Debats as a sort of side dish—a delicate morsel to balance the heavier courses. After all, my new acquaintances pointed out, France was the veritable home of logic, and a course in which a Professor Painleve, an eminent jurist, lectured on the art of disputation might prove useful later in a man's career. A fellow-student, a Czech, informed me that a thesis at the end of the term was not required in this course—merely an oral questioning. Unfortunately, he neglected to enlighten me further on this point, and I went along blithely assuming that the questioning would be much like the oral examinations I had experienced in college back home.

At the University of Paris, it was not obligatory for us to attend every lecture on our schedule. I visited Discours et Debats infrequently, but I always enjoyed it when I went. Professor Painleve was a charming and spirited old gentleman and a talented performer. At the beginning of a presentation, he would be disarming and silken. Then, as he approached the climax of his nicely organized reasoning, he would be like a cat crawling forward on its belly toward a fascinated bird. Inch by inch he would progress, moving with the greatest delicacy, until the great moment when it seemed most opportune to pounce.

"Mais, messieurs—" The students always bent toward him and listened more intently than ever when he said dramatically, "Mais, messieurs—" There would follow a pause while Professor Painleve pinned down his bird, and glanced about triumphantly to enjoy the look of admiration on the faces of his students. Then would come the devastating conclusion.

I remember one such routine well. There was the "Mais, messieurs," the pause, then "Il jaut bien examiner ?expression ⁽gouvernement de jure.* Nous Savons discutee, mais qu'est que nous avons prouve? Rien si ce n' est que ˆexpression 'gouvernement de jure* signifie de

pays legal'I" And, finally, the crusher, "It does not suffice! We have concluded that a de jure government represents the pays legal—that is to say, the arrondissements, the municipalities, the departments, the provinces, and the ultimate state. Thus far our legalistic and so painstaking reasoning has been excellent. But earlier in our discourse we spoke of smaller things. Smaller in terms of government, gentlemen, but not smaller in significance. We spoke of farmers and their barnyards, of the miners and their perilous descents to Avernus, of the small shopkeepers who dispense such stuff as foods and implements, of the little rivers and their fishermen, of the contours of hills and valleys, of the cities and their dwellers, of the sick and the poor, of the mothers in childbirth, of the cattle grazing, of the children playing, and of the priests chanting. We are agreed that a de jure government represents the pays legal, but does a de jure government represent the pays reel, the nation itself, the very soul of the land? No, my dear friends. The small things combine, in the end, to make the largest thing of all, which far transcends the legal state. Even in some fabulous age to come, when we finally shall have attained democracy, the distinction of representing the pays reel still will belong to none but the good God Himself."

Pleasant as it was to spend an occasional hour listening to Professor Painleve, I was obliged to devote most of my time to other work. After all, I had enrolled at the University of Paris to study philosophy, and the going was extremely rough. Not the least of my troubles was the fact that my principal instructor lectured with so thick a German accent that half the time he might just as well have been talking in

Urdu or Afrikaans. And then there were the term papers. Columbia always had fancied itself pretty exigent in the matter of term papers, but before long I discovered that the University of Paris could have given Columbia cards and spades.

WHEN I was informed that Professor Painleve would preside at a private oral questioning of each Discours et Debats student and that I was to present myself at the Salle Mercator at two o'clock on a certain afternoon, I made no special preparation other than rereading Painleve's own "Logique," a very good book, which had been the foundation of the course.

At two o'clock on the appointed day, I was sitting on a wooden bench in the corridor outside the Salle Mercator, a room I had had a good deal of trouble finding because it was in a part of the University I had never visited before. Three men in academic gowns came marching down the corridor. They opened the door to the Salle Mercator and entered. Professor Painleve was one of the three, but he did not speak to me. I lingered a few minutes, not quite sure whether I should wait to be summoned, and then I got up, went to the door of the examination room, and peered inside. What I saw appalled me.

The three robed figures were sitting above and behind a high

structure like a judges' bench at one end of what seemed to be a large ballroom, which was absolutely barren of furniture. It was like entering a nightmare version of a court of law. Timidly, I approached the judges' bench. The three men observed me in silence. Presently Professor Painleve, who was sitting between the two others, announced with great solemnity, "Gentlemen, we are about to examine Monsieur Parker." Thus might the citizens of Paris have prepared for the trial of some miserable little hanger-on at Versailles years before. "Approach, if you please," said Professor Painleve in a not too encouraging tone.

I did as I was told. Presently I summoned enough courage to raise my eyes and face the tribunal, which seemed unbelievably high and far away-. I didn't know what else to do, so I bowed and said, "Gentlemen." .

"Monsieur Parker presents himself," Professor Painleve said to his colleagues.

Standing there in that enormous and alien room, with the judges looming above me, I began to feel somewhat faint. This was very bad indeed, inasmuch jis an examination was impend-

ing. I steadied myself by concentrating on some of the syllogisms Professor Painleve had used to illustrate his "Logique." I remembered them beautifully. If Columbia teaches you nothing else, it teaches you to remember what your professors emphasize in the books they have written. This isn't Higher Education, but it's useful— in America, at least.

"XX hat do you like to read, Monsieur? " Professor Painleve inquired with unexpected, affability and, what was even more welcome, without formality. "For pleasure only, that is to say. I am not thinking of Hegel."

So he knew that I had been studying Hegel. I was glad to detect a touch of kindly understanding, despite all the pomp of the judges' bench and the academic gowns. I still was at a loss to understand why the professors had put on such formidable attire. In nearly a year of going in and out of the University, I had never before seen professors in this dress, and I knew from experience that it was not

a traditional adjunct of their examinations. If I had known then, as I found out later, that it was merely an eccentricity of Professor Painleve and his circle, I should have been less uncomfortable, perhaps.

“Well, I read novels, for example,” I confessed to the judges.

One of them was gracious enough to observe that this was “pardonable.”

“The authors,” Professor Painleve said slowly, “of what nationality, in particular, are they?”

I tried to think of the names of the novelists I liked, but to my bewilderment and embarrassment, I couldn’t think of the name of any novelist at all. But I could think of a nationality, of course, and so I said, “English,” not realizing what this reply might lead to.

“Ah! ” the judges said in unison, and there was another long silence, punctuated only by occasional throaty noises from the bench. I knew that this was a symptom of deep professorial thought, and waited without any particular qualms for one of the three to speak. I had decided that what I was experiencing must be a polite French prelude to the more serious business of an oral examination. If they chose to make small talk about

(<You can't really call it a blind

date. I looked him up in Dun & Bradstreet."

English novelists, that was all right with me, except that the small talk was an awfully long time in getting under way and that I still couldn't for the life of me remember the names of any novelists at all or the titles of their works. However, the knotty business of induction and deduction—and most especially the syllogisms in "Logique"—remained happily distinct in my mind, and ready to be trotted out at a moment's notice.

"Will you commence, or do you prefer that I myself commence?" asked Professor Painleve, turning to the man on his right and then to the man on his left and becoming very solemn again.

"I regret that the subject . . . ah . . . that is to say, I do not find it

especially congenial," the professor on his right said.

"Xi mol non plus" said the professor on his left, looking at me with considerable boredom. "C'est a vous, mon cher" he said to Professor Painleve.

The presiding justice was very far from bored. That was evident. He polished his glasses briskly, put them on, and said with obvious satisfaction, "Dites, Monsieur—"

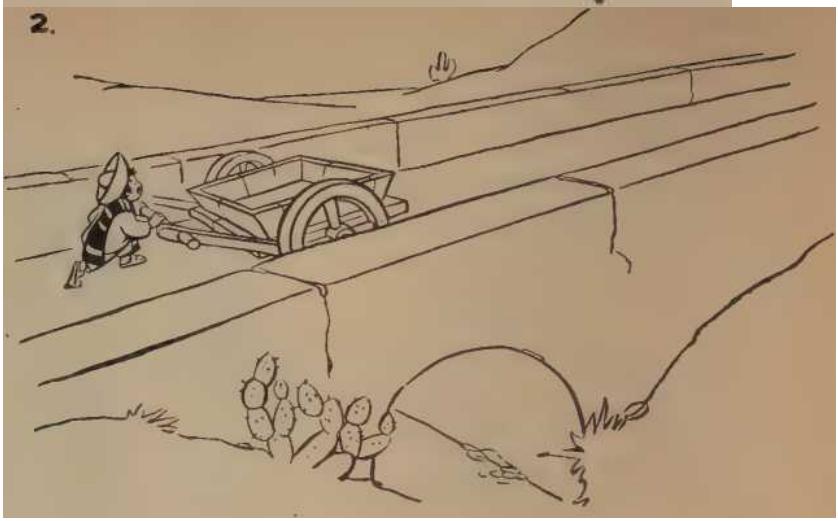
I was ready and willing to "say," as he expressed it, but I could hardly "say" anything at all until he provided me with a point of departure. He went on, tantalizingly, "Dites, Monsieur . . . alors . . . eh bien, voulez-vous dire . . . ah$_{f}$ elites$_{\}}$ Monsieur—"

"Oui, Monsieur " I said expectantly.

"Which character in English fiction would you prefer to have been, if le bon Dien had permitted you to make a selection before you were conceived as a human being?"

It dawned upon me with horror that he wasn't joking.

The presiding justices had not been indulging in small talk at all. This was my final examination in Discours et De-bats, and I was supposed to tell them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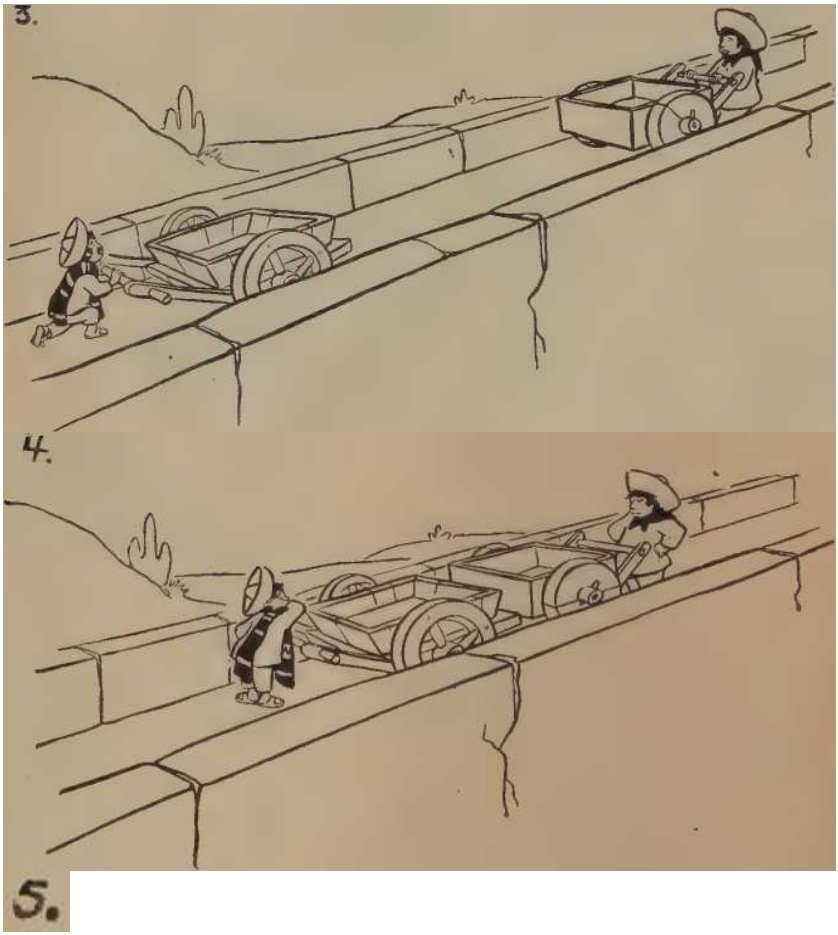

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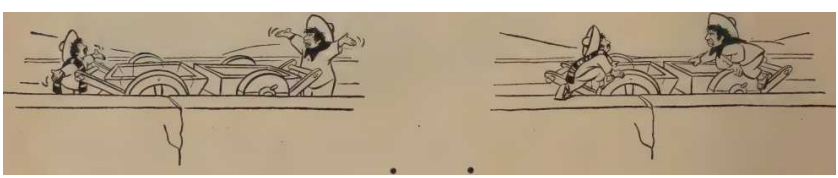


which character in English fiction I would have preferred to be, had the good God given me a choice. They meant it. They really did. The only trouble was that I couldn't remember any character in English fiction. I hadn't been able to remember any English novelist, I hadn't been able to remember any English novel, and now I couldn't remember any character in an English novel. It

hadn't mattered before, but it mattered now.

After a moment or two, Professor Painleve said, "Alors?" and then, after a regrettable lapse of time, I, too, said, "Alors." But where he had said it expectantly, I said it appeasingly.

What characters were there in English literature? I wanted one, only one. If I could have remembered a wretched crone dying in an almshouse, I would have said that she was the character I'd have chosen to be, but I couldn't even remember a wretched crone. The only character I succeeded in remembering in any literature at all was one in Ameri

can literature, and it wasn't a person but a whale. After all, I could hardly announce to these weird brothers that I would have enjoyed being Moby Dick. I thought and thought. Suddenly I remembered a character in fiction, and in English fiction, too.

"David Copperfield," I said triumphantly.

"Ah!" the professors said. They exchanged looks and flexed their eyebrows at each other.

'I recall him," one of them said.

"Un pauvre enfant" said another. "Un enfant 'pas du tout gate. A vrai dire, un roman bien triste, n*est-ce pas?"

"A very sad book," Professor Painleve agreed. "One of the saddest books I have ever read. I remember it indistinctly, but at one point the hero washes bottles for a living. He is only a child, you know. Only a child. He must fight the entire world."

Professor Painleve looked at me with interest, as did the others.

"Mais pourquoi?" they said in cho

rus. "Pourquoi David Copperfield?"

I didn't'know. If I had remembered something—anything, in fact—about David Copperfield, I might have been able to answer them. But I couldn't even remember whether David had been a good man

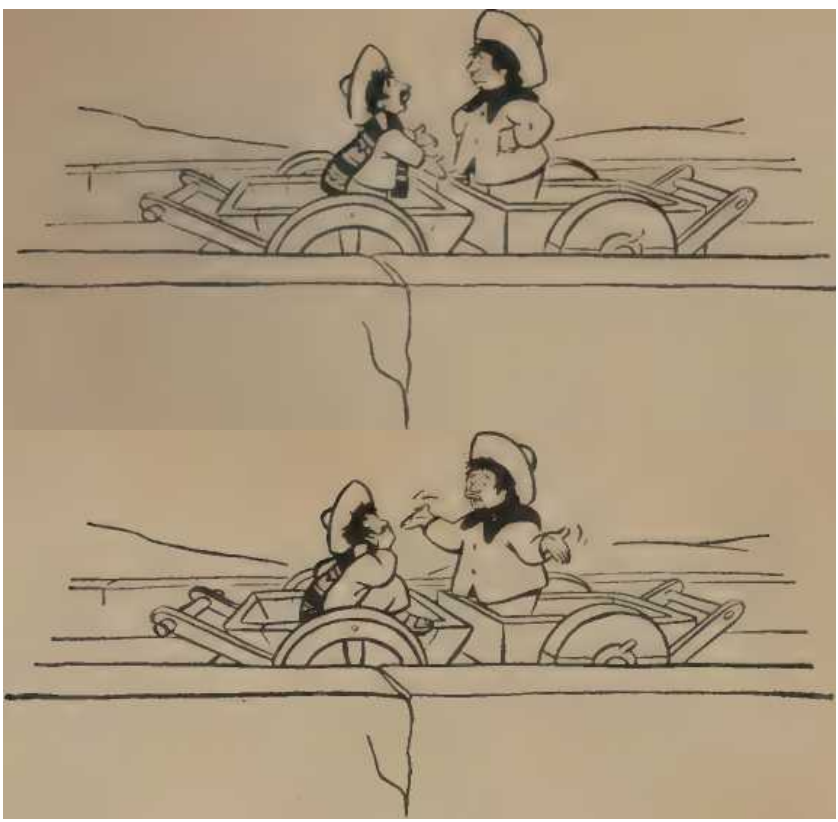
or a wicked one. All I knew was that “David Copperfield” was one of the saddest books Professor Painleve had ever read. Although the fever of the moment made it absolutely impossible for me to remember the name of the author of “David Copperfield,” I recalled one thing about him—he was a moralist. His works teemed with the triumph of good over evil. I took a chance.

“I should like to have been David Copperfield—” I repeated hesitantly, still hoping for an inspiration.

“Et pourquoi?”

“Because, through suffering, he learned compassion. Through injustice, he learned charity.”

The professors breathed deeply, joyously.



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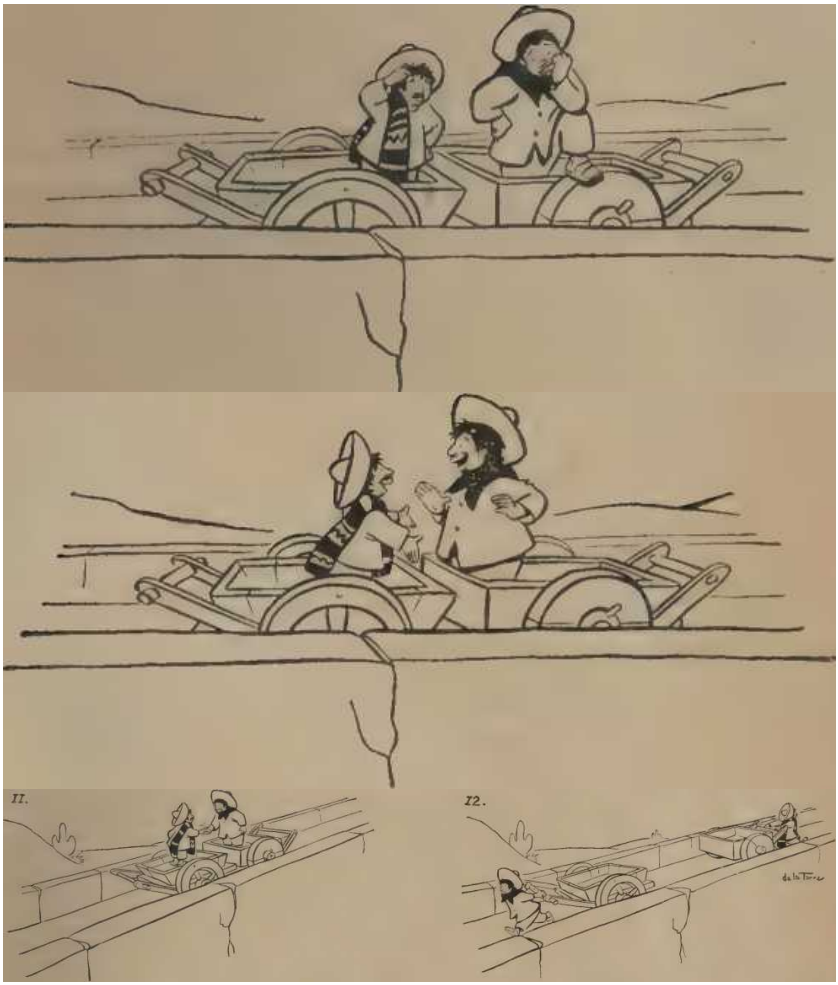


“FUnrcz-vous!” one of them said.

“Cʏcst epatant, fa,” said another. “C’cst bien quelque chose, quoi? Une idee geniale. Une idee tres, tres geniale, je crois. Fadmire ˆintelligence de ce garfon-la.”

“Je suis completement bouleverse !” Professor Painleve declared with satisfaction.

After a great deal of consultation among themselves, during which I

could hear Professor Painleve declaring oˆer and over again that he was completely rolled around, the professors turned to me and nodded ecstatically, like happy robins plunging their beaks into the earth after a rain. They pecked away like this for several minutes, and then Professor Painleve, controlling D nself, thanked me with great ceremony and told me that the examination was over. “C’est fini” he said. “(Fest emolument fini!”

Mystified, and marvelling at the whole procedure, I departed. Other, and more orthodox, examinations kept

me busy for a number of days, and I had no opportunity to get hold of a copy of “David Copperfield” and read it, as I was most anxious to do. I wanted to know more about him.

THE following Sunday, as I was hurrying through the Luxembourg Gardens to attend a cramming session, I encountered Professor Painleu, strolling with a pleasant-looking woman of middle age. We stopped to exchange greetings.

“Ma chere, it gives me great pleasure to introduce Monsieur Parker,” he said. “Madame Painleve.”

The three of us chatted for a few minutes and then we parted. I felt full of good will toward Professor Painleve because, to my amazement, he had remarked to Madame Painleve that I had passed his course with great distinction. As the Professor and his wife walked away, I heard him murmur to her, “Un philosophe, ndamie. Un vrai philosophe!”

The mystery deepened still further when I finally acquired a copy of “David Copperfield” and began to read it on the ship going back to America. The “compassion-through-suffering” idea proved to be completely without foundation. I discovered that, right from the start, David was the most compassionate little fellow you could possibly hope to meet. He seemed forever readv to do a good turn for Tommy Traddles, Mr. Micawber, or anyone else who came along.

Of this much I was certain. If le bon Dien had given me an opportunity to choose, I wouldn’t have chosen to be David

Copperfield. Imagine anybody deliberately marrying that idiot Dora!

—James Reid Parker

Rug, Kodiak bear skin, new, for sale by orig. owner. CR-14174.—Los Angeles Examiner.

Original owner once removed— let's put it that wav.

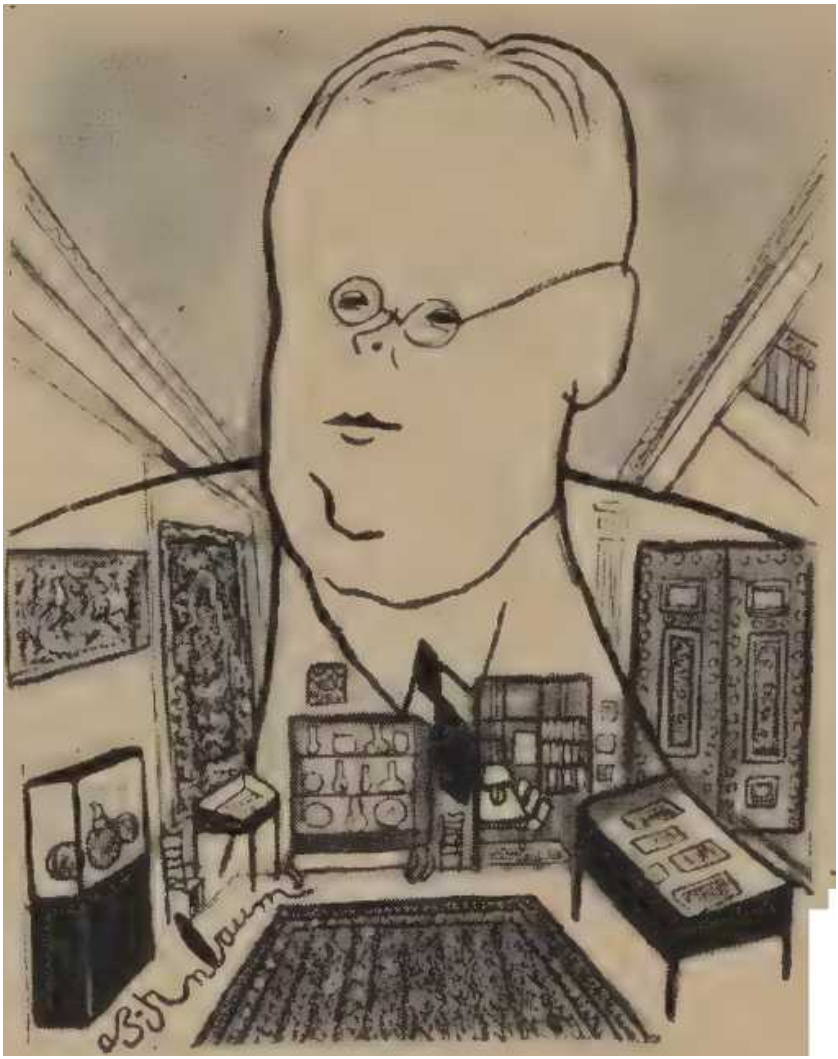
Arthur Upham Pope is the world's foremost authority -^- on Persia. Scholars everywhere agree that his knowledge of the country surpasses that of anybody else alive, including the Persians. Pope's preoccupation with Persia, or Iran, as it is called these days, just misses being an obsession. He feels, for instance, that the only hope of present-day civilization is to study up on Persian culture and try to draw strength from it. Turn back! Turn back!" he often cries. "Look to the ancients. Old Persia can save us. Those remarkable people, with their gallantry, their decorum, their self-discipline, their sensitivity, their humanity, their productivity, their animation, their originality, their vitality, their warmth, their transcendent piety!" In an unusually rhapsodic mood, he has been known to reel off as many as forty-five consecutive good qualities in eulogjzina; the deceased Persians, which is believed to be a record.

Pope is the director of the Iranian Institute, a fountainhead of Persian wisdom that occupies all five floors of an imposing white stone building at 9 East Eighty-ninth Street. The main purpose of the Institute is to transmit Persian lore, both old and new, to culturally starved Americans and, eventually, to put an end to the dry rot of modern life. The Institute has a president, a board of directors, several faculty members, and numerous other functionaries, but Pope is the leading spirit. He founded it in 1930 and has kept it going, through good times and bad. He established his scholastic oasis on the promise of a benefactor to put up a hundred thousand dollars for the project. Up to now the benefactor has come through with only thirty-five dollars, so Pope occasionally has to sprint vigorously to keep the place solvent. He may deliver a lecture on "Some Comparisons of Assyrian and Persian Pottery from 1435 to 1450," finish it promptly on the hour, and then throw on his coat and hat and rush downtown to consult a well-heeled Per-

sophile about new blotters for the instructors' desks.

Pope's tireless pursuit of his specialty has resulted in no tangible profit to him, but it has worked out well for Persia. With the possible exception of King

UNDEE THE KUG-I



Arthur Upham Pope

Darius (circa 500 B.C.), he has undoubtedly made a larger contribution to Persia's welfare than any other man in 'history. It was Pope who unveiled the wonders of Persia for the late Shah Reza Khan Pahlevi. The Shah, a native of one of the outlying and rather benighted provinces of the country, became head of the state by a kind of muscling-in process. For the most part, he was thoroughly ignorant of what he had taken over. The Shah heard Pope lecture, during an expedition the latter made to the country in 1932, and became very interested in Persia. Later on, the two men went on a tour of inspection together, and Pope showed him the points of outstanding interest. As a result, the Shah arranged for the restoration of many Persian monuments, mosques, and other antiquities, and began a program of all-around national rehabilitation. Persia is making a strong cultural comeback at the moment, and Pope is largely responsible.

In addition to holding a revered position in the world of scholarship, with special emphasis on Persia, Pope has at various times been hailed as an athlete, a pianist, a writer of letters-to-the-editor, an ornithologist, a debater, a builder of ship models, an interior decorator, an acoustics expert, a professor of philosophy, a photographer, a leader of liberal movements, a bicycle racer, and an au

thor. Pope's biography of Maxim Litvinoff, a project which he took over for a publisher after the original author was removed to an institution, came out in 1943 and enjoyed a moderate sale. It might have sold more, his publishers felt, if Pope had stuck to his plan of writing a book about Litvinoff. Pope's story starts out with a discussion of the Russian revolution, switches to Persia, and then goes back to the revolution. Litvinoff comes in for several remarks toward the end.

For many years, Pope was known chiefly as a professor of philosophv. At such places as Brown. and the University of California, where he taught at one time or another, his classes were exceptionally popular, but he was fighting against odds. His body was in the lecture room, but his spirit was in Persia. Conditions have been thus with Pope since his early childhood, when he first came into contact with a number of Persian rugs in the house of

two aunts he was visiting in Boston. “I looked at those rugs,” he says today, “and it was like a call to the pulpit.” Before answering the call, however, he got badly sidetracked by a number of other things. Pope was forty-seven when the benefactor stepped forward with the theoretical hundred thousand dollars, and his health was bad. His health is still one of his main concerns, but it has improved during the fifteen years of his communion with Persia. A number of authentic indispositions have given him a slight complex about his health. He has, in fact, been described by a good friend as one of the leading hypochondriacs of his generation. Pope cannot remember any substantial period when he was not in fairly bad shape, but he thinks he had an unexpected stretch of moderately good health for about a month in the late twenties. He often tells people that he has had eight surgical operations, all of them dangerous. “I was born sick,” he has said. “I should have been dead a dozen times.”

In spite of this cheerless viewpoint, Pope, at sixty-four, is the picture of vigor. He is tall and erect and his skin has a fine, ruddy glow. This has been a source of embarrassment to him, for he feels that his hearty appearance contradicts his state of interior collapse. To off-

set it, he may remark to a casual acquaintance, while discussing Mesopotamian religious poetry, “My back itches like hell—nervous disorder.” Pope has white hair, which he parts in the middle, and wears steel-rimmed glasses. Most of his suits are lively tweeds of a rather youthful cut. His face reveals a longstanding mental conflict. He thinks he should look scholarly, but at the same time he is highly amused by a world so patently out of tune with old Persia, so he manages to look like an elderly collegian who is trying to make up his mind whether to try for Phi Beta Kappa or hit the teacher with a paper wad. Notwithstanding his delicate condition, Pope does an enormous amount of work. In addition to handling the administrative problems of the Institute, he is considered to be its outstanding lecturer, and he has a number of extracurricular activities on the side. Medical

science believes that extraordinary energy is born in people and that there is no way to acquire it. Pope believes that

a large part of his comes out of bottles. He takes all the known vitamins and has reference to quite a few tonics, pills, potions, unguents, and nostrums besides. There is scarcely a half hour in the day when he is not dosing himself in some fashion. It is not uncommon for him to interrupt a round-table discussion of Islamic frescoes by whipping out a bottle, throwing his head back, and downing a slug of liver extract. Heand his wife, a scholar in her own right, who prefers to be known by her maiden designation of Dr. Phyllis Ackerman, have an apartment on the fourth floor of the Institute. The director frequently converses with visitors while reclining on the couch in his study. “This hasn’t been one of my best days,” he may say. “I’ve had weak spells and heart flutters.” He tries to keep up his strength, however, and at mealtime will arise, with numerous groans, stag-

ger to the table, and eat enough food to keep the average soldier on the march for several days.

THE inconsistency of Pope’s frailtv and his accomplishments is not unusual. History is filled with ailing celebrities. Robert Louis Stevenson had lung trouble most of his life, William Pitt did his best work while suffering from a damaged heart, Voltaire had chronic indigestion, and George III was gouty. By comparison, Pope’s disorders mav seem colorless, but his labors stand up in the weightiest company. There can be no doubt that the Institute is one of the world’s most remarkable centers of culture. Originally, its headquarters were in a two-room office on Fifth Avenue, in the Fifties, and all it did was gather information about Iranian art and archeology. Pope had saved up and visited Persia on his own in 1925. Be-

fore he returned, his mind was made up: he would devote the remainder of his life to restoring Persia to its rightful

"Let's see—where should I begin?"

place in the world of culture. By 1930 his enthusiasm was in full bloom, but he had a little trouble getting started. Spending the benefactor's thirty-five dollars on taxis and subways, he finally enlisted the financial aid of enough patrons to incorporate, rent an

office, engage a secretary, and start printing a quarterly bulletin. His patrons received memberships in the Institute for their contributions, which ranged from fiftv cents to six thousand dollars. In the first year of Persia's artistic renaissance, Pope got the idea which, he says, made the Institute. It would hold an annual dinner. The members would get together, for around ten dollars a plate, and have a Persian jamboree. The first dinner was held at the Waldorf. "It was a cultural bombshell," Pope says. "We showed lantern slides, had a famous European speaker, and broiled pheasant. The members went wild."

They also reflected their delight financially. In 1932, Pope was able to arrange an archeological expedition t<

Iraq, a country that borders on Iran and shares some of its culture. Most of the money for this came from the patrons, but part of it came from Oxford University and the Field Museum in Chicago, which together, after some prompting, agreed to provide the equipment and pay the salary of the diggers. Pope and a group of scholars he took along removed quite a bit of Iraq's topsoil and uncovered a number of interesting items, manv of which they brought back.

During this and subsequent expeditions, Pope acquired for the Institute a valuable collection of ancient pottery, pictures, rugs, tapestries, documents, statuary, and weapons. In 1942, having bought the building, a former mansion, at 9 East Eighty-ninth Street, he moved in with the collection, and with his wife, three secretaries, and five Persian cats. Today, objects of Ori-

ental art worth more than a million dollars, half of them on loan from patrons, are on view there. To safeguard them, the director has had the Institute equipped with a massive door of iron grillwork. So far, he has never remembered to lock it, but he feels that its presence, no matter if it is ajar, is a mental barrier to the average rogue. Visitors to the Institute enter a small hallway, the walls of which are covered with photographs Pope took on an expedition to Persia. One picture is of the Gulistan Garden, in the Oasis of Tabas, a spot that is considered by desert specialists to be inaccessible to anything but camels, a few athletes in good condition, and Pope when the photographic fevei' is on him. The

director likes to tell about the complaint the oasis is supposed to have made to God. “I am tired,” the oasis said, “of being an oasis surrounded by such terrible wastes.” God’s reply was “Yes, but if it weren’t for the desert, you wouldn’t be an oasis.” Pope thinks this is one of the best Divine cracks on record.

During fourteen expeditions to Persia, Pope took eight thousand photographs. Most of them have been on exhibit in Europe, and quite a few of them hang on the walls of the rooms and staircases of the Institute. In the lobby, or reception room, as the faculty prefers to call it, is a book in which visitors sign their names. Among the persons who have dropped in recently are Lily Pons, Andre Kostelanetz, and Fazlallah Reza, who described himself in the volume as an “ex-lecturer at Teheran University.” Among the visiting groups have been the Forest Hills Women’s Club, several art classes from the Washington Irving High School, and the Needle and Bobbin Club. On the first floor is the library, which contains the negatives of Pope’s pictures, numerous books, and a rather elaborate card index Pope worked out on Persia. A great many worthwhile tidbits can be found in the index. It has such headings as “Architecture,” “Sociology,” and “Goat Culture,” and was worked out in some manner known only to the director. It has been invaluable to persons seeking miscellaneous information about Iran. If somebody became suspicious, for example, that the old Persian rulers were lax about public health, he could find, under a card marked “Hospitals,” the following interesting data: “Kuku-buri (died A.D. 1233) built four asylums for the blind and persons suffering from chronic distemper. These were always full. He built a house for

COLUMBA: DATIVE AND ACCUSATIVE

The gay little girl in the pink little dress is running After the pigeons, the plump little arms raised high, 'The plump little fingers making a cup already, Laughing and .happy, liking the way they fly, Laughing and happy, because she almost has one. Maybe she means to be cruel, to chase and frighten; Maybe she only knows they are bright, exciting, Beautiful, and alive, and she wants one so.

And across the walk in space, but in time much farther, At the other end of the asphalt path of years, The little old man, with the

crumpled sack of peanuts Colored and shaped like his hand, is smiling, daffy, But wise enough, in his foolishness, to know That the thing to do with anything bright and lovely Is to give it something, to feed it, and to love it, And let it come to the sleeve and shoulder, so.

—Rolfe Humphries

the reception of widows, another for orphan children, and a third for foundlings. Nurses were always ready to suckle whatever children might be brought in."

The other floors of the Institute are-occupied by display rooms, the Popes' apartment, and the rooms of two girls who have fellowships. The director is often hard to find at the Institute because he spends so much of his time under rugs. His knowledge of Oriental rugs is widely regarded as oracular. Scarcely a week goes by that somebody doesn't drop in with a rare purchase to be appraised. Pope is generally able to tell the caller that his rug is a genuine twentieth-century Navajo, worth about $18.50 in the open market. The director gets most of his income, which is modest, by acting as adviser to wealthy collectors who -wish to buy works of Persian art.

Pope receives no salary from the Institute. Several of the faculty have outside jobs and they, too, teach without pay at the Institute, simply because of their great esteem for Persia. Although, in the beginning, instruction at the Institute was devoted solely to Per

sia, lately it has branched out to embrace all of Asia, and other qreas may be taken in soon. Pope believes that, given the right faculty, the school can get a toehold on practically all culture and learning, and he intends to expand as fast as possible. The Institute now has a faculty of twenty-four, all of them picked by the director, who acknowledges that he is dazzled by their brilliance. “Ah, Professor Bernhard Geiger,” he may say to a visitor. “What an intellect that man has! What an insight into the glories of the past! What a monumental feeling for old Asia!” Professor Geiger was once with the University of Vienna, but he hung around no longer than necessary after the Anschluss. He is widely regarded as the greatest living expert on Indo-Iranian languages, and he knows a number of Indo-European and Semitic ones, too. Besides the run-of-the-mill tongues, he is on affectionate terms with Aramaic, Syriac, Old Persian, Pali, Pahlavi, Avesta, Kurdish, Ossetic, Mandaean, Khotanese, Sog-dian, Afghan, Baluci, Sanskrit, Prakrit, and a number of Pamir dialects.

The Institute offers instruction in twenty Asiatic languages, alive and dead. Of late, it has also been giving special short courses in

Chinese, Persian, and Turkish to O.W.I. people and others bound abroad on missions. Frequently these are hurry-up jobs of only a few weeks, but the results are generally satisfactory. One man studied Chinese for four months and then went to China and delivered a lecture in Chinese to a university group on “Comparison of American and Chinese Philosophies.” Pope thinks this is the Institute’s most satisfactory cramming effort to date.

The student body of the school is now a hundred and fifteen people, most of them university professors, staff members of local museums, and miscellaneous scholars who simply wish to become more scholarly. They pay up to forty dollars for the language courses and for such general courses as “Contemporary Problems of the Moslem World,” “Chinese Village, Rural, and Family Life,” “The Role of the Nomads in the History of Iran,” and “The Art of the Middle East in the Islamic Period.” The curriculum is not inflexible. Pope feels that his faculty is so versatile that he can offer instruction in practically anything that touches er Asia. If a student, for some reason, develops a curiosity about eleventh-century Tibetan basket weaving, the Institute will probably see that this unfortunate gap in his knowledge is plugged. A good many of the courses are not given at any other school in this country or abroad. For example, Pahlavi, the language of Persia from the second to the seventh century A.D., is taught only at the Institute, so far as Pope knows. “And what a language! ” he often says. “That sublime, ennobling, exalting, uplifting tongue of the ancients! What a thing of incalculable beauty! Oh, yes, Pahlavi, by all means.”

The classes are held in small, cozy rooms in the basement. An effort has been made to avoid the traditional classroom aspect. Instead of blackboards, the Institute has whiteboards, and the writing is done in royal-blue crayon. On the floors are Oriental carpets, and the decor also includes photographs, posters, window drapes, and various Asiatic objects of art. “What is your average classroom ? ” the director sometimes asks indignantly. “A cold, bare, lifeless cubicle. More like a bathroom.” Recently a group of instructors in occupational therapy visited the Institute to inquire about the advisability of using Oriental designs to decorate their work

“I thought 'people only went to Wisconsin on business.”

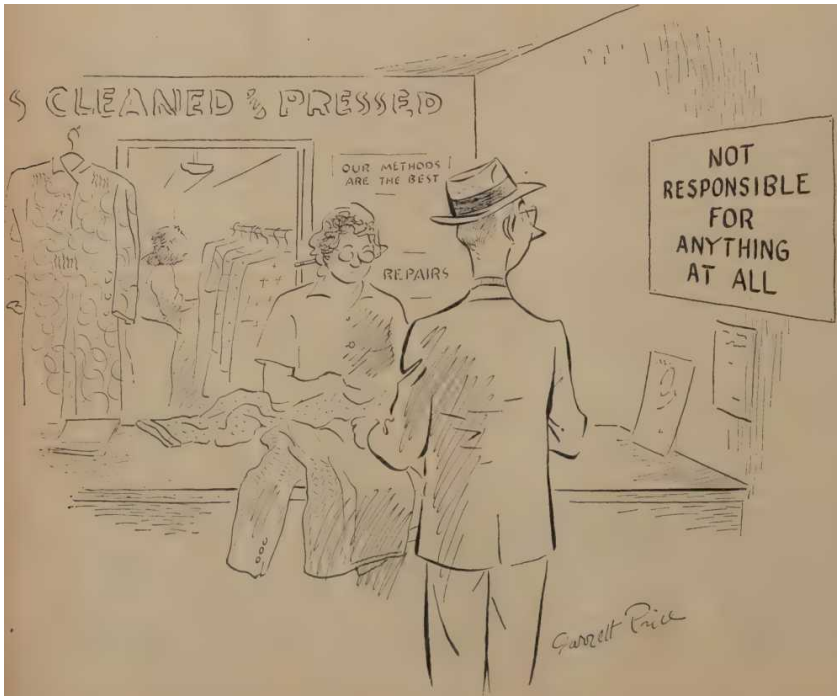
rooms in New York hospitals. Dr. Ackerman, who is the Institute’s greatest expert on rugs and textiles, was able to tell them that there are several Oriental rug patterns symbolizing good health and others dealing with recuperation and fertility. The group decided on some simple designs in the first two classifications and returned to their hospitals much cheered. The Institute’s faculty strives for easy informality. Most of the instruction is by lecture, but there is always a lively discussion period afterward, and things sometimes get pretty warm. Not long ago one of the museum students took exception to what she considered a very low slur on Assyrian bas-relief, and there was a sharp exchange, but complete harmony was restored before the period ended.

IN academic circles, the Institute’s lectures are considered sensationally profound. Pope himself sets the pace for these. On days when he is to lecture, the lobby of the Institute is used as a lecture room. Seventy-odd folding chairs are set up facing a desk on a little platform, and nearly always a slide projector stands in the rear. A few weeks ago

the director delivered one of his most popular talks, on Persepolis, an early Persian capital. It started at five-thirty p.m. and continued until seven. Before five-fifteen all the chairs were filled, mostly by women. At five-twenty-five, Dr. Ackerman, stately, composed, and unfrivolous-looking, descended the staircase from the second floor and began to greet the people in the first two rows. “How is he?” asked a middle-aged woman with a large looseleaf notebook. “In good voice, I believe,” said Dr. Ackerman, and there was an audible sigh of relief. Promptly at five-thirty, Pope came slowly down the stairs. He was carrying a bulky portfolio and a glass of water, and he looked solemn. Several people called out, “How are you?” and he answered, “Pretty well, considering.” He sat down at the desk and extracted a number of documents from the portfolio. The room became quiet.

“There isn’t much bibliography on Persepolis,” Pope began. Then he read off a string of works on the subject that, to a layman, might seem depressingly numerous. When he finished, he looked up and said, “Mostly junk.” It de-

veloped very soon that he disagreed, in detail, with practically all the outstanding literature about Persepolis. For quite a while, in fact, his plan of attack was to read a statement by some well-known historian, remove his glasses, look around, and announce to the audience, “Completely and unqualifiedly wrong.” This generally provoked a titter. There was one rather angry outburst, when Pope quoted a writer as saying that the culture of the Near East had had no visible effect on France. Many of the students squirmed in their chairs and uttered such exclamations as “Ridiculous!” “Oh, what a slander!” “Outrageous!” and “Pshaw!” “Need I add,” continued Pope, “completely and unqualifiedly wrong?” When the audience had cooled off a little, he gave them some of his own ideas on Persepolis. “Persepolis,” he said, “is the culmination of human experiences for five thousand years. The purpose of Persepolis is the affirmation of power, of grandeur, and of faith.” After developing this theme for a few minutes, he got sidetracked on the subject of writing history. While the director’s remarks on Persepolis formed the skeleton of his address, he also paid his respects to a number of mildly unrelated topics. During the hour and a half he made in



teresting excursions into music, flagpole sitting, art, ice skating, ballet, literature, sculpture, murder, and zoology. Pope carries two pairs of glasses, one of them bifocals. When especially moved, he has a habit of switching them. During the lecture, he kept the two pairs continually moving between his pockets and his eyes, and once, after a particularly vivid passage, he found himself trying to get both pairs on at once. He stopped in confusion, coughed, swallowed a small pill, and took a drink of water.

“Prejudice,” Pope resumed, “is the great discourager of artistic expression.” He cited the case of a celebrated French artist who tried to draw several Persian mosques, an undertaking that Pope indicated was presumptuous in the first place. “How did they turn outr ” asked the director. “Why, they were grotesque in their distortion. The man was influenced by the domes he had seen in Paris. Prejudice again.” Pope said that he was probably more down on prejudice than anything else he could think of. “Throw off the shackles,” he cried. “Freedom! Freedom without affectation. Mind you, though, none of your oversimplicity. Look at that old egg of Brancusi’s—perfectly ridiculous. Why not a policeman’s whistle

instead of a whole symphony orchestra? It’s

short and has only one tone. Simplicity must embody the total consciousness of the idea! I cannot stress that too strongly.” At this point, Pope raised his right hand and appeared to he signalling to somebody, but nothing happened for several moments. Then a woman in the rear, who evidently had been preoccupied with something else, turned off the lights and turned on the slide {projector. “Some art of the Persepolis period,” said the director, picking up a pointer and pulling down a white screen that hung on the wall behind him. As the machine showed photographs, Pope pointed out their more interesting features. He was especially concerned with vitality. “Vitality in sculpture,” he said, “cannot be gained by similarity. Take a vital subject, an animal—in short, a lion. Make it just like him. Will he be alive? He will not! He will be as dead as mutton. Vitality is control, balance, selectivity, emphasis, subtle affirmation, expression. The mood must be affirmative.”

Taking another drink of water, Pope then sailed into the sort of peroration that has won him renown on two continents. He closed his eyes and leaned far back in his chair. “And now,” he said, ‘ imagine, if you can, that you are on a pilgrimage to Persepolis. Your face

is turned toward that fabulous capital of the greatest civilization in history. You are in a procession windingover a broad green meadow that stretches to the towers and gateways and high columnar halls of Persepolis. See how white they glimmer and dance in the sun! On all sides are the camps of others visiting the legendary city. Look at those colorful tents, hear the trumpets blowing. Now you are getting close to the great streets and stairways. Here at last are those marvellous structures that you’ve heard so much about—the massive gates, the frowning walls, those huge guardian beasts. Forward! Through the gates! Look! What’s herer All around you are beautiful gardens— no doubt there were gardens; there has been

★ ★ ★ ★

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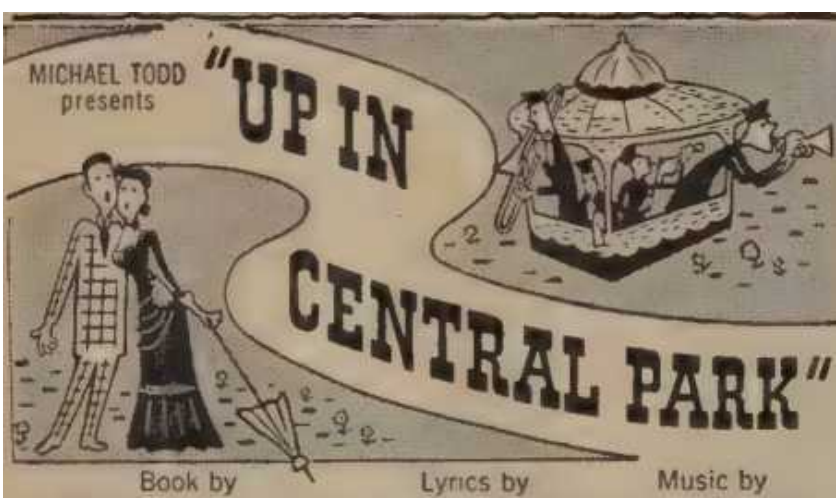

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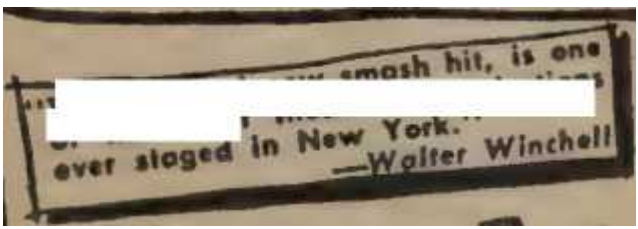
IMrCKIAL in.Evjs 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat 2:30



Dark^^Moon ‘A Dramatic legend by

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__2nd YEAR_^

J WANNA GET MARRIED > >i

e«W

S,o^d ^ HARRY DElMAR

BROADHURST Thea W.44 st. Mat. Wed. & Sat

some discussion on the subject, but I don’t question it for a minute —and oh, the tall black columns, oh, the sculpture! How highly polished and gaily tinted—turquoise blue, and red, and gold, and dazzling emerald green. A world of riotous color, all glowing like enamel. On and on, through the vast, vast hallways. You are uplifted, you are transported, you are come to proclaim the glory of the King of mighty Persia. Oh, what a divine boon! Lift up your heads. Lift them up! I tell you, you are in the presence of a great moment.

—Robert Lewis Taylor

(This is the first of two articles on Air. Pope.)

From G. F. Green, Greenbelt, Md. Answering Mrs. A. H. L., Arlington, in her request for ideas for “Shower for a Bride.”

Get hold of an old-fashioned umbrella, the larger the better; line it with pink ruffled paper. The leader remarks: “I wonder what the weather is going to be?” (Goes and looks at the sky). “I think it’s going to rain and we shall have a shower right away,” she answers herself. She then takes the umbrella and hands it to the prospective bride and all rise and march around the room.

The leader then says: “This is the latest style of holding an umbrella,” and proceeds to turn the umbrella upside down before handing it back to the future bride to hold by the handle. As all march around to music each one skips past the bride, tossing her

gift into the umbrella. (Heavy or breakable gifts may be put on a stand.) Then all sit in a circle to watch the unfolding of the gifts. Singing of old-fashioned love songs can come next.

—JT ashington Star.

Oh, to be a bride again!

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[From "Psychological Abstracts”]

> 1217. Eidelberg, L. A contribution to the study of wit. Psychoanal. Rev., 1945, 32, 33-61.—A Mae West joke is analyzed to discover why it produces laughter. It is suggested that the listener laughs because he experiences a feeling of infantile omnipotence. The joke arouses wishes of the infantile id and then the prohibitions of the infantile superego. The ego sidesteps the conflict by changing the satisfaction allowed the id and by deceiving the superego by a play on words. The symptoms and slips of tongue of the neurotic do not produce laughter. In this situation the ego is the loser and is mortified; the slip is a result of unresolved conflicts between the id and the superego which are stronger than the ego. In the joke situation the listener is aware of the conflict and can detach himself from it. With the neurotic, this awareness and detachment is not present.—L. B. Heathers (Smith).

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hungry guests. They hardly like staying in the immediate family circle either.

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the good. And if you can get next to a couple of pounds of good red juicy hamburgers, we not only have the grill on which to broil it, but the cereal with which to stretch it. (Our Gertrude Hayden in the Basement's Home Centre can give you pointers and recipes.) Need we add our hospitable picnic wares are priced in accordance with that old Macy custom of making 94 cents act like a buck.

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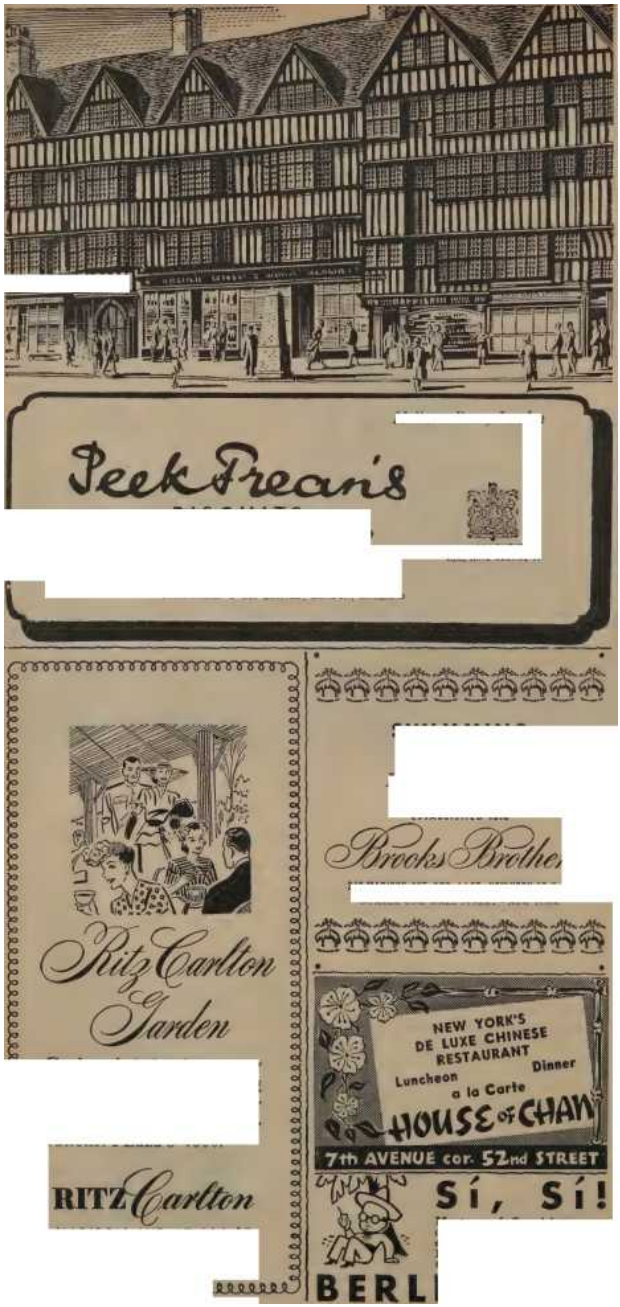

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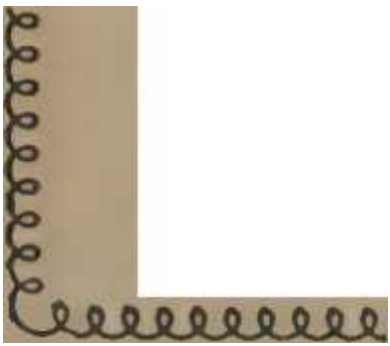

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BY APPOINTMENT TO

KING GEORGE V»

ladies, the O.P.A. records show, usually are anonymous. Their letters would do a lot more good if the ladies included offers to serve as witnesses, without whom the O.P.A. can't prosecute.

MOST of the O.P.A.'s enforcement work is concerned with checking up on wholesalers, for the good reason that they naturally are the basic source of illegal supplies and for the even better one that there aren't enough O.P.A. investigators to make much of a dent in whatever finagling goes on among the city's thousands and thousands of retailers. Usually, the investigators' jobs are humdrum: a tip comes in, an agent is assigned to the case, he looks over the suspect's records (under O.P.A. regulations, records have to be kept), and, if he finds evidence of overcharging, has the man haled into court. Once in a while, a case won't be as simple, and the investigator will have something to talk to his wife about when he goes home to dinner.

Such a case was the one involving a firm I'll call the Abdullah Linen Company, in the West Thirties, a concern specializing in sheets, pillowcases, quilts, and Mexican hemstitching, run by two Syrian brothers named Joe and Charlie Abdullah. The downfall of this pair started when the O.P.A. received a tip that they were overcharging manufacturers for rayon and cotton. The tip sounded like a dud because the Abdullahs were manufacturers themselves and it didn't seem likely that they would be supplying their rivals with rayon and cotton when such materials were scarce. However, the O.P.A. decided it might as well investigate the matter and assigned one of its agents—an elderly fellow named Jacob Nankin, who had had some experience in the textile trade— to trudge around and have a look. Entering the Abdullahs' office, Nankin was told by a secretary that both her employers were out. Nankin said he'd wait, and when Joe and Charlie showed up, half an hour later, he said he'd like to have a look at their records. The brothers seemed worried, but they were polite. One of them told the investigator, "If you're looking for millionaires, we're not them." The other said, "Let's all go out and

have' a cup of coffee and a nice piece of cake." Nankin replied that he was interested in neither millionaires nor coffee and cake but that he did want to see the firm's books. At this point, the brothers remembered that they had sent their records to an accountant for an annual auditing. Nankin said he would go

over to the accountant's office, but the Abdullahs told him that it wouldn't be worth the bother, since they'd have the books back first thing in the morning. Helpfully, they added that they did have a few purchase invoices on hand and told Nankin that if he wanted to have a look at those he was perfectly welcome. Nankin said he guessed he would. As the brothers gave him the in-voices,tthey said that they did not sell any of their cotton and rayon but made all they could get hold of into their own products right on the premises.

The investigator spent the rest of the day plowing through the purchase invoices, although he figured it was probably a waste of time, since what he wanted was the company's sales invoices. On the back of one of the purchase invoices, Nankin found the scrawled name of a textile manufacturer, but this merely looked like so much doodling, so he didn't give it much thought. At six-thirty that evening he wished the brothers good night and went home. From where Nankin was sitting, it looked like just another day in the life of an O.P.A. investigator.

Returning to the Abdullah establishment the next morning, Nankin discovered that there had been a sensational development during his absence. Joe and Charlie were on hand to inform him that there had been a fire on their premises and that, along with their entire stock, the records, which they had sent for after his departure the evening before, had been burned up. It was the first fire in the company's history and it liad happened only three hours after Nankin had left. Among the firm's merchandise, Nankin noted, the only large loss was some three hundred dozen ladies' gloves, which had been made in Germany before the war, and obviously had been taking up space for a long, unprofitable period. Whatever the cause of the fire or the depth of the brothers' despair, Nankin, by now quite interested in his assignment, realized that he had practically nothing to work on.

Pondering his next move, the investigator recalled the name of the textile manufacturer he had come across the day before on the back of one of the purchase invoices. He looked up the man, who specialized in making cheap cotton and rayon house dresses, sportswear, and skirts. The records of this firm showed Nankin that the Abdullahs had lied to him: they had most certainly sold the company substantial quantities of cotton and rayon. However, there was nothing illegal about selling this stuff if

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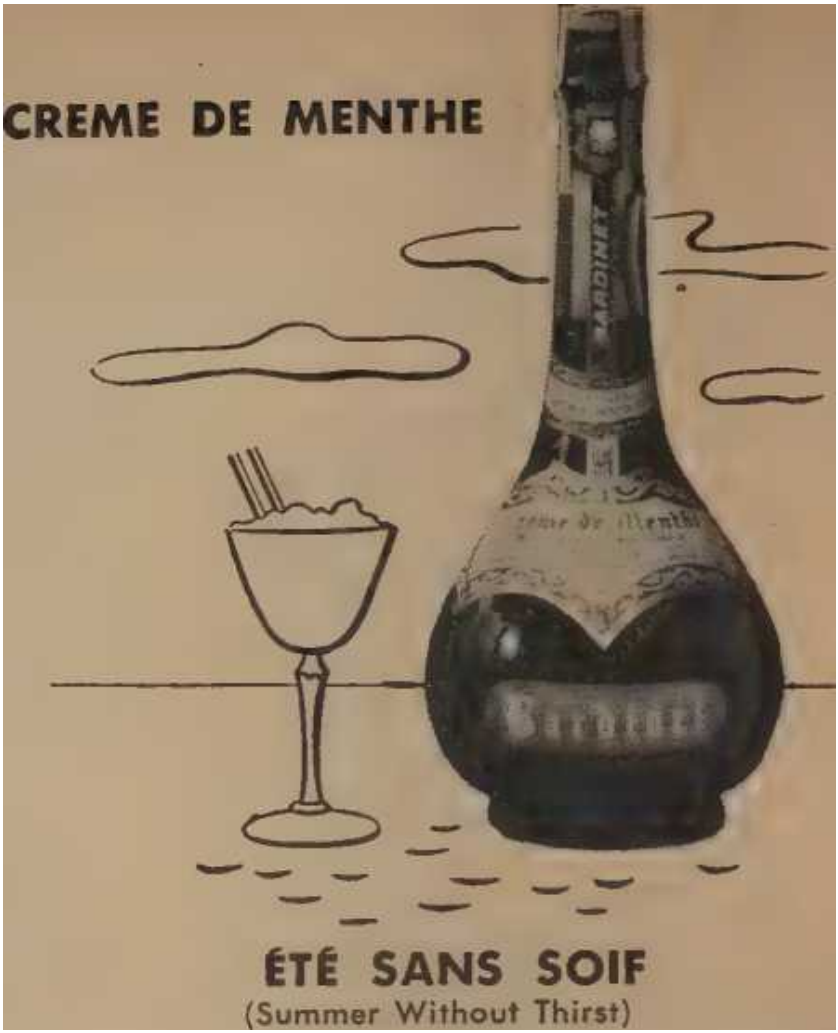
the ceiling prices were observed, and the first batch of bills from the Abdullahs that Nankin tackled showed a scrupulous regard for O.P.A. regulations— full details of quality, quantity, ceiling prices, and so on were given. A second batch of bills, though, gave the brothers away. Among these were twenty invoices in which no details of the shipments involved appeared and the prices given, as it turned out, had nothing to do with O.P.A. ceilings. The twenty invoices, Nankin correctly figured out, represented overcharges on the sales covered in the first set of invoices. About six hundred thousand yards of cotton, and a black-market overcharge of fifty-six thousand dollars, were involved. It turned out that the Abdullahs, despite the fact that they were manufacturers themselves, were perfectly willing to sell material to other manufacturers in times like these. The brothers had found that they could make a lot more money by just selling material on the black market than they could by hanging on to it and making sheets and pillowcases themselves. Nankin turned up three other Abdullah customers, all of whom had had a similar experience, and brought the brothers to court. He had proof that in five months the Abdullahs had collected overcharges totalling $1 19,335 from the four firms. This was regarded as a crime sufficiently serious to warrant a fine of $82,500 and a sentence of thirty days for one of the brothers and of sixty days for the other.

The results of Nankin's triumph might have been more far-reaching if the O.P.A. had had the manpower to prosecute the case a little more fanatically. For one thing, it eased up in its investigation after tracking down only four customers, on the ground that it had sufficient evidence to convict the two brothers. For another, it went only partway in its investigations of the firms that supplied the Abdullahs with goods and were overcharging, too. The O.P.A.

apparently felt that it had thrown a scare into one section of the textile black market and that it had better hustle on to the next. It did have the satisfaction of knowing that one of the four Abdullah customers went out of business shortly after the trial, presumably because he could no longer get the material he needed, and that another textile firm which came under suspicion during the proceedings also folded.

AVERY tangible manifestation of the black market is the "meat-easy," one of this era's less felicitous attempts at word coining. Meateasies,



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as many people are already aware, are usually in rundown blocks

on the fringes of high-income districts, so that they will be easily accessible to customers who can pay their prices and at the same time will give O.P.A. investigators the impression that they cater to a neighborhood clientele that cannot afford a black-market tariff. Some of these meateasies keep their blinds drawn and their front doors bolted, but they have a rear door open to a selected group of customers. The less imaginative meateasy proprietors leave their front doors open but keep their meat concealed, simply telling innocent customers that they have nothing to sell. The operators of meateasies aren't interested in soliciting business indiscriminately, because their meat supply, although rather more plentiful than that of their law-abiding rivals, is nevertheless limited. All they want is a cooperative set of customers who will pay a dollar or more a pound for steak and keep their mouths shut.

Wiping and polishing cloths might seem hardly worth the attention of the black marketeers, but the boys do a big business in them. Wiping and polishing cloths, which are converted old rags, are used in quantity by industrial plants. They are also needed by the Navy, which is supposed to get seventy-five per cent of the supply to clean guns, polish machinery, and dust precision instruments. Something like seven million dollars' worth of wiping and polishing cloths are sold annually in New York by special laundries that buy their material from rag collectors, clean it, and market it. Many former rag collectors have found better jobs since the war started, and their absence has helped create a shortage that some unscrupulous laundrymen have sought to mitigate by weighting their bales of rags with articles that would be of dubious value in dusting a precision instrument. Not long ago, the crew of a warship well out at sea broke open a bale of cloths and discovered a set of window blinds in the middle.

A case is pending against a group of men who, the O.P.A. says, used the device of forming a corporation for the ostensible purpose of supplying retailers with meat. The corporation rented a packing plant for slaughtering the meat. The stockholders were a hundred and thirty retail butchers. They got their meat at honest O.P.A. prices, but they also good-naturedly allowed themselves to be "assessed" in order "to absorb slaughtering losses." Each stockholder bought four shares at $500 a

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share, bringing the capitalization to $260,000. The corporation had been going only a month before the O.P.A. stepped in, and during that time the stockholders had been assessed $580 apiece, or a total of $75,400.

Peddlers of nylon stockings have been having their troubles lately. They have found ready and efficient retail outlets among night-club waiters, but for all their spryness they haven't been able to get their hands on an adequate supply. Science is solving their problem: it has hit upon a combination of chemicals that will make rayon stockings look like nylons. Packing the rayons in boxes marked "nylon" helps, and the stockings can be disposed of for the usual fifteen dollars or so a pair. Unhappily, the effects of the chemicals disappear in the first washing.

HOW long will price control be needed? As long as the war with Japan lasts, and then some, is the shortest time any O.P.A. official is willing to guess. Some officials think their agency will be unnecessary six months after the war's end; others think that it will have to go on for years. Nearly all of them wish they had less negative jobs. Mr. Daniel P. Woolley, the O.P.A. director for this region, looks forward to the day it will end. "I'll probably celebrate with a beefsteak party when O.P.A.'s no longer needed," he says.

The way in which many O.P.A. workers regard their thankless job is fairly well summed up by Max Mench-er, Mr. Woolley's assistant, who finds relief in letting his poetic mind play upon the problems of the moment. "Price control," Mr. Mencher told me the other day, "is like the moon. Looking at it with the naked eye from a distance, it looks fine. And it is. But if you're living with its problems from day to day, it's like looking through a telescope; you can see the fissures and the craters. And sometimes," Mr. Mencher said, "I think

to myself I can throw away the damn telescope and still see them."

—Daniel Lang

C. writes: I see faces of people and animals—leopards, skunks, donkeys, dogs, cockroaches, etc., not only in my sleep but throughout the day, on all five walls of my room, in the streets, and everywhere. What is the name. of this psychopathic state? It can't be dementia praecox because my I.Q. is high.—Washington Times-Herald.

The first thing to do is get a carpenter in there and straighten out that room.

EARLY TO BED

MY father used to boast that he had never missed a day's work in his life. He attributed this achievement to his strength of character, but Mother and I knew that it was because he had never known a minute's sickness. He had never even had the toothache. So when he came home one Saturday and told us that the mill was .on strike and half the village idle. Mother was upset. Father was very cheerful. He said that thousands of pther folk in the north of England were on strike, too, so it couldn't last long. Mother had been in favor of a strike because at that time—the early twenties—the textile industry was coining money, prices were rising, and wages weren't catching up with prices. But she .had believed that the threat of a strike

would be enough, and now that Father was out of work she was worried.

. "We shall be all right," Father said. "We get strike pay from the union as long as the funds last."

Mother pointed out the inadequacies of strike pay, but Father had no head for figures. He could remember the dates on which he had heard the first

. cuckoo of every spring since 1900, and he had a large repertoire of songs, but he couldn't remember the price of flour.

. Mother could scarcely tell a hawk from a handsaw, and the only birds she cared about were boiled or roasted, but she could plan like a general. She would announce, eight weeks in advance, the date on which one of the family could have a new outfit.

“We can’t last three weeks without getting into debt,” Mother said, and her face was white.

“Well, let’s get into debt,” said Father happily. “Anybody in this village’ll lend me money. They know I’m as honest as the day.”

“And how long will it take

to pay the money back? ” Mother asked him.

“Well, now,” Father said, “if we borrowed five pounds and paid

back two shillings a week—”

“Two weeks short of a year,” I said. I was twelve years old, and good at arithmetic.

“Be quiet, girl! ” Father said angrily. “And you,” he went on, addressing my cight-year-old brother, “stop hammering so we can think.” My brother was always hammering, and he preferred dismantling to assembling.

“What will you do when you’re on strike?” I asked Father.

“Well, there should be enough of us in the village to make two cricket teams,” Father said. “And a few of us’ll have to picket the mill. Picketing’s weary work. You just sit at the mill door to see nobody goes in, and yawn your head off.”

“And if somebody comes to work?” I asked.

“We just tell ’em to go home. But nobody’ll come. It’ll be as quiet as the grave. It always is, they say. Now, in eighteen hundred and ninety—”

“Can we get back to the money?” Mother asked bitterly.

“All right,” Father said. “What do you do with my wages every week? ”

Mother didn’t answer. She had begun writing figures on the back of an envelope.

“Well?” Father asked.

“You can look at these figures,” Mother said. “They show what it costs to live.”

“I can never read your figures,” Father said. “You make ’em too small.”

“Have you finished thinking now?” my brother asked, picking up his hammer and starting to work again.

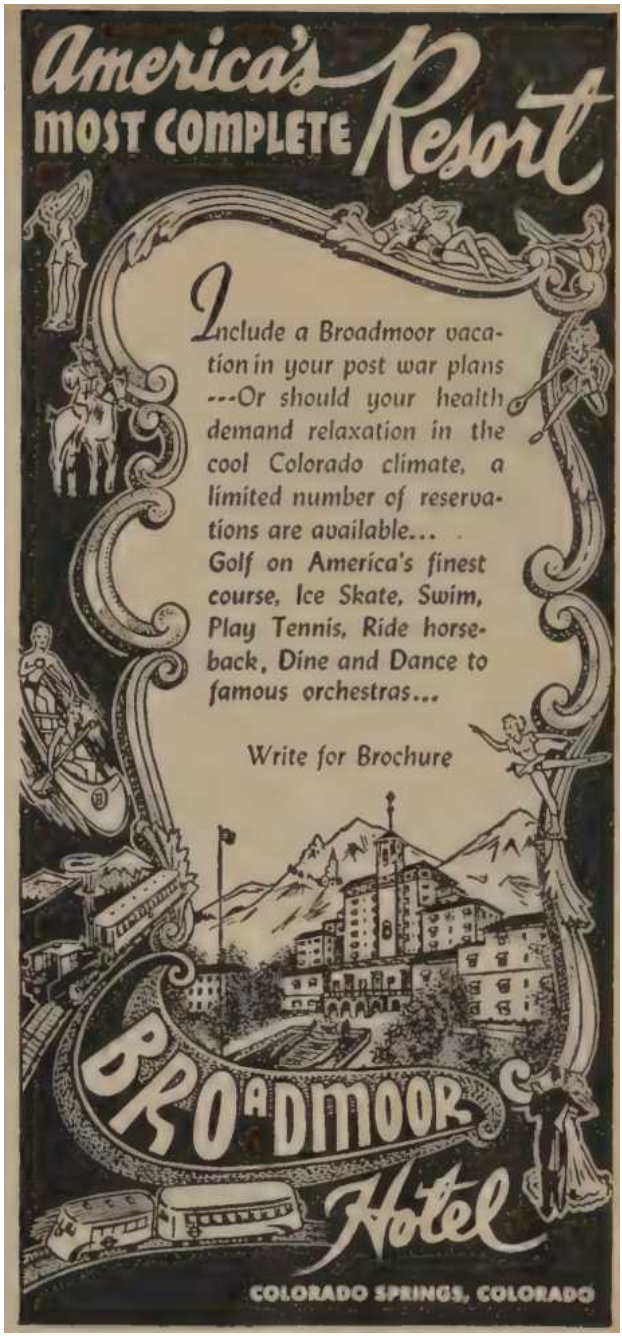
“There’ll be no new clothes this year,” Mother said. “But that doesn’t help us at this minute. We haven t a penny saved, for I spent all we had on your overcoat.”

“I told you not to buy it,” said Father triumphantly. “And I don’t like the fit around the shoulders. It smothers me.”

“Will you keep to the point? ” Mother asked.

“How can anybody keep to a point with that hammering going on ? ” Father shouted. “It’s driving me out of my wits! Go and hammer in the kitchen, will you?”

My brother gave him a cold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glance and went off with the hammer.

“Now,” Father said, “where were we?”

“Discussing these figures,” Mother said. “Whatever else happens, the rent must be paid. So we’ve only two ways open. We burn less coal and we eat less food.”

“I can’t sit in front of a poor fire,” Father said. “It makes me miserable as sin.”

“You won’t need to sit in front of it,” Mother explained. “We shall all go to

(and back-bar!)

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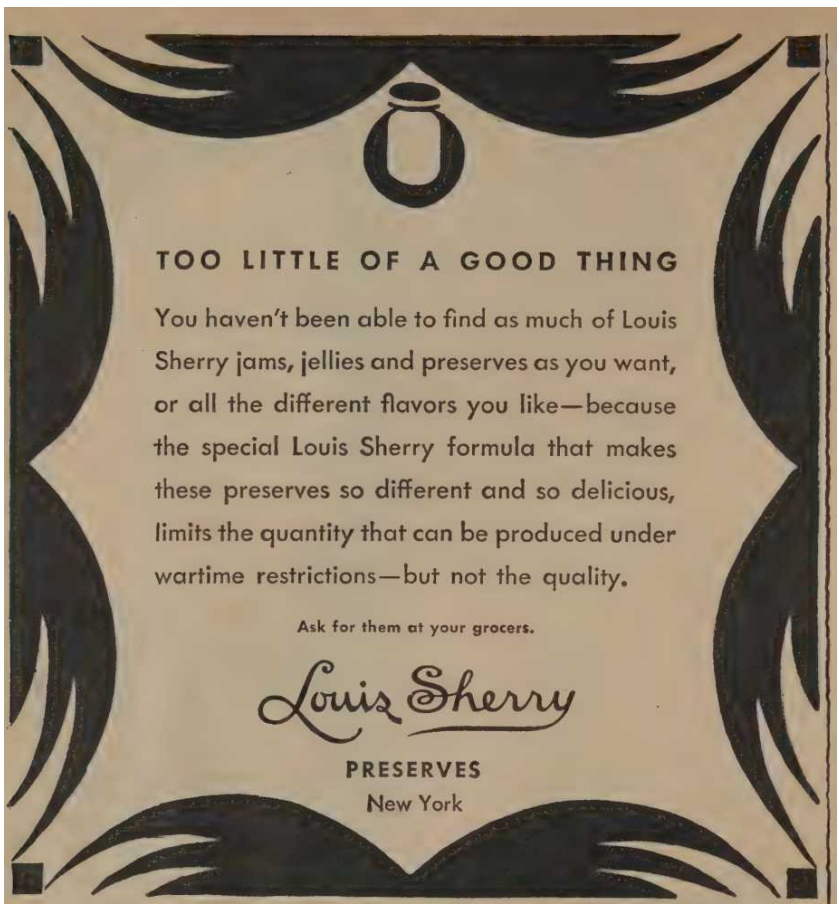
TOO LITTLE OF A GOOD THING
You haven't been able to find as much of Louis Sherry jams, jellies and preserves as you want, or all the different flavors you like—because the special Louis Sherry formula that makes these preserves so different and so delicious, limits the quantity that can be produced under wartime restrictions—but not the quality.
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You haven't been able to find as much of Louis Sherry jams, jellies and preserves as you want,

bed at eight every night. That cuts out supper and saves coal."

Father thought this a wonderful idea and warmly commended it.

“You’ll all be able to get up in decent time,” he said. “The way you lie in bed in a morning is shameful.” He always got up at five and he couldn’t understand why the rest of us didn’t.

“It’s high time these young ’uns went to bed sooner,” Father said. “They’ll grow faster.”

My problem at the time was to grow slower, and if I had known of any food that stunted growth, I would have eaten it. I was the tallest girl of my age in the school and our neighbors frequently remarked that I’d end up as big as a mill chimney.

“I’m not going to bed at eight if it makes me grow,” I said.

‘A our grandfather was six feet two,” Father declared, “and I’d like to see you as tall as him. There wasn’t a finer-looking man in all England. He was as straight as a picking rod.”

“It’s Saturday,” Mother said loudly. “We’ll begin tonight.” Whenever she came to a decision, she acted on it right away.

“Nay,” Father protested. “Not tonight. I’ve arranged to go for a game of billiards at eight. We’ll make it tomorrow. The Sabbath’s a good day for starting a new system.”

Finally Mother agreed, and I went' into the kitchen to tell my brother that tomorrow we were beginning a new life. He didn’t like the idea, as he was accustomed to eating supper at nine and going to bed at ten. Thinking it might be some consolation, I told him that all rich children went to bed early. I had read about them in books and knew their habits.

“Do they have their supper in bed?” my brother asked. “Nobody can fall asleep at eight.”

I assured him that the delicate creatures did.

“Then they must be soft,” my brother said, and returned to his hammering. He was breaking up a doll’s perambulator that somebody had given him. He said he was going to do something special with the wheels. He always had wonderful ideas, but they went wrong in execution.

“I’ll tell you what,” he said, stopping his hammer in mid-Hight. “We’ll eat a lot in the daytime and then we won’t get hungry in bed.”

“And we can take books to read,” I suggested. “The daylight lasts till ten.

“I could take my hammer and wheels

and a screwdriver,” he said thoughtfully. “And nails ”

NEXT morning, Father took my brother and me for a walk over the moors. It was unwise, as the fresh air sharpened our appetites. At noon we ate a dinner of roast beef and vegetables and baked apples. Father wanted to give us an extra helping of meat, as we were not going to have any supper, but Mother wouldn’t allow it. She told him that this was the last joint of meat we would see till the strike was over.

“ ‘The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want,’ ” Father said, and winked at me. Mother said the way he thrust his burdens on her and the Lord was disgraceful. We all enjoyed the dinner.

During the afternoon, my brother and I grew restless and irritable, for the prospect of going to bed early weighed on us. We quarrelled several times, and once I hit him, though I repented .of it three minutes later. The sound of his hammering was enough to try anybody’s patience. The day was cool and rainy, as so many summer days in England are, and Father kept stoking up the fire, although Mother reproached him for doing it. At five we had tea and bread and a boiled egg each. Next week, Mother said, there would be no eggs at all. Father said he had never cared much for eggs; the only proper food for a man was beef.

Around seven we all became lively, even Mother. Father quoted proverbs, religious and secular. He told us to consider the lilies of the field and he sang “Little Brown Jug” with spirit. Mother said we ought to have had this system of living long ago. It was clear, she said, that we had been overeating for years. I don’t know how she came to this conclusion, for we were a lean family, but she was suddenly convinced that during the strike we would grow healthier

daily. Father said look how strong the Irish were on a diet of whiskey and potatoes. Mother couldn't agree with him about the Irish and had never tasted whiskey in her life, but she was pleased, she said, to learn that potatoes were health-giving, for in a couple of weeks we should be living on nothing else.

At eight my brother and I, thoroughly washed and brushed, were in bed. Father had assured us, from the depths of the Sunday paper, that he would be upstairs and asleep by eight-thirty. I had hidden a copy of "Little Women" under my pillow, but my brother had failed to get his hammer, nails, and wheels beyond the foot of the stairs. I had a

A SENSE of orderliness can be instilled in even a small child if the mother will exercise patience and persistence. Provide a convenient box for the toddler's toys, and help him pick up his scattered playthings before he retires. After a few times he'll take pride in doing this alone. You are laying the ground work for a good habit. • • Neatness in eating habits has to be acquired, too. And you'll find it helps considerably to do away with dawdling over meals if the child is given

YOUNGSTERS CAN LEARN ORDERLINESS AT AN EARLY AGE

ˆW4W

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Baby Food Counselor of Heinz Home Institute

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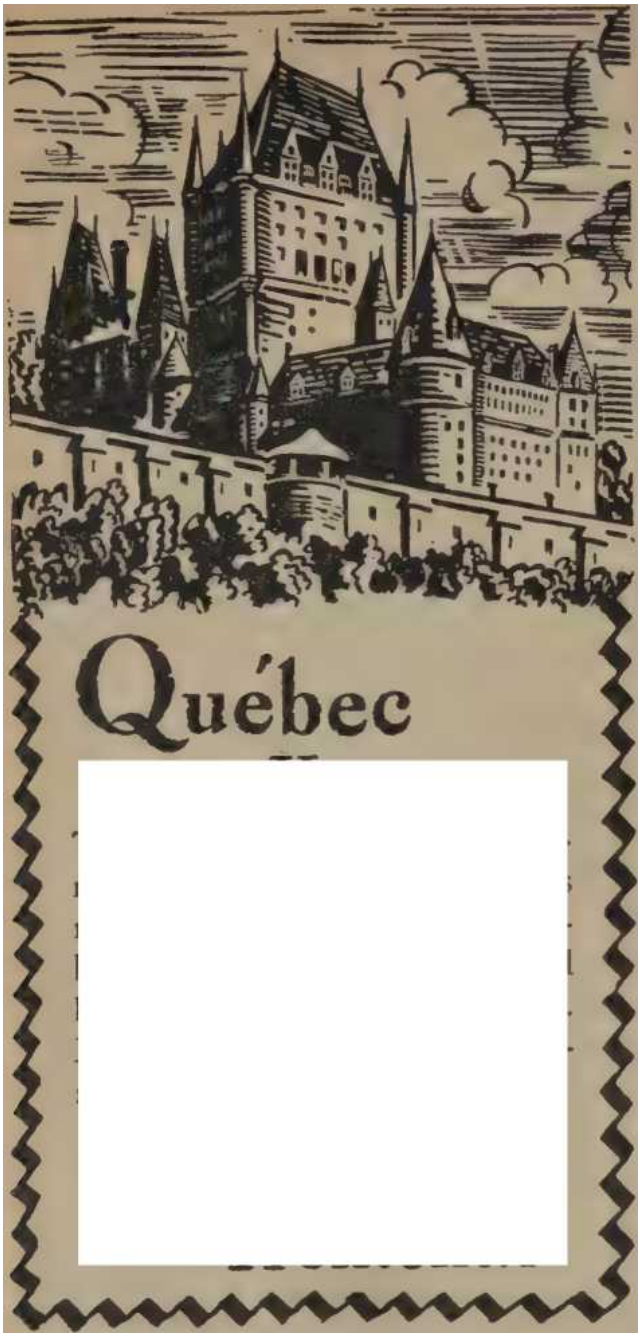

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bedroom rather larger than a box, divided from his by a thin plaster wall, and I had no sooner started reading than he began calling to me to say he couldn't sleep. I took no notice and went on reading about how the March family gave their Christmas dinner to the poor. I felt sorry for the poor, and it never occurred to me that we were to be numbered among them. Presently we heard Father and Mother come upstairs. My brother stopped telling me how miserable he was and soon the house was quiet.

As the church clock boomed nine, the bedroom door opened and my brother came in. He climbed on my bed and buried his face in my pillow.

“I can’t sleep,” he said. “I feel awful.”

“You mean you feel hungry,” I said. “You can just go back to your own bed, because you won’t get anything to eat. We’re on strike.”

“I can’t bear it,” he said. “Nobody knows how hungry I am except God.”

I offered to read “Little Women” to him ever so quietly, but he said he didn’t like the book. He had already tried it.

“How long does a strike last?” he asked. “Two weeks?”

I said that it all depended on the mill owners. It might last two years. He groaned and assured me he had a terrible pain. I suggested calling Mother, but he said that was useless, as it was a hunger pain. Couldn’t I creep downstairs and get him a slice of bread and jam? He wanted a glass of milk, too, he said, because he was burning up with thirst.

I shut “Little Women” and started to think. My stomach, accustomed to a nine-o’clock supper, stirred uneasily. I knew it was wrong to eat recklessly during a strike, but nevertheless it seemed wise to eat as long as there was food in the house. When the food was finished, one could starve with less nervous strain. I said finally that I would get the bread if he would come downstairs with me. If there was to be any punishment for eating supper during a strike, he must take his share.

The living room was dim and cold. The fire had burned out and there was a heap of gray ashes in the grate. But the bread, thickly buttered, was delicious. We sat on the hearthrug in our nightgowns and were arguing in whis-pers about who should get up and prepare the next slices when we heard Father’s step on the stairs.

“Now we shall catch it,” I said.

Father came in, with his trousers on

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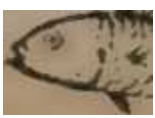

41 W. 8th St. Greenwich Village

over his nightshirt. He sat clown on the sofa and looked at us steadily for a minute. Then he got up and put some kindling and coal on the fire.

“While you’re at it, you’d better cut me a slice,” he said. “And I’ll fetch the cold beef out of the cellar.”

■ By the time Mother got downstairs, we were all three eating cold-beef sandwiches and Father was blowing up the fire with a pair of bellows.

“Well, we’re all here now,” Father said. “Cut yourself a sandwich. This is the best beef we’ve had for months.”

“It’s for tomorrow’s dinner and Tuesday’s,” Mother said, and she didn’t smile.

“You never know what tomorrow’ll bring,” Father said firmly. “The strike might be over and we’d have starved ourselves for naught.”

“This isn’t the way to win,” Mother said, looking at the fire, which was a beauty.

“We had to have a fire,” Father said. ■“These two ’ud catch pneumonia in nothing but their nightgowns. Come on, I’ll cut you a sandwich.”

Mother ate the sandwich and Father put the kettle on the fire and made tea. We sat around the fire till eleven, drinking tea and laughing. Mother didn’t laugh, but she smiled occasionally.

“You see,” Father said when we finally decided to go to bed, “I was right. It’s simple. We just borrow five pounds—”

“I’ve never borrowed,” Mother said. “And I never will. We’ll starve first.”

A couple of weekslater we borrowed five pounds. We went on staying up nights and eating suppers. We borrowed three more pounds. The strike lasted six weeks and ended in a compromise. Father said you could call it a victory, but Mother was writing figures on envelopes for nearly a year.

—Winifred Williams

When the mercury boils ond you feel wilted, take the advice of Elizabeth Arden and put Ardena Creams and Lotions in the ice-box, to Cool as you Cleanse. Have a bottle of Blue Grass Flower Mist always on ice, too . . . touch it gently to wrists and temples, use it

generously after your bath, see how instantly you're refreshed, how the delightful fragrance clings . . . it's easy to be cool and calm and pretty the Elizabeth Arden way.

WHICH PAGE OF “WOMAN’S LIFE” D’YA READ?

The young girl has her choice of projected personality, too.... She, herself, can visualize herself—and carry out this visualization. Want to look like a col-kgc girl? That’s not hard. Dress like one. Wear your hair like one. That’s all.—fainterj 1944, issue, page 32.

There is a great deal of talk about dressing yourself to be the kind of person you want to be. That is more or less tommy rot.... Take the advice about dressing to your personality with a grain of salt too.—Sarne issue, page 74.

CLEANSE with ice-coo! Ardena Fluffy Cleansing Cream (if your skin is oily) or Ardena Cleansing Cream (for norma! or dry skin), 1.00 to 6.00

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FA5HION5

We don't know obout the "slinky

part—but you can wear red.

or purple, or any colors you

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hand-blended exclusively for you.

Right before your eyes . . . color

after color is blended to match

your skintone ... to enhance

it in any fashion color.

WOMEN who settle down in the country for the summer, those who commute, and those who do their sunbathing in odd moments on rooftops all seem to want the same thing—simple, adaptable clothes and gewgaws appropriate to a semi-tropical mood; or, to put it another way, dresses that ? look well anywhere, sashes and I scarves that can double as tur- ® bans, jewelry that may be worn o- in several ways, and the rest.

Hattie Carnegie’s Jeune Fille department, for one, has some

unusually nice clothes that commute gracefully. Her pin-checked, bright-blue-and-white, brown-and-white, and gray ditto cotton suits have casually fitted jackets with collarless necks, scalloped white

lapels, and scalloped cuffs on three-quarter sleeves. Other suits here have black rayon linen skirts and longer, fitted jackets in a dashing plaid rayon linen in which peacock blue or Shocking predominates, with black rayon linen turnover collars to match the skirts. She also has some two-piece rayon crepe afternoon dresses that you could easily sail on to dinner in. One, a pale-blue rayon crepe with colorful, small Chinese figures printed on it, has a low, oval neck and jewelled buttons. A two-piece white rayon crepe is printed with red scarecrows; a red grosgrain sash ties in a bow in front, above a small

peplum. All these dresses and suits are between $30 and $50. You'll find an attractive two-piece rayon jersey bathing suit "here, too. The bra top is a bright, tropical floral print on a pastel ground and the shorts are a solid color matching the ground. It's $18.95. If you want to get yourself up like Dorothy Lamour (for $22.95), you can have a matching printed full-length skirt that doubles as a cape.

Bergdorf Goodman's short-sleeved black rayon sheer dresses are— even before you've seen the price tags, which also range from $30 to $50— wonderful. A wrap-around coat dress with a V neck has self-covered buttons slanting down each shoulder and more of them at the set-in waistline; the skirt has a wide center panel and, although there is fullness at each side, the hipline is trim and flat. One little morsel has a scalloped, narrowly slashed decolletage, a narrow sash, and two pink roses at the waistline. Another

lias sunburst tucks on the diamond-shaped bodice and on the cape sleeves. The only trimming on still another is a deep cowl back extending from the shoulders to the waistline. Bergdorf, which once offered the most dashing of the V-to-the-waistline (some-body or other seems preoccupied with waistlines) decolletages, is now showing quite a few straight-across necklines for afternoon or dinner. One of them, a princesse af

fair, has a huge rayon taffeta bow on one hip. In all New York, I don't see how you can top these cool little black jobs at the price.

Tndia Arts & Crafts, at 14 East

-*■ Fifty-sixth Street, work with all

manner of hand-woven India cottons and there is nothing of the sari in the way their clothes are cut, as people familiar with their one-piece dresses are aware. Cottons, in multicolored stripes or plaids, are also used here for casual jackets—the kind you can wear over Everything; $29.75. The button-down-the-front sun dresses have wide shoulder straps, set-in belts, and separate short-sleeved boleros. An endlessly useful type of outdoor dress. Hand-blocked India-cotton jumper dresses fasten down the back and are so designed that you needn't wear a blouse. The full evening skirts here look a bit

too gypsvish for formal dining, even though they are in sob'd color, but they would be charming at home. Many women are becoming enthusiastic about this shop's hand-knit, pure silk naras, in pale or bright colors. These things are intended to be belts, but bright people, it seems, use them for headbands. 'They're inexpensive, at $2.95, and a lot of fun.

Bonwit Teller boasts, none too quietly, about its exclusive Kristina handmade nightgowns, which run from £9.95 to $16.95. The gowns include tailored rayon satins with selfscalloped V necks, tailored rayon crepes with bindings of white rayon satin and appliqued white satin bowknots on the chest and shoulders, and long-sleeved rayon crepe tailored numbers with lace edging on the traditional turnover collar, the tucked bosom, and the cuffs. There are more picturesque jobs, too, such as a rayon crepe that has puffed sleeves and a drawstring neck across the

front, with appliqued rayon satin blossoms for embellishment. One that has a rayon sheer top and a rayon crepe skirt is trimmed with narrow lace and decorated with rayon satin butterflies. An enchanting white cotton gown— for the many women who love white cotton gowns—has lace forming the wide shoulder straps and banding the heart-shaped bodice. Kristina also makes marvellous handmade infant's clothes. (And you know how hard these are to find if you're not bringing an infant up to be a Rockefeller.) Beautiful white batiste christening dresses, trimmed with fine tucks,

embroidery, and lace, are $10.95; a lace-edged slip is $3.95.

FOR nonsense in accessories, Bendel's

Young-Timers shop offers some particularly attractive jewelry made of delicately tinted seashells—necklaces of massed shells, tiaras, side combs, and such, to give you an idea. Prices range from $1 to $1.95, plus tax. The shop also uses shells to decorate the buckles of wide white or pastel leather belts; $4.95. Small leather envelope hags, at $5.95, plus tax, have shells on the flap. Another bit of foolishness here is a three-strand imitation-pearl dog collar with sterling clasps. Bracelets to match this can, if you like, be fastened to the collar to turn it into a longish necklace. And there are imitation-pearl earrings in snowflake designs. . . . Macy's Little Shops contribute to the merriment of the season some wide stomachers, which consist of masses of field flowers studded with giant sequins. The business ties around the waist with ribbon and would certainly make that old dress feel like a girl again. The price is $8.98. Printed, pure-silk gilets, with high, round necks and net backs, are available in various cheerful designs (such as mermaids cavorting underseas), all glimmering with sequins; $9.98. Or you can have a wreath, made of imitation wheat stalks, studded with gilt sequins, and tied with grosgrain ribbon, to wear as a hatband or in place of a hat. And Macy's has HUGE ceramic earrings, set with fake jewels, for upswept coiffures, and monumental hairpins to match. . . . Young girls who habitually rush the season can find their inexpensive black rayon velvet hats at Best this very, red-hot second. They're all here— scalloped calots with loops at the sides, high turbans with open, roll-edged crowns, and half bonnets trimmed with bows and a nose veil. Prices range from $3.95 to $5. . . . Lord & Taylor have handbags with white rayon gabardine

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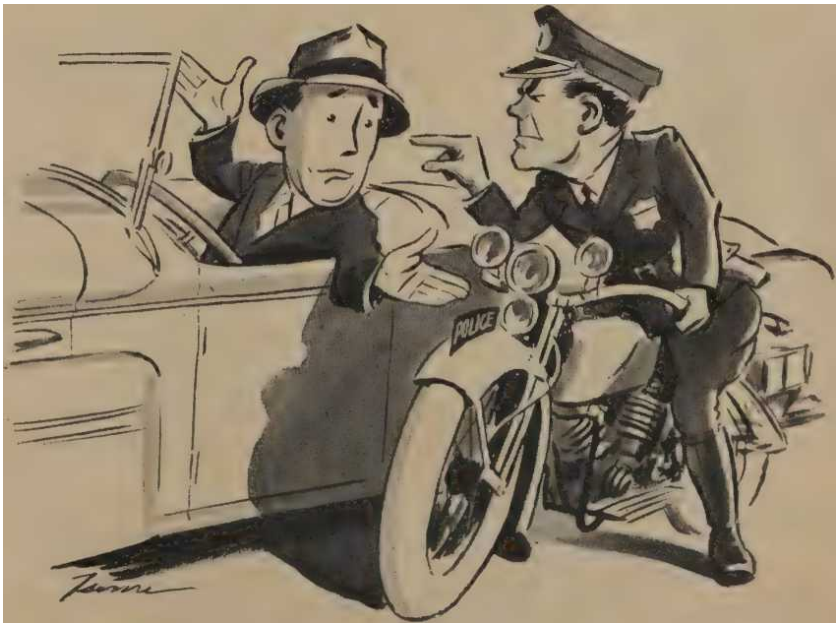

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slip-cover outsides that may be removed for laundering. Envelopes, with or without shoulder straps, are $3 ; largish drawstring pouches are $5; both are plus tax.

All is Vanity: Jungst, now at the

Hotel Madison, is a champ among hairdressers—no dramatics, no cooing over Madame, simply good hairdressing. People with long bobs swear by his permanent. He likes to do the entire head, so that there is no line of demarcation where the wave starts; and he manages to achieve a flat top and easily curling ends. . .. Lura de Gez, at 714 Fifth Avenue (56th), is one of the few' hairdressers in town who does a brushset after a shampoo, which enables you to duck the drier. After the shampoo, the hair is partially dried by hand, and then brushed into a good, lasting set. The shampoo and set take only about half an hour, too. ; . . Hattie Carnegie's new cosmetic line is commendable. To mention only a few of the items, her Sonora lipstick is a clear, bright red that is not only smooth but durable; the face pow'der is fluffy and fragrant and fine. And if you're one of the people who are still searching for the ideal powder foundation, you might try hers. It's a liquid that leaves you w'ith an unusually fresh, clean look and not a sign of caking. ... I have belatedly "discovered" one of the great refreshers in the cleansing-of-the-face line, the Bendel Cleansing Pads, which are utterly marvellous. They're little cotton discs saturated with a lotion that smells like camphor and takes the dustiness out of your skin

and your disposition, all in one magic touch. A jar of fifty-six pads is $1, plus tax. Some of Bendel's other recent ventures include a skin lotion that is a stimulating, mild astringent, and, for babies, some new' oil, sachet, and soap. Lovely, lovely stuff, W'ith the sachet and soap delicately scented. Babes as w'ell as babies would adore them. . . . Scandia's cosmetics have long been admired by connoisseurs, and this house has now brought out three perfumes. Fifty-second Street is a light, easygoing summer scent, Remember is still sw'eet but getting a touch more ominous, and Tropical Night is brewed to flare the nostrils of the nearest male. All three can be found at the Scandia salon and at Saks-Fifth Avenue.—L. L.

715 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

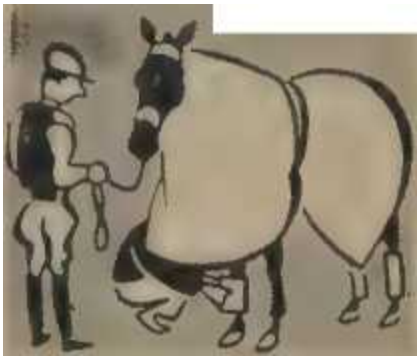
"It was my carving knife he hit him w'ith," Mrs. Urban said. "But not my largest one."—Montreal Gazette.

Oh, w'ell, then . . .

THE KACB TRACK

Stymied

ONCE again we have the spectacle of a not quite first-class horse winning a first-class race largely because of nice timing and teamwork. I refer to Stymie in the Brooklyn Handicap at Belmont, on the Fourth of July. Stymie, as every horseplayer knows, invariably starts slowly in races and then finishes up with a great rush—or seems to, anyway. Hirsch Jacobs, in whose wife's name Stymie runs, decided that Stymie could stand a little help from a stablemate. He selected a nimble, Class-C animal named Haile



and instructed the jockey to ride the horse at top speed as far as possible, in order to wear out any runners rash enough to chase him and thus soften them up for Stymie's charge. This tactic is about the oldest in racing. Also, it is usually successful. Haile ran the first six furlongs of the Brooklyn in 1 :10 Jˆ, which is fast time for a sprint, with both members of William Helis's entry, Olympic Zenith and Rounders, right behind him. (Incidentally, that wasn't very bright of their jockeys; one of them should have ridden a waiting race.) Devil Diver was well up front, too. It all worked out just the way Jacobs had hoped it would. Devil Diver took the lead in the stretch, but Stymie came along in time and won with something to spare.

Strangely, of all the horses that Jacobs has handled, Stymie, a plain-looking chestnut colt by Equestrian out of Stop Watch, is the first to win what amounts to a classic race. Jacobs, a chunky, red-haired, former pigeon raiser, who has topped the list of winning trainers for eleven years and will probably do it again this season, claimed Stymie from the King Ranch for $1,500 during the 1943 spring meeting at Belmont. Stymie has shown flashes of promise from time to time. Early last year he was considered a Kentucky Der-hy and Preakness possibility, but nothing ever came of this. Altogether, he Is started sixty-three times, won ten races, finished second in sixteen, and earned $119,400 in prize money, including the $39,200 he picked up in the Brooklyn. That's not bad going. You might remember, though, that he may have to carry more weight from now on.

Considered by itself, Devil Diver's performance in the Brooklyn was the best one he's turned in this year—even

better than his triumphs in the Metropolitan and the Suburban. He carried 132 pounds, spotting Stymie sixteen and most of the others more than that. In the circumstances, I think he did all that we could reasonably have expected him to do.

Well, it was fun to be back at Belmont, if only for an afternoon. The holiday crowd was fiftyodd thousand, and, of course, Aqueduct could never have handled it. With a crowd of thirty thousand on hand, Aqueduct begins to rip at the seams. The evident approval with

which everybody welcomed the shift for the Brooklyn is probably going to influence the Queens County Jockey Club to run off its Labor Day program at Belmont. .

MOST of the races at Aqueduct so far won't be remembered six months from now by anybody except some statistician compiling the parimutuel handle. It is nothing against the races that they won't be, but it is also nothing in their favor. One exception was the Carter Handicap, in which my old pet Apache carried 130 pounds, led all the way, and beat Wait a Bit—to whom he gave nine pounds —in an exciting finish. The Gazelle Stakes, won by Ace Card, w?as another.

TISTENING to the broadcast of the

Santa Anita Handicap last week, Colonel Martingale had a feeling that he had somehow tuned into a conference at M-G-M. Everybody but Bing Crosby was eagerly picking Mr. Mayer's Thumbs Up to win. He did, too. From all accounts, Thumbs Up ran a remarkable race to beat Texas Sandman, whom you may remember. Thumbs Up, by the way, is expected at Belmont for the Saratoga races. . . . Speaking of travellers, War Jeep popped out to Chicago and beat Pot o' Luck last Saturday. . . . The Dwyer Stakes will be run at Aqueduct this weekend; this department's fancy is Pavot.

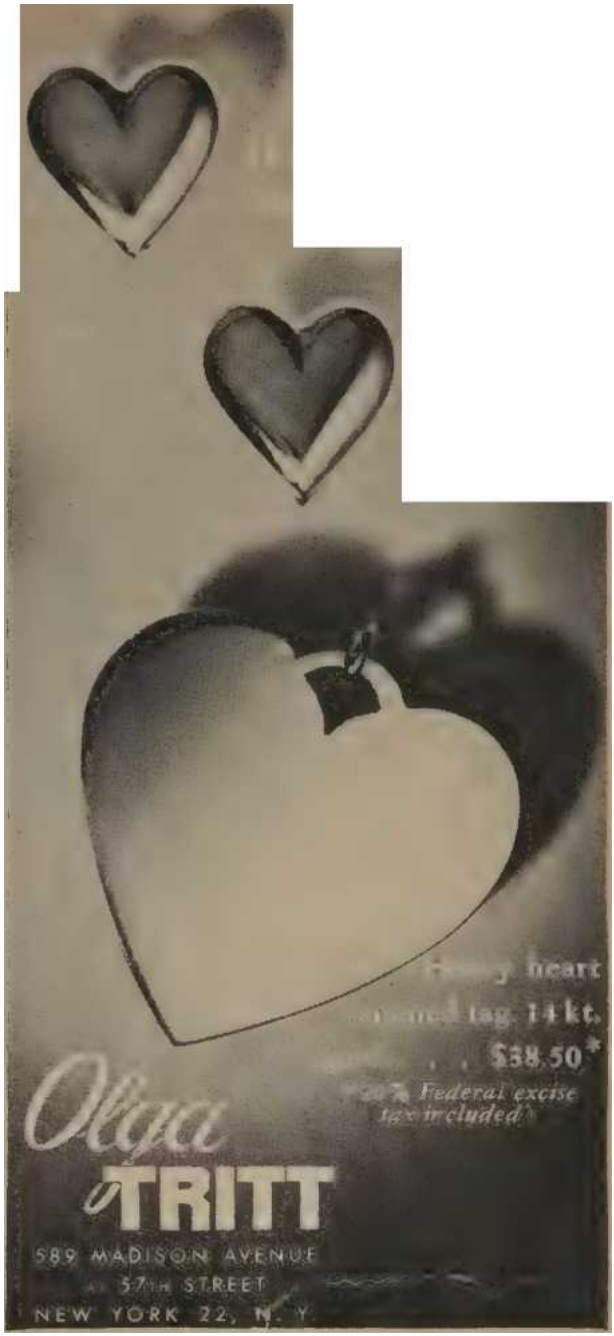
—Audax Minor

HOLD FA5T!

Today's psychiatrists agree That babies crave security, In which

respect I think they do Not differ much from me or you.

—Margaret Fishback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LETTER. FROM NUREMBERG

July 7 (by wireless)

I READ today in one of the throwaways the Germans now have for newspapers that Julius Streicher, the sixty-year-old former Gauleiter of Franconia, claims, from his Salzburg cell, to have been misquoted and misinterpreted by the press, both domestic and foreign, throughout his career. He says, in an effort to set the record straight, that he never knew anything about the German concentration camps, that he hated Himmler, and that he has always been opposed to the use of force. Now it is, of course, possible that Streicher has been misquoted and misinterpreted. I must admit that there are 'a few unscrupulous members of the press who occasionally misconstrue the words and actions of eminent men. Also, as editor and publisher of the homey little newspaper called Der Stiir-mer, Streicher was himself a member of the press, and it is a known fact he did not get on well with certain journalistic colleagues of his in Nuremberg, where he had his headquarters, so he has reason to be suspicious.

There were, for example, the local Kleinkunstkritiker, or critics of the minor arts. Streicher is an amateur landscape painter of considerable talent. (An officer in the American Eightieth

Division, now in Germany, who in civilian life was connected with the Knoed-ler Galleries, has collected a number of Streicher's canvases, and someday New Yorkers may be able to judge the Gauleiter's talent for themselves.) As one endowed with artistic feeling, Streicher naturally had the deepest sympathy for all artists, no matter what fields they exercised their creative gifts in. Two art forms he particularly relished were vaudeville and the Zweideutungen-nachtlokal, or cabaret specializing in double-entendre. One morning he summoned every Kleinkunstkritiker in Nuremberg to the Apollo Vaudeville Theatre, and while the Gauleiter and his staff looked on, each Kritiker was made in turn to go up on the stage and clamber over a comedy-acrobat's wobbling, seesaw ladder, "in order," as the Gauleiter explained, "to realize personally how difficult the work of artists is."

On another occasion, a brash young Kleinkunstkritiker gave a

Zweideu-tungennachtlokalansager, or M.C., a bad notice. The M.C, was a favorite of the Gauleiter's, so on the night following the publication of the review, the entire journalistic fraternity of Nuremberg, as well as the police commissioners

and other civil authorities, were invited to the Nachtlokal at which this M.C. performed. After the guests had arrived and had been seated in the already crowded establishment, the orchestra played a fanfare. The Gauleiter stood up, read the offensive critique aloud, and called upon its author to apologize. Instead, the heretic delivered a Franconian version of the Bronx cheer in the Gauleiter's direction, lighted a cigarette, tossed the match over his shoulder, and departed. In describing this incident to me, an elderly editor who had been present said that Streicher was so appalled by the young fellow's lack of breeding that "he simply stared at him like a drenched poodle."

The journalists used to give an annual Mardi Gras ball in Nuremberg. The last one they gave was in 1939. The Gauleiter was naturally the ball's chief patron, and the journalists discussed their plans with him well in advance. My editor friend told me that Streicher's principal contribution to the discussions was the proposal that the dancing girls who were to entertain should wear no clothes. "Kein Tanz-girl war ihm schlecht genug fiir sein Amusmentˆ my informant continued, which would translate roughly as, "No

dancing girl was too wild for the kind of fun he went in for." The press ball was not the success the journalists had hoped for. Things had just got rolling when word was received that Hans Koenig, Streicher's young adjutant, had committed suicide. Hans had been keeping company not with a Tan-zgirl but with an Opcrcttengirl, who had found herself in what my friend delicately described as gesegneten Umstanden, or blessed circumstances, and was being far from reasonable about her predicament.' Driving her to the ball, Hans raced his car into a tree, carefully jumping to safety just before the crash. After reporting the mishap to the police, he went home and blew his brains out with a pistol which, some said, had been presented to him by order of the chief of police. The ball went to pieces when the news of this tragedy got around. The next day Gauleiter Streicher ordered all the . city's schools and factories closed in mourning. Hans's funeral was attended by detachments of brown shirts,. black shirts, and members of the Labor Front, or no

shirts. .

UNUSUAL men are generally unusual looking, and the Gauleiter, or Frankenfiihrer (Leader of the Franks), as Streicher preferred to be called, is both. Although only about five feet six inches in height, he weighs

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around 190 in tip-top form, and his thick, underslung body is a seemingly inexhaustible storage battery of Nordic vigor. His head is shaped like an egg, the large end uppermost, and the only hair on it is a pair of bushy eyebrows and a mustache, which in size and trim is practically a replica of the

Frankenfiihrer's own Fiihrer's. Streich- kind"), by a scientist named Hermann er's complexion, as might be expected in Wirth. In his billet that evening, the so full-blooded a man, is florid. lieutenant idly examined his Perhaps the most arresting fea- souvenir. "This looks kind of ture of his face is his eyes—their J dull," he remarked to a friend blue areas blazing, their whites as he leafed through the pages, apparently stitched on with red Then he whistled softly and said, thread. Beneath his chin hang dewlaps "Uh-oh!" He had come across a like those of a prize mastiff. tucked-in photograph of the Franken-

The Frankenfiihrer, always in uni- fiihrer and what must have been a

form and wearing his Iron Crosses of the First and Second Class and his Tap-ferkeit ribbon from the last war, was almost as familiar to Nurembergers as their Bratwurst Glocklein, that beauti-

ful sausage-and-beer dispensary which has stood by the Saint Sebaldus Church for more than four hundred years. People around Nuremberg cannot remember ever having seen Streicher on a horse, but he always carried a riding whip. He did this because some irresponsible journalist of the foreign press once referred to him as "the bloody scourge of Franconia," and it

appealed to his sense of humor to carry the accouterment of that role. Streicher unquestionably possessed a strong sense of humor. Once he accompanied a condemned criminal to the gallows, travelling with him all the way from Nuremberg to Munich because he wanted to observe at first hand the fear of cer-

tain death. The pair made the journey by train in a private compartment, and drove from the station to the scaffold in a limousine which the Party heads in Munich had put at the Frankenfiihrer's disposal. "I didn't even clear expenses," was Streicher's jovial report on thL safari. "The fellow didn't show the slightest fear of death whatever."

There was a broad streak of Foxy Grandpa in the Gauleiter. When he wanted a swimming pool dug on the grounds of his Gauleiterpalast, he summoned all the local Party big shots, police commissioners, and male Nurembergers prominent in the arts and sciences to a meeting on the site. Shovels were pressed into their hands, and then in the interests of Party harmony they went to work. When the pool was ready for use, the Frankenfiihrer invited what my editor friend called ein Dutzend zweifelhafter Madchcn —"a dozen questionable girls"—and had them all jump in together "im totalcn

Evakostiim" The other day an American lieutenant of my acquaintance visited the Streicher country place, which is about a half hour's drive from Nuremberg, and brought back with him, as a souvenir from the Frankenfiihrer's library, a fat volume called "Der Aufang der Menschheit" ("The Rise of Man-

Tanzgirl, both of them im totalem Evakostiim.

JUST as Adolf Hitler, the leader of the Germans, was no German, so

Julius Streicher, the leader of the Franks, is no Frank. He was born on Lincoln's Birthday, in 1885, in the village of Fleinheim, in the state of Wurttemberg, which makes him a Schwabe, or Swavian. Among Germans generally, the Schwaben are considered both more serious-minded and dreamier than the Franks, who live in Bavaria. Streicher's father was the principal of

the village school, and young Julius became a teacher, too. At the outbreak of the last war he was teaching drawing and public speaking in a grammar school in Nuremberg, capital of Franconia, and was respectably married. Early in 1915 his wife gave birth to Lothar, the first of their two sons. Streicher then

joined the Army and became a lieutenant. In this war, Lothar, who had studied journalism and political economy at the University of London, served as a Luftwaffe pilot, while his younger brother, Elmar, who seemed to reflect the dreamy side of his Swavian heritage, won a commission in the S.S.

Streicher first attracted attention in political circles late in 1919, when he appeared in the streets of Nuremberg wearing the red brassard of the Communist Party, in whose local organization he held the position of adviser to recently discharged soldiers. He particularly attracted the attention of a committee of five prominent businessmen who were eager to bring law, order, and prosperity back to Nuremberg. They thought he would make a brilliant speaker in the cause of law and order, and offered him two hundred marks a speech. At the same time he was approached by a man named Ludwig Kaefer, who was convinced that Ger-

many's current woes wefe all attributable to Catholics and Jews, and could be overcome only by exterminating Catholics and Jews. To this end he had formed a group called the National Workers Party. Young Streicher joined both the businessmen's committee and Kaefer's party. When the businessmen heard his pleas for the extermination of Catholics and Jews, they were somewhat dismayed, since there was a large and prominent Jewish community in Nuremberg, and in Bavaria the proportion of Catholics to the rest of the population was one of the highest on earth. Later, Kaefer was dismayed, too, when he examined his party's books and noticed the irregularities of his new colleague's arithmetic. So magnetic was the

Streicher personality, however, that he managed to keep both the businessmen and Kaefer on his hook. What the Nuremberg Communist local thought of it all has been forgotten.

Meanwhile, in Munich, Adolf Hitler was building up his National Socialist German Workers Party, although at the time it had fewer members than the National Workers Party of Kaefer and Streicher. Kaefer visited Hitler in Munich and on his return spoke highly of him to Streicher, at whose invitation the future Fuhrer made a speech in Nuremberg in February, 1920. Hitler and Streicher took to each other at once. Forthwith, Kaefer's National Workers Party joined Hitler's National Socialist German Workers Party, and for a time the Nuremberg chapter was its strongest unit. In the Munich Beer Hall Putsch of November 8 and 9, 1923, Streicher marched in the front rank with his leader, and it is believed that his clutching at a policeman's rifle was what started the shooting that martyred sixteen Nazis. Streicher kept the Nazi Party together while Hitler was serving a prison term for his part in the Putsch. After Hitler was free and had resumed control, Streicher used his intense personal magnetism to obtain large sums of money, which tided the Party over many a nasty financial reef, and to bring the fair sex flocking to the movement's support. His profitable Sturmer, that remarkable publication dedicated to popularizing the racialist sciences, with a circulation from Nagasaki to Yorkville, also helped the Party financially. It was Streicher's boast that Der Stiirmer was the only periodical the Fuhrer regularly read from cover to cover. Dr. Konrad Heiden, whose books on the Fuhrer and National Socialism are classics, states flatly that Julius Streicher was the liv-

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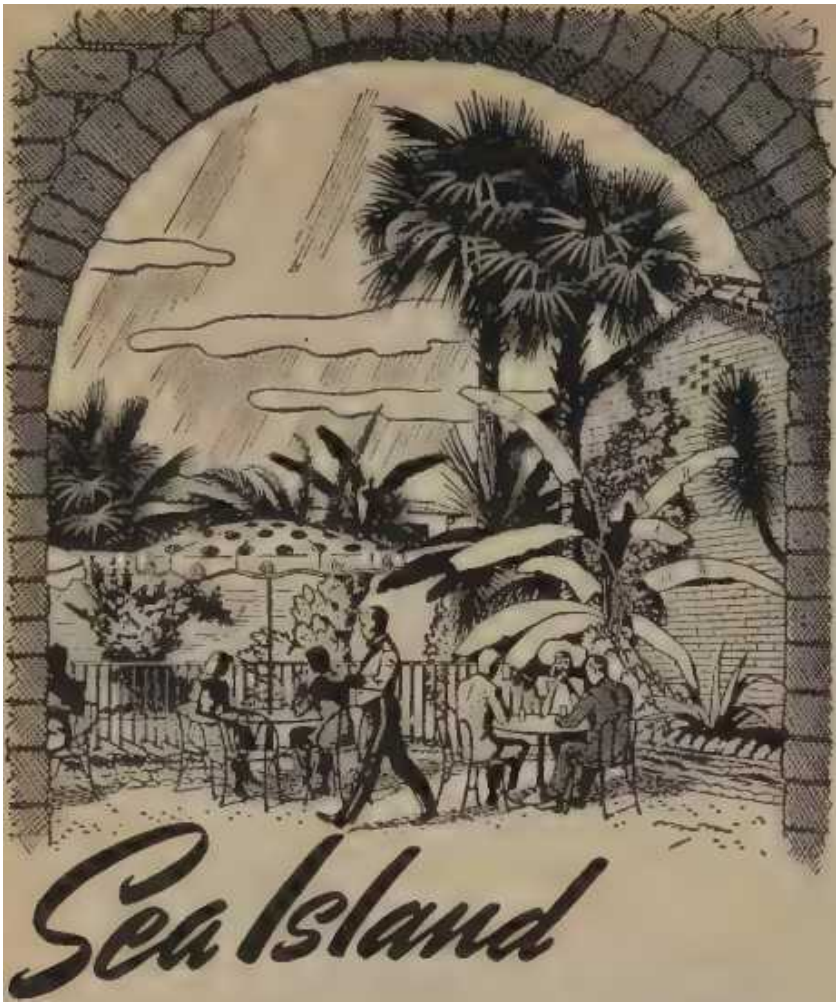

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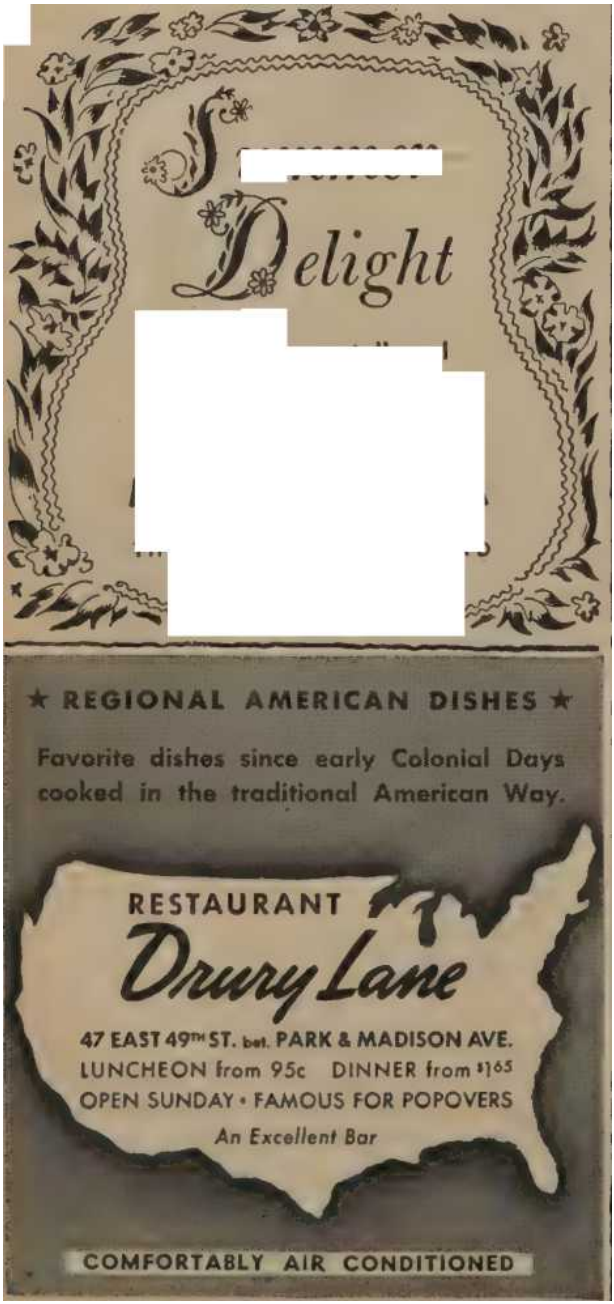
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ing embodiment of Adolf Hitler's subconscious mind.

After the Machtergreijung, or seizure of power, on January 30, 1933, the grateful Fuhrer made his old comrade Gauleiter of Franconia. Now Julius Streicher could at last accomplish many of the things he had long wanted to accomplish. Four of the five businessmen who had befriended him in 1919 found themselves in jail, along with a man named Kurt Hennch, who had once got a thousand-mark judgment against Streicher for adultery. Another of the Gauleiter's triumphs was the fact that the first National Party Day celebration, a mystic politico-military swarm, was held in Nuremberg. That was in 1933, and it was so successful that it was repeated annually until the beginning of the war.

The National Party Day proceedings were staged in two mammoth concrete enclosures southeast of Nuremberg— the Zeppelinwiese Stadium, capable of holding more than three hundred thousand persons, and the Luitpold Arena, where spillage of up to a hundred and twenty thousand could be accommodated. Into these trooped the faithful, and there, for the glory of Nordic supremacy, they would march, wheel, sing, roar, and raise their banners to the Fuhrer for his blessing. (It was not true, as some irresponsible journalist once charged, that all the serried men had the same face.) At these gatherings, Streicher stood by the Fuhrer's side with his cap off, sharing the homage. They are to be seen together in countless Party Day pictures made by Heinrich Hoffmann, the official Party photographer. The Fuhrer is usually somewhat obscured by the presence of Streicher, for few, if any, Hollywood actors have ever hogged a lens with more skill than the leader of the Franks.

Hitler entrusted Streicher with more and more important tasks, and in 1934 put him in charge of the Jewish boycotts. The Gauleiter

boycotted so enthusiastically that Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, the Finance Minister, threatened to resign, claiming that the economic vacuum created by Streicher's efforts had sucked in hordes of innocent Aryans. In November, 1938, after the murder of Ernst vom Rath in Paris by a young Jewish Pole named Grynszpan, the leader of the Franks naturally headed the Nuremberg reciprocity campaign, seeing to it that the city's synagogues were thoroughly burned, that Jewish homes were stormed, that the occupants— male and female, old and young—were hurled out of their windows and their

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furniture and crockery after them. This Judenaktion, as the pogrom was called, must have cost Julius Streicher sore, for we have his word for it that he always opposed the use of force.

I could cite a hundred instances of the Gauleiter's tender side, but a few will suffice. When I visited his country home, I was touched to find in the great library a little book called Freundschaft Mit Katzen, by Paul Eipper. Even more touching than any treatise on man's friendship with cats was a collection of handpainted cards made by the children in the sixth grade of the village school for Streicher's fifty-third birthday. Typical was one by a pupil named Kathe Buchberger. On its cover was an excellent likeness, in pencil and crayon, of the Franken fuhrer receiving a red potted plant from a Nordic little girl in a blue dress. Below, in red ink, was the

inscription: “To the schoolhouse Godfather, best wishes for luck.” Inside was a crayon drawing of a pig with a four-leaf clover in its mouth, and above it this poem:

Der Streicher ist ein wackerer Mann; Fasst Deutschlands Ubcl bei der]V nrzel

an.

Streicher hat geshaffen die Ntimber ger Gesetze,

Trotz grosser Judenhetze.

Impartially translated into free verse, this turns out to mean:

Streicher is a gallant man;

He seizes Germany’s evil by the root. Streicher created the Nuremberg racial laws,

In spite of big Jewish trouble-making.

How could a man who meant so much to children help hating Heinrich Himmler and the way he kept the German people in ignorance of his concentration camps?

NOW I must tell briefly the circumstances of the Gauleiter’s fall. His tragedy came about solely because of his patriotism, his unfailing warmheartedness, his irrepressible sense of humor, and his unwise real-estate speculations. In January, 1940, a bill of particulars was filed against him in the Supreme Party Court at Munich. One of the charges was that he had made public speeches on five occasions after Adolf Hitler had personally and expressly forbidden him to make any more. Those who were close to Streicher simply cannot understand this action on the part of Hitler. They point out that the war had started and that out of sheer love for the Fatherland, the Fuhrer’s old friend had

How a man can forget his false teeth is puzzling. Maybe it was the early flight from New York but the awful truth wasn't discovered until the hostess served breakfast over Trenton. A frantic wire put the teeth aboard a follow* ing plane. All the way to California, the passenger drank milk while his teeth trailed 300 miles behind. In Los Angeles, he mentally gnashed his teeth for two hours, until the second Cyclone-powered Douglas plane arrived. With teeth finally clapped in place, he rushed for a steak.

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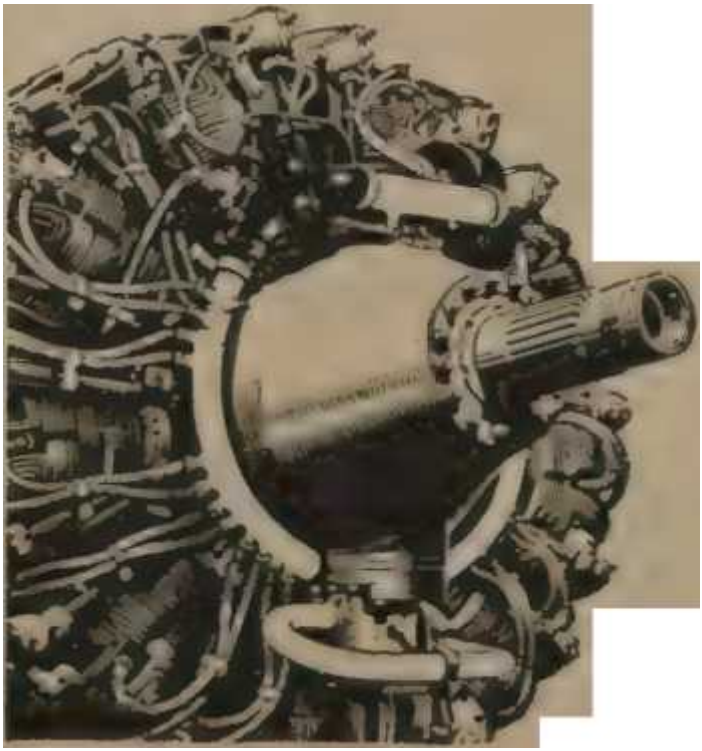

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merely been trying to spur his fellowcitizens on. Another of the charges was that Streicher had obtained jobs in a defense plant for "three former leading functionaries in the former Communist Party of Germany." They were former, weren't they? And what was Streicher to do when three old friends were in need? The most serious charge concerned some indelicate joke he had made about the love life of the Goerings. To make matters worse, he had once, in discussing Goering, unguardedly said to some Italian Fascists, "When one has such a big behind, one should not wear tight pants."

The bill of particulars also went into Streicher's real-estate operations. It seems that during the Judenaktion the Frankenfiihrer had painlessly acquired large parcels of property; his 210-acre farm, for instance, which he took over in 1936, was assessed at 1,279,680 marks and 54 pfennigs, not counting its blooded stock, agricultural machinery, and the furniture in its huge U-shaped house of green stone. To meet the expenses of such an establishment, the Frankenfiihrer favored certain Party comrades by selling them real-estate parcels at bargain rates, many at a tenth of their actual value. A mansion and a motorcycle factory acquired from an uncle of Sergeant Alfred Stern, a New York costume designer now with the American Eightieth Division, were thus disposed of.

The information on which the bill of particulars was based was turned up by an eighteen-man fact-finding commission that came down to Nuremberg from Berlin to collect testimony. It did not cheer Streicher any to learn, when they arrived, that the commission's chairman was Hermann Goering, who, totally unable to take a joke, sat stony-eyed while the Frankenfiihrer vainly protested that he could explain everything. Unfortunately, too, for Streicher, his old friend, Dr. Robert Ley, head of the Labor Front and Strength Through Joy Movement, who came to testify in his behalf, characteristically took a drop too much on the day he was to be heard, with the result that his testimony was not as incisive as it might have been. When the commission's findings reached Hitler, he withheld judgment but ordered his former pal put under house

arrest for ten years.

Thus Julius Streicher, after two decades of unstinting service to his leader, his Party, and his country, sadly retired to his farm. Rudolf Hess forbade the Streicher case ever to be mentioned in

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public by any Party member. All of the Reich's forty-two Gauleiters and all Party officials in Franconia were made to sign a pledge never to visit him. Frau Streicher had to give up her permanent box at the Nuremberg opera.

But the old Gauleiter did not despair then or later, when his wife divorced him. He busied himself on his farm, raising wheat and barley, oats and rye, chickens and blooded cattle, with the help of some foreign labor that the Nazis had not bothered to take away. Once a rumor spread through Nuremberg that he had been shot. After that, on Sundays, crowds by the thousand would pass his house to see if he was still alive. How very much alive he still was he showed last Good Friday by marrying a pretty young blonde named Fraulein Merkel, who had been his housekeeper. He had just turned ■sixty. Three weeks later our Seventh Army's Third, Forty-second, and Forty-fifth Infantry Divisions were reported approaching Franconia. Herr Werth, Streicher's chauffeur, was ordered to get the Mercedes out, help Frau Streicher down with the baggage, and assemble all the foreign workers. From the back seat of the car, Julius Streicher made a speech to the workers. "I have always treated you as though you were Germans," he said. "I go now to defend my beloved city of Nuremberg. Adieu!"

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—Joel Sayre

•

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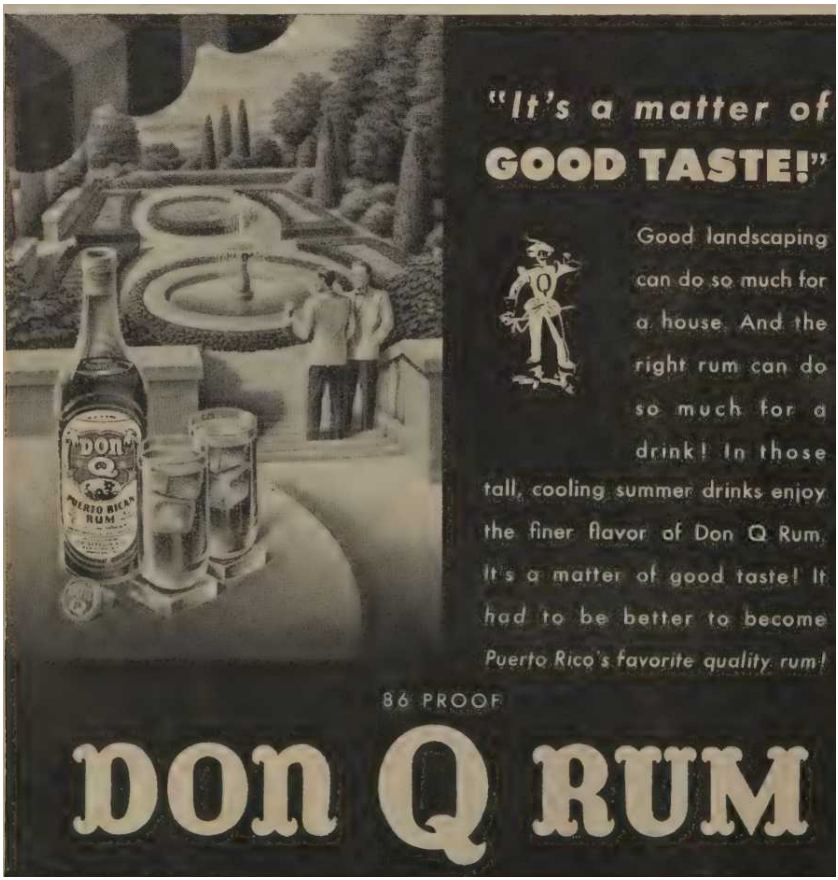
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OF ALL THING5

WITHOUT a dissenting vote, the Senate confirmed the appointment of ex-Senator James F. Byrnes as Secretary of State. The senators are always glad to see local boys make good.

Because of the recognition of the Warsaw regime by the United Nations, the London Polish Government has gone into a state of suspended animation. Its members have been deactivated, have been placed in tactical reserve, and are wondering how they will eat.

Ratification of the United Nations Charter by the Senate may he something of a bandwagon affair, but there will be no unseemly rush. The statesmen will naturally want to relieve themselves of manv weighty thoughts before they climb on.

•

Mayor Kelly has started a campaign to have Chicago made the permanent capital of the United Nations organization. We assume that Colonel McCormick would promise not to shoot the British and Russian delegates except in self-defense.

The local newspaper deliverers' strike has made life difficult for many people hereabouts. However, no one will forget how our humanitarian Mayor met the emergency by reading the comic strips over the radio to minimize the sufferings of the innocent little ones.

•

Dillinger's sister, in Indiana, is suing a movie company for $500,000 damages because it produced a film which represents John as a ruthless killer. Hollywood, the ladv says, must not be allowed to besmirch the memory of a great and good man.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue announces that the $2,500 a year for expenses which the members of the House recently voted themselves is not exempt from taxation. All men are equal, it seems, in the sight of the Treasury Department.

—Howard Brcbaker

BOOK5

The Autobiography of a Soviet Official

IN the summer of 1937, when the Soviet purges were in progress, a Soviet official named Alexander Barmine, then charge d'affaires at the Russian legation in Athens, expressed

horror to one of his assistants over the recent execution of Tukhachevsky and seven other Red Army generals. The Minister had been recalled to Moscow and it was a long time since the legation had received any instructions or information. The Russians in Athens had known only that dozens of ambassadors and heads of departments were being arrested and shot. Then they received the communique which told of the shooting of the generals for treason, and Barmine learned a few days later from a friend who arrived from Moscow that some twenty of the younger generals, former

classmates of his, had also been executed. The staff in the legation had been listening to the radio in silence and had pretended to accept the charges brought against all these men, but it now seemed apparent to Barmine that Stalin had simply set out to destroy all the officers and officials who represented the revolutionary generation. "By doing away with these men," Barmine thought, Stalin "would bury once for all the ideals for whose sake the Bolsheviks had endured his dictatorship and its disastrous results for years." Barmine's outburst relieved his tension, but soon after this conversation the assistant returned to Russia, and Barmine presently became aware that his friends in the Foreign Office were no longer communicating with him. An order to seal the Minister's papers and have them sent to Moscow was put through over Barmine's head, anti one day he surprised his code secretary rummaging through his papers. He wrote, asking to be relieved of his duties, but received no reply from Litvinov. Then he was invited on board a Soviet ship which was lying in the harbor at Piraeus. He declined and spent the day in a fishing trip, but when he got back to the dock, he found waiting for him the captain of the ship and several other men. He evaded a second attempt to get him to go on board, but a G.P.U. man stayed with him that evening and talked suggestively about the ease with which it had been possible, in China, to

frustrate or murder officials who were attempting to desert the embassy.

Yet for some reason the mesmerism of Moscow did not succeed with Barmine as it had with so many other Party members—a spell which had behind it a tradition as old as Ivan the Terrible with his bellowings of "I am your God! " "My sense of personal dignity," says Barmine, "was revolted by the alternatives: to submit to kidnapping or to walk out. After the stories I had just heard, I knew what was in store for me. I had to decide where I would be of more help to the Russian people— perishing in one of Stalin's prisons or living as a free man somewhere in the world, knowing the truth and speaking it out." He eluded the maneuver of the G.P.U., announced that he was taking his leave, wrote a letter of resignation to Moscow, and got on a train for Paris.

There he wrote to the Central Committee of the French League of the Rights of Man, reporting his step and explaining the reasons. “For nineteen years,” he said, “I have been in Soviet

government service.... I have fought for the Soviet regime and dedicated all my energies to the cause of the Workers’ State. ... It is quite obvious to me that a reactionary dictatorship is now in control of my country.” And he then wrote a book, an account of his life and a justification of his course of action, which appeared in French in 1939 as “Vingt Ans au Service de 1’U.R.S.S.” and was afterward translated into English and published in England, though not in America, as “Memoirs of a Soviet Diplomat.”

Barmine, soon after this, came to live in the United States, and he is

now an American citizen. He has prepared a new text of his book, which has just been published by Putnam under the title “One Who Survived: The Life Story of a Russian Under the Soviets.” This contains a certain amount of new matter: the author has added a more detailed account of the workings of the Stalin regime and has brought the story of the Soviets up to date. This new edition is an important event: for the first

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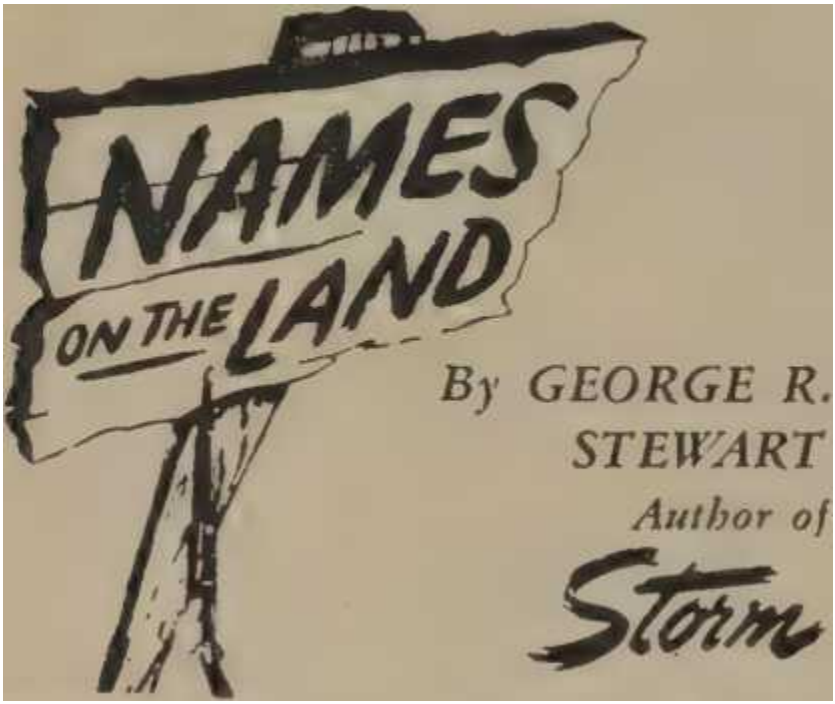

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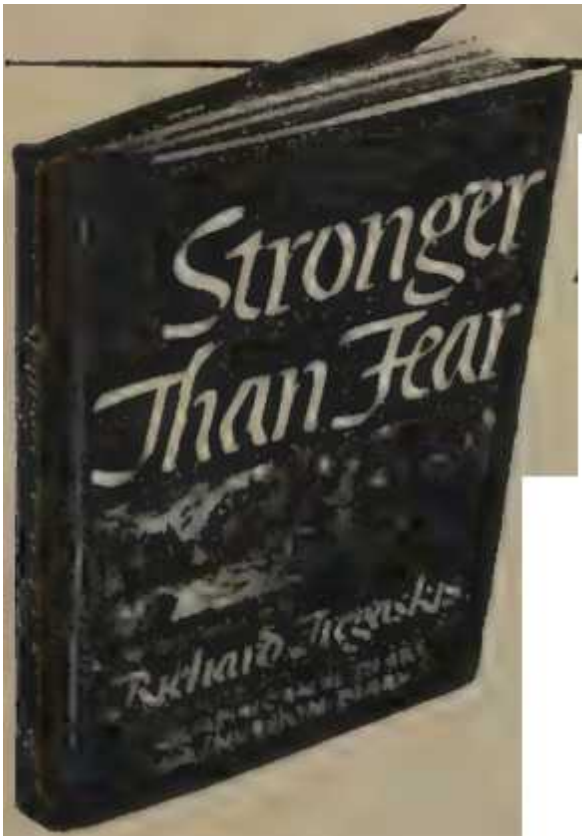

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time it makes the testimony of Barmine widely available in English.

I first read this book when it came out in French, not long after I

had taken a trip to Russia, and it seemed to me the most illuminating document that had been published on the Soviet Union in its then perplexing later phases. It still seems to me unique and indispensable. For a foreigner who wants really to learn what has been happening of recent years in Russia—as distinguished from demanding support either for faith or for hostile prejudice—this is probably the one book that ought to be read if you have time for no other book. One of the great obstacles to general understanding of the development of the new Russia has been the difficulty, for people in the West, of understanding how quickly and how frequently the official Soviet policy has changed, and how deeply these changes in policy have affected the life of Russian society. Most people have several of these phases mixed up in their conception of the Soviets, selecting the best or the worst features of each to flatter their preconceived points of view. Now Barmine takes you through the whole story. Born in 1899, the son of a schoolmaster and a gamekeeper's daughter, he took part as a boy in the civil wars, was made a commissar at nineteen on the basis of his success in getting food from the villagers by persuasion and honorable dealing at a time when Red Army soldiers rarely came back from such errands alive, and attended the Red Army Academy in the years when old Czarist officers, recruited to the Revolution, were trying rather skeptically to transform "a lot of young peasants and workmen into infantry officers in six months," while their training was at any moment likely to be interrupted by the necessity of going away to take part in some actual fighting. And he later saw the years when officials lived in magnificent country houses which the populace were not allowed to approach. He knew the era when, as in 1919, "the most critical year of the Civil War," it was possible, fifty miles from the battle, for a public debate to take place, without 'passing the bounds of courtesy," between Bolsheviks and Mensheviks; and he knew the period when, in time of peace, men were immediately arrested and shot for questioning privately any measure of the government's. What life looked like to a Soviet official during these and all the intermediate stages, what he thought about and what he did, how he explains the transformation of the Russia of the Leninist idealism into

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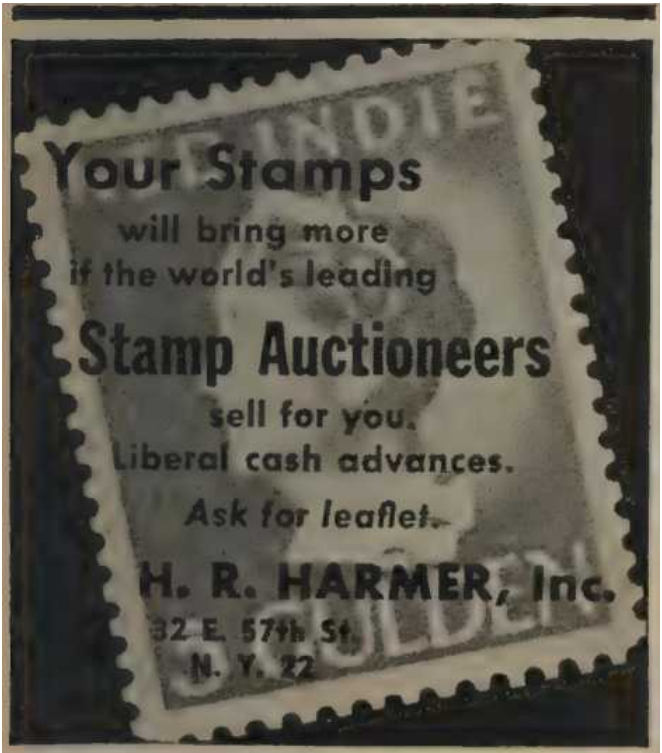

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the Russia of the Stalinist terror, you can find out from reading this book, and it is the only book, so far as I know, from which you can find it out.

The character and personality of the author make the record particularly impressive. This is perhaps the only book on Russia that has lately been written by a Russian which has no political bias. The astonishing fact is—astonishing where Russians are concerned—that Barmine is not political at all. At the time of the Stalin-Trotsky split, he was content to leave everything to the higher-ups and went on the principle that it was always correct to back the findings of the Central Committee. It was not till many years later that he realized "the decisive part in causing the final downfall of all Lenin's real companions-in-arms" played by the blocking of every attempt to organize an opposition with the argument "that any weakening of Party unity might provoke a crisis of which the forces of counter-revolution would take advantage." He was, at one time or another, as assigned by the Party authorities, a soldier who held several commands, a consul general in Persia, an official Soviet agent in Belgium, Soviet director general of imports in Italy and France, and president of the trust that controlled the exportation of the products of the automobile and aviation industries, so he saw a good deal of the officialdom and the business of the Soviet Union. But he played no political role, and his book, to English-speaking readers, will be much more comprehensible and convincing for its freedom from that rather creepy atmosphere of Communist polemic and theory with which we find ourselves so little at home. The truth is that Alexander Barmine might almost have been an American by birth, as he is one now by adoption, so practical, so direct, and so sensible, so much what we should imagine our own to be, are his reactions to the various phenomena which he encountered in Soviet life. There are no apologies in his book, no casuistry of the Marxist conscience; he simply tells you the straight story, and, as Victor Serge has said, "There is not a man in the world who will stand up and say, 'This is not true.' " Even the Communists, it seems, have

never said so; up, at least, to the appearance of this new edition, they have never denounced Barmine as they have the other critics of Stalin.

Finally, the book as a book is an altogether exceptional job. Barmine is not a literary man: he may well never produce another volume; but all Rus-

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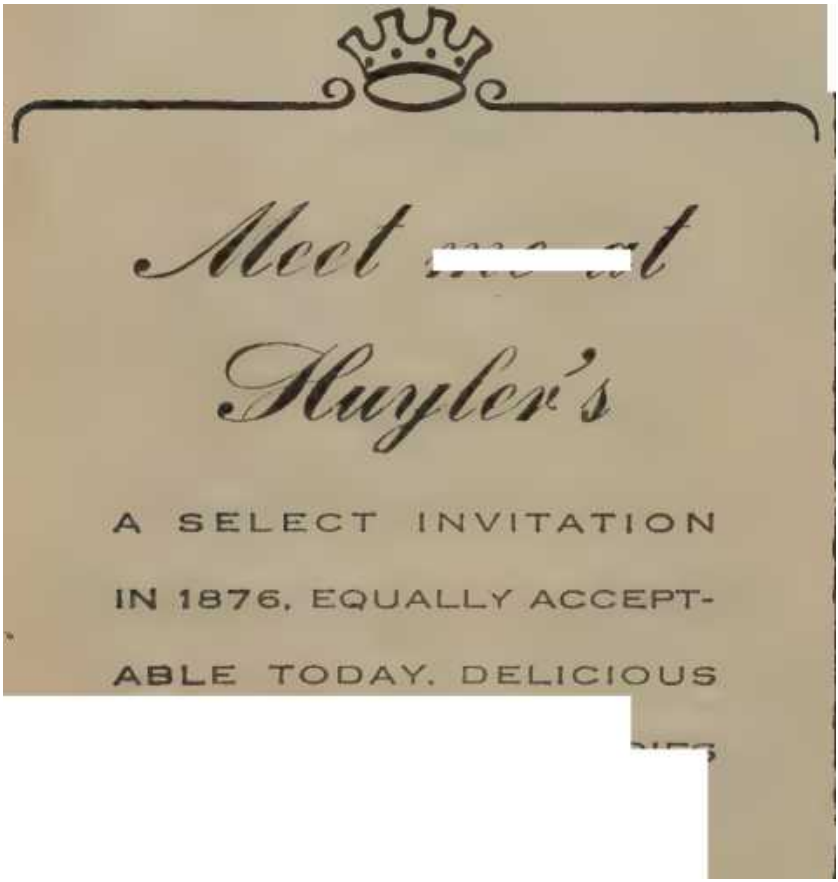

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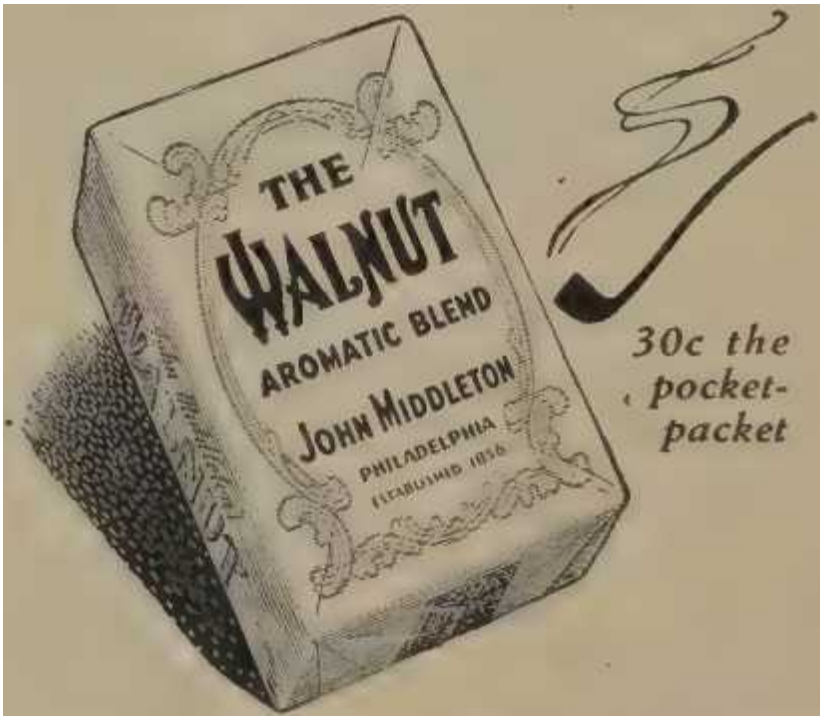

The Leper King, by Zofia Kossak, translated from the Polish, by F. S. Placzek (Roy). An interesting fact about this lumbering, super-romantic story of King Baldwin IV of Jerusalem and his twelfth-century court is the evidence it furnishes that what . rolled off the literary assembly line of prewar Poland was strikingly similar to the same type of goods produced over here. Madame Kossak must have worked like a beaver to dig up the authentic local color she has spread so lavishly over her medieval Holy Land, but for all her industry the reader will find it hard to remember that Baldwin IV isn't the young massa of a dozen novels of the old South, and if the King's, ambitious sister isn't actually the O'Hara girl, then she is certainly our friend Miss Amber. The book isn't really so terribly long (only 252 pages) ; it just seems so.

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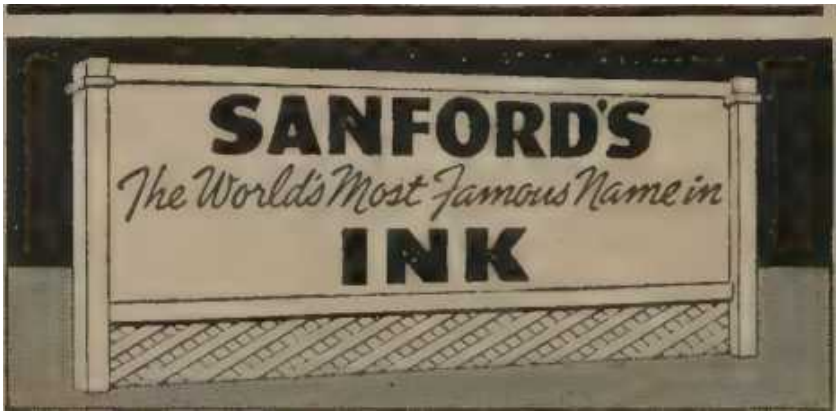
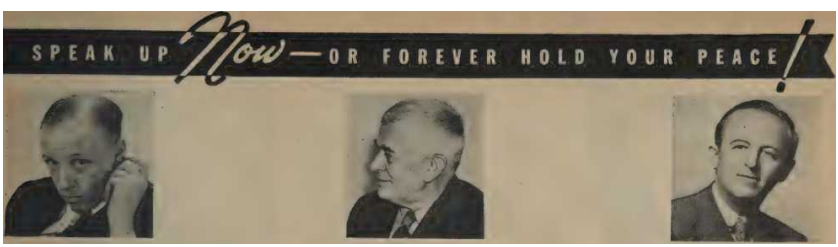


Speak of the Devil, edited by Sterling North and C. B. Boutell (Doubleday, Doran). An anthology of demonology. The idea of a Satanic sampler is a good one and the present collection offers some first-rate specimens of literary preoccupation with man's old friend the Devil.. It looks, though, as if the editors, aiming to please all tastes, had slightly overshot their mark. Serious de-monologists are almost certain to be disgruntled at the inclusion of such frivolous bits of impology as two charming tales by John Collier, as well as at a light, satiric story bv Baudelaire; while a less special class of readers, out for mere entertain-



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February Hill is the story of a family shocking in language, in domestic morals, and in their sense of other people's property, but magnificent in the partisanship of its members for one another; they are all reprehensible and a joy. If I can introduce new readers to February Hill, I shall feel that my long missionary work among the melancholy heathen has been blessed.

CARL VAN DOREN SAYS:

The Venetian Glass Nephew is a brilliant satiric-comic fantasy related in a style of lustrous texture and shining precision. Taken out of its Venetian setting, it would be merely another story of a cool-blooded husband and a warm-blooded wife. But, as Elinor Wylie said from the first, The Venetian Glass Nephew is a moral fairy tale.

GEORGE MACY SAYS:

The Hampdenshire Wonder by J. D. Beresford will entertain you if you are not, to your knowledge, a father or have never permitted yourself to become a mother; but it will enthrall you if you are a parent: for the Wonder at four years old knew more than all the Quizkids put together. It is just a yarn; if it has a Meaning, this is a plea for mystery and romance as opposed to dry-as-dust learning.

FEBRUARY HILL
THE HAMPDENSHIRE WONDER
FEBRUARY HILL
THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW
THE HAMPDENSHIRE WONDER

THIS THREE-

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The Readers Club, 41 East 57 Street, New York 22:

Please place my name on your membership rolls, to receive your >" advance descriptions of books prepared for the members of the Club. •J Please enter my order now for a copy of the I hree-Decker to contain February Hill, The Venetian Glass Nephew and The Hampdenshire i< Wonder. I understand that the edition will be limited to the number of orders received in advance; that my copy will be sent to me with a bill for only $2; and that I am privileged to return it within three days after I receive it, in its original carton, if I am not satisfied.

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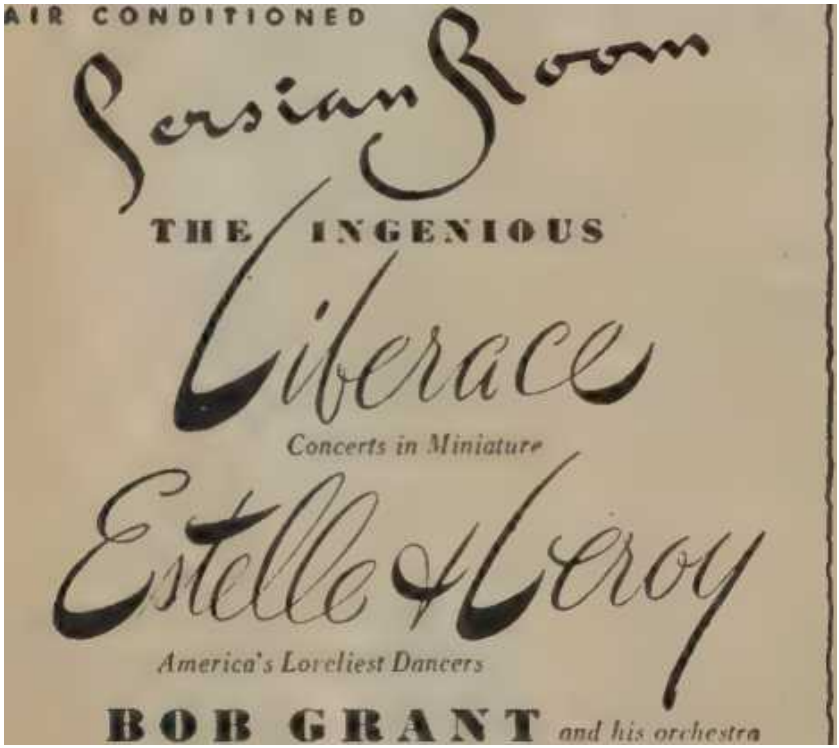

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CLOSER SUNDAY

merit, will probably not be amused by selections from Goethe and Luther. The volume also includes stanzas from Book I of “Paradise Lost” and from the “Divine Comedy,” Gogol’s “St. John’s Eve,” Beerbohm’s “Enoch Soames,” C. S. Lewis’s “The Screwtape Letters,” Baudelaire’s sober “The Litanies of Satan,” beautifully done into English by Edna St. Vincent Millay, and a lot more.

MY5TEKY AND CMME

The Double Agent, by Hildegarde Tolman Teilhet (Doubleday, Doran). Even the end of the European war, apparently, offers no solution to the problems that beset young couples with a penchant for running around the countryside being shot at. In this instance, we have the Houtens —an American artist, said to have been a collaborationist, and his wife, who finds him in Paris after the surrender of Germany. Since Houten is unpopular not only with the

F.F.I. but also with the German sympathizers who have gone underground to plot another war, he and his wife make a dash for the mountain country of central France, where they get their hands on some vital documents and where some pretty amazing things keep happening. You're not apt to he too amazed by it all, however, particularly if you've read the last dozen or so books tailored to this pattern.

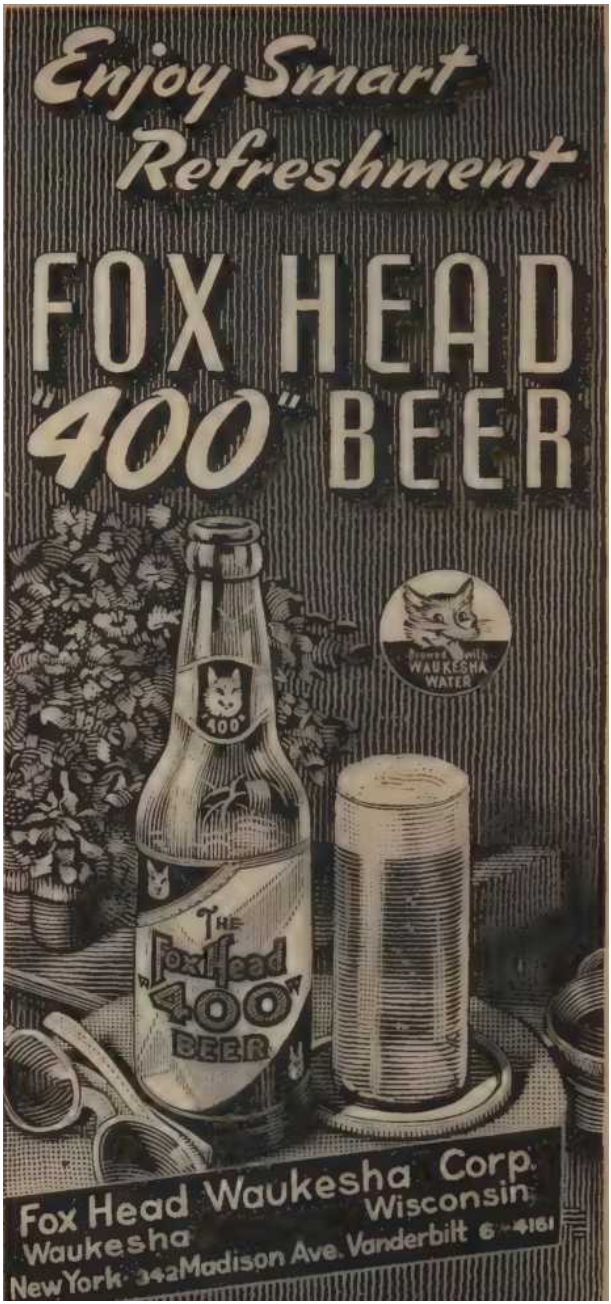
Midsummer Nightmare, by Christopher Hale (Doubleday, Doran). Some very odd goings on at the Jennesma estate, outside Grand Rapids. The Jennesmas, in addition to making furniture and squabbling interminably among themselves, have the plans for a very valuable automobile engine locked up on the place, and this, naturally enough, leads to murder. A Miss Warburton, a highly paid secretary, is suspected, mostly because she walks in her sleep and because a senator is in love with her. The police have trouble in clarifying all this, and so will most readers. Tough going for hot weather.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times]

Ogdensburg, N.Y. (AP)—Opening a door in response to loud "knocking," Henry Parker stood face to face with a brace of runaway ponies. He closed the door.



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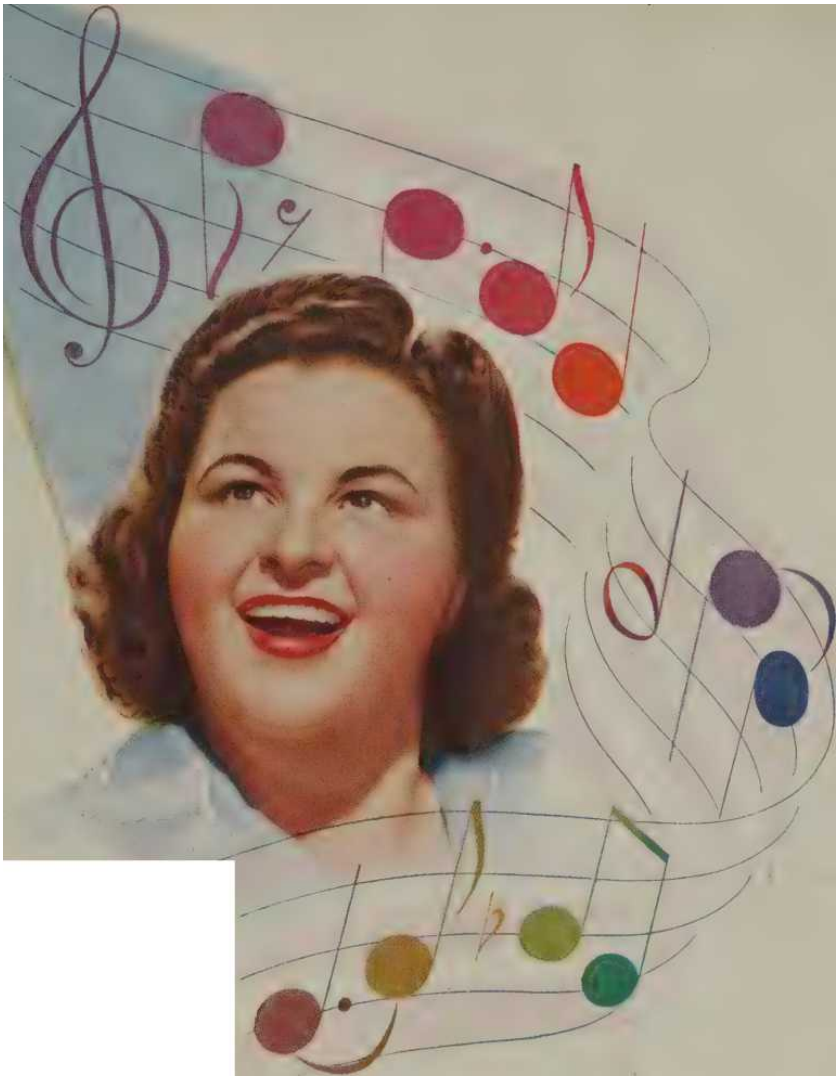

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"God Bless America’’ on a great new radio

SOME day soon you’ll find a new and soul-stirring warmth in Kate Smith’s voice on a great new radio. You’ll heaj delicate shadings—rich harmonies and golden overtones never revealed before.

< On this revolutionary new General Electric radio her

glorious voice will reach you in true "natural color tone. You'll hear it in flawless beauty, incredibly free from the annoyance of static, fading, and station interference.

Everything in Radio and Television

K This newest kind of radio is only one of the amazing ˆ models General Electric will offer some day soon at popular prices. There also will be standard radios, radio-

phonographs with a startling new system of tone reproduction, and the new revolutionary self-charging portable.

' General Electric television receivers, too, with their ˆ large clear pictures, will set an entirely new standard in home entertainment.

FREE: A fascinating booklet, "YOUR COMING RADIO." 28 pages—handsomely illustrated in full color. A forecast of what radios, radio-phonographs and television receivers will be like after the war. For your free copy mail a postcard with the title, "YOUR COMING RADIO" and your name and address to Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y.

Hear the G-E radio programs: "The World Today" news. Monday through Friday, 6:45 p.m., EWT, CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sundar 10 p.m.. EWT, NBC. "The G-E House Tarty," Monday through Friday, a p.m., EWT, CBS.

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Buy War Bonds! Keep on Buying! Keep 'em Flying!

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ˆIM l>K’

DRY tells you WHY!

• Rheingold is light but hearty —not bitter, not sweet. Its quality of DRYNESS lets the clean, clear, real-beer flavor come through.

Due to the ever-increasing demand for Rheingold, your dealer may not always have enough to supply you.

But to up the quantity, we'd have to cut the quality. And that is something we 11 never do. You can be sure that Rheingold will always be beer as beer should taste.

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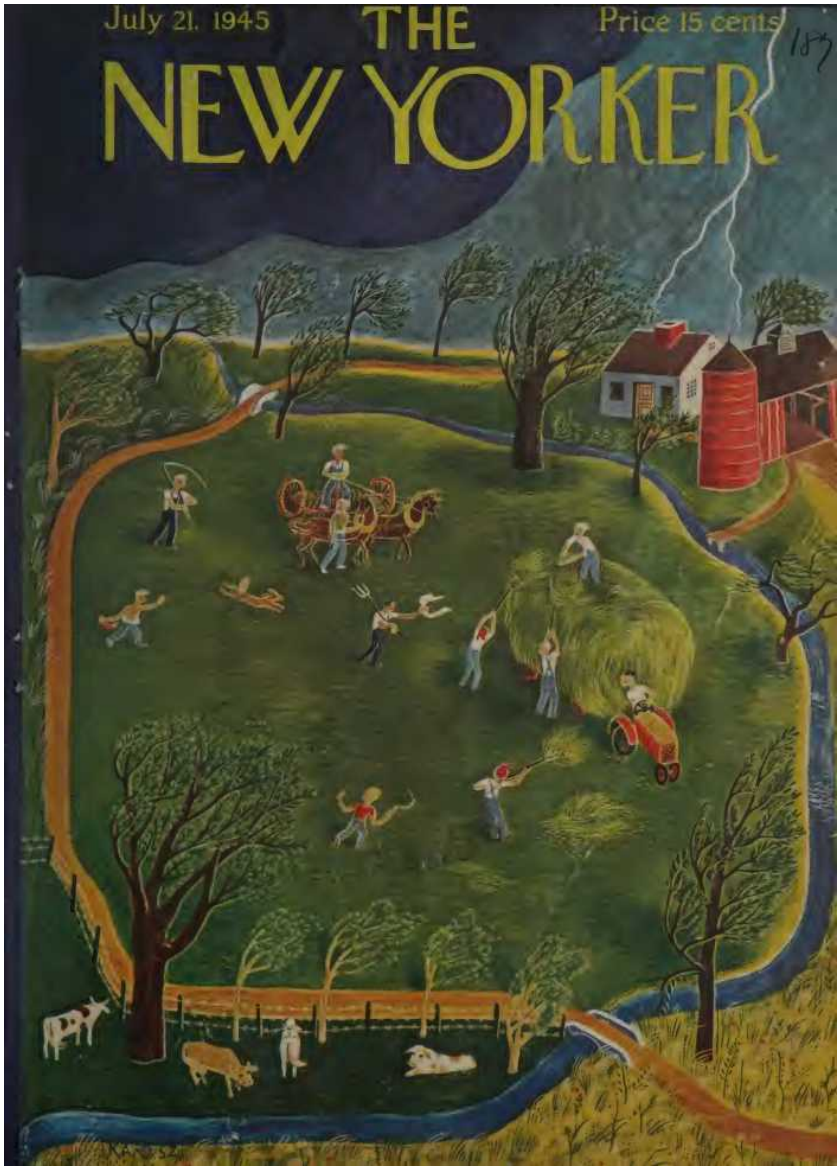
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GOING5 ON ABOUT

TOW

THE THEATRE

W mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

<na Lucasta—The Broadway version of an allNegro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is ■ good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. With Augusta Dabney, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565-Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.) .

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Frances Heflin and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers.

(Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH. MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, which includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rou-ben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.) ... .

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 44664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose

music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a good job. With Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Tudd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very Satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR.'

OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 28.

laborious. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 130.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue: Marinka—A musical comedy by George Marion, Jr., and Karl Farkas, with music by Emmerich Kalman, and a cast including Joan Roberts, Harry Stockwell, and Luba Malina. Directed by Hassard Short and produced by Jules Leventhal and Harry Howard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 75161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves, at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 140 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING (Some places where you will find dance music, and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice or less.) Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra playing its polite dance music in this cool and subterranean summerhouse.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An old favorite, uninhabited for quite a while, is again in business, with Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), a dance team, and Henry King's orchestra.

Caf^ Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)— To meet Miss Paula Laurence and, through Sat., July 21, Miss Georgia Gibbs, who have been neglecting us for too long a time. Also, Josh White and that guitar, and Edmond Hall's band.

Cafe Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737) —This timeless cavern has Imogene Coca and her cantankerous comedy, jazz piano by Mary Lou

department;

Williams and Cliff Jackson, and music by John Kirby's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—A home away from home for many of our most professional night owls. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and most luxurious resorts, fitted out mostly with a chromium-plated clientele. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band play nonstop music. .

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus with his mind-reading business (very neat) is in the elegant Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing. ... Another Melba orchestra plays in the Cafe Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Garwood Van's and Mark Monte's bands alternate on the stand. Liberace plays piano, and there is also a dance team. ... Tea dancing weekdays in the Palm Court.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The way heaven would look in the hands of a good interior decorator. Reasonably celestial dance music by Paul Sparr's orchestra. .

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The elaborate Cafe L unge presents a lot of vocal choruses accompanied by the sweet music of London's Roy Fox and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every day.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A conveniently located day-and-

night nursery. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Alberto Linno's rumba band are on hand all evening.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Jane Pickens with her songs, and a ventriloquist entertain the supper crowd on the Starlight Roof. George Olsen's orchestra takes care of the dance music, and Mischa Borr's orchestra alternates at supper. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the coq rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's of-chestra playing jauntily for dancing. . . . 1-2-3 club, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet, broken only mildly by Roger Stearns' genteel piano; no dancing. . . . spivy's roof, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy, still talking those songs aibout what shouldn't happen to a dog, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets; no dancing. . . . Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310) : Jerry Cooper and a show full of delectable young ladies who sometimes seem tired of it all; dance music by Joe Ricardel's orchestra. . . . casino russe, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116) : Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is —well—Russian entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. ... el chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): good Spanish dishes and even better Spanish music. . . . Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060) : Russell Swann (a fairly cerebral entertainer for this establishment) and his mi gicianly tricks, with Mitzi Green and Enric Mad-riguera's lush orchestra to help out. Upstairs in the Cabana Room, a rumba band. . . . astor roof, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large, cool, and full of helter-skelter young people, egged on by Gene Krupa's orchestra. . . . essex house, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . new YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-iaoo): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Woody Herman's orchestra. . . . Roosevelt, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200) : Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its open-air deck and its view of the harbor, now has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At nick's, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 26683): Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole,

Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots making the temperature twenty degrees hotter inside. . . . village vanguard, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): hard to tell from a hole in the ground, but nicely fitted out with Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . downbeat, 66 W. 52 (EL 59511): Sidney Catlett and his teammates. Billie Holiday, and Al Casey's new trio; dancing. . . . onyx, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-78*6): Stuff Smith's trio, and Hot Lips Page huffing, puffing, and blowing the house down. ... jimmy ryan's, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio that includes Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. ... three deuces, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Don Byas and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

Ai Fresco—The claremont inn, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and dance

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music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . tavern on-the-green, Central Pk. W. at 67: a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then. . . . museum of modern art, ii W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . central park zoo: the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but nice in midweek for a late breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafes: brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; fifth avenue hotel, 5 Ave. at 9; longchamps, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

Frick" Collection, i E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been hidden away for safekeeping since we entered the war are now back in the Museum. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.

Groups—At the durlacher, ii E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Mon. through Fri., i< > a.m. to 5 p.m.; through July 31. . . . rehn, 683 1 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper. Reginald Marsh, and many others. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through July 31. . . . passedoit, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, Jose de Creeft, and others of this group. Mon. through . Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . .

perls, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 p.m.; through Sept. 8. . . . contemporart arts, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through July 31. ...babcock, 38 E. 57: new paintings by artists of the gallery's group; also, a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p;m.; through Aug. 31. ... Rosenberg, 1(1 E. 57: work by Rattner, Hartley, Helion, Avery, and Weber. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 27. . . . midtown, 605 Madison, at 58: « seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 P.M.; through July 31. . . . wevhe, 794 Lexington, at 61: Edward Stevens, Nye Pharr, and Other young Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 27. . . . levitt, 16 W. 57: Oronzo Gasparo, Everett Spruce, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 a m. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31. . . . feigl, 601 Madison, at 57: De Hirsh Margules, Mariano Rodriguez, and others. Daily 10 a.m. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 20. . . . milch, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Sept. 15.... matisse, 41 E. 57: work by contemporary French artists. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Fri., July 20. ... macbeth, ii E. 57: oils and water colors by Joseph de Martini, Andrew Wyeth, • James Lechay, and others. Tues, through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Fri., July 27. ...AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER, 44 W. 56: WOtk in various mediums by gallery members. Mon. through Fri., io a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Fri., 3- July 27. . . . kraushaar, 32 E. 57: a summer show by Louis Botiche, Russell

Cowles, Iver Rose, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . lilienfeld, 21 E. 57: old masters and contemporaries. Mon. through Fri., it a.m. to 4 P.M.; through Fri.,' July 27.... o'connor, 640 Madison, at 59: a miscellaneous group of European and American artists, including Velasquez, Ghislandi, Rosa Bonheur, and George Luks. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . ferargil, 63 E. 57: oils and water colors from Thomas Eakins to the present. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . .. kootz, 15 E. 57: the gallery's group, including such artists as William Baziotes, Fer nand Leger, and Byron Browne. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . 47 gallery, 67 E. 57: a preview of work by artists who will exhibit here next season, including Adolph Gottlieb, Stanley W ill am Hayter, and Hans Hofmann. Mon. through Fri., n a.m. to 6 p.m.; through July 31.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, newly arranged to show the development of Greek civilization; also, prints and drawings by Goya; and (through Sept. 3), an exhibition, sponsored by the Treasury Department, of paintings and drawings of the Pacific war, by American artists. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.

Museum of Modern Art, ii W. 53—A large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m.; through Nov. 4.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 p.m.; through Sept. 15.

Fred E. Robertson—Semi-naive paintings by Grandma Moses' brother: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57,. Thurs. and Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.; through Sat., July 21.

War Art—At the international bldg.. Mezzanine, Rockefeller Center: paintings centering on the

activities of the Medical Corps, by twelve American artists, including Joseph Hirsch, Peter Blume, John Steuart Curry, and

Francis Criss; sponsored by Abbott Laboratories. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Aug. 4. . . . associated American artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55: Aaron Bohrad's water colors of scenes in France and the South Pacific. Daily 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Fri., July 20.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Fabien Sevitzky conducting, Thurs. and Fri., July 19-20, and Sun. through Fri., July 22-27; Sigmund Romberg conducting, Sat., July 21; Maurice Abravanel conducting, Sat., July 28. Highlights: Erica Morini, violin, July 19; Robert Merrill, baritone, and Victoria Schools, soprano, July 21; Ania Dorfmann, piano, July 23; Schola Can-torum and soloists, July 25-26; Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin. ballet dancers, July 28. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 p.m. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5,

> 6, and 7 p.m. over WNYC. Fifth Avenue buses marked "Stadium" leave Washington Square at frequent intervals weekdays between 6:44 and 7:32 P.M. and Sun. between 6:31 and 7:31 P.M.)

Berkshire Festival—The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, in the opening program of the series; soloist, Alexander Brailow-sky, piano, Sat., July 28, at 8:30 p.m. (Tanglewood, between Stockbridge and Lenox, Mass.)

Juilliaro Concerts—Alfred Mirovitch, piano,

Thurs., July 19; Josef Raieff, piano, Fri., July 20; Alton Jones, piano, Tues., July 24; Louis Persinger, violin, Wed., July 25; Barbara Holm-quest, piano, Thurs., July 26; Arturo di Filippi, tenor, Fri., July 27. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122. At 4 P.M. No tickets necessary.)

Park Concerts—Central Park Mall—Goldman Band: Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8:30 p.m. . . . City Amateur Symphony Orchestra, Judge Leopold Prince conducting, Sat., July 21 and 28, at 8:30 p.m. (Soloists: Anne London, soprano, July 21; Serafim Strelkofif, bass,

July 28.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the Yankee stadium:—Yankees vs. St. Louis, Thurs. and Fri., July 19-20, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Chicago, Sat., July 21, at 2:30 p.m., Sun., July 22 (doubleheader), at 2:05 p.m., and Mon., July 23, at 2:30 p.m.; Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat.. July 27-28, at 2:30 p.m. . . . ebbets field: Dodgers vs. Boston, Fri. a»d Sat., July 27-28, at 2:30 p.m.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden-—Johnny Greco vs. Tuny Janiro, welterweights, 8 rounds, Fri., July 20; Sal Bartolo vs. Freddie Russo, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., July 27. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 p.m.)

Golf—Metropolitan G.A. Beers Memorial, Winged Foot G.C., Mamaroneck. N.Y., Fri., July 20. Metropolitan G.A. Public Links Championship finals, Hendricks Field G.C., Belleville, N.J., starting Sat., July 21. . . , N.J. State G.A. Amateur-Pro Medal Play Championship, Crestmont G.C., West Orange, N.J., Sun., July 22.

Racing—Empire City meet at Jamaica race track, weekdays at 1 130 p.m., through Aug. 4. (The Empire City, July 21 ; Fleetwing Handicap, July 24; Comely Handicap, July 25; Butler Handicap, July 28.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 a.m. and 1:10 p.m. and Sat. between 10:45 a.m. and 1:25 p.m.

Tennis—Eastern Clay Court Championships, Jack-son Heights T.C., Jackson Heights, L. I., through Sun., July 22. . . . Scabright Invitation Tournament Seabright L.T. and C.C., Seabright, N.J., starting Fri., July 27.

Trotting—Weekdays at Saratoga, N.Y., at 8:15 p.m., through Aug. 25. . . . Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 p.m.; through Sept. 22. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7 103"p.m.)

Yachting—Championship Regal Larchmont Y.C. Race Week, s. 22.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the Chrysler bldg

ington, at 42: a collection of United Sta combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rocke small arms, as well as equipment capturea the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays 1. 12 noon to 5:45 p.m., continuous showings \ recent Army and Navy films. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. . . . museum of science and industry, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave..

*at 49; a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; through Sept. 15. . , . NEW YORK historical society, Central Pk. W . at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War.

Tues, through Fri., 1 to 5 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through July 31.

Housing-—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 1 1 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.m.; through Sept. 30.

Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104— About a hundred prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built New \ ork s first omnibuses, horsecars, early subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New fork's police force, shown in drawings, photographs, uniforms, and documents: Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., I to 5 p.m.; through Sept. 30.

ON THE AIR

Mayor LaGuardia—Tn the second of a series of monthly broadcasts on New York, Thurs., July 26, at 7:30 p.m., WJZ.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sun., July 22, at 3 p.m., WABC. . . . Stadium Concerts, Fri., July 20 and 27, and Wed., July 25, at 8:30 p.m., WNYC. ... Berkshire Festival, Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., July 28, at 8:30 p.m., WJZ. . . , Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., July 2t and 28, at 5 p.m., WJZ.

Sports—Boxing: Johnny Greco vs. Tony Janiro, Fri., July 20, at 10 p.m., WOR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 p.m., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Europe), Wed. at 10:45 p.m., WJZ. ... Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M.. WABC. ... Frank Kingdom Tues, through Sat. at 10:30 p.m.. W MCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.m., WOR. ... Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 p.m., WABC. ... Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 p.m., WOR. Cesar Saerchingcr. Sun. at 11:15 p.m., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 p.m., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 p.m.. W HN. . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at

7:15 p.m., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

A Bell for Aoano—This adaptation of John Hersey's novel loses some force by emphasizing the comedy, but is still worth seeing. With John Hodiak, Gene Tierney, and William Bendix. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Avc. at 50.)

Guest in the House—A very sensible adaptation of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Andie Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., July 20.)

Junior Miss—Peggy Ann Garner in a very engaging screen version of the play by Sally Benson, Jerome Chodorov, and Joseph Fields. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Murder, My Sweet—Excellent screen treatment of Raymond Chandler's mystery called "Farewell, My Lovely." Dick Powell, who gets slugged, shot, or poisoned practically every other minute, makes a fine, durable detective. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 19.)

Rhapsody in Blue—This musical biography of George Gershwin contains all the songs from "Swanee" to "Porgy and Bess," but the story was largely made up in Hollywood. It is also slightly confused by the fact that some characters, like Oscar Levant, Paul W hiteman, and Al Jolson are played by themselves. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

A Royal Scandal—Tallulah Bankhead, as the Empress of all the Russias, in a pretty funny item that has probably little to do with either Catherine or history. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., July 19. ... Carlton, B'way at 100; through Mon., July 23. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., July 20-22. .. . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues, through Thurs., July 24-26. ... 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting W'ed., July 25.)

San Pietro—John Huston and Frank Capra get together on a thirty-minute documentary about a

GOING5

ON ABOUT TOW

/S. infantry action in Italy. It's probably as /line as anything that has come out of the war to date. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., July 24.)

Without Love—It's hard to believe that Philip Barry would recognize this Donald Ogden Stewart version as his Broadway play, but it's very lively and amusing just the same. With Kath .rine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues, through Thurft, July 24-26.)

Wonder Man—Danny Kaye as twins in a stylish ghost story with incidental music. Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, Allen Jenkins, and Otto Kruger are in the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer (1938)—Tommy Kelly and May Robson as Tom and Aunt Polly. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., July 2324.) ,

Bambi (1942)—Walt Disney's interpretation of the Felix Salten story. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues, and Wed., July 24-25.)

Dead End (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Jotl McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues, through Thurs., July 24-26.)

40 Girls and a Baby (1938)—Also called "40 Little Mothers." About a girls' school and a hidden baby. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Wed., July 25.)

The Garden of Allah (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., July 22-23.)

Gaslight (1944)—Approximately the same scary story as the play

“Angel Street.” With Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman. (Thalia, B’way at 95; Thurs., July 19.)

The Great Moment (1944)—Preston Sturges’ lightsome biography of a pioneer anaesthetist. Joel McCrea, Betty Field, and William Demarest. (Loew’s 175th Street, B’way at 175; through Tues., July 24.... Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew’s 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew’s 83rd Street, B’way at 83; and Olympia, B’way at 107; through Wed., July 25.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery and Claude Rains. (Loew’s 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Wed., July 25. ... Stoddard, B’way at 90; starting Wed., July 25.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., July 20-21.)

La Maternelle (1935)—Children in Montmartre. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., July 25.)

.

Naughty Marietta (1935)'—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Alden, B’way at 67; Tues, and Wed., July 24-25.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., July 24.)

The Rainbow (1944)—The German occupation of a Ukrainian village. In Russian. (Thalia, B’way at 95; Fri. through Mon., July 20-23.)

Shall We Dance? (1937)—One of the Astaire-Rogers series, this time with Gershwin music. (Alden, B’way at 67; through Sat., July 21.... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., July 20-21.)

Tift Song of Bernadette (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (77th Street, B’way at 77; through Wed., July 25. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., July 22-24.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY I?,. THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 28.

Street Scene (1931)—The Elmer Rice play, with Sylvia Sidney. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues, and Wed., July 24-25.)

They Were Five (1938)—About a lottery and a country inn. In French, with Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., July 24.)

The 39 Stefs (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Men., July 22-23.)

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay (1944)—Innocence abroad in the 1920's. With Gail Russell and D ana Lynn. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., July 20-23.) . . .

Wilson (1944)—Alexander Knox as isolationism's famous victim. With Geraldine Fitzgerald and Chatles Coburn. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; starting Wed., July 25.)

You Can't Take It with You (1938)—The Kaufman-Hart comedy. Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold, and James Stewart. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., July 27.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.ir and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 p.m. on the following schedule—thurs., july it: "Anna Christie" (1929), with Greta Garbo. . . . fri. through sun., JULY 20-22: "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock.. .. mon. through thurs., July 23-24: "Juno and the Paycock" (1930), with players of the Abbey Theatre, directed by Alfred Hitchcock.... from fri., july 27: "Little Caesar" (1930), with Edward G. Robinson.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Service Men—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore,

Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the civilian defense volunteer office, i E. 44 (MU 2-431o): men or women to woik two mornings or one full day each week in the offices of the New York City Vacancy Listing; women to work one morning or afternoon a week as nursery assistants and recreation aides in child-care centers. ... red cross, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work four daytime hours a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. .. .

AMERICAN women's voluntary services, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for service men's clubs; women who can pass a dnv-er's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport woik, apply at 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.) ... united hospital fund, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least eight hours a

week, day or evening, as aides in children's wards, or, during the day, as clinic aides; men to take a short training course and then work at least one evening a week as orderlies. . . . American women's hospitals reserve corps, 817 Madison, at 68 iRE 70100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work during the day on Monday and Thursday doing various chores in canteens throughout the city.

Note—The New York City Defense Recreation-Committee, 99 Park, at 40 (MU 3-6900), has issued an appeal for volunteers (must be over 21 years old) to work two four-hour shifts a week, during the day, giving out theatre tickets and arranging other entertainment

for service personnel on furlough in the city.

Harvesters—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, ^"> harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

Salvage—Wastepaper, which is vitally needed, and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tien in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. • • . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work ' and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send Overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. ... The A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66, New York 21, has issued an appeal for old she< ts, pillow cases, or other white material which can be used for dressings in hospitals. . . . American Relief for France is collecting clothing and bedding to send to destitute families overseas. Contributions should be sent to the organization's workshop, at 15 E. 24, New York 10. . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410).... Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If .you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New

York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220.... Bibles, in English and foreign languages, are needed for service men and for people in liberated countries. They can be taken or sent to any A.W.V.S. office; for the address of the nearest one, call RE 4-6050. .. . The .American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps, 817 Madison, at 68, New York 21, (RE 7-0100), has issued an appeal to stamp collectors and business houses to send in foreign and unusual domestic postage stamps, which will be distributed to hospitals for veterans who wish to start collections.

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A glance at the globe shows why

Look at the globe. Note the width of the Pacific. And remember, distance doesn't lend enchantment, where logistics are concerned! , --' How to get blood, vital supplies, or personnel across the Pacific quickly? 1 hat's a job for the nats . . . the Naval Air Transport Service!

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Martin flying boats will pay big dividends to tomorrow’s airlines. Proved in service with NATS, both Mars and Mariner are known quantities. Both are in production right now ... a fact which will mean prompt delivery, at minimum costs, of postwar commercial versions. So for speed, comfort and economy . . . plan to travel or ship, via Martin flying boat!The Glenn L. Martin Company, Baltimore 3, Md.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astok, B'way at 45 (CT 6-4642)—wonder man, Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—"Anchors Aweigh," Frank Sinatra, Kathrvn Grayson, Gene Kelly.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—"A Thousand and One Nights," Evelyn Keyes, Cornel Wilde.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—"The Great John L.," Greg McClure, Linda Darnell.

Gotham, B'way at 47 (CI 5-9516)—Thurs., July 19: "Twice Blessed," Gail Patrick, Preston Foster. . . . From Fri., July 20: "The Cheaters," Joseph Schildkraut.

Hollywood, B'way at 51 (CT 7-5545)—rhapsody in blue, Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith,

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—"Along Came _ Jones," Loretta Young, Gary Cooper.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—-Through Tues., July 24: "You Came Along," Lizabeth Scott, Robert Cummings. . . . From Wed., July 25: "Incendiary Blonde," Betty Hutton, Arturo de Cordova.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)-— • a bell for aoano, Gene Tierney, John Hodiak, William Bendix.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—junior miss, Peggy Ann Garner, Allyn Joslyn.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Through Tues., July 24: "Nob Hill," Joan Bennett, George Raft. ...From Wed., July 25: wilson, revival, Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald.

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., July 25: "Thrill Of A Romance," Esther Williams, Van Johnson.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—"Conflict," Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, Sydney Greenstreet.

Victoria, B'way at 46 (CI 6-7429)—"Within These Walls," Thomas Mitchell, Mary Anderson.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Alden, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Revivals— Through Sat., July 21: shall we dance?, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire; also "Crime by Night," Jane Wyman, Faye Emerson. . . . Sun. and Mon., July 22-23: "Journey for Margaret," Margaret O'Brien, Laraine Day, Robert Young; also "Reveille with Beverly," Ann Miller. . . . Tues, and Wed., July 24-25: bambi, Walt Disney full-length film; also naughty marietta, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.

Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50 (EL 5-8790)—Thurs., July 19: "Molly and Me," Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall; also "Man of Affairs," revival, George Arliss. ... Fri. through Mon., July 20-23: "They Met in The Dark," Joyce Howard, James Mason; also "Blood and Sand," revival, Rita Hayworth, Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell. ... Tues, and Wed., July 24-25: street scene, revival, Sylvia Sidney; also "Bathing Beauty," revival, Esther Williams, Red Skelton.

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (GR 5-9738)-—• Revivals— Through Tues., July 24: they were five (in French), Jean Gabin; also "Tanya" (in Russian). . . . From Wed., July 25: la maternelle (in French); also "Himlaspelet" (in Swedish).

55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-9438)— Through Tues., July 24: san pietro, U.S. Signal Corps short documentary film; port of shadows (in French), revival, Jean Gabin, Michel Simon; and "Leningrad Music Hall," revival, forty-five-minute musical documentary film. . . . From Wed., July 25: 40 girls and a baby; also called "40 Little Mothers"; (in French), revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)—you can't take it with you, revival, Jean Arthur, James c Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, Edward

Arnold.

Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)-—“The Last Hill” (in Russian).

Thalia, B’way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Thurs., July 19: murder, my sweet, Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Anne Shirley; also gaslight, revival, Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman. . . . Fri. through Mon., July 20-23: the rainbow (in Russian), revival; also “They Came to a City,” revival, John Clements. . . . From Tues., July 24: dead end, revival, Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, Humphrey Bogart; also “Great Guy,” revival, James Cagney.

World, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—“Africa Speaks,” revival, documentary film.

EAST- SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Through Sat., July 21: “Roughly Speaking,” Rosalind Russell, Jack Car-son. . . . Sun. through Tues., July 22-24: the song of bernadette, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price. . . . From Wed., July 25: “The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660) — Through Sat., July 21: “It’s a Pleasure!,” Sonja Henie, Michael O’Shea; also “Molly and Me,” Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall. . . . Sun. through Wed.. July 22-25: “The Clock,” Judy Garland, Robert Walker; also “Gentle Annie,” Donna Reed, James Craig.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865) — Through Sat., July 21: “Rainbow Island,” revival. Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Bracken; also “Till .-We Meet Again,” revival, Barbara Britton, Ray Milland. . . . Sun. and Mon., July 22-23: “Dillinger,” Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe; also “Earl Carroll’s Vanities,” Constance Moore, Dennis O'Keefe. . . . Tues, and Wed., July 24-25: “Blonde from Brooklyn,” Lynn Merrick, Robert Stanton; also “Bells of Rosarita,” Roy Rogers.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through

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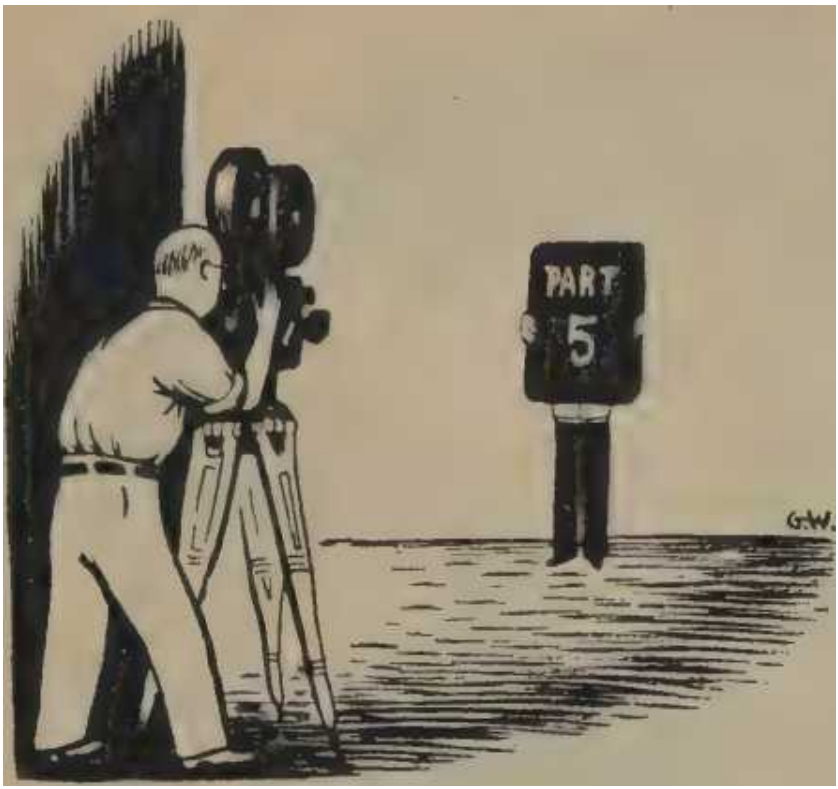

THURSDAY, JULY 19, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, JULY 25

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MO-TION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 3, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

Wed., July 25: the great moment, revival, Betty-Field, Joel McCrea; also “Practically Yours,” Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434) —Thurs., July 19: “It’s a Pleasure!,” Sonja Henie, Michael O’Shea. ... Fri. through Mon., July 20-23: “Molly and Me,” Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall. . . . From Tues., July 24; without love, Katharine

Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., July 19: “One Romantic Night,” revival, Ilona Massey, Alan Curtis. . . . Fri. through Sun., July 20-22: A royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead. Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter. . . . Mon. and Tues., July 23-24: the adventures of tom sawyer, revival, Tommy Kelly, May Robson. . . . From Wed., July 25: “Swiss Family Robinson,” revival, Thomas Mitchell, Freddie Bartholomew.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs., July 19: “Here Come the Waves,” Bing Crosby, Betty-Hutton, Sonny Tufts. . . . Fri. through Mon., July 20-23: our hearts were young and gay, revival, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell. . . . Tues, and Wed., July 24-25: “And Now Tomorrow,” revival, Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, Susan Hayward.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5 3577) — Through Wed., July 25: “Pillow to Post,” Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet; also “Escape in the Desert,” Philip Dorn, Helmut Dantine.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Tues., July 24: “The Clock,” Judy Garland, Robert Walker. ... From Wed., July 25: “The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)— Through Tues., July 24: “A Song to Remember.” Merle Oberon, Paul Muni. . . . From Wed., July-25 : a royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)— Through Wed., July 25: the great moment, revival, Betty Field, Joel McCrea; also “Practically Yours,” Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., July-19: A royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter; also “Tarzan and the Amazons,” Johnny Weissmuller. . ._. Fri. and Sat., July- 20-21: shall we dance?, revival, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire; also the informer, revival, Victor McLaglen. . . . Sun. and Mon., July 22-23: the garden of allah, revival, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer; also the 3» steps, revival, Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat. ... From

Tues., July 24: “It’s a Pleasure!,” Sonja Henie, Michael O’Shea; also “Molly and Me,” Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)-— Through Sat., July 21 : “And Now Tomorrow,” revival, Loretta Young, Alan Ladd, Susan Hayward. . . . Sun. through Tues., July 22-24: “Diamond Horseshoe,” Betty Grable, Dick Haymes. ...From Wed., July- 25: “The Clock,” Judy-Garland, Robert Walker.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900) — Through Wed., July- 25: “Pillow to Post,” Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet; also “Escape in the Desert,” Philip Dorn, Helmut Dantine.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)— Through Fri., July 20: “Dillinger,” Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe; also “Earl Carroll’s Vanities,” Constance Moore, Dennis O’Keefe. ...Sat. through Tues., July 21-24: “Sudan,” Maria Montez, Jon Hall; also “That’s the Spirit,” Peggy- Ryan, Jack Oakie. . .. Wed., July 25:

here comes mr. jordan, revival, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains; also “You’ll Never Get Rich,” revival, Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., July 23: “Rainbow Island,” revival, Dorothy-Lamour, Eddie Bracken; also “Till We Meet Again,” revival, Barbara Britton, Ray Milland. ...Tues, and Wed., July 24-25: “Blonde from Brooklyn,” Lynn Merrick. Robert Stanton; also “Bells of Rosarita,” Roy Rogers.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3 (CH 3-9019)-—Through Fri., July 20: “The Clock,” Judy Garland, Robert Walker; also “Gentle Annie,” Donna Reed. James Craig. ... Sat. through Mon., July 21-23: “It’s a Pleasure!,” Sonja Henie, Michael O’Shea; also “Molly and Me,” Gracie Fields, Monty-Woolley, Roddy McDowall. . . . From Tues., July-24: “Diamond Horseshoe,” Betty Grable, Dick Haymes; also “The Scarlet Clue,” Sidney Toler.

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs., July 19: “Frenchman’s Creek,” Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova. . . . Fri. through Mon., July 20-23: “The Clock,” Judy- Garland, Robert

Walker. . . . From Tues., July 24: A royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., July 23: "Rainbow Island," revival, Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Bracken; also "Till We Meet Again," revival, Barbara Britton, Ray Milland. ... Tues. and Wed., July 24-25: "Blonde from Brooklyn," Lynn Merrick, Robert Stanton; also "Bells of Rosarita," Roy Rogers.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)— Thurs., July 19: "Journey for Margaret," revival, Margaret O'Brien, Laraine Day, Robert Young; also "The Stars Look Down," revival, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave. ... Fri. through Mon., July 20-23: "It's a Pleasure!," Sonja Henie, Michael O'Shea; also "Molly and Me," Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall. ... From Tues., July 24: "The Hard Way," revival, Ida Lupino, Dennis Morgan, Joan Leslie; also "The Youngest Profession," revival, Virginia Weidler, Edward Arnold.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)— Through Wed., July 25: "Pillow to Post," Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet; also "Escape in the Desert," Philip Dorn, Helmut Dantine. ♦

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., July 21: "The Clock," Judy Garland, Robert Walker; also "Gentle Annie," Donna Reed, James Craig. . . . Sun. and Mon., July 22-23: "Our Wife," revival, Ruth Hussey, Melvyn Douglas; also "The Sky's the Limit," revival, Fred Astaire, Joan Leslie. . . . From Tues., July 24: "Sudan," Maria Montez, Jon Hall; also "That's the Spirit," Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie.

77th Street, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Wed., July 25. the song of bernadette, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)— Through Wed., July 25: "Pillow to Post," Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet; also "Escape in the Desert," Philip Dorn, Helmut Dantine.

Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190) — Through Wed.. July 25: the great moment, revival, Betty Field, Joel McCrea; also "Practically Yours," Claudette Colbert, Fred Mac-Murray.

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)— Through Fri., July-20; guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also “Night Club Girl,” Edward Norris. . . . Sat. through Mon., July 21-23: “Between Two Women,” Van Johnson, Gloria De Haven. Lionel Barrymore; also “Nothing But Trouble,” Laurel and Hardy. . . . Tues, and Wed., July 24-25: “Swiss Family Robinson,” revival, Thomas Mitchell, Freddie Bartholomew; also “One Romantic Night,” revival, Ilona Massey. Alan Curtis.

Stoddard, B’way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Tues.. July- 24: “Sudan,” Maria Montez, Jon Hall; also “That’s the Spirit,” Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie. ...From Wed., July 25: here comes mr. jordan, revival, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains; also "You’ll Never Get Rich,” revival, Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth.

Riverside, B’way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Wed., July 25: “Pillow to Post,” Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet; also “Escape in the Desert,” Philip Dorn, Helmut Dantine.

Carlton, B’way at too (AC 2-3862)—Through Mon., July 23: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bank-head, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter; also “The Cisco Kid Returns,” Duncan Renaldo. . . . From Tues., July 24: “Molly and Me,” Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall; also “Dillinger,” Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe.

Olympia, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—-Through Wed., July 25 the great moment, revival. Betty-Field, Joel McCrea; also “Practically Yours,” Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray.

Nemo, B’way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Through Wed., July- 25: “Pillow to Post,” Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet; also “Escape in the Desert,” Philip Dorn. Helmut Dantine.

Loew’s 175th Street, B’way at 175 (WA 7-5200)— Through Tues., July 24: the great moment, revival, Betty Field, Joel McCrea; also “Practically Yours,” Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray. . . . Wed., July 25: “The Chicago Kid,” Otto Kruger; also “Ten Cents a Dance,” Jane Frazee.

Coliseum, B’way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Wed., July- 25: “Pillow to Post,” Ida Lupino. Sydney Greenstreet; also “Escape in

the Desert," Philip Dorn, Helmut Dantine.

Highlights
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE sat for a while with Aunt Maudie on her front porch the other evening, watching the robins and reading aloud to her from her favorite book, “The Third Report to the President, the Senate & the House of Representatives by the Director of War Mobilization and Reconversion.” The part Aunt Maudie likes is Chapter X, called “The Bridge Between Today and Tomorrow,” which contains the exciting passage about better living. She asked us to go back and read that part over again.

“ ‘After the war,’ ” we repeated, “ ‘the American economy must be dynamic, with expanding business, expanding markets, expanding employment, and opportunity. The American people are in the pleasant predicament of having to learn to live fifty-per-cent better than they have ever lived before.’ ”

Aunt Maudie sighed, and her glance stole toward the iron deer on the lawn. She said nothing for a few moments, but we were both having the same thoughts—about the deer. Was a single iron deer going to be enough during a period of expansion? "Ibis ('ne is not a particularly dynamic deer, having stood quite still for thirty years.

“Maybe the lawn ought to have a wooden duck after the war, and six ducklings trailing behind it,” she said, half to herself. “That would be about fifty per cent better, wouldn’t it? ”

“It would as far as the (’ecorative effect of the lawn goes,” we replied, “but don’t forget the lawn itself, Maudie. If you’re going to live better, you haven’t got enough

lawn there by half. How big is it anyway? ”

“Eighty feet wide by a hundred and twenty-five feet deep, if you count the canna bed,” said Maud.

“Is the place next door for sale? ” we asked, lighting a Kool.

Our Aunt looked up quickly. “You don’t mean ... ? ”

“Certainly,” we said. “You don’t want to live all your life behind a little old eighty-foot lawn. You need another forty-feet frontage, Maud, and you needn’t pretend you can’t afford it, either. There is a vast reservoir of liquid assets in this country, currently estimated at two hundred and thirty billion. It says so right here in the Report.”

Fireflies began to show up in the dusk, and the robins left the lawn and began carolling in the elm-top. Aunt Maudie slid gently back and forth in the porch glider as we talked in low voices about the bigger lawn and the expanding economy and the problem of getting the grass cut on the bigger lawn in the better life. She used to mow the lawn herself, but we agreed that she won’t be able to any more, if she is to live fifty per cent better. She thought perhaps she could get the Jenkins boy to cut it.

“And the lawn mower?” we asked. “It’s one of those old hand-pushed things, isn’t it?”

She smiled and nodded, and then looked inquiringly at us. “Power?” she asked. “A power mower that

uses gas and you don’t have to push?” “Certainly,” we replied. “And don’t forget to tell that Jenkins boy to remove the lawn duck and the six ducklings each time he mows, and replace them after he has

cut the swath. That will be living some better, won't it, Maud, to have a boy out there moving wooden ducks around on a hot day?"

"I'll say it will," breathed Maudie.

"Is your car going all right?" we asked, after a spell.

"Going great," said our Aunt.

"Is that old beach wagon still running? "

"Yes, pretty good."

"And the other car?" we asked, sly!r . .

"What the devil are you talking about, Boy?" said Maud. "You know I have no other car."

We acted surprised. "You mean you have no shiny little convertible that takes you down roads that are a ribbon of white in the moonlight, and the wheel in your hands, and the lift and power of singing speed, and the deep sleepy hush of the motor's murmur telling you what you've needed, wanted, waited for? Aunt Maud! Shame!"

"Docs it say that in the book?" she asked, sleepily.

"It says it right here: 'Only the defeatist can scoff at this inescapable fact that we must build our economy on that basis.' "

The glider creaked back and forth. Maud dozed, and we sat there with the reconversion book in our lap, counting robins. There were onlv two in the elm. But we noticed that next door, in the new fortyfoot strip, there was another elm, and it contained a third bird. "Fifty per cent ex-

“Red Wing, Minnesota.) reports a fall

of manna and wants to know what the ceiling price is.”

actly,” we whispered, shutting our eves.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The estate of the late Dr. James Breasted has received a request from a Swiss firm of German-language publishers for the right to translate and publish his treatise “The Dawn of Conscience.”

On Third Avenue, just above Fiftyninth Street, is a small shop with a sign in the window: “Inventors’ Working Models Made Reasonable.”

There’s an Army chaplain who dashes about Paris these days in a

jeep < >n which is painted the name “Life with Father.”

History .

BUSINESSMAN who was recently in Washington getting

something or other cleared through one of the government agencies struck up quite a friendship with the official who took care of him. When their conference was finished, the agency man inquired if the businessman would like to look over the building. In the course

of the tour of inspection, they entered a small, severe conference room furnished with a large table, chairs, and a blackboard on an easel. Here, the agency man explained, decisions were made and policies shaped. Some writing on the blackboard had not been erased, and the businessman took a peek, perhaps in the subconscious hope of getting a little inside dope on the future of his business. What he saw was nostalgic rather than informative: a roughly drawn diagram of a diamond on which appeared three X’sconnected with arrows. Each of the X’s was labelled with a name: “Tinker,” “Evers,” “Chance.”

S'weet Mit sic

ONE night a while back, water from a couple of broken mains poured through the windows of an apartment house in the Bronx and people woke to find chairs and tables floating around their beds. Such violent breaks occur nine or ten times a year, but pavements would be heaved up every day by bursting mains if the Bureau of Water Supply didn’t find and plug some four thou

sand leaks a year before they get obstreperous. Mains, most of which are of cast iron and the oldest of which was laid under Pearl Street in 1832, break as a result of water pressure, age, the weight of other sub-surface structures or of heavy traffic, or the uneven settlement of the dirt fill below and around them. This. last

condition usually is brought about by leaks in the joints of the pipes.

The other morning we joined a Water Bureau crew on a leak hunt in the Bronx. The leak the crew was looking for had flooded a Consolidated Telegraph & Electrical Subway manhole on the corner of Boston Road and Astor Avenue. The search was conducted by two experts on leaks—a civil engineer named Cristofalo and a stocky complaint-shop foreman named Kutz-berger—and the Water Bureau's East Bronx repair gang. Cristofalo had just completed a two-week survey near Fordham University that had netted him three leaks. "I go after leaks every day, even in sections where no one complains about a flooded cellar," he told us. "Our survey men search all over the Bronx and Manhattan but never in Brooklyn. Brooklyn soaks up all the water into the sand. Up here it's nice and rocky. You can hear a leak in the Bronx."

Kutzberger had spent the past five days listening up and down Boston Road and Astor Avenue for the leak that was flooding the manhole. "Don't know what we'd do without our little aquaphone and geophone," he said. "Probably have to tear up whole streets to find a leak." He took the two instruments out of the repair gang's truck. The geophone resembles a large stethoscope with two heavy copper discs where the rubber cup would be. The aquaphone looks like an old-fashioned telephone receiver. A steel rod runs through it, protruding about half an inch at the small end. "We got all kinds of pressure gauges and water-flow meters at our water stations," Kutzberger said. "They tell us when mains in the vicinity leak or break, but the aquaphone and geophone tell us where."

Cristofalo informed us, with some relish, that the city's water pipes total 5,025 miles, that the pipes vary in size from two to seventy-two inches in diameter, and that they have—steady, now—2,600,000 lead-sealed joints. The Water Bureau operates on the necessary but appalling theory that any one of these joints may be leaking at any time.

"While aquaphoning yesterday, we

picked up a little peep down here," Kutzberger said, leading the way to a fire hydrant two blocks from the manhole. He had ordered the repair gang to start digging up the pavement near the hydrant. "They're digging over where we got the loudest sound," he said. "Let's hear what's going on." He pried the cover off a nearby water-main-valve gatebox and lowered a long steel rod into the hole until it touched the valve. Dien he put one end of the aquaphone to the rod and the other end to his car. '"Sweetest music in the world," he said. "Listen." We listened and heard a faint buzz. "It doesn't sound like water," we said. "It's the vibration of the water escaping," Cristofalo explained. "We can pick it up anywhere within a block of the leak. The smaller the leak, the greater the vibration.

"There'll be water coming out of that hole today," Kutzberger said, "but I'll do a little more aquaphoning, just to be sure."

He and Cristofalo started aquaphoning above other valves and manholes, then switched to geophoning, shoving the copper discs ahead of them on the pavement. We followed them, along with a band of preschool children. "We draw a crowd every time," Kutzberger said.

"Chief thing is to see they don't fall into any manholes." Cristofalo passed out chocolate-covered peanuts to the children.

"Titis is for keeping quiet," he / hold them. "Thanks," one of / the boys said. "Why don't you get a willow stick? A willow stick shows where water is."

The repair gang struck water, and their foreman, a sturdy old man named Ennis, shouted, "Here she is—Niagara Falls!" Sure enough, a large fountain was spouting out of a joint in a main the men had just uncovered. "Kutzberger, you got her right in the middle of the hole," Ennis said. "That's engineering." We asked Ennis how long he had been mending leaks and he replied, ' Thirty-nine years. I've plugged up exactly fifteen thousand, six hundred and eighty-eight leaks in my time." Ik-got some tools out of the truck, jumped down into the hole, and began caulking up the leak, preparatory to sealing it. Whiter splashed on him as he worked. He stopped to take off his glasses and put them

on his head, under his hat. “This isn't half had in summer,” he said as he finished caulking his fifteen-thousand-six-hundred-and-eighty-ninth leak. “In winter, I come up with icicles hanging all over me.”

I>1 side Stuff

SOLDIER just back from Zamboanga has written us of the sen

sation caused among the fellows there when a letter arrived addressed to the Special Service Officer, Pettit Barracks, Zamboanga, Mindanao, P.I. It was just a brochure from a New York organization called Officers at Home, telling of the facilities that were offered to officers who happened to be on the loose in New York City, but it was remarkable in one respect: it had been mailed on February 2Sth, ten days before the first returning American soldier had set foot on Zamboanga.

Samaritan

WAYFARER heading for the Liberty Street ferry via the East

Side I.R. 1 . inquired at a change booth

what stop was nearest the ferry. The man in the booth said it was I-niton Street. A white-haired gnome who had overheard this conversation followed the wayfarer out onto the platform, muttering, “Don’t pay no attention to that jerk, pal. What you want, you want the Cortlandt Street stop.” “But there isn’t any Cortlandt Street stop on this line,” the other fellow said. This seemed to infuriate the gnome. “If you know so gah damn much about it, why j-ou goin’ around askin’ questions?” he shouted. •

Captious People

HESE paragraphs will provide a preview of the coming Congres

sional debate on President Truman's notion of tinkering with the law on succession to the Presidencj' so that the Speaker of the House instead of the Sec-retary of State would be second in line. Not all the newspapers have made it clear that Truman merely wants more or less to reestablish the rules that prevailed from 1 792 to 1885, and newspapers have been pretty scarce, anyway, when it comes to that. To begin at the

beginning, the Constitution provides only that if the President and Vice-President both die between elections, the Congress shall decide what officers succeed to the Presidency. It's that word "officer" that has caused, and presumably will continue to cause, debate. Are the President pro tem of the Senate and the Speaker of the House—who'were to be considered second and third in line under the plan adopted in 1792—officers of the Federal Government, or are they officers of the states that sent them to Congress-? Please don't write in if you think you know the answer.

The debate in 1792 on this question was up to the usual high standard of Congress. Representative Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts inquired rhetorically what the Speakei' was if he was not an officer. Representative Burke of South Carolina announced that he had consulted a mathematician skilled in the laws of probability who had said that an emergency requiring a successor to the Vice-President would not arise oftener than once in eight hundred and forty years. The measure as finally passed put the President pro tem of the Senate second in line, and the Speaker third. The opposers of it were supported six years later to a certain extent by the Supreme Court, which ruled in an impeachment case that a senator was not a Federal officer but an officer of the state from which he came.

We cut now to Grover Cleveland's first inaugural address, in which, after taking up such currently urgent matters as the Mormon practice of plural .marriage, the import duties on foreign objects of art, and a proposed treaty with Nicaragua for the digging of an interoceanic ship canal, he declared that he favored making the Secretary of State rather than the President of the Senate the second in line for his job. This was no mere academic question, since Cleveland's VicePresident, a Mr. Hendricks, liad died before taking

office, and the President of the Senate was a Republican. A bill was introduced in the Senate embodying Cleveland's idea—as it happened, by a Republican from Massachusetts, a Mr. Hoar —and the fight was on.

Consulting our Congressional Record, we find that the debate in the House was marked by such high spots as the question put by

Representative Adams of New York to Representative Caldwell of Tennessee, who sponsored the bill. Suppose, said Mr. Adams, the President, the VicePresident, and the Secretary of State all died, one after the other, and the Secretary of the Treasury became President and appointed a new Secretary of State. Would not that new Secretary of State, under the proposed law, succeed the former Secretary of the Treas-uiy as President? Mr. Caldwell tartly answered that Mr. Adams could go on imagining contingencies until his brain reeled, for all he, Mr. Caldwell, cared. Seeing that this particular quibble got Caldwell sore, Cooper of Ohio brought it up in another form. "If the Secretary of State acting as President has the right to a new Secretary of State," he said in Congress, "will not the new Secretary of State be able to cloud the title of the acting President by saying, 'Sir, you are not President; you were only acting as President because you were Secretary of State. You are no longer the Secretary of State; I am. Therefore, you step down and out, as I propose to act as President.' " Replying to this, Mr. Caldwell admitted that the bill had flaws and continued, simply, "This is a temporary bridge thrown across a possible chasm to meet the popular demand and to be followed in due time by a substantial and enduring structure over which a long line of Republican and Democratic Presidents may march in unbroken succession."

Mr. Cooper: So we are now asked to pass a very important measure, which

Mr. Caldwell has publicly announced he will'commence repairing as soon as rhe work is over.

Mr. Caldwell: There are a number of captious people in the House.

The bill, which had already passed the Senate, passed the House on January 15th, was signed by President Cleveland on January 19th, and became law. It was not heard of again until President Truman brought the matter up last month.

ONE of the duties of a man we know in the Twentieth Century-Fox empire is to read the new books as they come along and report on

their cinematic possibilities. He drove himself through a towering historical novel one day last week, dictated his opinion to an apprentice stenographer the next morning, and went out to lunch. The typed report was on his desk when he returned. He picked it up to read it over, but it was some time before he could get beyond the first sentence, which began, “This is a big, swash, buckling story . . .”

Vacation in Town

WE found ourselves one evening last week peering through the blue shadows of the Barberry Room at a young couple named Mr. and Mrs. Norman Carlsen, of Brooklyn. A few weeks before the Carlsens fell under our scrutiny, Mrs. Carlsen had been asked on a radio show called “Detect and Collect” to unravel a riddle that ran: “Before the war you sometimes travelled quite a distance to get one.” Without hesitation, Mrs. Carlsen answered, “Vacation,” which filled Old Gold, the sponsors, with such admiration that they not only awarded her twenty-five dollars on the spot but also gave her and her husband a week-long holiday in Manhattan as soon as they, the Carlsens, could get organized for it. When we met them, they were toward the end of their outing, and still looking eager. “Just what have you done with yourselves?” we inquired. “We’ve been living at the Gotham and having breakfast in bed,” replied Mrs. Carlsen. “The only time you get breakfast

“Guess vchat Victoria said today—she said pleased ,’

in bed in Brooklyn is when you break your leg, or something.” “We’re seen some stage shows,” Mr. Carlsen added. “ ‘Bloomer Girl,’ ‘On the I own,’ ‘Carousel.’ We liked them all. Then We played tennis at Rip’s on Park Avenue and golf in Pelham.” “One of the first things we’did,” said Mrs. Carlsen, “was go to lunch at Twenty-One, but they wouldn’t let us in, and we had to wait on the corner for three-quarters of an hour until somebody from the advertising agency came over and made them let us in. Everybody was phoning instead of eating in that place. They got phones right on the table.” “Had anv strange food here that you couldn’t get in Brooklyn?” we asked. “No,” said Mr. Carlsen firmly. “They give all this stuff a lot of fancy names, hut it always turns out to be hamburger.” “We went up to Orchard Beach to swim,” Mrs. Carlsen remarked. “I don’t think it’s as good as the swimming at Jones Beach.” “What I want to do,” said Mr. Carlsen, “is take a ride in a hansom cab. I bet the only people take a ride in them at night are out-of-towners. A lot of people live here and don’t appreciate the glamour. There isn’t anv glamour in Brooklyn.”

We asked how often the Carlsens came to Manhattan in the course of an

ordinary year. “Maybe half a dozen times,” said Mr. Carlsen. “You know how it is. Now, me, I work in maintenance for the telephone company and Billie here works with the Equitable Life. I work nights, she works days. Naturally we can’t scoot around very much.” “Vacation,” Mrs. Carlsen put in, “is the only time we really can get together all we want to. Even then we’ve got a system arranged so I go one week where I want to go and Norman goes a week where he wants to go. The other week we spend together. Usually I go to a dude ranch up New York State and he goes out to a place near Pittsburgh.” At this point we were joined b)' Mr. Allan Meltzer, a publicity man who whoops it up for “Detect and Collect.” “Both these kids were born right in Brooklyn,” he advised us, “and here they are seeing all kinds of things they never knew existed—with everything on the cuff.” “How much do you think this vacation would cost you?” we asked Mr. Carlsen. “I’ve figured I could do it for about a hundred dollars,” he said. Mr. Meltzer shuddered. “I’ll bet it’s more than that,” said Mrs. Carlsen. “Thirty dollars a day, even.” “Look,” interrupted Mr. Meltzer" “the hotel alone is sev-entv-fivc dollars a week—breakfast in

bed, sail boating in the Sound, night clubs, tomorrow the races. You do this for under four hundred dollars and you’re in the genius class.” “I’ve been signing everything,” observed Mr. Carlsen. “It makes it hard to dope out what this costs and what that costs.” From Mr. Meltzer we learned that at the races the Carlsens were to be provided with enough money to bet two dollars on each race. “Since you work for Equitable,” he commented to Mrs. Carlsen, “you better bet on Equipoise if he’s still running.” “We saw a doubleheader in Brooklyn,” said Mr. Carlsen, "but the Dodgers didn’t win but one end. Ball games are good, but they haven’t got glamour. I figure what we want is glamour—the Waldorf, the Persian Room, those places.” “It’s funny having all this from Old Golds,” said Mrs. Carlsen. “You know, neither me nor Norman smokes.”

Horror

WO matrons were discussing an absent friend during luncheon the

other day at Schrafft's. A professional eavesdropper of ours managed to hear one of them say, "Now this is the worst thing of all, so I'm going to tell it to you real fast."

5UMMEB DAY

Mr. Harris, after a good two hours of work in the vegetable garden, was tired—so tired that as he settled into the deck chair on the lawn there was a moment of almost sublime helplessness when it seemed to him that he might never rise from it again. He sat there for a while, gazing at the house as if it were a long distance away and thinking that he ought, even now, to be up there washing and changing for dinner. He made no move to get up, however. Instead, he let his body slide down the curved canvas back of the chair until it stopped of its own accord, at a kind of dead center of repose; then he closed his eyes and let a feeling of timelessness come over him. Nothing mattered, he thought. For a while the only sensation he had was a vague internal commotion—like a noiseless humming, like a simmering of the tissues themselves—as the muscles along his legs and back, taut from too much bending, too much hoeing and raking, slowly adjusted themselves to inaction again.

Delicious,ahe thought, letting his lips and his tongue move silently over the syllables, delicious; and then, just on the instant of going to sleep, he opened his eyes. I mustn't let myself fall asleep, he thought; I've got too much to do. Some people were coming for dinner, or something, and anyway he didn't want to; he just wanted to lie there, peacefully, looking out at the valley.

There were so many shades of green. There were the pale powdered green of the apple-tree leaves in the orchard, and the shinier green of the pears, the aloof hard green of the elms along the farther field and— greenest of the trees—the green of the huge old maple at the edge of the lawn. There was the true green, cool, luxurious, inviting; you could look in and in and in through

the shifting terraces of the maple's foliage and then as fresh partings appeared look deeper still, and still it would be darkly green, as mysterious as the entrance to another world.

In between the trees, he could see the ground dip to the brook and then rise again—fields, woodland, and meadow all linked together in a pattern that grew more intricate, more delicate in detail as it rolled away toward the distant hills. And everything was green: the marsh grass in the bottoms, glistening like lacquer in the afternoon light;

the stumpy young cedars, as sombre as their own shadows, that dotted the pastures; the pastures themselves, here a coppery green like verdigris and there laid over with yellow where the sun had crisped them but still tinged with green underneath. Mr. Harris looked out over it all with the remote but observant gaze of an invalid, who studies the same scene day after day and still can find new values in it.

Greenest of all, though, was one field halfway up the opposite hillside. It had been planted in some late crop, only just coming into growth, and although Mr. Harris had never noticed it before, now it seemed that he could hardly look away from it. All the light in the sky seemed focussed on it, so that it glowed in its freshness as vividly as an emerald, and its very brightness gave it an appearance of strange significance. As if a spotlight had been thrown on it, he thought, lying there and studying it; as if, even, the field itself were a kind of heliograph, not only receiving the light but returning it,

signalling secret messages to him, and to him alone.

It seemed to know more than he did, that field, and to be tempting him with its knowledge. Mr. Harris lay for some time, just staring at it, thinking how far away it looked, and how subtly inviting; thinking how pleasant it would be to be there, wading in such greenery; thinking how different, if he were there, his house, his trees, his garden— perhaps even his whole life as well— might look to him. He was interrupted by a sound behind him. He heard a car door slam in the road before the house, and twisting his head about he saw a man come through the gate. It was a delivery man, for he had on leggings and a sort of military cap with a visor and carried a parcel. Mr. Harris had no idea what was in the parcel—maybe meat, maybe laundry, maybe groceries.

Maybe it was the baker: Mr. Harris knew there was a baker who came by three times a week. The laundry man came twice, and so did the butcher.

Whoever he was, the man went up the side path toward the kitchen, walking with head slightly bent and with the impersonal haste of one who performs a routine errand. When he reached the kitchen porch he ran up the three steps lightly, knocked, then pulled the screen door open and disappeared inside. The screen door slammed behind him. Mr. Harris, his senses sharpened by his fa

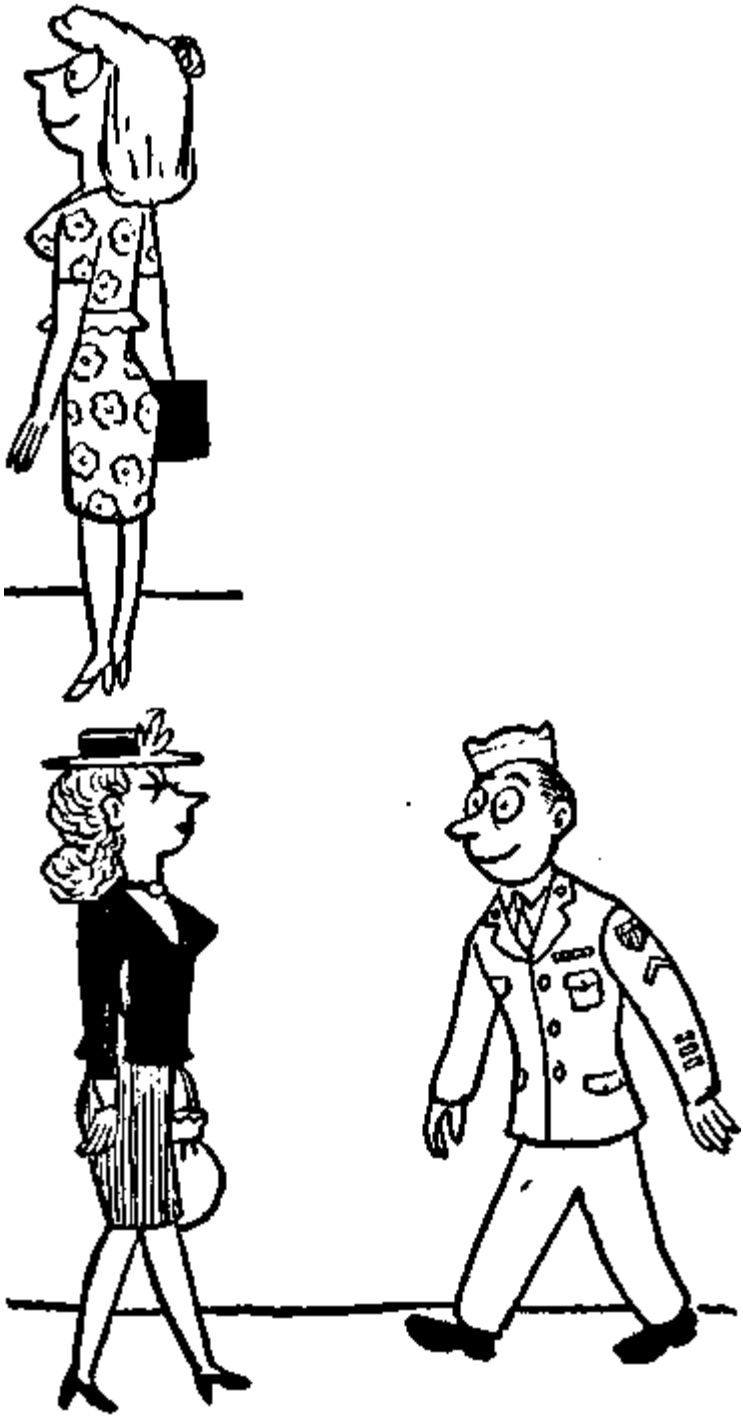
tigue, watched with an odd sense of detachment, as if the whole thing took place at great distance, so he could see but not participate.

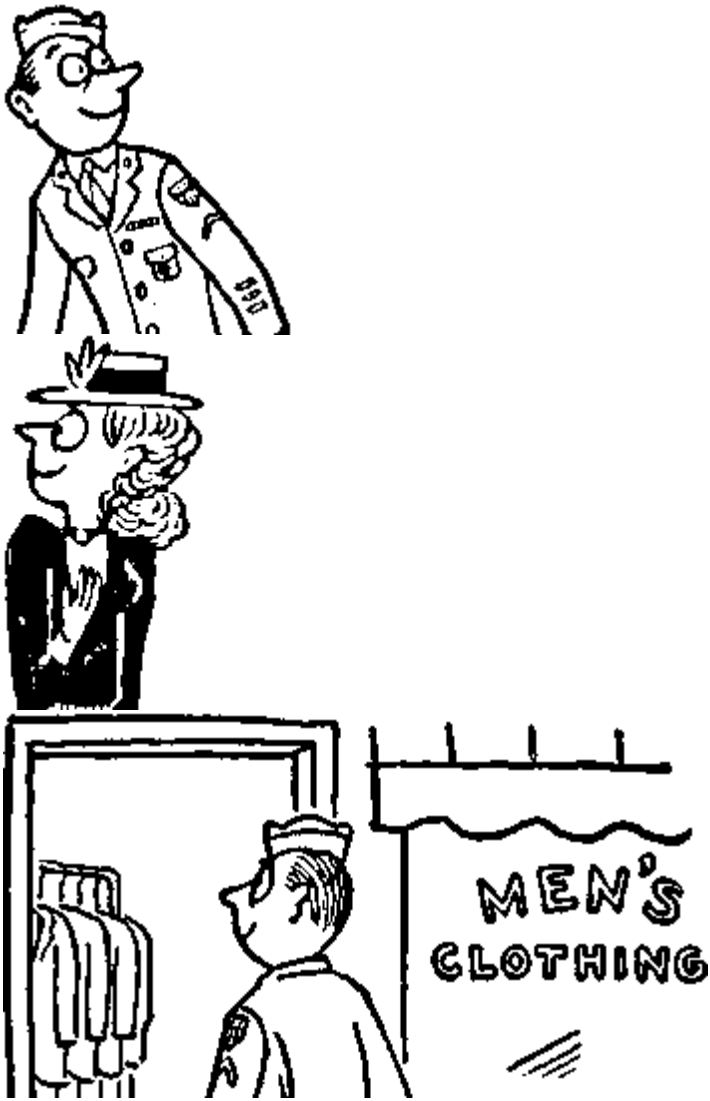
Then, after a moment or two, the screen door swung open again. The man ran down the steps, fitting on his cap as he did so, and hurried off across the lawn. The screen door slammed shut, a black oblong against the white jut of the kitchen wing. Mr. Harris could just make out, dimly, behind the screening, the strips of old newspapers that Ella, their cook, had tied together like a cat-o'-nine-tails and fastened iu-side the framework of the door. They were supposed, by their swinging, to keep flies from coming into the house when the door was open. They were swinging slightly now.

Ella was a tall, sharp-faced, angular woman they had hired not long ago from the neighboring village. Mr. Harris didn't like her particularly, but there was no denying that she was a quite good cook, though a little absent-minded. And these days, of course, any kind of domestic help was something to be treasured. She would be in the kitchen now, untying the parcel on the long white-enamel-topped table beside the sink, winding the string up around her finger and then storing it away carefully, unpacking the parcel and sorting its contents. If they were meats, they would go in the icebox; if breadstuff, into the bread box, if laundry, into the linen closet in the upstairs hall. Then— in spite of the blank white wall that separated them, Mr. Harris could picture the woman as if he accompanied every move—she would stoop to the oven door and open it, and take a quick look at whatever was cooking inside it.

Whatever it was, it would be nearly done now, for it was getting on toward dinner time. It was odd that his wife hadn't started looking for him already; she always wanted him dressed and fully accounted for a good hour before it was necessary. It was, Mr. Harris realized, just a way of getting him off her mind. She was probably still upstairs dressing; when she finished, that would be when the hue and cry would begin. He turned his gaze back to the valley, and his eyes sought out the field across the way. He had just remembered who the people were that were coming to dinner that night. It was the Mackenzies, and the thought of it gave him no pleasure. Mr. Mackenzie himself was portly and overbearing; he had bought the old Emerson place, down the road, and, like many city people, he had gone heavily rustic, buy-

DISCHARGE
CENTER





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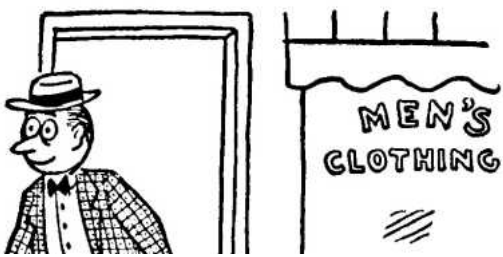
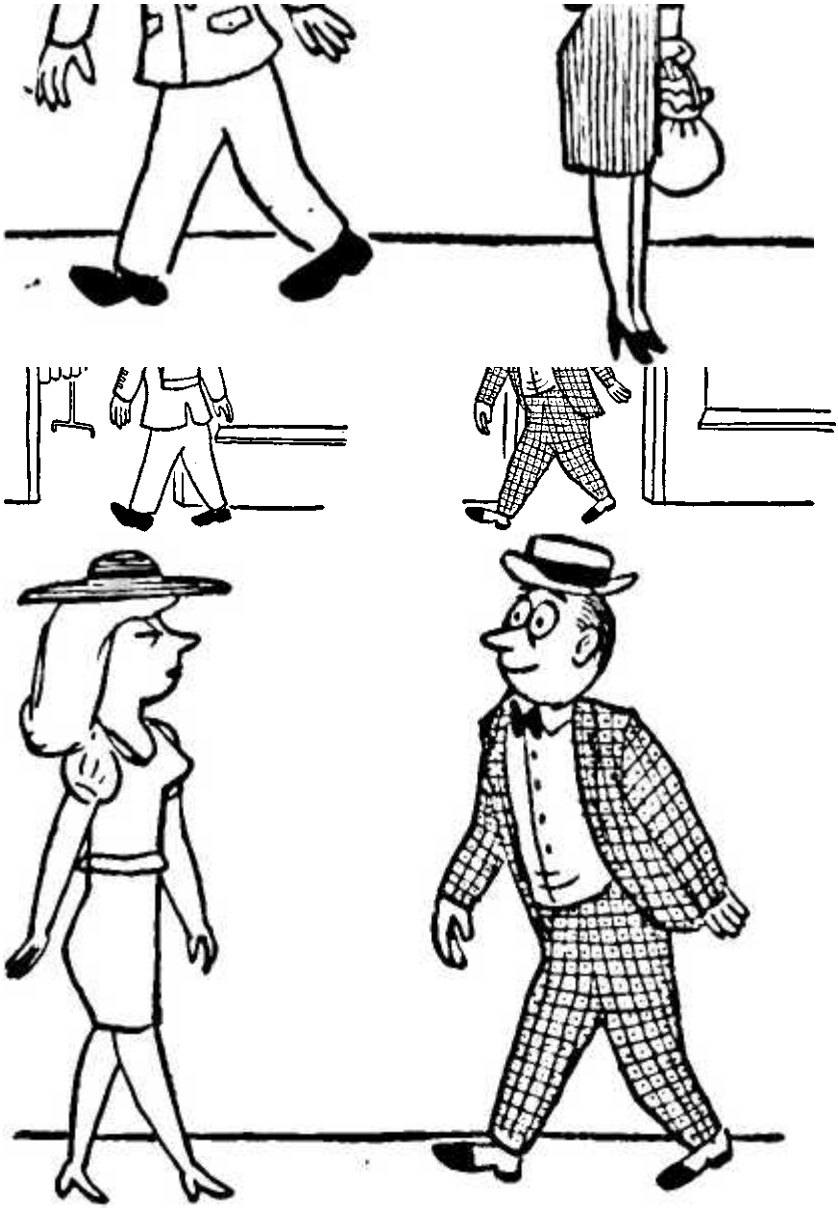
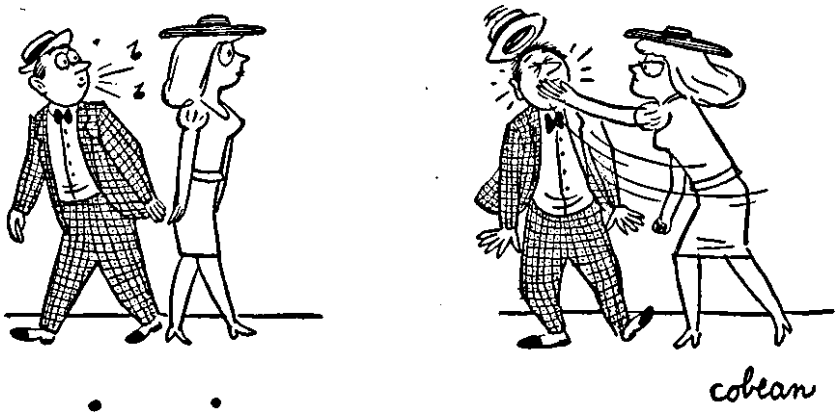

MEN'S
CLOTHING





ing blooded cattle and planting soybeans and other odd crops. Mrs. M. ran to rather tight sweaters and a generally varnished glamour. But they had taken the place down the road. They were neighbors, they had had the Harrises to dinner, and that dinner had been returned; so the round had started. Like the meat slid into the icebox, the

linens laid out in the linen closet upstairs, they were a part of the Harrises' life now; they had to be considered. After dinner, Mr. Harris would have to drink a little too much with Wainwright Mackenzie and quite possibly get into an argument, in which he would have to restrain himself politely, over politics.

There ought to be some way to

make life less complicated, Mr. Harris thought. To work, yes; to get tired, that was all right too. But to get tired running to and from trains to the city, to work there merely to earn enough money so one's peace in the country could be interfered with by such people as the Mackenzies—that was silly. If he were a farmer, now, working in that

“Spike Mulloy is the name. Bow-wow Higgs told me to look you up if I was ever around this neck of the woods.”

field over there, with what wonderment would he look down at the Harrises’, at the comings and goings, the doors slamming, the guests arriving, the chairs being moved out onto the terrace and then moved back again. If he were’ a farmer in that field . . . With a suddenness that surprised him, Mr. Harris found himself sliding slipperily in the warm, heady seas of romanticism.

There would be a girl in that field too, of course, in his mood of the moment ; brown-limbed and brown-haired, she would be as proud and self-reliant as a creature of the field itself. He could see her stepping toward him through the rows of, well, wheat, as he raised his head from his labors. There would be no awkwardness in her gait, no flutter-ings about snakes and jumping things that might be in her path. She would be smiling and untroubled, unworried by the complications that other women contrive in their lives. Hand in his hand, she would lead him in to a simple dinner; afterward, they

would sit together by an open fire.

FOR the second time, Mr. Harris was interrupted by a sound behind him. This time it was his wife. She was coming toward him across the lawn, almost running, he noticed, and trying desperately to keep from stumbling in the

long-skirted dinner dress she wore. “Fred! Fred!” she was calling, as if at first she hadn’t seen him. She was flushed and she looked hot and worried. Then she said, “Oh, there you are,” and slowed down. “Fred, the most awful thing has happened! And at this time, too, with the Mackenzies coming in any minute for dinner. Both the stove and the refrigerator have gone off! I suppose it’s the electricity somewhere, but you’ll have to come in right away and fix it. Or if you can’t, we’ll have to get somebody right away from the electric-light company—only nowadays you have to wait days for them to do anything. Oh, dear!” she said. She began rubbing one elbow with the palm of the other hand, in a curiously childish way she had when she was distracted. “You’re not dressed yet, either,” Mrs. Harris went on, but she mentioned this almost absently, in the face of her larger troubles. “And you know, do you know what happened? The store didn’t send me any ice cream! They’d promised me some, and I thought even a little would be pleasant, these days. But then the last minute they said they were all out. I suppose someone nearer the village got there first. So now what will I have for dessert? ”

“Have some cookies or something,” Mr. Harris suggested. Her dinner dress

was red, the same shade exactly as her lipstick, he noticed, and he wondered idly if that was a new fashion. It gave her small face a slight pert look that was certainly attractive.

“Oh, I’ll manage the dessert all right,” Mrs. Harris assured him. “It’s the stove and the icebox that’s worrying me. Fred, you’ve got to do something! ”

Mr. Harris felt a sudden wave of fondness come over him. After all, she did look so helpless, standing there. “Come here,” he said, and as she came over to the chair he put an arm out to encircle her legs

at the hips. “Arid you’ve got to change your clothes, too,” she protested, but he felt her body give pleasantly to his pull.

“Ten chances to one it’s just a fuse that’s blown out,” he told her. Some years of living in the country had given Mr. Harris a certain experience with domestic problems like these. “Did you try any of the lights to see if they were working? ”

“No, I didn’t,” she said. “I was so worried about dinner being late, I just ran out to you. I thought you could fix it.”

“Well,” said Mr. Harris as he hoisted himself to his feet. “I think maybe I can.” He was pleased in spite of himself. Complications, after all, were a part of a woman’s way of life. In a way, he thought, trouble was the web that she spun. It was man’s role to find a way out of it. Or not out of it, really— as the man blundered here and there, the woman was still ahead of him, spinning new mazes to bewilder him. On an impulse, as he followed his wife toward the house, Mr. Harris glanced again at the field across the valley.

But the light had shifted since he last looked at it, apparently, and the field no longer glowed as it had before. Indeed, he had some difficulty deciding which one it was. When he did locate it, it looked just like any other field, though perhaps its green was a little paler. But the quality that had made it singular had gone out of it; it looked just like any other field, only paler. With a few rapid strides, he caught up with Mrs. Harris. “I’ll change quickly,” he said. “And don’t worry about dinner being late. I’ll just feed those Mackenzies plenty of cocktails. They’ll never notice the time.” —Robert M. Coates

Although a native of Nebraska, Prof. Stone displays a fine command of the English language.—Beloit College Round Table.

Fearful odds often spur a man on.

THE. ATLAJ MOTH

WHEN we were children, my brother and I spent several summers with our parents in a place called Bhowali, in the Kumaun Hills of northern India. It was a country of orchards and terraced hills,

crisscrossed with paths leading to tiny villages. Many of the villagers were farmers, and they provided our family with milk, eggs, chickens, and fruit. Since the terrain was impassable for wheels, to get anywhere we had to walk, and walk we did, covering miles of the surrounding country; there was little of it my brother and I didn't know by heart. There were only about a dozen English families in the neighborhood, and correspondingly few opportunities for European pastimes such as parties, dances, tennis, and the rest of it, but we children were seldom bored, for my father was a sportsman and we shared most of his pursuits. At the time he was threatened by a serious ill-' ness and had been told by the doctors that, though he could not play tennis or engage in other violent sports, he must stay outdoors as much as possible. Not that he needed special urging, for when he was not abroad with rifle or shotgun, he took to the wilds with a butterfly net, trailed, inevitably, by one or the other of his offspring. It was during this pcri-«d of his life that he took up painting moths and butterflies. I still have some of his butterfly panels, done in oils, and, looking at them, I can return to the hillside, tlie tree or bush or stone where these ex-quisite creatures were caught more than twenty years ago.

Our butterfly nets— or dodgers, as we called them—were mounted on circular wire frames attached to light bamboo poles about seven feet long. The nets were simply old mosquito curtains made into bags as big as pillow cases. Our method of killing a butterfly was starkly simple: we just squeezed the thorax between finger and thumb. There were oc-

casions when especially resilient specimens would live for hours, their antennae waving at us hauntingly, their hairy feet clinging to our fingers, f inally they'd die, and take their places in the cork-lined box which housed our collection. We learned the inaccuracy of the statement that butterflies live only for a day when my brother caught a humble Tortoiseshell, tied a long white thread to its leg, and tethered it to a chair on the veranda, where it lived four days before it died an unnatural death when our cat killed it.

We also collected chrysalises and caterpillars, and followed their metamorphoses with passionate interest. I remember one evening when, soon after the big oil lamps had been lighted in their brackets

on the wall, one of our Indian servants, a timid man from the plains, suddenly gave a howl and began to beat the living-room rug with the brass tray he was carrying. “Snake! ” he yelled. “Snake, snake!” When we ran to investigate, we found he had slain our current pet and prize, a large lunar-moth caterpillar, which had crawled out of its box and under the light cotton

“/f Dr. Ryan will pardon nie$_y$ Vd like to put in a word here.”

rug, leaving behind it a serpentine wake, like a mole’s in a lawn.

Some of our friends, old and young, caught the collecting fever, and intense rivalries sprang up between the neighboring households. As with most sports, there was a good deal that was thoroughly unsporting about this particular hobby. For instance, if we children heard that a friend had caught a rare specimen, we rushed to examine it and to ask where it had been captured. When not downright untrue, the replies were almost always evasive; no one wanted to reveal the location of the better hunting grounds because

half the pride of achievement and possession lay in the rareness of the specimen and in the envy of friends. This often led to furious rows and long-drawn-out ani-mosities. I remember when an elderly gentleman netted a butterfly from under my brother's.,nose, my brother, aged twelve, immediately attacked him and had to be dragged off by me and the elderly gentleman's elderly wife.

My brother and 1 had only to hear that someone had sighted a rare butterfly to seize our hats and dodgers and set forth. To the skeptic, this may sound like

hunting for needles in haystacks, but our eves, our wind, our limbs, and the special instinct which accompanies enthusiasm rarely failed us. We talked butterflies and dreamed butterflies, and the mere thought that somewhere, even as far away as twenty miles, there hovered one of a species not yet caught by

us was incentive enough to keep us

searching for weeks on end.

THE Oak Leaf Butterfly was one such incentive. Several of our friends had specimens of it, but although my brother and I had sighted a few on the wing, we had never managed to catch one. The Oak Leaf is purplish blue on top, with a broad orange stripe on the upper side of the forewings. It takes its name from its drab underside, for when in repose, wings closed, it looks exactly like a dead leaf of the dwarfed Himalayan oak.

One afternoon my brother and I were returning after a day spent on sunny hillsides several miles from home. We'd had no lunch and were tired, so

we decided to take a short cut through a gorge which we had been forbidden to enter because bears had once been reported there. We had peered into the entrance of this place when we had been pheasant shooting with my father, but

had never entered it until that after

tic light penetrated the gorge. The ground was strewn with

boulders, the limbs of stunted oaks were overgrown with lavender orchids and moss, and above us the walls narrowed and the sky seemed illimitably far off, pale and insignificant. A queer sense of dread grew on us as the sound of our shoes

on the stones and of water dripping down an invisible fissure sent back a succession of whispering echoes. We quite forgot about the bears and the other dangers of which we'd been warned. No one had thought to warn us about the creatures of our own imagination, against which we were defenseless. But bv the time the desire to turn back had taken hold of us, we were halfway through the ravine, and there was nothing for it but to keep going, which we did, walking close together and keeping our eyes fixed on the luminous opening at the farther end. Since entering we had seen neither bird nor animal, and it seemed as if the place was devoid of life, when suddenly, in the terraqueous light, there appeared a large butterfly

fluttering twenty feet ahead of us. We recognized it as an Oak Leaf and, forgetting our fears, promptly gave chase. Then an odd thing happened: every bush and tree moved and put forth handfuls of this butterfly, until the ra-

vine was literally full of them and alive

have no idea how many we caught— more than we should have, many more than we had any use for. When at last we came to the end of the gorge and looked hack, it lay shadowed and lifeless; the butterflies had all settled and returned to their semblance of dead leaves.

THE pursuit of the moth entailed an entirely different bandobust than the pursuit of the butterfly. It was not a mere matter of racing and plunging over sunlit slopes and rocky crags, but a game of study and waiting—the stalk rather than the charge. On nights in early summer, we wandered through the garden and along the terraces below our house, eyes and ears alert. A stir among the sleeping flowers, a commotion in the peach leaves, and a big Sphinx would zoom out, describe an airy circle, and return to his feeding. We learned the way of the moth as we had learned the way of the butterfly—by hunting it. This nocturnal pursuit had other

fascinations, and the transfigured

world of night often kept us out until dawn. As the oil lamps in the house were put out and darkness welled up, familiar things were strangely altered. It seemed to us as if flowers smelled quite differently at night, and that some-

times big white boulders beside the

path coiled and uncoiled, like creatures

noon. Though the sun was still high, lit-

with the elfin dance of their wings. I

stretching themselves before' rising and walking away. Trees lost their pictorial quality and became as hard as statues. Upon this subtle world intruded the leopard and the moth. Coming round a corner of the house one night, my brother and I stopped dead and stared into the eyes of a beast which had itself paused to consider our presence. Poised on the edge of the terrace, its mottled tail

richly curled, the pale hairs on its face gleaming in the starlight, a leopard appraised us; then noiselessly melted into the darkness, and we turned to ask each other whether we had dreamed.

My father was eager to get an Atlas, which is the biggest of all the moths; a good specimen measures twelve inches from wing tip to wing tip. One day our gwala, or milkman, arriving with the morning milk, found us all bent over our moth collection, set-

[a]Gee} I zvish you dicing li[r]ce here. I hoped 1 could lake you home."

ting the latest prize with pins. He W itched with interest, then told us that where he lived, he'd seen moths two and three times the size of any in the box. My father immediately offered him five rupees if he would bring us one of these moths alive or dead, preferably alive. "I don't want the clumsy fool to kill it," he explained afterward. "Rather do it myself."

Next day the gwala appeared, beaming. "I have your moth, Sahib! A big one—a foot long! " We crowded round in a passion of excitement, which waned a little as he began to unwind his dirty turban fold by fold. At last it came completely unwound and out fell the moth. It was indeed an Atlas, or had been once, but now the forewings were broken beyond recognition, the hind wings crushed

and smeared, and only the velvet body of russet and rose was whole. Sick and stricken, we watched it crawl over the floor at our feet. Then my father's temper, never his best point, burst like a tornado, and he kicked the milk jars one by one off the veranda Steps. Hut hope lingered; we learned

from the frightened gwala that he had caught the Atlas under one of the medlar trees near his village. The medlars were ripe, and as they fell and rotted on the ground, they exhaled a sticky sweetness which attracted the moths.

That evening, armed with our nets and a hurricane lantern, my brother, my father, and I set out for the gwala's village. The air was warm and mild. We children were as excited as we would have been if we'd been hunting tigers. We kept asking my father how large he thought an Atlas could grow, and he kept replying that he was not sure. "Ten inches, perhaps twelve," he said. But my brother's head and mine teemed with visions. We remembered the valley where we'd found the Oak Leaf butterflies, and we pictured a garden swarming with Atlas moths that had a wingspread of two feet or more. We wondered aloud whetlw anyone had ever caught a moth as large as an eagle. To this my father answered, "Don't be silly!"

"But why note" I insisted. "If a

moth's wings can get to be a foot long, why not longer: "

"Don't be silly."

My brother backed me up. "Well, but just because we haven't seen a moth as big as an eagle ..."

"All right, all right! " my father said. "Have you ever seen an eagle as small as a moth ? "

"No," said my brother valiantly, "but that doesn't mean there isn't an eagle as small as a moth!"

"Oh, don't be silly!"

The gwala's village was a cluster of thatched huts set in a clearing.

Before it the ground dipped in small terraces to a stream bordered by level stretches of bright-green grass. The medlar tree stood by itself a couple of hundred yards from the huts. Its appearance immediately captured my brother's and my imagination. It was an old black tree with gnarled branches and clawlike twigs, and it had that air which some old apple trees have, an air partly human, shaped as they are by human hands into simple or complicated forms.

"I bet," whispered my brother, "I

het almost anything might come to cat those medlars!"

"I bet, too!" I answered with a joyful shudder.

It grows dark quickly in the mountains, and the sun had vanished by the time we took our stations. My father lighted the lantern and hung it on a limb of the tree; then he posted my brother on one side of the tree and me

on the other, and sat himself at the base of the trunk, his net across his knees. "Remember," he warned us, "I'm not supposed to run, so if either of you gets a chance to net a moth, don't waste any time about it."

My mind filled with visions of huge moths,

opulent as silk, precious as sapphires. As some people dream of finding treasure, I dreamed of catching moths which would be the most rare, the most undreamed-of creatures in the world. A light or two gleamed in the village and we heard Pahari voices, hoarse and guttural, and the inevitable yapping of village dogs, and a buffalo mooing a long, melancholy note. All these familiar sounds seemed hollow, cupped in the wilderness that surrounded us.

There is a peculiar quality to the silence which falls upon those hills: it can be called silence in spite of sounds which pierce it at intervals—clear, intense sounds which serve only to make the quietude more impressive. That night we heard a sambar stag belling in the distance, and the voice of a nightjar on the hill behind us. My brother and I felt the enchantment of the hour. But we were unconscious of time; none of us had a watch, none of us cared what the hour might be, or how long we had sat here, or how long we would stay. The lantern cast its frail beam upward into the branches and down upon the ground, and into this circle of light flew numerous insects which dashed themselves against the glass that protected the flame.

Then came a sudden, sharp buzzing and a Rose Sphinx hung for a

minute on electric wings, like a hummingbird. I stared at the gilding on its fawn-colored forewings, at the rosy semicircles of the hind wings, at the fiery pinpoints of its eyes. My brother's net flashed in the gloom. "Got it!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

"We don't need it," said my father. "We have three Rose Sphinxes."

"I know, but I want this one."

"Let it go! "

Obediently, my brother released the captive, which zipped off into the darkness.

Presently my brother said, "Don't bears like to eat medlars?"

My father said yes, they did. There was a pause, then my brother said, "We haven't got a gun. What would happen

if a bear should come along suddenly?"

"You could catch it in your net."

"No, but really, what—"

"You could climb the tree, only it wouldn't do much good because bears climb trees, too," my father said.

A Cat's Eye moth

sailed into view. It was four inches long, black, with large round "eyes" on each forewing. Without rising, my father made a flourish with his net. "Got it!" he said smugly.

"No, you didn't," said my brother. "I saw it go. Besides," he added under his breath, "we have a Cat's Eye." - w

I said hurriedly, "Why's it called a Cat's Eye, especially?"

"Because," explained my father, "birds eat this moth, so whoever made

it arranged that it should have cat's eyes on its wings, to frighten

the birds." My brother thought this over, then he objected. "But in that case it would have to work for all birds, which means that all birds must know what a cat's eyes look like, in order to be frightened."

"Quite," said my father.

"But all birds can't know what cats look like! There must be hundreds and hundreds of birds who've never even seen a cat!"

"Quite," said my father.

SILENCE descended once more, and we listened to the little friendly noises of the village and to the farther, wilder sounds of the valley and the hills. The smell of ripe medlars rose from the ground. Then wings—large, majestic, noiseless wings marked by triangular hyaline "windows"—darkened the lantern light, and vanished.

My father scrambled to his feet. "My God! " he exclaimed. "Did you see it? " "It was the Atlas," I mumbled, "the Atlas!"

My brother had disappeared, and we heard frantic plungings in the gloom beyond the tree. Presently he returned,

shaking. "I missed it! It went right past my face—it was as big as a hawk, I swear it was! And it went right past my face! " His voice cracked, and I thought that in another second he would burst into tears.

My father said quickly, "Don't worry, it will come back. They'always come back."

Even as he spoke the moth returned, beating its wings against the light.

"Catch it!" screamed my brother. "Catch it, catch it!"

My father's figure seemed to spring to enormous proportions; beyond him the smaller figure of my brother spun in circles, and the two butterfly nets whirled and swooped. My eyes blurred with the confusion of the two bodies dancing in the lantern light as the moth, luminous and mysterious, found itself caught in the airy

turbulence of the swishing nets. Then I lost sight of it and my brother cried, “Oh, it’s gone! It’s gone!”

My father came back to the circle of lantern- light carrying his net with infinite care. “I have it,” he said. “Look, I have it!” We bent over the net, and saw the Atlas move inside it. My father slid his hand into the net, folded the wings gently, and took them and the great body between finger and thumb. Raptly, like a pair of acolytes, my brother and I watched him, as, holding the body firmly, he released the wings. They stood upright, then slowly opened and spread themselves; the fernlike antennae quivered, the ruby eyes glowed upon us.

My brother drew a deep breath. “It’s going to be awfully difficult to kill,” he murmured. “We’ll have to squeeze and squeeze and squeeze.”

Something drew my gaze to my father’s face. It had a strange look, a stillness as if he were not listening, as if he were not actually there beside me, though I knew with my mind that of course he was. Deliberately, he opened his hand and allowed the moth to crawl from palm to middle finger and along the finger to the end, where it hesitated, pawing the abyss with its forefeet. Then suddenly, with a great sweep of its wings, it scaled off, soundlessly, into the dark. —Christine Weston

THE FOURTH WEDDING FOR THE FORTY FIVE YEAR OLD HARD GUY OF THE SCREEN AND THE FIRST FOR HIS TWENTY YEAR OLD BRIDE WAS A SIMPLE ONE. THE CEREMONY LASTED ONLY THREE MONTHS.—A. P. dispatch.

Simple but interminable.

“This little piggy went to market, This little piggy stayed home, This little piggy had roast beef, This little piggy had none, This little piggy went wee wee wee all the way home, And this little piggy . . .[n]

Arthur Upham Pope, the director of the Iranian Institute, at 9 East Eighty-ninth Street, is well known all over Persia. He has visited the country fourteen times, mostly on archeological expeditions. While Persia offers some hazards for the average foreign traveller, it has never been much of a problem to Pope. Except for a few attempts on his life by religious zealots, he has conducted his inspections with little discomfort. In times past the Persians have expressed annoyance over the intrusions of outsiders. A mob in Teheran once attacked and killed an American consul who was taking some pictures of a fountain that had a curse on it, and various sightseers have suffered violence. Owing to the uncommonly large number of curses favored by Mohammedanism, the religion of Persia, unbelievers must proceed with caution. Not so with Pope. “All of the gods, including Mohammed, must have been keeping an eye on him,” one of his colleagues recalled recently. “He was as brave as a lion.” Pope takes a modest view of his wanderings through Persia.

“There isn’t the slightest danger,” he says. “It all depends on your attitude. The people can easily see that my motives are good.” On one or two occasions, however, Pope has run into groups of nearsighted Persians and had a lively time. Once, camera in hand, he was cheerily preparing to duck into a sacred mosque near a mountain village.- It was a little after dawn, and he figured that nobody was up. It developed, though, that the pastor, or mullah, was on hand, apparently working on some early-morning prayers. The mullah hurried into town and collared several members of a caravan that had just arrived. The men were washing up in the local horse trough, but they promised to come over and kill Pope as soon as they had finished. Sure enough, they appeared in the mosque shortly and

started to keep their word. Fortunately, at this point a large, well-armed constable stepped out from behind a column and broke up the meeting. He had been assigned by the mayor to tail Pope, whose friendly visiting habits had been heard of in that area.

On another occasion, the director was saved by two soldiers. He had climbed up a trellis to the roof of a forbidden mosque and was stretched out on his stomach, getting a difficult angle shot of some frescoes. Six black-robed farash, or guardians of the shrine, spotted him from below and came scrambling up the trellis, carrying big, knotty clubs. The soldiers stopped them in the nick of time. Pope does not recall that he changed his horizontal position, although a hellish melee appeared to be in progress on the roof behind him. “They almost ruined one of the best photographs I have ever taken,” he later said testily. Not all of Pope’s encounters with Persian taboos were serious; now and then a danger signal turned out to be an amusing false alarm. One time he and several assistants were gathered in the courtyard of a temple that was under one of the heaviest taboos in the country. Suddenly there was a loud explosion, and the assistants dived for cover. “Get down, Pope, for God’s sake! The jig’s up! ” they shouted, for the director, who was thinking about taking some pictures, was still standing, with a look

of deep meditation on his face. No further explosions were heard, and it was discovered at length that a passing crow had dropped a camel bone, which cracked apart on the stone paving. On his last few expeditions, Pope had a blanket permission from the Shah to go anywhere he pleased in the country. This was helpful in some cases, but a great many Persians in outlying regions had never heard of the Shah, and it is doubtful*whether they would have been much impressed if they had. Often the local authorities pleaded with Pope to enter the religious shrines disguised in some way. The director went so far as to price a number of false beards in a catalogue, but he never got around to buying any. He just took his chances, and made out very well.

Pope used to have a good deal of trouble with France, off and on. France, he felt, was inclined to take

a proprietary attitude toward Persian culture, as a result of an insignificant treaty or two. This sometimes interfered with Pope's operations. He was finally obliged to go to Washington and urge Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes to break off diplomatic relations with France, and maybe start a war. The Secretary thought it over a few minutes, then said no. In spite of France, Pope has managed to cover Persia very thoroughly. His researches there have not been superficial; he's dug vigorously wherever he's gone. Men who have been on these expeditions with him cherish the memory of Pope on the trail of Persian lore. "We'll dig up in the hills at Luristan tomorrow, fellows," he might cry, and his associates were in for some harrowing times. "I suppose the worst business was his automobile driving," one of his companions said recently. "It was dreaded throughout Persia." After deciding where to dig, Pope would bundle his closest advisers and a number of picks, shovels, trowels, spades, and other tools into a secondhand Buick and be ready for the road. The rest of the party, including a crew of paid diggers, would follow in other cars, generally arriving a day to two weeks later, depending on how far away they were going. Nearly always Pope's passengers would make a few feeble efforts to take over the driving. "Aren't you pretty tired, Arthur? " they would say, or "Arthur, you shouldn't jeopardize your health this way. Save up for the digging." These ruses never worked. Buttoning up his ragged old linen duster, Pope would grip the wheel, fix his eye on the

distant horizon, and light out down the road at whatever speed the car could muster. Sheep, horses, Persians, camels, goats, dogs, and cats scattered whenever they saw him approaching, and usually just in time. He never seemed to notice the coming of darkness. “Well,” one of his group might say, “I guess it’s about time to hole up for the night, hey, Arthur?” “We’ll make Luristan by dawn if we push it, men,” Pope would cry, and perhaps yaw over on two wheels to miss a horse cart. Once on the scene, Pope was a picture of sure-footed industry. He appeared to function as a kind of human divining rod. Summoning his diggers, he might call out, “Down you go right here, lads. I have an idea we’ll uncover

the lost bronzes before this day is out.” As often as not, he would be right.

Pope’s contribution to the world’s knowledge of Persian culture cannot be exaggerated. If for nothing else, he will be remembered by posterity for his “Survey of Persian Art,” a massive work, in six volumes, that weighs, in the aggregate, around fifty-five pounds. The Survey was completed in 1938, after eight years’ toil by Pope and a large staff of scholars. To do the job, they established offices in New York, Paris, and London, and directed eleven expeditions to Persia from them. The work has a wide range, taking in not only the basic arts but also a number of dubious cousins, such as bookbinding and astronomy. It has many pictures and diagrams, and is liberally footnoted. The Survey has, in fact, what Pope believes.to be the longest footnote on record, running a little better than five and a half pages. It was written by Dr. Phyllis Ackerman, Pope’s wife, who, among other things, proofread all six volumes of the work five times, straightened out the eight thousand cross references, and prepared the chapters on textiles, inconog-raphy, and early seals and fig-.urines. The Survey was published by the Oxford Press, and simultaneously with its appearance Pope and his associates held exhibitions of Persian art in several cities of this country and Europe. Part of the publishing costs were borne by the Institute. Pope himself contributed thirty-five thousand dollars, his life’s savings. The Survey never reached the bestseller list, but its appearance was hailed with rapture in scholastic circles. Many of the leading educators of America and Europe have said flatly that it is the most important cultural work of all time. The Aga Khan, a

man of discrimination, ordered ten sets of the Survey, saying that he wanted to present nine of them to friends, including Anthony Eden. Around the Institute the Survey creeps into the conversation much as King Charles's head kept getting in-

to Mr. Dick's memorial in "David Copperfield." Pope

has a tendency to date all events in the organization's history in relation to the Survey. "Let's see," he may say in answer to a visitor's question about a tapestry, "we acquired that in the fourth year of the Survey, the trip old Potts broke his leg crawling through the ruins at Asterabad."

The director credits Dr. Ackerman with much of the success of the Survey. Her chapters on textiles and iconography are considered among the most profound in the book. "She is one of those incredible human beings," Pope says

“IVe’re all out of everything.”

occasionally, throwing up his hands in a helpless gesture. “One of the truly remarkable minds.” He and the Doctor, a tall, unruffled woman with an unmistakably erudite look, function as a kind of reciprocating claque. Dr. Ackerman cannot be too energetic in her praise of Pope, and Pope, in turn, defers to nobody in his admiration of Dr. Ackerman. It may well be one of the most

successful marriages in history. The two met in 1913, when Pope was teaching philosophy at the University of California. She turned up in a Plato class of his,

and he admits today that he viewed her with great suspicion. “I was skeptical, a little hostile,” he says. “She was known around the university as the miracle child.” Miss Ackerman, according to the best sources, was at that time almost unbearably precocious. One of her favorite activities was calling out the answers to difficult mathematical problems as the instructor was writing the problems on the blackboard. “It was uncanny and frightening,” a classmate has said. “The poor chap might be just in the process of putting down the final Y’s and X’s—quadratic equations or calculus or some such thing—when she would cry out ‘Twelve!’ and, so help me, it would be the answer. The rest of the class got nothing out of the course whatever.” Pope was not especially eager to take on a prodigy, since he himself, at thirty-two, was still considered rather precocious, but Miss Ackerman seemed a little subdued by Plato, and they got along harmoniously.

So profound was Pope’s influence on the miracle child that she abandoned mathematics and took her doctor’s degree in philosophy. She was appointed an instructor in the philosophy department shortly afterward. Her treatise on “Hegel and Pragmatism” a few years later upset the entire educational world. “Oh, what a critical indictment that was! ” Pope says. “Marvellous, brilliant!” They were married in 1920, after they had come to New York, Pope to work on a book Called “Philosophical Maladies of the Nineteenth Century,” which he never finished, and Dr. Ackerman to write a column on art for the New York Globe. The Doctor is not Pope’s first wife. In 1905, at which time he was teaching philosophy at Brown, he married Miss Bertha Damon, who divorced him several years later and then turned out a best-seller entitled “Grandma Called It Carnal.”

Pope was born in Phenix, Rhode Island, in 1881. His family was rather well known in the area. His mother’s father, a sea captain named Titus, stood out in particular. The sailors on that coast ran like deer when they saw him coming, as they were afraid he would talk them into shipping with him. Captain Titus was widely

regarded as mad. While his ship was in port, he was fairly calm, spending his time climbing up and down masts, with a solid-silver spyglass between his teeth, to keep in practice. At sea, he was noted for numerous eccentricities. .Among

DEATH WITH 5OUND EFFECT!

VERSES COMPOSED UPON HEARING THAT SCIENTISTS ARE RECORDING THE MATING CALLS OF MOSQUITOES AND PLAN TO USE THEM TO LURE THE INSECTS TO THEIR DOWNFALL

When summer's warm upon the breeze And evening shrouds the glens,

Oh, pity poor Anopheles

And Culex Pipiens,

Whom Science, on deliberate vote, Has destined for a Liebcstod.

The mists will fall, the moon will rise, Darkness the daylight veto.

Then forward to his strange demise Will race the blithe mosquito, Antennae tuned to catch the tender Accents of the female gender.

From duty will he turn away To bear an ardent torch.

He'll leave his work and leave his play On patio or porch,

Desert the foray intramural, The city roof, the terrace rural, The chosen grasses, moist and deep, The chamber dedicate to sleep, The bright, the unscreened living room, And hurry off to meet his doom — Yea, quit, no matter how it rankles, His job on easy arms and ankles.

Foregoing much, forgetting all,

Save love or matrimony, He'll fly—to find that mating call

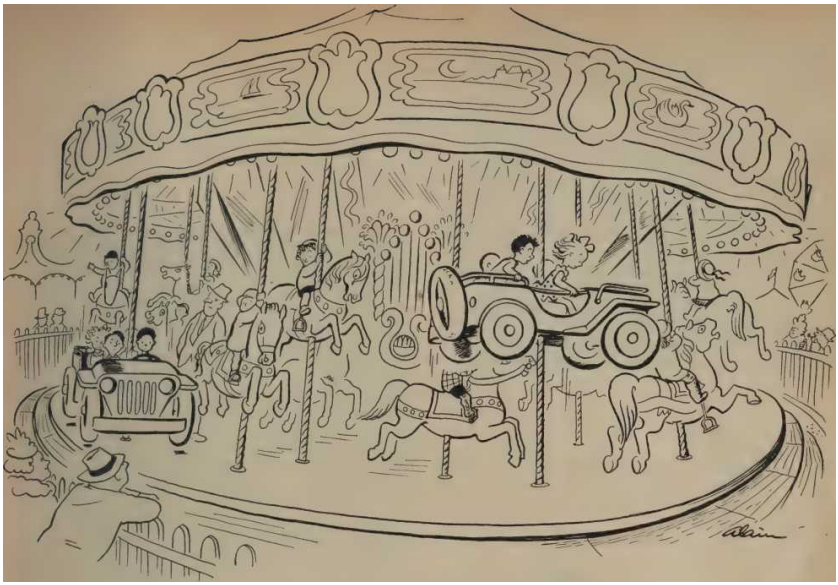
A trick, a trap, a phony, And come to grief with no defense, The victim of his sentiments.

For thus, weighed down by nature's fetters, The lower orders ape their betters.

—Phyllis McGinley

other things, he kept thinking up unusual forms of discipline. Instead of confining unruly seamen below, he tied them in rocking chairs up on deck. On a brisk day, if the man rocked according to instructions, he was apt to overturn and crack his head every three or four minutes. This always caused the captain to roar with laughter. Once, in a terrible storm, most of the ship's

water casks split open. To conserve water, he tied the dipper to a masthead that was swinging like a metronome. "Have a drink any time you please, boys," called the captain. "There's plenty of water for one and all." The captain was, however, most celebrated for his familiarity with the ocean bottom. As was known all over the world, he could take a sounding, examine the sediment, and fix his whereabouts within a few miles. According to old records, he was never seen to fail. One time a sailor got a bottle of dirt from some relatives in Kansas and slipped some into the sounding lead when Titus wasn't looking. The captain made an examination, then turned to the crew and said, "If I didn't know we were two hundred miles off Cape



■Hatteras, I'd swear we were just north of Topeka." Captain Titus lived to an advanced age and died ashore, burning .up in a tavern.

Pope owes his interest in Persia to two aunts, sisters of his father, who lived in Boston and were unusually progressive. They were among the first five or six lady doctors in this country. Refused admittance to Harvard in the late eighteen-sixties, they picked up some scientific lore from a couple of local druggists and went to Vienna and Paris, where they gave a series of rather spectacular soirees and studied medicine on the side. When the Franco-Prussian War broke out, they were living in Paris. Although the American Minister told them to leave, they stayed on through the siege of Paris, during which they ate horse meat and caught smallpox, then treated each other. At the height of one skirmish, they drove a horse and buggy between the lines at the Place de la Concorde and stopped the show. Both sides ceased fire and came out to the buggy for a chat. The sisters invited everyone to a horse-meat party the following evening and drove off, after w'hich the firing recom

menced. The story was given prominence in quite a few papers at home and abroad. In the course of their travels, the sisters acquired a number of Persian rugs. These were later to arouse the imagination of their young nephew and lay the foundation for the

cultural renaissance of Persia.

Other members of Pope's family also made their mark. His uncle, Albert Pope, was a famous bicycle manufacturer and had, besides, risen to the rank of brigadier general during the Civil War at the rather early age of twenty-three. Pope's mother was in the first class at Wellesley, and his father was a Baptist clergyman. His father died of overwork and frustration as a result of trying to organize a choral society in a region noted for its monotones. As a child, Pope was sickly but dogged. Up to his fifth year, he spent most of his time brooding, but after that, to get his mind off his ailments, he struck out in several directions. Among other activities, he built some highly artistic ship models and started doing research in acoustics and interior decorating. Later on, he was to use this knowledge in solving the acoustical difficulties of

the San Francisco Opera House and in decorating a Western hotel whose manager had a Persian turn of mind. Before the boy was ten, he was mildly celebrated as a bird walker and was beginning to show signs of musical genius. Pope was scheduled to give a piano concert at a music school in Newburyport when he was thirteen, but the proprietor unexpectedly sold the school and called the concert off. Soon after this, Pope enrolled in the Worcester Academy and temporarily gave the piano up. At prep school he was a champion debater and active in sports, although his health was still uncertain. As a rule, the youngster turned up for track meets carrying a number of tonics and other medications. Taking a nip of Scott's Emulsion every few hundred yards, he would run the mile, and then have a pull at his extract of rhubarb and throw the discus. He once managed a neat victory in the high hurdles while wearing a big mustard plaster. At Brown, where Pope went after Worcester, he was also athletic, winning his letter in both track and baseball. At this time too, he took up bicycle racing. Pope's Uncle Albert, the bicycle king,

had taught him to ride at the age of six, and the boy developed powerful muscles in his legs. Altogether, he won twenty-three races out of twenty-four, dropping the one during a bad case of grippe.

When Pope graduated from Brown, in 1904, he was kept on as an instructor in philosophy. He taught there two years and then

resigned to do graduate work at Cornell and Harvard, after which he returned to Brown for a year or so and then became an assistant professor in philosophy at the University of California. He stayed there seven years and then moved on to Amherst. While Pope was teaching school, he began to look into the subject of liberalism. He believes today that he has always had a liberal spirit but that it took association with the liberal minds in the universities to nourish it. As a boy, he had often defended the colored children of his neighborhood; by the time he reached Amherst, he was ready for other depressed groups. For a while he devoted himself to the Irish, who he felt were being bullied by the English, and then he switched over to India. After we entered the World War, Pope tempofar-

"Thank you very, very much. I don't know how I can ever repay you."

ily abandoned his uplift and went to work for the Army as a civilian. His job was to make speeches to high-ranking officers instructing them how to judge men for promotions. The War

Department had decided that such a course was advisable when it discovered that one general had been basing all his promotions on palmistry and another had simply advanced the men who looked well in their uniforms. The General Staff tried to put Pope in a uniform, but he successfully resisted, contending that if he wore it badly a lot of the generals would go to sleep during his speeches.

In New York, after the war, Pope wanted to resume his elevation of the minorities, but he was unable to decide which was the most submerged. Consequently, he organized a group called the League of Oppressed Peoples and figured that he would hoist them all up. He also tried to interest President Wilson in letting him arrange what to do about the countries that had stayed neutral during the war, but the President had other plans. By this time—the early twenties—Pope had also begun to think seriously about Persia. He says that his

aunts' rugs had been on his mind all along but that he had been too busy to give them much attention. It suddenly occurred to him that the Persians were just as submerged as anybody else, and maybe more. The realization electrified him. Before long he could see his destiny: he would concentrate on Persia and let the rest of the world more or less shift for itself. To carry out this one-man rescue of a sunken nation would, of course, require capital. Having financed himself on several speaking tours as chairman of the League, during which the monetary response was notably sluggish, Pope had just enough cash left to pay his next month's rent, lacking eight dollars. Something had to be done. His solution was forthright and ingenious. He decided to bone up and hang out his shingle as an adviser on the purchase of Persian and other Islamic objects of art. He emerged somewhat rapidly as an expert on the East, but this does not imply that his counsel was suspect. On the contrary, he was probably better informed on the subject than any other . man in the country by the time he set up shop. With characteristic zeal, he had gone through all the literature on Ori

ental culture and talked to everybody he could find who had been to the Orient or knew somebody who had. His business was brisk, and his clients were unanimously pleased with his a,dvice. Acting for some of the wealthiest people in the country, he bought things

like rugs, tapestry, and pottery, and he got fees ranging up to ten thousand dollars. Dr. Ackerman joined him in the counsellor service. During the war, she had been the first secretary of the Third Assistant Secretary of War and had had a lot to do with the administration of conscientious objectors. If a concert violinist, say, had sent word to his draft board that he believed in fiddling but not in fighting, Dr. Ackerman saw that his case was investigated thoroughly.

By 1925, when Pope made his first trip to Persia, he and the Doctor had an enviable standing as authorities on the East and Near East. In a general way, they split up the available culture, Pope devoting himself largely to art, architecture, and history, and the Doctor concentrating on textiles and iconography. It would

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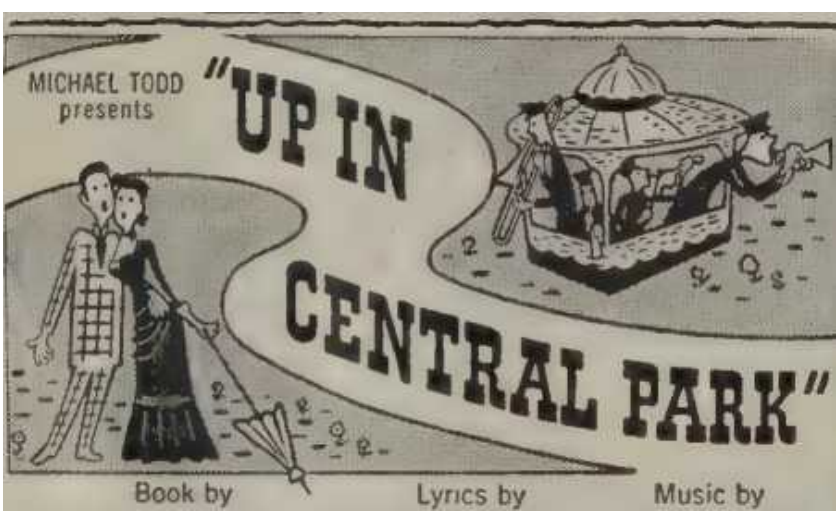

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be difficult to say which of them is the better expert on rugs. The Doctor says that her husband has no equal in this field, but he demurs. “The fact is,” he says, “I yield with no hesitation, none whatever. Oh, I know what that woman can do. It’s bewildering to watch.’ Dr. Ackerman has indeed done spectacular work in the rug line, as well as in tapestries and textiles. There was the case, when they were in England, of one tapestry that she suspected was of Flemish origin, around the fifteenth century. After going over it on her hands and knees with a large magnifying glass, she announced that she had found the name Piat Van Roome cleverly hidden in the design, adding that at times it used to be forbidden in Belgium for a tapestry maker to

sign his product. To check up on this name, Dr. Ackerman hurried to the British Museum and got to work. After much digging, she found what she was looking for—an ancient bill, in the household accounts of some forgotten Duke of Burgundy, for several tapestries woven by one Piat Van Roome. It is this kind of detection that has estab-[1] lished the Popes' reputation for infallibility. They never render a decision unless they are positive. At the Institute, Dr. Ackerman- does a lot of weaving herself, and always works her maiden name, Phyllis Ackerman, and the date boldly into the design. "There will be no crawling and snooping through my things," she says. "They're as clear as the nose on your face." Dr. Ackerman is bringing out a book this summer which, according to one scholar, is "the most extraordinary performance in the humanities of the twentieth century." It is to be called "Early Ritual Arts of China" and will demonstrate that many of the primitive Chinese arts were actually of western Asiatic origin. "She has

cracked the code," Pope says darkly. "That's all I can tell you. But it's going to shake some of our concepts to their foundations."

THE war has halted the Institute's expeditions but has perhaps stepped up its other activities. Pope in particular has been hard pressed of late. He has just supervised a number of projects for the Army, among them a lengthy pamphlet on Japanese psychological warfare. To do this job, a research staff

went through several hundred Japanese books and documents. Pope thinks this pamphlet will pretty well put the Japs in their place if the Army uses it right. He has also broadcast in several languages to peoples abroad and performed numerous confidential services for the various war agencies. He and Dr. Ackerman have written around a hundred articles on Persia for the next edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. When Pope consented to act as adviser on Persia for the Britannica, he considered its material thoroughly inaccurate, so he rewrote the articles from beginning to end. Since then he has periodically rewritten his own articles, because he always feels obliged to alter anything he reads about Persia, no matter who wrote it. Pope does a lot of other writing,

much of it to the editors of newspapers. His letters-to-the-editor are on a variety of subjects, and usually indignant. The Times once made the mistake of comparing Hitler to Darius, the Persian conqueror, who is Pope's favorite historical character. The director retaliated with a literary barrage of spectacular ferocity, all of which the Times obligingly printed. On other occasions he has taken violent exception to Eddie Rickenbacker's conservative views on labor, and to ignorance,. France, misunderstanding, critics of Omar Khayyam, ill will, folly, and dog bite. Newspaper readers who follow his letters believe that the apex of his efforts to date was a shattering rebuttal he wrote to a letter in the Times by John Dewey, attacking the pro-Russian flavor of Ambassador Davies' "Mission to Moscow." The reaction to Pope's contribution was so intense that he remarked later, with some bitterness, "If I'm remembered by posterity, it will be as the Professor Whosis who wrote that letter against John Dewey."

The newspapers enjoy hearing from Pope. His letters are spirited and eloquent, and they generally stir up a satisfactory racket. He is

in great demand as a speaker. Although he prefers to talk about his specialty, he accepts engagements to speak on other topics. Two years ago he delivered the annual Lincoln's Day address at Cooper Union. It ran a little over an hour and a half, and was mostly about Lincoln, with various side trips into the East. "And what of aristocratic Iran, the

land of legend, of romance, of mighty monarchs and warriors, of great poets and artists?" Pope asked at one point. And at another he said, "Lincoln knew no Arabs, but he would have enjoyed meeting them, and they would have recognized him as a great sheik." Several people who heard the speech observed later that it was a novel Lincoln's Day offering, and presented the Great Emancipator in a rather Oriental 1'ght.

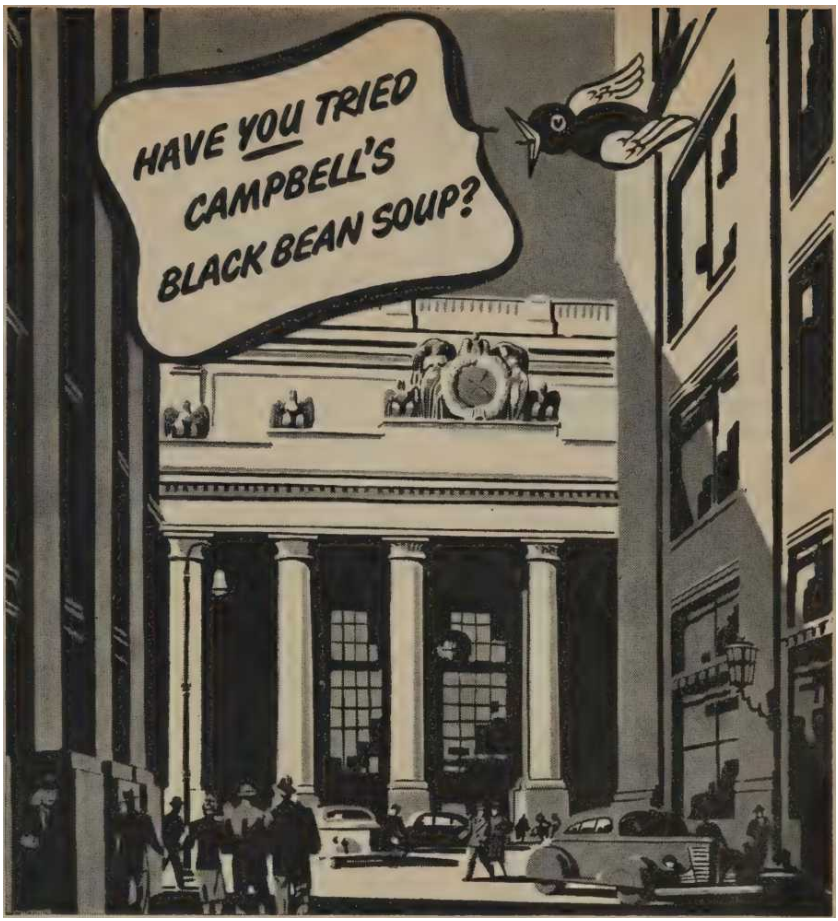
Aside from their work, Pope and Dr. Ackerman live a quiet life at their apartment in the Institute. They accept few social engagements, preferring to stay home and think about Persia. To help keep their minds on that country, thejˆ have five Persian cats, which frequently create lively situations around the Institute. The cats seem unusually restless and are often found in desk drawers, in the hats of students, and swinging from the chandeliers. They also have a tendency to climb up on the slide projectors and get in the light beam, which gives an erroneous impression of Persian art. Pope recently started taking piano lessons, in an effort to reawaken the musical spirit he had when he almost gave the concert at Newburyport. He practices an hour every evening, and has now worked up to playing the slow movement of a Mozart concerto. He plays well, but he says that he gets winded easily. There can be no doubt that Pope will master the concerto. Since boyhood, he has been winning through when all around him stronger men were falling. Typical of this tenacity was the 1930 expedition to Persia. "By the end of May we were in the field and ready to begin digging," the director wrote in the Institute's bulletin. "We dug all the month of June, and then broke off work for the summer, on account of heat and malaria. When we reached Teheran our entire staff, with one exception, had to be sent to the hospital for a fortnight." The exception, of course, was Pope. He had been in favor of digging on through the summer.

—Robert Lewis Taylor

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. Pope.)

Possibly the conditions revealed by this incident help explain why into the hands of the Americans the Germans preferred to fall rather than of the Russians.—Kansas City Star.

Let's see, how did Longfellow put it—"Into each American hand some German must fall, Some days must be dark and Russian."



Gateway to New YorkˆPenn Station

Dialogue at Dinner

He: What's this? She: Why, it's Campbell's Black Bean Soup, dear. He: Hum. She: Carol practically made me buy some. She says Tom's simply crazy about it. They have it just lots for supper ... and when they entertain. Do try it, lamb. He: Hum. She: Isn't it smo-o-o-th? And the seasoning's so delicate and . . . Why, darling, you've nearly finished yours already! He: Ummm! 'S any more?

P.S. Have "you" and "he" tried this smart soup?

^^M, BLACK BEAN SOUP

P.P.S. Some like to float a slice of lemon on it.

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A BELL FOR ADANO J

GENE JOHN WILLIAM ♦

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A 20th Century-Fox Picture *

SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION .

IN “San Pietro,” a thirty-minute documentary produced by the Pictorial Service of the U.S. Army Signal Corps, war is not the hellish, spectacular nightmare that it was in “Desert Victory” or the high, heroic enterprise that it was in “Fighting Lady.” Instead, it is a dirty, deadly business, conducted by men too aware of doom to indulge in any roman

tic gestures. Written, directed, and narrated by Major John Huston, and supervised by Colonel Frank Capra, “San Pietro” describes the struggle of one infantry regiment to capture a small

town in the Liri Valley of southern Italy toward the close of 1943. In a flat, pedantic tone, which often gives the effect of an acid parody of the typical military commentator, Major Huston outlines the objectives involved in the battle for San Pietro as the camera ranges over mountains so vast that the soldiers fighting in them create only a puny stir. As the Major talks tactics, the film discovers the men who will put them into play—the gum-chewing foot soldiers, abstracted as ruminants, alike only in the fact that they wear the same uniform. There is no superfluous underlining of various origins and racial stocks, however; the men are presented simply as soldiers, with no cute observations that among them there are Smiths, Cohens, and Kellys.

The conquest of San Pietro is presented by Major Huston not as a matter of grand mechanical sweeps or dashing aerial gymnastics.

The infantrymen move stolidly against an enemy that is rarely seen, yard by yard, at a cost of one life to the yard, and when they collapse into the limp untidiness of death, the camera makes no effort to find dignity in their twisted bodies. From the muddy holes and rocky hideouts where they fall, the camera follows them right into their graves, swaddled in winding sheets like laundry in a pillowcase.

In “San Pietro” there are only a few of the cliches that stamp the usual military film—the generals gathered around the inevitable map, the inevitable synchronization of the wrist watches. But to offset such scenes, there is the moving record of the people of San Pietro emerging from the shambles that was their town. The smallness of the place makes it possible for Major Huston to catch the dazed old

men, the weeping matrons, the curious children as they wander through the rubble, and to group them, with no forced dramatics, around a pit from which the body of a gray-haired woman is being dug. With an extraordinary frankness, Major Huston’s narration points up the fact that, while the people of San Pietro were convinced that the battle for their

town was to effect their liberation, it was actually a strictly military operation. Whatever it was, it has resulted in the best documentary to come out of this war.

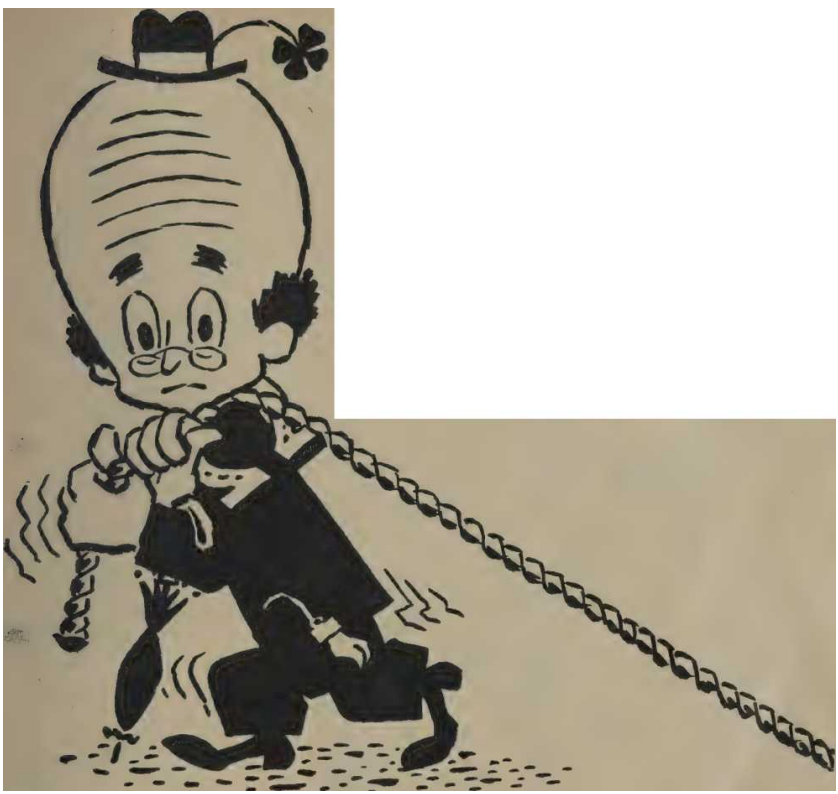
AT one point in “The Great John ˆ L.,” which introduces Bing Cros

by as a producer, a young lady looks into the close-set eyes of Greg McClure, a newcomer who plays the title role, and remarks, “Deep inside there is beauty.” This sort of dialogue—and there’s plenty of it—is evidently designed to bolster the film’s dreamy contention that, far from being a simple Neanderthal type, the Boston Strong Boy was as full of hidden depths as Percy Bysshe Shelley. It is only with a kind of pained reluctance that the fabricators of “The Great John L.” tear themselves briefly away from probing the Sullivan psyche to establish the fact that their protagonist had a right hand as authoritative as a shillelagh. All the monumental brawls in which Sullivan participated are compressed into a few moments in order that the picture may dwell with interminable detail on John L.’s

alleged mewling over the lost love of his youth. Except when he is in the ring, where he reveals a commendable muscular competence, Mr. McClure is grimly impassive, and he finally subsides into what appears to be outright catalepsy while attempting to portray John L.'s final triumphant struggle against liquor. Surrounding Mr. McClure in this Crosby enterprise are such competent performers as Wallace Ford and J. M. Kerrigan, and such delectable ones as Linda Darnell and Barbara Britton. They are uniformly unhappy.

IN "A Thousand and One Nights," the genie that drifts out of Aladdin's lamp is a bouncy little redhead. This is its only point of departure from all the other Technicolor interpretations of Arabia.

—John McCarten



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“Every day more and more cars reach the end of the rope. Of course you don’t know just how many miles are left in your car... But you do know you’ll get less if you neglect it... and more if you give it care. Right now, in hot weather, care means good fresh summer-grade Esso Motor Oil... correct summer-protective lubrication... extra careful watch on battery and tires... Maybe you’re nearer the end of your rope than you think. Let your Esso Dealer help you NOW to be sure of more miles of service later on!...”

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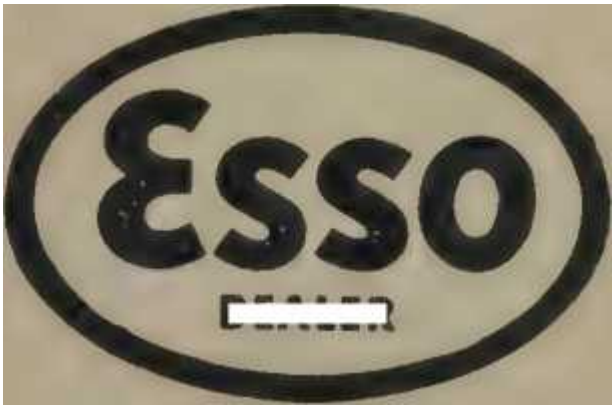

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Such a fine evening! Moonlight, music and sumptuous Marlboro Cigarettes! Lavishly blended, keenly pleasur-

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OF ALL THING5

Admiral Halsey's warships have /A been shelling cities on the coast

> -ˆ- of Honshu without any interference from the Japanese Navy. Apparently the Imperial Fleet has no intention of being dragged into this cruel and senseless war.

•

The United Nations Security Charter has been approved by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee with only one dissenting vote. Naturally, that was cast by Hiram Johnson, who does not believe that we should have any foreign relations.

Newspapermen are not allowed to attend the Big Three conference at Potsdam. The authorities seem to feel that this triangle story is not suitable for reporters' tender ears.

• .

Eisenhower and Montgomery have ordered a relaxation of the rule against' fraternization with the Germans. Allied soldiers will now be allowed to talk to the frauleins in their well-known fraternal way.

King Leopold says that he will not give up the Belgian throne.

However, he will remain in Austria for the present, in the hope that absence will make his people's hearts grow fonder.

•

Viscount Wavell announces with regret that the Simla conference has broken down because of a fresh attack of that old Moslem-Hindu trouble. Every time the boys got together to talk politics, it seems, they started arguing about religion.

New Yorkers are still trying to carry on a miserable existence without newspapers. There are many pitiful reports of citizens who could find nothing to curl up with except a good book.

•

Unprecedented numbers of tourists are arriving in New York from various points in Europe. These travellers agree that they have seen enough picturesque ruins to last them a lifetime.

•

Householders are glad to hear that butter has been reduced to sixteen points a pound. The O.P.A. ordered this cut, of course, because of the grave shortage of margarine.

Howard Brubaker

A REPORTER. AT LARGE

1IFE aboard a surrendered THE JUKKENDEK OF THE U-805
bubbling smoke as lier engines German submarine as it

died. Her conning tower was

-* made its way slowly to our shores position to bring her into port. By cleared of men, except for two motion-

could be a sombre business. I gathered this the other day while talking with a young officer who, as a naval correspondent attached to the staff of the admiral in charge of destroyers and destroyer escorts engaged in anti-submarine warfare in the Atlantic, had been aboard a surrendered U-boat during the three-day journey it made to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, from the point off the Grand Bank where it had given up. The submarine, the seven-hundred-and-forty-ton U-805, was the second to be brought into an east-coast port under the terms of the Reich's capitulation. The boarding party which took her over was by no means as large as the German crew which remained on board. When men find themselves aboard an enemy warship with a numerically superior group of prisoners, they are in an uneasy situation, particularly when they are jammed in as tight as they are on a submarine. It was a wet, severe passage.

The story starts the day President Truman proclaimed our victory in Europe. Immediately after his announcement, a Navy radio station on the east coast began beaming instructions in German to any U-boat commanders who might be in the North Atlantic, repeating the capitulation order of Admiral Doenitz and telling them the details of how they were to surrender. At twilight the following day, the monitors at the station picked up their first reply, a message from the captain of the U-805, stating that he had received the instructions and wished to surrender his ship. The latitude and longitude he gave placed him some two hundred miles east of Newfoundland. This message was acknowledged and relayed to the office of the Chief of Naval Operations, where the 80 5 was scratched from the list of enemy submarines at sea. Then it was passed along to Commander Destroyers A tian tic Fleet, the officer whose ships were responsible for bringing surrendered U-boats in to U. S.

late afternoon of the following day, the two ships, after beating their way through fog and high seas, were close enough to talk to her by short-wave radio. A German-speaking member of the Otter's crew broadcast in the enemy's language to the submarine, which

answered at once, again giving its latitude and longitude. It was not far away, but because the light was failing and the sea was running high it was decided not to try to board the sub that night. Instead, the U-805 was ordered to be at the same location the following dawn for a rendezvous. “I understand,” came back the reply.

W hen dawn broke the next day, the fog was still heavy on the water, the wind was raw, and the sea was still high. The Otter and Varian were cruising slowly, several hundred yards apart, when suddenly, out of the mist a couple of hundred yards off the Otter’s starboard bow, the submarine appeared, a rusty monster, riding low in the water and making scant headway. Its conning tower was crowded with members of the crew, standing there quietly and staring.

Using international code on its blinker lights, the Otter signalled, “Do you understand English?”

“A little,” came back the answer from a signal lamp on the submarine’s conning tower.

“Stop engines,” ordered the Otter. “Put all your crew belowdecks. 1 will send a boarding party.”

The submarine’s exhausts stopped

ACE COIN MACHINE CO.

TO ENTER, INSERT NICKEL-* AND TURN KNOB

less figures.

THE boarding party consisted of three officers and twenty enlisted men from the Otter and Varian, who were specially trained for the job ahead of them. They were all aboard the Otter and were commanded by Lieutenant Artie F. White, the Otter’s engineer officer. White went into the Navy sixteen years ago as an enlisted man. He is of medium build, wears spectacles, and talks with a hoarse, rasping voice that is a little like the remote wheeze of a collier’s foghorn. The members of the boarding party, wearing heavy, foul-weather clothing and galoshes, and all suitably armed,

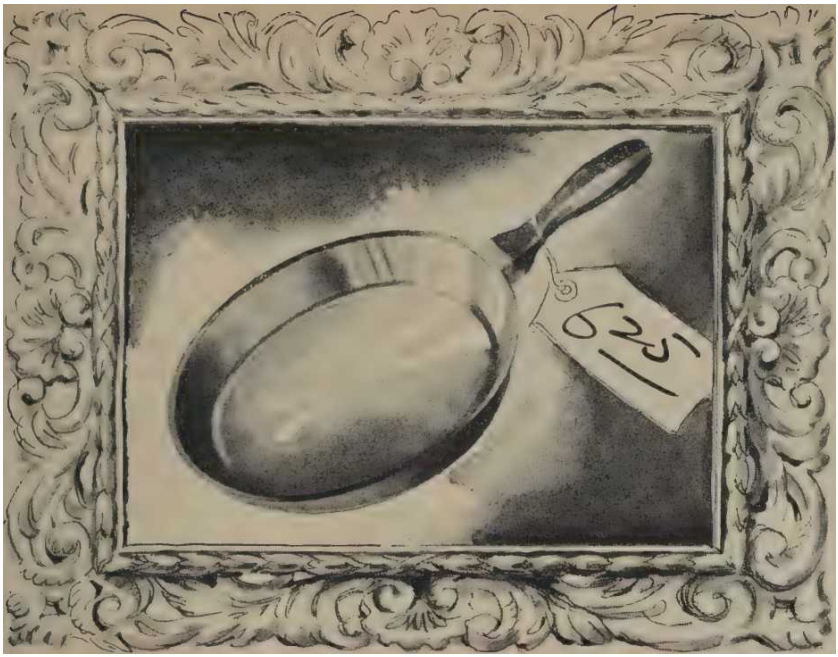
lined up at the Otter's rail. A motor whaleboat with a four-man crew was hoisted over the side. Supplies consisting of coffee, sugar, condensed milk, bread, a case of Campbell's tomato soup, and a carton of mess gear were lowered into the whaleboat, together with 'blankets, a walkie-talkie radio, and a box containing a big length of heavy chain, some lighter lengths, and a number of padlocks. Then White and ten other members of the boarding party climbed down a Jacob's ladder into the whaleboat. The. rest of the party remained on the Otter and waited for the whaleboat to make a second trip, about a half hour later.. Before leaving the ship, White turned over his gold watch, signet ring, and wallet to a fellow-officer to be sent home to his wife in case anything went wrong. Some of the others in the group took similar precautions, and all of them left behind a letter to be mailed home in the event of their death.

Once the whaleboat was trimmed, the coxswain shoved off and headed for the submarine, on which the guns of the two surface craft were kept trained. Every man in the whaleboat was carrying an automatic pistol or a Thompson submachine gun, and two gunner's mates in the group were also armed with hand grenades. The men went aboard on the lee side

ports.

At dawn the next day, two destroyer escorts—the U.S.S. Varian and the U.S.S. Otter— cleared the windswept port of Argentia, Newfoundland, and beaded out toward the U-8O5's

of the submarine, a fairly perilous operation in view of the high seas which belted the whaleboat about while its crew tried to hold it close to the sub with boat hooks so that the passengers could jump. Lieutenant White



Courtesy of Housewares, 6th Floor

COLLECTOR'S ITEM,

I can gaze

For days

At a Sevres vase.

Iranian rugs transport me.

I've an eye

For the why Of a Cezanne buy, Having learned what the criticstaught me.

But, None of these treasures Today holds a candle To a frying pan With a wooden handle!,

I really don't care

If the ice-box is bare;

If there isn't a gram

Of bacon or ham.

I won't even beg For a grade-B egg.

So what, if there's no food to fill it!

I'm thrilled, for I've got me a skillet!*

•-Will Scarlet

BLOOMINGDALE'S

LEXINGTON at 59th, N.Y. C.

ˆNo flash in the pan, these skillets;

,They're solid, with plenty of room in 'em; What's more, they will last, For they're guaranteed cast

(How did you guess it?) aluminum.

(6.25)

was t'he first man on the submarine, making an inelegant but

successful leap as the whaleboat rode the crest of a wave. He was followed by the two gunner's mates, who landed on the hull of the sub in a trot, holding their grenades in their hands. The rest of the men got aboard the U-805 one after another as best they could, some standing by for a bit to lend a hand with the supplies. Then the whaleboat started back for its second load.

White ran down the submarine's C main deck to the base of the con- S ning tower, climbed the iron rungs of the ladder leading to its top, jumped the rim of the upper platform, and plumped onto the tower's deck. There he returned the salutes of the two Nazis, who were awaiting him rather nervously. One of them, a short and stocky man with a pale, round face, was the sub's captain, Commander Richard Bernadelli. The other, who was short but slender and had sunken cheeks and a sharp countenance, was the executive officer, Lieutenant Commander Herman Seidel. Both Germans were wearing black dress uniforms with visored caps that had gold braid on the brims. Seidel spoke fluent English, the captain none. White said, "You and your officers and men are prisoners of war. I am assuming command." "Very well," replied Seidel in a low tone. Then he translated for the captain..

Carrying out carefully rehearsed assignments, the two gunner's mates had arrived in the conning tower right behind White, closely followed by a fireman first class, who spoke German. The three enlisted men now ducked down one of the two conning-tower hatches leading to the submarine's interior—a dank, electrically-lit region split up into compartments by bulkheads glistening with moisture. There were a half dozen of these compartments—the forward torpedo room, the control room, the room leading up to the conning tower, the wardroom, the engine room, and the after torpedo room, the two biggest being the forward and after torpedo rooms, where the crew had living quarters and where they were now standing beside their bunks.

A gunner's mate stationed himself in each of the torpedo rooms and stood there, grenade in hand, while the German-speaking fireman moved about among the Germans, warning them to behave themselves. Almost all the prisoners—young, blond, big-boned fellows with thick wrists—seemed to be in good physical shape.

Almost all of them wore their hair as long as Johnny Weissmul

ler's. One sailor had a completely hairless skull, the result of a skin ailment. The officers within the sub, like the two on the conning tower, were in black dress uniforms, but the men wore the Nazi submariners' equivalent of our dungarees—gray, leather-and-horsehair two-piece suits—and high black leather boots.

Tagging the advance guard down the conning-tower hatch came J. P.

McAndrews of New York City, a husky fireman second class, who brought with him four short lengths of chain and four padlocks. He paid no attention to the three Americans and their prisoners but started at once to chain and lock up the control gear for the two forward master sea valves so that they could not be opened to scuttle the submarine. He did the same with the two after valves and then wormed his way down to the cramped space between the hull and the interior deck where the fuel and ballast I tanks are. He found these in good order. Elsewhere on the submarine, other members of the boarding party were carrying out their prearranged tasks. Henry Kiem, a twenty-year-old signalman from Hoboken, New Jersey, went aft on the main deck where the sub's 37-mm. gun was mounted, and Lowered the small black flag of surrender, hoisting the Stars and Stripes in its place. (Belowdecks, Walther Muller, • the U-boat's radio technician, turned to his fellow-radioman, Franz Feich-tinger, and asked, "What are they do- . ing topside?" "Probably they are taking down the swastika," Feichtinger replied. "Thank God! " Muller said.) The sub mounted a 37-mm. rifle, and Kiem, with a couple of men helping him, dismantled it and threw the breechblock . over the side. It was the largest weapon aboard. The sub had originally mounted a four-inch deck gun, but before leaving Trondheim three months earlier, the captain had ordered it removed, thinking it unlikely that conditions in the North Atlantic in 1945 would permit any of the surface shelling for which such a piece is intended. The rest of the submarine's armament topside consisted of four 20-mm. guns mounted in pairs on the conning tower. These were dismantled and the breechblocks were thrown overboard. The American communications officer, a stocky young ensign from Minnesota, set up his walkie-talkie on the

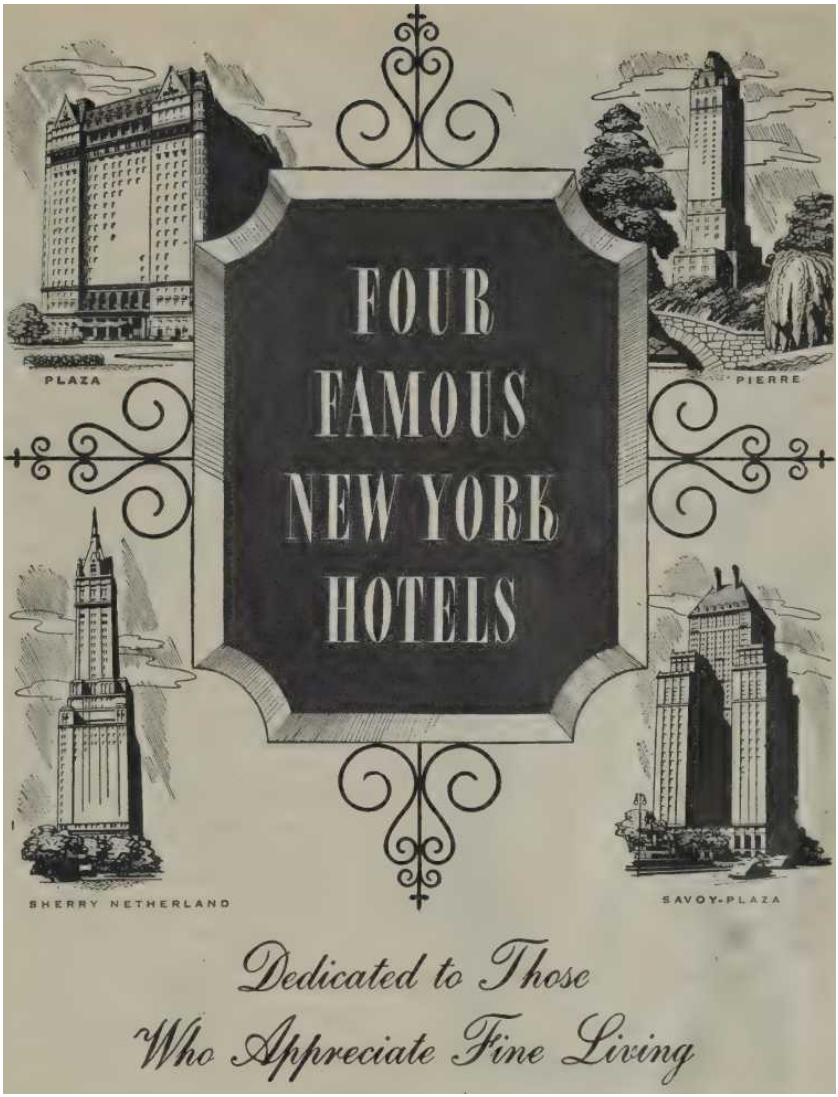
conning tower and got in touch with the Otter to report that all had gone well so far. At the same time a chief motor machinist was winding heavy chain through both of the con-

ning-tower hatches so that they couldn't be closed. When he had finished his job, it would have been impossible to put the submarine into a dive without flooding its interior. This precaution was taken against the possibility of the Germans' having a second thought about surrendering.

ACCOMPANIED by the submarine's captain, the executive officer, and several enlisted men from the boarding party, Lieutenant White descended into the sub. When he appeared below, every German in sight stiffened to attention. White ordered them to remain where they were and to fold their arms across their chests. "Have you jettisoned your ammunition ? " White asked Seidel. It was one of the surrender requirements that this be done. "Yes," said the German, leading the way to the magazine, which was empty. A thorough search disclosed that the sub's supply of torpedo detonators, without which torpedoes won't explode, had also been disposed of as ordered. There were fourteen torpedoes aboard, equipped with an acoustic device that steered them to a ship by reacting to the sound of the ship's propellers. Ordinarily, subs of the U-805 type set out with sixteen torpedoes. White asked what had been done with the two others. This astonished the Nazis; they •hadn't realized the Americans were so well informed about details. "We had no more," Seidel said. "We •left Trondheim with this number." White was, skeptical, but he never learned anything more. To make the sub a safe companion for the Otter and Varian on the way to port, White ordered the torpedo-tube breeches locked open so that the projectiles in them could not be fired. Even though the torpedoes couldn't explode, they could easily perforate the hull of a destroyer escort.

Perhaps the most important member of White's inspection party was a third-cl ass torpedoman, R. V. O'Neil, a short, slender, nineteen-year-old North Carolinian. He is a demolition expert, and it was his job to find any explosive charges that might have been concealed anywhere about the sub to scuttle it. O'Neil knows plenty about scuttling submarines. Not long before D Day, he was one of

six hundred specialists who landed on the French port of Brest with orders to destroy as many enemy installations as possible. He concentrated on the harbor area, where he put twenty-one submarines out of commission. W ith Lieutenant AX hite, Ber-



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all who seek the ultimate in gracious living and smart entertainment. Although these fine hotels all share the distinction of this enviable location and are alike in quality, each possesses its own rare individuality in atmosphere, service and accommodations.

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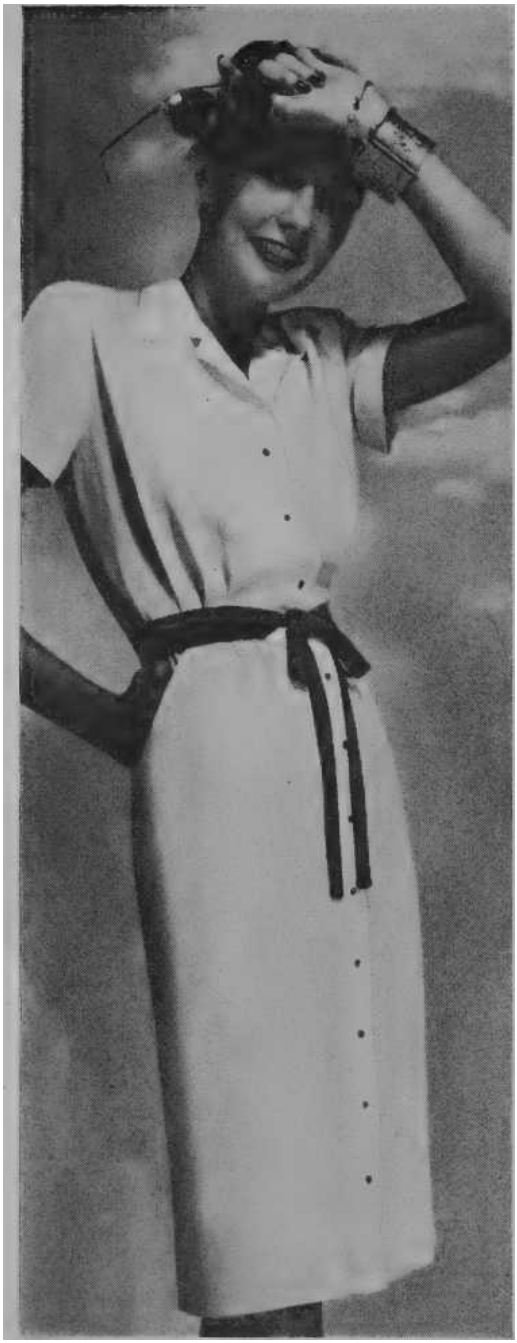

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nadelli, and Seidel looking over his shoulder much of the time, O'Neil made a minute four-hour- search of the interior. He went methodically from bow to stern, scrutinizing bulkheads, sounding them with his fists, and searching their surfaces for recent welds. He paid particular attention to the engine room and its complicated machinery, and he followed all electrical circuits along their entire length to be sure that nothing was attached to the wires which would explode when the submarine got under way.

While this inspection was going on, other members of the boarding party searched the seven Nazi officers and forty-seven enlisted men aboard, including Bernadelli, Seidel, and a medical lieutenant commander who had made the trip to study the effects upon the crew of long periods of submersion, made possible by a ventilating apparatus called the Schnorkel, which the Germans introduced toward the end of the war. Every man was found to be carrying at least one poniard with an eight-inch blade; a large machinist carried three—one tucked under his belt, one in a shoulder sheath, and one in his right boot. These weapons were confiscated. Thirteen of the Ger-

mans, including the medical officer, were hostile. They refused to be searched or to hold their hands up when ordered. They were made to comply at gun point. When the whaleboat arrived with the

second half of the boarding party, White sent these thirteen back to the Otter, on the theory that they were dangerous troublemakers. If subsequent talk aboard the submarine was true, the medical officer had been the ringleader in a movement to disregard the surrender order and risk a return to Norway. After the departure of the recalcitrants, Commander Bernadelli said, through Seidel, “I give my word there will

be no further trouble. The other men know the fight is useless and that we are finished.” “We’ll see,” White said.

WHEN O’Neil announced that it was safe to start the submarine, White went up to- the conning tower and told his communications officer to pass the word along to the Otter, together with a suggestion that, to conserve the sub’s fuel, their speed be held down to about ten knots for the 820-mile journey which lay ahead. The Otter O.K.’d this proposal and told White to get under way when ready, which he did at once; The three craft headed southwest, with the Otter and

the Varian riding a few hundred yards on either side of the sub.

Throughout most of the slow trip in, White stood on the conning tower and trimmed the bow planes, keeping the sub’s nose down in the heavy-running sea. It was cold and wet up there. Hour after hour, water struck the conning .tower in sheets, battering the men and running down the open hatches to soak those on watch directly below. At night the Otter and the Varian kept searchlights trained on the sub. For eighty hours, White never left his post aloft except

for short periodic inspections below. With him all this time was the communications officer, who every half hour checked with the Otter. Food was brought up to them.

J. E. Gerskin, a tall, slender, young electrician's mate from Michigan, was in charge of the engine room, assisted by a member of the German crew named Ulmer, who at first professed to know no English. Gerskin, who knows no German, found much of the submarine's machinery strange to him and took to conversing with his helper about it by drawing pictures. Like most of the Germans aboard, Ulmer turned out to know more English than he admitted at the start. To

ward the end of the journey he told Gerskin that while he had been at sea on a previous tour of duty, his mother and father had spent three months in a concentration camp for listening to the foreign radio. "I like submarines, but I don't feel like a Nazi," Ulmer said. Before Gerskin left the submarine, Ulmer made him a present of a dagger that he had successfully secreted during the search.

The Germans were made to clean up the submarine, which was filthy. Dirty rags and clothing were all over the place. The Germans hadn't bothered to throw out their empty tin cans and the

odor of decay was strong and penetrating. It was two days before the ship was even moderately clean. As had been their custom before the surren-

der, the Germans ate whenever they felt like it. By our standards, their food was unappetizing. It consisted of potatoes, bread made mostly of a strange, gritty substance that looked like sawdust, tasteless coffee made from a powder, and canned salmon, tuna, and halibut. However, their butter, which was canned, seemed superior to ours. The Germans had a cook who functioned in a small galley equipped with an electric refrigerator and two electric hot plates; it was as filthy as the rest of the

craft. The Americans had brought their own cook, a twenty-four-year-old Californian named A. J. Cattera. He lost no time in naming the German cook Charlie, and forcing him to tidy up. The German was a big, dull, obedient fellow, who could speak a little English.

He called Cattera, “Oscar, sir.”

Early in their acquaintance, the German cook asked Cattera, “When do we reach Japan, Oscar, sir?” As on every other ship in the world, there had been an endless supply of rumors. The most persistent one was that, upon surrender, the U-boat and all its crew would proceed to Japanese home waters immediately and would be used by us to attack Japan. Cattera told Charlie that they were not going to Japan but to the United States. “That’s too bad,” said Charlie, shaking his head. “It would be wonderful to get into the war now, like Argentina. We would like to fight the Japanese. We do not love them. Ah, Oscar, sir, when we were dying, we took any help we could.”

When members of the boarding party went off duty, they would find as clean a spot as possible on the interior deck, curl up in a blanket, and go to sleep. They avoided the bunks of the Germans, some of whom, they soon discovered, were as dirty as their submarine. A few of them even had lice in their eyebrows. When the Germans weren’t working, they lay in their bunks, which had no blankets but were equipped with a pad of green rubberized fabric and a pillow of the same material. Over the bunks were numerous glossy prints of wholesome, blond pin-up girls. The pictures had a mass-produced look, as if they might have been furnished by the government. *

Once the submarine was under way, Commander Bernadelli was given permission to retire to his cabin, a cubicle separated from the wardroom by a curtain and containing a bunk, desk, chair, and bookshelf. On the desk was a framed photograph of a young, flatfaced submarine commander who had forty ships to his credit and was a hero among Doenitz’s men. Bernadelli spent most of the trip in his cabin with the curtain drawn, presumably musing over the finale to his naval career. He was a staid fellow of twenty-nine, and had been in the Nazi Navy five years. There w is no question that the impact of the surrender on him had been great, for this ship was his first command and it was the ship’s maiden voyage. As the trip progressed, the Americans were astonished to learn that the short his-

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ARE YOU A "PROFESSOR" AT HEART?

The bartender, or the “Professor” behind the bar, has a reputation for passing out advice on the slightest provocation. You know from experience how this good-natured fellow is quick to expound his ideas on everything from international relations to advice to the lovelorn.

Appreciating this, Carstairs knew that the professional bartender in many cases would be the “confidant” of the returning veteran.

A little booklet entitled “The Case of the Bewildered Battler” was prepared. It deals with the G. I. Bill of Rights and other problems of the returning veteran.

“The Case of the Bewil

dered Battler” has met with the approval of many Government officials and individuals concerned with Veteran Readjustment.

It occurred to us that many New Yorker readers were also “Professors” at heart, with a genuine desire to be of service to the returning veteran. If so, we would be happy to send you a copy of the booklet, free of charge.

Of course, you will understand it wasn’t written for you at all, but for the human, articulate “Professors” behind the thousands of bars in the U.S. Write promptly—supply limited—to Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., Chrysler Bldg., New York 17, N.Y,

CARSTAIRS BROS. DISTILLING CO., Inc. New York 17, New York

tory of the U-805 included a previous brush with the Otter.

According to members of the German crew, the submarine’s keel was laid at Swinemunde, in north Germany, in 1943. She took eighteen months to complete, as construction was delayed by Allied bombings. Then came a shakedown cruise, after which she set out from Trondheim on her first and last mission. Of the three months she was at sea, two were spent submerged with the aid of the Schnorkel ventilating device. For two weeks during March of this year the sub prowled the waters of Long Island Sound. Having no luck there, she returned to the North Atlantic, where she joined four

other subs that were cruising as a wolf pack. She was a part of this group when it attacked a convoy just before the end of the war, sinking the U.S.S. Frederick C. Davis, a destroyer escort, which went down with a heavy loss of life. The Davis was the last United States warship to be lost in the Atlantic. The Otter was helping to .protect this same convoy. During the counterattack which followed, the U-805 was once so close to the Otter that the officer at her periscope was able to read the man-of-war's bow numbers. The submarine that hit the Davis was sunk, and the going was rough on all the others. The U-805 dived to her maximum depth of six hundred feet. There depth charges knocked out her lighting system, which was later repaired.

Commander Bernadelli left his cabin for the first time on the morning of the fourteenth, two full days after he had entered it. He climbed up to the conning tower, where White, Seidel, and the communications officer were standing. He looked shy and embarrassed as he smiled briefly and then, after a r.-oment of hesitation, walked to the seat on the starboard side of the conning tower, the one traditionally reserved for the commanding officer. There he paused and said something to the executive officer, Seidel. Seidel turned to White. "The captain would like permission to sit in your seat, Herr Lieutenant," he said. White nodded his acquiescence and Bernadelli climbed into the seat. White, dead tired after fifty hours of sleepless vigil-, relaxed a little after this incident, realizing that in this way the captain had showed he knew who was running the ship. Bernadelli sat in the seat all morning, practically motionless, gazing out over the sea.

Standing there in the conning tower that morning, White and Seidel chatted a bit to kill time. Seidel said he had gone

to the Olympic games in Berlin in 1936. "How is your great runner, Jesse Owens?" he asked. "He isn't running any more," White replied. "He's too old." Other questions followed about whether Al Capone was still alive and about the status of Tom Mix and Deanna Durbin. "We make movies in our country, too," said Seidel. "Yes," said White, "I've seen some." "You have! " exclaimed Seidel. He was pleased; he seemed to think that some sort of cultural bond had been forged. Bernadelli asked White a question in German, which

Seidel translated. “The captain wants to know who is President now that Roosevelt is dead.” White told him Truman. The Germans had never heard of him. They said his name over and over, appraising the sound. Seidel had an amazing nautical knowledge of the American east coast; he talked glibly about the lighthouses and marine markers, even the obscure ones. “How is New York Harbor?” he asked White. “Still as crowded as ever? I hear they’re having to dredge Buttermilk Channel to keep the lanes open.” He looked pleased with himself.

One of the Americans asked Captain Bernadelli if he had considered the possibilities of holding out and turning pirate. To this, with Seidel’s help, he replied very seriously, “I have been a Nazi and a hard-working naval officer, but I am no fool.” Just then the German navigator popped aloft with a large, well-creased map of the United States. “Please,” he said to White, “where are the Indians living now? ”

A r noon, on the fourth day, the three ■4 a ships were thirty-seven miles off Portsmouth. Here they were met by two Coast Guard cutters that carried a relief boarding party to take the U-805 into Portsmouth. The Otter and Varian were to go south to Boston. Seidel had his crew out on deck and lined up at attention when the new party came aboard. Captain Bernadelli stayed on tlie conning tower. When White and his group were ready to return to the Otter, Seidel came up to him and saluted. “Goodbye, Herr Lieutenant,” Seidel said. “You have been very generous with us.” White returned the salute and said goodbye.

—Eugene Kinkead

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[Headline in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat] FEEBLEMINDED SCHOOL COMMISSION NAMED

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ARM-CHAIR SHOPPING A click of the button and your home viewing-screen reveals a parade of all that's new in the shops ... a word into the microphone and your selections fly right into your boudoir. This convenience may not be functioning the moment peace is declared . . . even in the ultra modern Grand Central Zone. But you won't be too upset, for one of the advantages offered by this splendidly situated area is its close proximity to all the best shops. 'Theatres, restaurants, markets and business districts are likewise immediately at hand. With these conveniences, with roomy apartments and handsome hotel suites, with a score of appreciated

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Not Tomorrow But Soon

THE RACE TRACK

This Is War

RACING isn't exactly picking at the coverlet these days. Last ᵘ week 186,691 cash customers wagered $16,927,007 at Aqueduct; Garden State Park, in New Jersey, opened to large crowds; Suffolk Downs, in Boston, boomed along merrily; and last Saturday, Washington Park, in Chicago, had one of its best days. Of course, the Office of Defense Transportation's order prohibiting the shipment of racers anywhere by rail or hired van until July 1st next year is going to vex the managements of tracks

been known throughout the world. And soon, we hope to be able to resume shipments of

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which offer $50,000 races for the celebrated horses, and this year it's a poor track that hasn't at least one $50,000 race. Also, the order may hinder the plans of trainers who are accustomed to pot-hunting all over the country for the larger purses or shipping where they can win a bet.

There are, however, plenty of horses on Long Island—three hundred and fifty at Aqueduct; four hundred and fifty at Jamaica, where the Empire City races began this week; and at least eleven hundred, a good many of them two-year-olds, at Belmont. And I haven't the slightest doubt that all the important stables now in the hinterland will be at Belmont for the meeting of the Saratoga Association next month. After all, there is nothing in the O.D.T. directive that forbids the transportation of runners by canalboat. Horsemen, you may be sure, will find a way.

There's no denying that thoroughbreds have been doing a lot of gadding about. I daresay that what annoyed Washington most was the shipping of colts to the Kentucky Derby and back, with only a stable pony for company, in special cars that could carry sixteen animals comfortably, at a time when the railroads were short of rolling stock. I do think, though, that a little more warning might have been given. Mj' Washington undercover man reports that J. Monroe Johnson, the director of the O.D.T., has a system for beating the races. His system, however, has nothing to do with his

latest order.

IT is becoming clear that Wildlife is one of the better three-year-olds.

Last week he won both the Dwyer and the Shevlin Stakes at Aqueduct, which earned him $47,235. I don't remember a more exciting finish all season than

the one in the Dwyer last Saturday. Arcaro, who rode Pavot, elected to call the tune, and although the pace he set was a slow one, Pavot faded out after going six furlongs, as he did in the Preakness. This time, however, he made a more thorough job of it and finished last. Three furlongs from home, Esteem, who had been pointed for the Dwyer, took the lead. T hen, in the stretch, it looked as though Gallorette would win, but Wildlife came along and nosed her out. In the Shevlin, earlier in the •week, Polynesian, hero of the

Preakness, led for half a mile, after which Wildlife galloped past him and won by half a dozen lengths. This apparently upset Polynesian so much that he broke out in a rash right after the race. My guess is that Wildlife is the most dependable of the three-year-olds, even though Pot o' Luck has lots of new friends since he won the Classic Stakes in Chicago last Saturday.

^^Totes on an Old Race Card: -^ The two-year-old colts who ran at Aqueduct didn't seem to be as good as the fillies. For one, Degage, who won the Tremont Stakes, couldn't give both weight and a beating to Mist o' Gold in the Great American. Neither horse has the quality of Hypnotic, a half sister to Vagrancy, whom many racegoers fondly remember. . . . The longest-priced winner of the meeting was Southern Pride, who brought off a 75-1 chance the other afternoon. One chiseller cashed a phony $2 winning ticket on the horse. He pencilled a 1 on a Number 2 ticket to make it a 12, Southern Pride's mutuel number, and collected $152.20. —Audax Minor

Today is The Tribune's 98th birthday. We'll spend it working.

There is considerable work to do. More than a million papers have to be printed and circulated, instead of the 400 of June 10, 1947.—

Chicago Tribune.

Come on, now, that's no way for a great big healthy paper to talk.

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

W. G. writes: My wife keeps me awake at night with her snoring. I am a hard working man and need my rest. What would you suggest?—The Daily News.

Don't work so hard.

DON'T BLOW IT

Oh, workman or scholar, Hang on to your dollar And do not spend it soon, For every cent Unwisely spent Inflates the price balloon.

POINTED RHYMES FOR TRYING TIMES

by Berton Braley

SNAKE IN THE GAS

There was a crooked man and he lived in crooked style.

He dealt at crooked markets with a smugly crooked smile.

He viewed himself as clever with his crooked ration book. But everybody knew him for a crooked little crook.

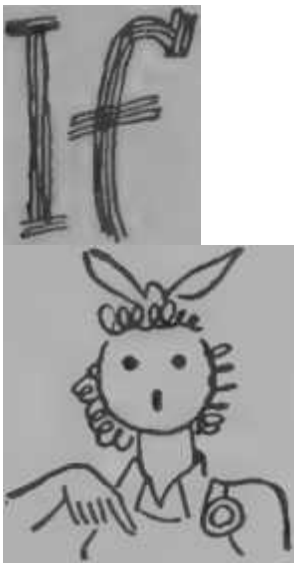
IT MAKES SCENTS

To market (black market) to spend lots of jack Careless of how many ceilings you crack. To market (black market) where prices are dear, —Gosh, there's a terrible smell around here.

Here is wisdom by the peck

Versified to save your neck I

* * *



THE GANG'S ALL HERE

You may ask, "Why should my spending Cause inflationary trending

Though I squander every penny I have got?"

—If you're joined by sixty millions Of civilians blowing billions,

You'll discover that it matters quite a lot!

If you can keep your head and calmly ponder How silly spending drives the prices high;

If you can save the cash you'd like to squander And only buy the things you need to buy;

If you can do your part to fight inflation

By simply being thrifty with your pelf, You'll do a vital service to the nation

And—furthermore—you'll benefit yourself.

WHO? ME?

There was a little dope with a fat pay envelope

And she spent every cent that was in it.

And she wondered, by-and-by, why the prices rose so high, But she didn't blame herself for a minute.

YOU CAN LAY TO THAT

As the best egg for a nest-egg

Buy a War Bond—buy a batch. But you gotta keep 'em settin'

Or they ain'ta gonta hatch!

Bonds you buy with payroll earnings. Help fulfill your future yearnings.

NO GAMBLE

When the war is over, will the prices rise or fall?

We do not know the answer, and nobody does, at all.

But this much we can prophesy— whichever way they go:

You will find it more convenient if you've saved a little dough.

Money in your pocket, Take it out and sock it Into War Bonds, which Help to make j ou rich.

DOUBLE AND NO QUITS

When you boost your paycheck quota and allot it To another bond —it's pretty soft for you!

For, although you've spent your money—you have got it. And the Interest is interesting too.

* * *

INFLATIONARY MARY

Inflationary Mary spills

This silly kind of chatter: "My little teeny-wee bills

And spendings do not matter.

"And if I cheat a little bit On rationing and ceilings The Nation's welfare isn't hit By my small lawless dealingsl"

Inflationary Mary's wrong.

For she'd be much to blame If people in a mighty throng Should say and do the same.

Small spendings, in the aggregate, Reach sums extraordinary, So let's not try to imitate Inflationary Mary.

★ ★ ★

ADVERTISERS, PUBLISHERS—NOTE:

You are welcome to use all or any part of the material on this page to aid the fight against inflation.

Save your pay Here's a way— Bonds and savings and insurance Give your future more endurance. Mrs., Mister, Brother, Sister, Don't compete in buying things That is whence inflation springs.

ONE PERSON CAN START IT!

You give Inflation c boost

—when you buy anything you can do without

—when you buy above ceiling or without giving up stamps (Black Market!)

—when you ask more money for your services or the goods you sell.

SAVE YOUR MONEY. Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to pay for the war and protect your own future. Keep up your insurance.

A I'nltcd States War message prepared h) the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information.

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and Saturdays, $? Women in .Uniform!

Tfo Waldorf-Astoria

July 10 (by wireless) HE German population of Heidelberg was about 85,000 before the war, but today it is around 125,000, and in addition there are our

occupational forces and some 6,000 male Russian displaced persons. The increase in the number , of Germans is accounted for by the fact that 40,000 bombed-out refugees from Mannheim, a dozen miles away, have moved to Heidelberg, pushing the little wagons ˆtyˆ stuffed with bedding and furniture that are to be seen these 4 days on every German highway. The increase in population has not, of course, improved the food situation. Heidelbergers are getting a little less than one thousand calories a day and look it.. The Russian displaced persons get at least twice as much and they look it; they've been working as service troops for the Americans and our officers have nothing but praise for them.

As a city of great industrial importance, Mannheim, with nearly 300,000 inhabitants, was terrificly clobbered by the R.A.F. and by our Eighth and Ninth Air Forces; Heidelberg, as a hospital town and a place of no industrial importance, was spared, except for its railroad station. However, each time Mannheim was bombed, the bombers and the P-47s would rendezvous over Heidelberg, which kept the residents popping in and plodding out of their cellars day and night for years. Life must have seemed one continual air-raid alarm. Most of the citizens still become jumpy every time they hear

a plane.

The backdrop of Heidelberg is the same as it was before the war, but the cast is different. The castle, ruined with such beautiful effect by the French in the seventeenth century and restored in part so hideously by the Germans in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, is still the same romantic sight from afar and the same piece of trash close up. It is occupied by a squad of Puerto Ricans from the Ninth Infantry Regiment, and hundreds of G.I. tourists are shown through it daily by a native guide who speaks Katzenjammer English. The apathetic looks leave their faces when they see in the cellar the great tun which once held forty-nine thousand gallons of wine.

When the Sixty-Third Division was advancing on Heidelberg, the town's Nazi Kreisleiter, or District Leader, Wilhelm Seiler, ordered the Old Bridge and New Bridge over the Neckar to

Neuenheim blown up. Heidelbergers arc bitter about the loss of the Old Bridge, which was built in the eighteenth century and was really handsome, but they are still talking of the speed with which our corps of engineers threw emergency replacements for both bridges across the river. Beschlagnahnity German for "requisitioned," has become a G.I. word

in Heidelberg. You will hear one soldier tell another that

> [1] I he has a certain pretty girl <*^wj beschlagnahvit for that happy /-u-^_ day the non-fraternization L^^^ ru^e 'S repealed* Most of the university buildings have been beschlagnahmt by the Army. General Jacob L. Devers, who led our Seventh and the French First Armies up through France from the south and then into southern Germany, set up his Sixth Army Group Headquarters in several of these beschlagnahmt buildings.

Jeeps rush up and down the narrow Hauptstrasse; G.I.s play softball in the parks; Negro linemen in olive drab string telephone wires through the Odenwald evergreens. There is a post exchange in a building called the New University, which was built with money raised in America by Jacob Gould Schurman and which the Nazis

garnished with gargoyles resembling helmeted Wehrmacht soldiers. All the hotels in town have been bcschlagnahmt, and the Perkeo, a fine, old, oak-panelled restaurant, has become an officers' mess. For generations the Perkeo was patronized by the members of several prominent duelling fraternities, but it has now been years since a sabre-scarred student sat and drank beer there with his brightly colored cap on, for the Nazis put an end to all student fraternities and took over their fraternity houses. T he bookshops, which used to be so splendid, have almost no stock and display mainly volumes on religion, art, and pure science that look as though they had been secreted under counters for the past dozen years. Heidelberg these days isn't much like "The Student Prince."

Our military government here consists of six officers and six enlisted men. A manufacturer named Heldt was court-martialled after five or six rifles were found buried in his garden and a shotgun was discovered behind a sliding panel in his house. He got six years in jail and was fined sixty thousand marks. Kreisleiter Seiler was most indignant at having to go to jail and took

poison, but only enough of it to make him ill.

TWENTY years ago I was a Bierstudent at the University, and I used to play rugby with the Ruder-gesellschaft Heidelberg, or Heidelberg Rowing Association, which, despite its name, made more of rugby than it did of rowing. The team I played on got into the finals with Frankfurt for the German championship and would have won but for two mishaps. The first was that three minutes after the game began our captain was knocked out cold for what turned out to be seventy-two hours, and, since no substitutions are allowed in rugby, we had to play on with only fourteen men. At that, we led until three minutes before the end, when the second mishap occurred; namely, the beer to which I had been applying myself for months with such diligence suddenly began to tell, and our opponents whizzed past me for a couple of quick scores. In consequence, we didn't go to Oxford and play its junior varsity.

During the years since that memorable game, I have often thought of my former teammates, few of whom were University students. One fellow was a small furrier, another owned a bakery, a third was a newspaper reporter; in short, they were mostly Klein-biirger—

small fry, of the sort that swarmed to Hitler in the hysteria of the depression—and I was sure that the Heidelberg Rowing Association had marched over to the Fuhrer in a body. Thus it was somewhat gratifying when I looked up one of its members—the captain who got knocked out, as a matter of fact—and was told that, except for one man, my teammates had been cool to the blessings of the New Order. The exception had joined the S.S., but as he had been a third-team lout, it was felt that the Association's honor had not been seriously blemished.

My former teammate invited me to his home, where we had quite a talk about the old and not-so-old days. The Nazis, he told me, fostered an extensive sports program for the Hitlerjugend, but the sports consisted only of closeorder drill, maneuvers, and small-arms practice. A real sport like rugby, he said, v' is out of the question because every Sunday all the playing fields were jammed with the faithful listening to some Parteihund make speeches, and weekdays they were full of Hitlerjugend and flying bullets. As a schoolteacher, my host had been compelled, he said, to join the Party in order to keep his job. Such a person is known as

ours

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a muss—or "must"—Nazi, and every muss Nazi I have met in four months of wandering around Germany has tried to produce some proof of his claim that his heart hadn't really been in the movement at all; of how badly, in fact, he had stood with the Party. True to form, my old teammate showed me a notice he had received to report to the S.S. for failure to turn out for snow-shovelling duty. While I was looking at it, his wife came into the room where we were talking and he introduced us. She looked ill and shockingly scrawny. She listened indifferently while the talk returned to rugby and that time we beat Offenbach. Then the man asked me where I was staying, and I said at the beschlagnahmt Hotel Schrieder. His wife raised her head and her eyes gleamed. "Gott!" she said. "The food there must be delicious. It smells so wonderful every time I walk by."

HAVING heard so much from Germans about how bad their food is, I was interested in trying a meal at the Molkenkur Restaurant, which is on the top of a mountain behind Heidelberg and which I remembered as having been an unusually good place to eat. As things worked out, I had lunch there on a Sunday with a thirty-five-year-old mother, her eighteen-year-old daughter, an elderly retired engineer, and his wife—all bombed-out Mannheimers. The former engineer, a fellow in his sixties with a duelling scar on his left cheek, said he had never been a Nazi, not even a muss one. The mother of the young girl had once run a prosperous butcher shop with her husband, who subsequently was conscripted into the army. She had last heard from him in March of this year, when he was on the Eastern Front, and she was convinced that, at best, he was now a prisoner of the " Russians. z

The Molkenkur was crowd- V-ed. This restaurant is off limits to American troops, and I suppose that I was probably the only foreigner on its terrace, where several hundred people were sitting at tables. A moderately drunken waiter took our order, and there was much business over whether or not my companions' Markon, or food tickets, which had been issued in Mannheim, were valid in

Heidelberg. Finally, the waiter was persuaded that they were and he went off, returning shortly with a bottle of Palatinate white wine. It was a lovely day, and the view of the Neckar Valley

seemed to me one of the most beautiful in Europe, and we drank and talked. The old engineer wanted to know all about Harlem. He had never been in America, but he had read every word about Harlem he could lay his hands on and had pumped everybody who had ever been there whom he could corner. Was Schmal's Pahrahdees still open? Who was playing at the Savoy when I left home? Were there any plans for reopening the Cotton Club? He knew so much more about Harlem than I, who haven't been there in a decade, that it was hopeless.

Exactly two hours and five minutes after we had ordered our lunch, the waiter appeared with our soup and began setting the table. It was a memorable meal. The soup was a translucent grease with minute squiggles of some doughy substance in it. Thanks to the fact that it happened to be a holiday, there was meat, a small piece of groundup something or other, too awful even to speculate on, imbedded in a thin ring of gray stuff. There were also the standard boiled potatoes without butter, and a cup of ersatz coffee with one saccharin pill. And there was black bread. I once loved German black bread, but what we had tasted like plywood. Since that afternoon, I have foresworn the pleasures of the press mess several times to sample other German meals, just to check up. The Germans, I can tell you, are not lying when they say their food is dreadful.

A few days after that lunch, I was [1] in a small butcher shop where the Mannheim butcher's wife worked as a saleswoman. An old man came in wearing one of the blue-and-white awning-striped suits prescribed in concentration camps. "Could you please sell me a little meat?" he asked. "I have money to pay for it, but my home is in Cologne, and walking here 4 from Dachau I have not been - ' able to draw any Marken."

The shop was crowded, as V, usual, with housewives, and at

, once they all tore off a Marken or two from their strips and gave them to the old man. Pooled, the Marken he collected proved

enough to buy a few sausage ends.

SEVERAL people with whom I've talked in Heidelberg told me of having heard over the Berlin radio that the Russians were issuing food to the population there. One of these was Hans Haaf, who, while he did not doubt that the report was true, was cynical about its implications. "We have

a saying in Germany that goes, 'First the sugar bread and then the whip,' " he told me. Living under the Nazis has made Hans a cynic. He is a violinist and the director of an excellent four-piece orchestra called Hans Haaf and His Famous Band, which plays waltzes at the Schrieder for the officers of our First Tactical Air Force. After Stalingrad, dancing was forbidden in Germany, which was not good for Hans's business, and after D Day no music whatever was permitted except funeral marches and such, played by military bands. A stomach ailment prevented Hans from getting into a military band, so he had to go to work molding TP6 111 ^e mechanical department of a newspaper. His accordion player carried baggage as a porter until the railroad station was bombed. I forget what the pianist and second violin did to eat.

Whenever Hitler spoke over the radio, it was, of course, compulsory for every German citizen to listen. On one occasion the Fuhrer was addressing the Reichstag, and when he had finished, the members sang the "Horst Wessel Lied." As a musician, Hans was indignant at the way they murdered the hymn. "The lumps just sit there," he remarked to his fellow-typemolders, in effect, "and for doing nothing each of them collects four hundred and fifty marks of our hard-earned money every month. At least they could learn to sing the song halfway decently. God knows, it's a simple-minded enough tune." The next day, Hans and the ten men to whom he had made the remark were called in by the S.S. A thirteen-year-old printer's devil had squealed on them. Hans had to talk very fast to keep out of a concentration camp and was fined four hundred marks, a sum which a -musik-'uerbotcn fiddle player could ill afford.

All the members of the band now playing at the Schrieder were 4-Fs who never joined the Nazi Party. During one period before the war started, the combination was a sextet; the Party had forced Hans to take on two extra pieces. One was a cellist from the Nazi motor

section, whose members wore crash helmets, and the other was a drummer from the S.S. Each insisted on playing in full uniform, and the sight of a man in a crash helmet sawing a cello must have been rather striking. It was the percussion department, however, that was really sensational. Hans bad supplied the drummer with a complete set of traps—powerful cowbells of assorted tones, Chinese gongs, sandpa-

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100,000.000.00

8,085,560.00 95,000,000.00 20,034,051.23

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per for imitating a locomotive, sleigh-bells, a resined string that could be made to sound like a lion’s roar, several bird calls, a rubber-bulbed auto horn, and a small revolver for firing blank cartridges. All these'the S.S. drummer used whenever the spirit moved him, and with a vigor that Heinrich Himmler himself would have admired, but since the orchestra specialized in Viennese waltzes, his efforts didn’t always fit in so well with what the other men were doing.

IDO not want to give the impression

that hardly anybody in Heidelberg belonged to the Nazi Party. After the Machtergrcijung, or seizure of power, of January 30, 1933, the citizenry, I have been assured, swarmed into the Party. For at least three years there had been serious unemployment in the city, and Hitler’s promises of work and bread were enthusiastically listened to. On this occasion Hitler lived up to his promises. There was the Autobahn, for instance, that wonderful national speed highway on which our own tanks were later to run wild; the first stretch of it to be built was between Heidelberg and Mannheim, and thousands of Heidelbergers worked on it. Other thousands were employed on the

construction of the Westwall and in the Junker bomber factory at Dessau. It is estimated that seventy per cent of the members of the pre-Hitler University faculty at Heidelberg were against National Socialism; at any rate, that was the percentage of professors who got the boot after the Machtcrgrcijtmg, and it is probably a fairly reliable figure, for Doctor Goebbels got his Ph.D. at Heidelberg and he always gave his alma mater a great deal of persona] attention. Professor Johannes L. Hoops, the Rektor, or head, of the University, who is well known in America and Britain as a distinguished philologist of the English language, never joined the Party, and many of his colleagues also managed to keep out. These were mostly mathematicians, descriptive botanists, comparative grammarians,-and the like —men who had little opportunity to throw any kind of political curves in their teaching.

When I saw Rektor Hoops, he was wondering anxiously how soon the Americans were going to allow the

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University to reopen, and so was I. Not for some time, the Army

later gave me to understand; at the moment the American authorities have their hands full trying to reopen the first four grades of the Heidelberg grammar schools. Germany's educational system is being overhauled from the bottom up, and it is about time. I met a man in a Wcin-stube who had spent four years in Buchenwald as a political prisoner. While he was away, his son in kindergarten was taught this little tribute to the man who created Buchenwald:

Handchcn falten} Kopfchcn senken$_t$ Und an Adolf Hitler denken.

Denn er gibt uns taglich Brot, Und du leidest keine Not.

Which, without bothering about meter or rhyme, means: "Fold your little hands, bow your little head, and think of Adolf Hitler. For he gives us daily bread and you suffer no need." Which further means that the universities will plainly have to wait their turn.

—Joel Sayre

GOVERNMENT PROSE MOVES

TOWARD SHORT, DIRECT STYLE

| From (Far Times, which is published for the personnel of the IF ar Department every Friday at the direction of the Secretary of PF ar by the Industrial Service Division, Bureau of Public Relations, under the sponsorship of the Secretary of liar's Council on Civilian Personnel and with the approval of the Bureau of the Budget, as required by Rule 42 of the Joint Committee on Printing.]

The present movement toward simplification of language and directness of statement in government writing and the elimination of jargon and unnecessary wordiness as well as the use of short, direct statements instead of long sentences which are difficult to understand because the reader is apt to get lost before he arrives, if he ever does, at the meaning intended by the writer, is a valuable

attempt to achieve economy and intelligibility, for many pamphlets, instruction sheets, ordinary memoranda and assorted missives circulated through the War Department fail of their primary purpose through befogging their contents by use of pseudo-official phraseology which only the initiated can hope to understand and of which even they cannot be certain without reference either to the key works needed for translating them or to their own garbled and confused memories of dealing, usually without much success and always after a long period of time and travail, with similar kinds of wording in similar situations, so, though don't be too hopeful, for someone with unusual gifts and energy in applying them will manage triumphantly to misunderstand you no matter what you say or how you say it, try saying what you have to say as simply and as briefly as you can, and then after you've said it, stop saying it and don't say it any more.

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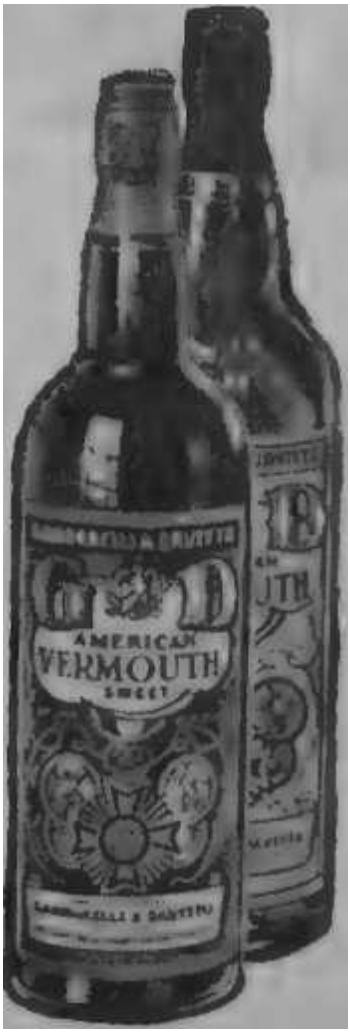

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BETHPAGE, L I.

INFORMATION AND EDUCATION

I MET Smitty at Schofield Barracks, in Oahu. He and I had cots in a section full of the wildest and noisiest soldiers I've ever seen. They were wild even for headquarters men. They went around after taps hanging mess kits, turning the lights on and off, and hollering things like "There will be work in the pineapple fields for all

enlisted men tomorrow! ” I noticed Smitty because he took no part in these demonstrations and in fact seemed unaware of them. I also noticed that he seemed to have a great deal of free time, which he spent in sleeping or writing letters. One night, while he was busy on a letter, he came over to my cot and asked me how to spell “inevitable.” We talked for a bit and after that we became friendly. We went to chow together and at night we went to the post movies or walked down to the big bowl to see a basketball game or the fights. I found out that he was from Brooklyn and had been in the Army since the first draft. He had an open, innocent face and long eyelashes. He also had a partial plate, and when he spoke, he made a slight whistling sound. He was an amusing companion and knew more gossip about the officers and men than anybody else in the headquarters. I was curious about his status, but he said that he was on a duty platoon and let it go at that. One morning, while we were walking across the quadrangle to breakfast, he asked me if I would like an Army-issue wrist watch.

“Sure,” I said, “but tliey go to the first three graders only, don’t they?”

He looked at me. “I got some connections in supply,” he said. “Used to work there.” I got the watch. I also got, in quick succession, a flashlight, an extra pair of combat boots, and a brand-new pair of coveralls—no questions asked, and the only favor Smitty ever requested was occasional help in spelling. He was trying, he told me, to get rid of a Wave who

ˆa. aa—i>—i

mnamaf ˆ□E3gjy

10 EaST 46th Streetˆ Opposite the Ritz-

was pursuing him by mail and he figured that the more big words he used the faster he could shake her.

When our headquarters finally left Honolulu for the Okinawa operation, Smitty and I went on different ships, and, to tell the truth, I forgot about him in the first exciting days after we landed. About two weeks after L Day he walked into my tent. He was wearing his steel helmet and cartridge belt and carrying his rifle. He was covered with dust and needed a shave, but the guilelessness was still in his face. “I been

up to the front,” he said, sitting down on my cot.

I stared at him. None of my section had been out of the C.P. area since we had landed. The M.P.s were tough on stragglers.

“I knew a guy,” he explained. “You want some souvenirs?”

Before I could answer he produced some bloodstained Japanese currency and a snapshot of a Japanese soldier.

“Took ’em off a dead gook,” he said.

“Keep ’em. I got plenty.”

He told me his outfit was bivouacked near ours and that he would see me soon. The next time he paid me a visit he was scrubbed and shaved and looked more than ever like a healthy altar boy.

“How you fixed on rations?” he asked after we had swapped the usual Army shoptalk.

I shrugged.

“I’m guarding one of the dumps down the road. I know a couple of guys.”

He was back the next night with cans of turkey, salmon, and beans and a box of tropical-chocolate bars. I asked him if he wanted any help with his correspondence.

“You mean that Wave? I ditched her. Wrote her I was gettin’ a discharge under the point system and goin’ back to my wife and kids.”

I didn’t see him again for about five days. Then he walked into my section tent. He winked at me and told the technical sergeant in charge he had come to patch the tent.

I went outside with him. He had three men patching the rips in the tent.

“Big-time operator now,” he told me. “That duty platoon was gettin’ too rugged—diggin’ latrines, puttin’ up tents, haulin’ supplies from the beach. So I gave the captain a snow job and he put me in charge of this detail. We get through around three every day.”

The next time I met Smitty he was wearing corporal’s stripes. I congratulated him and asked him how the tentpatching business was.

“I’m promoted from that deal,” he said. “These jokers started, calling me up every time it rained to go down and patch some colonel’s or some major’s tent. I was losing a lot of sleep.”

I asked what his new assignment was.

“Sprayin’ latrines. We go around with little cans on our back and sprav some chemical all over. Five men un-

der me, so I get plenty of sack time.”

The latrine-spraying detail didn’t last very long. A few days later I saw Smitty and a squad of men wandering around some cane fields near my area. They were carrying ropes and switches cut from the shrubbery. I called Smitty and he came over.

“What the hell are you doing now? ” I asked him. “Did you run out of latrines?”

“Got a better job,” he said. “I’m in charge of the goat detail.”

“The what?”

“You know all them little white Okinawan goats you see all around? I got ten guys under me and we go round and lasso the goats and bring ’em down to the Military Government stockade. We also got a truck to ourselves and I took a couple of rides around the island.”

I told him to carry on and went my way. I didn’t see him again for a week. General Stilwell arrived for a tour of the front and we were all busy trying to get a glimpse of that famous old campaign hat. The next night, Smitty dropped in for a chat. “I’m guardin' Vinegar Joe,” he announced.

I might have known it. I waited patiently for more.

“You seen him?” he asked.

“I saw the back of his head once.”

“You know that old campaign hat he wears, that job like the ones they had in the last war? When he was eatin’ supper with the old man last night, I went in his tent and tried it on. It fit pretty good.”

Of late I haven’t seen much of Smitty. When I bumped into him in the chow line the other day, I discovered the reason.

“Got a new setup,” he told me. “The captain got sore and kicked Wintergreen out of Special Service. I gave him another snow job and I’m in there now.”

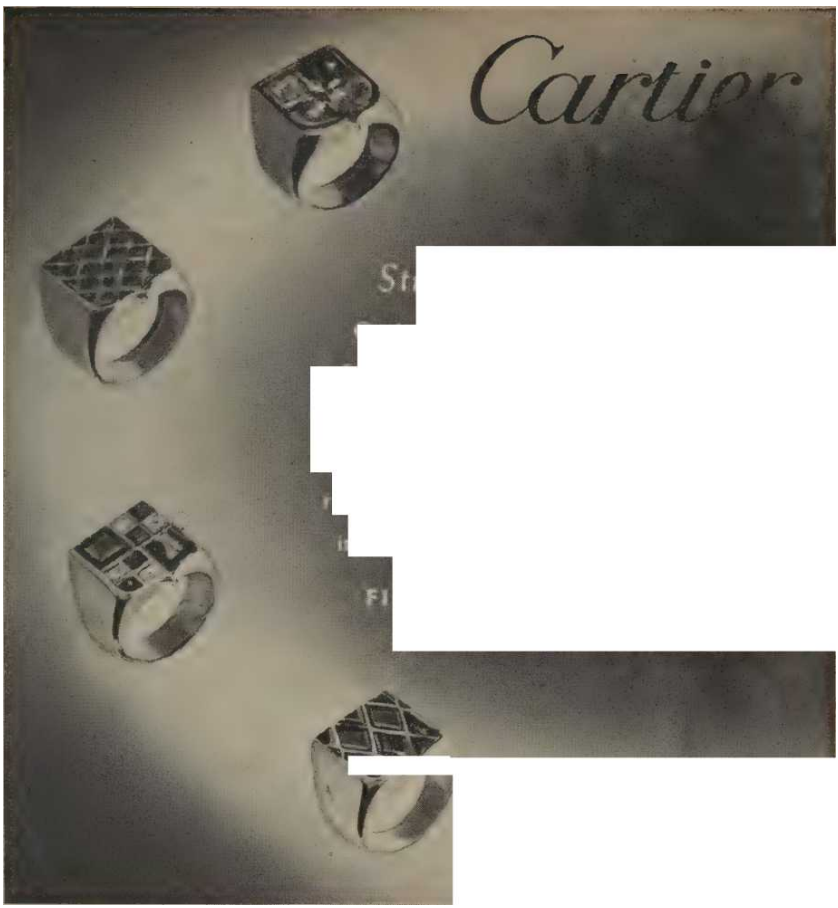
The line moved an inch.

“I got charge of the bats and balls and boxin’ gloves, but on the side I take care of the I. and E. work.”

“What kind of work?”

“I. and E.—Information and Education. You know. I keep the guys informed on what’s goin’ on.”

“They couldn’t have picked a better man.” I said. —William May



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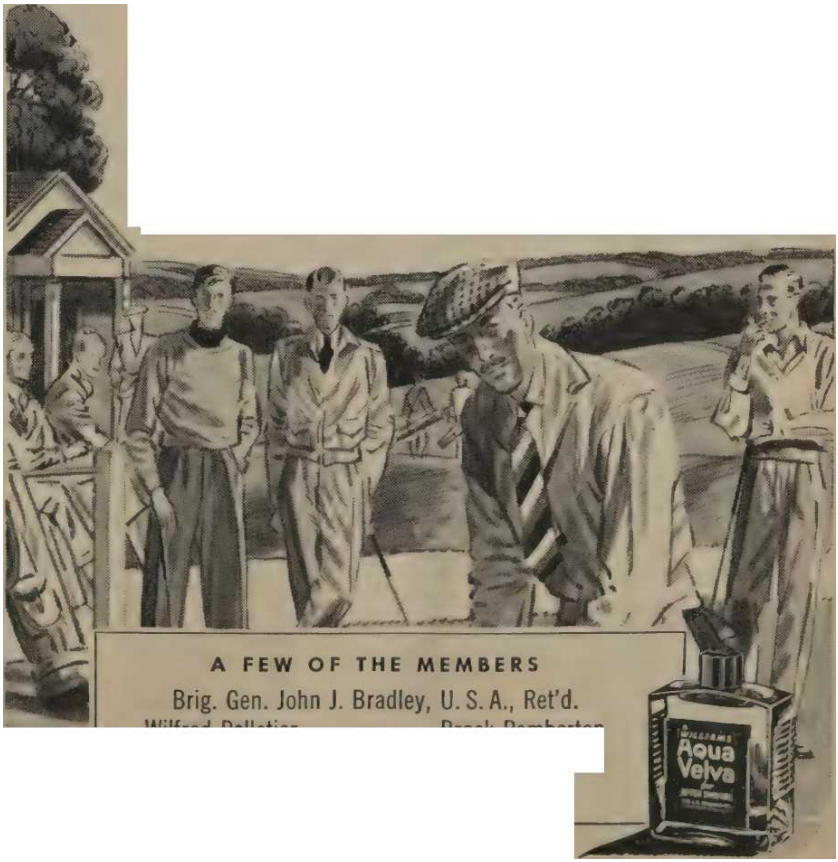

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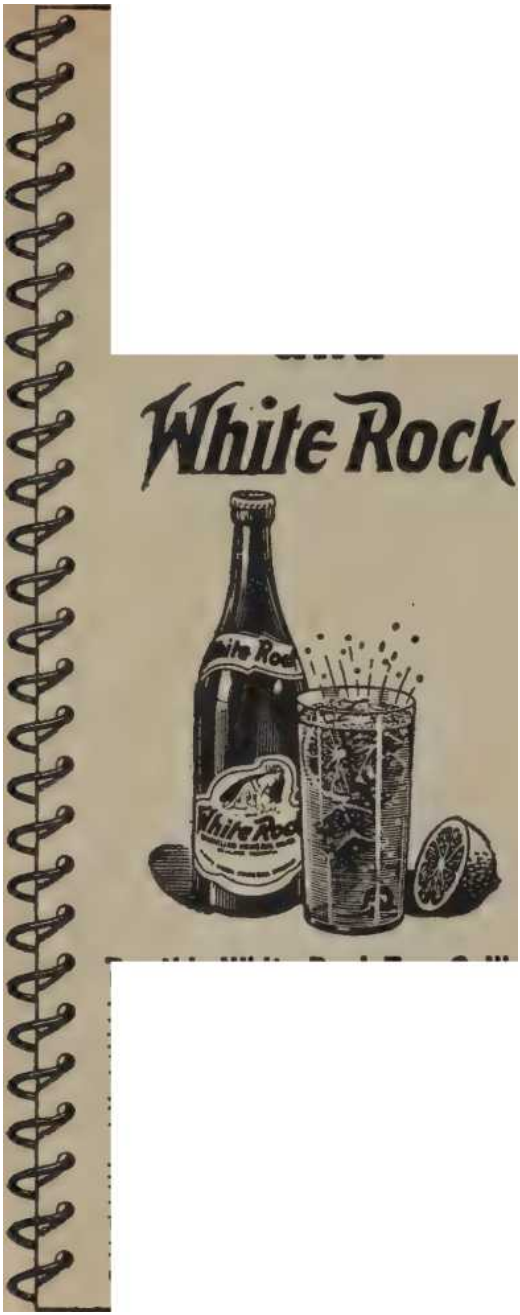

and

ing tang. Stir slightly drink. Um-m-m!

Try this White Rock Tom Collins! Put 1 level teaspoonful of sugar in a tall glass. Dissolve thoroughly in a little White Rock water. Add juice of 1 small lime (or % lemon) and stir. Add cracked ice (or ice cubes), then 1 jigger of rum (2 oz.). Fill glass with White Rock Sparkling Mineral Water— the lively mixer with the refresh-

LETTER. FR.OM LONDON

July 15 (by cable) HE deep calm that has followed the din of the political campaign has been a shock in itself, like the once familiar abrupt silence that

closed in on the echoes after a rocket

had fallen. During the weeks before Election Day, the political reporting in most of the newspapers here became hysterically partisan. Only the Times was able to preserve any real detachment. Now, with only two or three quiet murder cases in the headlines and with the Daily Express devoting much of its meagre four pages to a new Agatha Christie

serial. called “Sparkling Cyanide,”

everything seems strangely hushed. It is a relief. In fact, relief appears to

be the major emotion felt by most Britons ever since the election.

The campaign stirred up an extraordinary amount of bitterness, not only

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on platforms and in the press but in the home as well. Many families and friendships split over political beliefs, which, it appeared, had noticeably soured with keeping during the five years of the Coalition. Moreover, after a long period of dormancy, when the struggle to survive made it seem unimportant, the old class feeling turned up again at many of the stormy election meetings. In rural districts, where the agricultural laborers are either wary of "London politics" or, if they hold an opinion, are shy of offending the "big house," which, though taxed almost to extinction, still supplies their bread and cheese, the campaigning was received with apathy. As a tradesman in a small Somerset village told a visitor, "It don't do for a man in my position to have politics."

Even the more sophisticated might have been excused for being bewildered by the campaign, because both the leading parties used every dubious old electioneering trick and even thought up a couple of new ones. The Conservatives gleefully fastened upon the alleged statement by Harold Laski, one of the Labour leaders, that his party would use violence, if necessary, to accomplish its social aims. Ignoring Professor Laski's vigorous denials, the Tories made him into a sort of Halloween bogy, which they waved with bloodchilling yells under the public's window. They may already regret this. As

the Times pointed out the other day in a thoughtful editorial, the Tory ex-

ploitation of the Laski affair could be used by Labour, should the Conservatives win, to discredit the victory. In spite of the acute paper shortage, there was a last-minute rash of political muckraking publications. Distaste for much

that has been said and written by and about the parties of the Left and of the Right probably drove a large number of voters to the Center, the Liberal Party. Many observers believe that when the vote is announced, on July 26th, it will show that the Liberals recruited a large proportion of the serious young and youngish people back from the

services and their contemporaries. The

Conservatives, however, expect a majority, which varies, according to the

spokesman, from a fairly glum to a fairly optimistic estimate, and the Labourites openly and cheerfully expect a repetition of the 1929 situation, when

they were able to form a government with the aid of the Liberals. The most surprising thing is the quietness with which the English are sitting back and waiting to see what kind of government they will get. After the final fortnight of the battle, when the air was full of verbal and even actual missiles, this country seems to have decided to have no politics at all until the results are announced. It certainly makes a nice change.

THE two months that have passed since the end of the war in Europe have naturally brought about some changes in day-to-day living, but they have not been as numerous or as gay as most people imagined they would be. In some ways, things seem even more difficult. Women spend a discouraging number of hours a day standing in line for food or for shoes. Like many European countries, England has found that peace in Europe means belt tightening. There have been new reductions in food allotments, especially in fats. This month's soap ration was cut drastically and

the milk allotments to nonpriority users are soon to be further reduced. Because of the lack of manpower, which is officially blamed for everything, dry cleaners and laundries take as long as a month to do your clothes. The housing shortage has become more acute than ever, now that thousands of discharged war veterans and their families are coming back to town.

An organization of cx-service men called the Vigilantes, whose boss is romantically known as The Guvnor, has sprung up in Brighton, the Londoner's favorite seaside town, and is attempting to solve one phase of the housing problem there. When the Vigilantes hear of a service man's family who have no-v/here to live, they simply move them into any suitable empty house. The local authorities seem amiably averse to doing much to curb the movement, and by the time the law gets around to evicting the family, which usually takes a while, the Vigilantes have moved their charges to another empty house. It is said that a London branch of the Vigilantes began functioning the other day. The Vigilantes look to some nervous Englishmen like an omen of the violent action Professor Laski was supposed to favor. Less jumpy citizens simply think it is a good idea because it may force the authorities to take action themselves.

In spite of such worries, the biggest and brightest change here since V-E day has been in a state of mind. Returned travellers say that they are impressed by the remarkable improvement in manners and spirits since last summer, when the flying bombs were at their height. Londoners' faces look relaxed and people seem to be readier to laugh and to have more time to be polite now that they haven't the feeling that any moment they may have done with time forever.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

NIGHTMAKE

IN A MU5EUM

Then the glance slants To the jade blade With the gilt hilt In the shade made By the chance stance Of the Ming King In the tomb gloom Of the Sing Wing. . . .

And the lawn yawns In the dark park Where the tawn fawns Are the

stark mark On the ground round, And the bronze swans Like a boat float. . . .

From the soy boy Comes the drowned sound Of a throat note:

Myrna Loy Loy!

—David McCord

Now all eyes are on the

Route toTokyo

Part of the war is over.

Now all the emphasis of war lies along the Route to Tokyo.

There are still boys in bomb bays we all want to see back at their

jobs.

There are still young fellows steering tanks and landing craft who ought to be back steering family cars.

There are still fellows hunting Japs in jungles who ought to be hunting rabbits on the “south forty.”

These men can’t get back until they get the stuff to fight with—and plenty of it.

That’s where Santa Fe comes in.

Like the branches of a river flowing into the main stream, guns, tanks, food, plane parts and other material of war are flowing along the "Route to Tokyo" on Santa Fe rails.

Movement of these vital war supplies is facilitated by—

horsepower freight Diesels. Santa Fe now has 71 of them — and more are coming! New bridge speeds war traffic. The new Topock bridge over the Colorado River

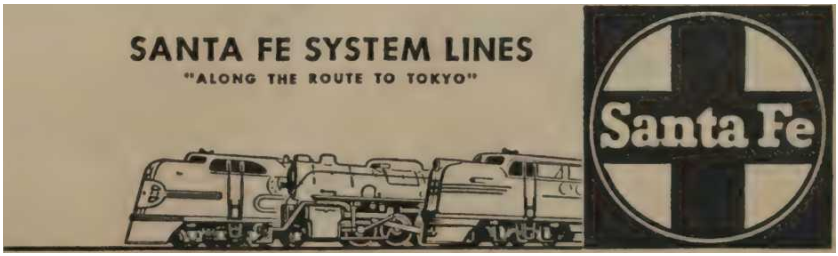
Greatly increased yards — More than doubled at many points. More trains of war can get in and out in less time.

50 per cent more trains on the same tracks are now made possible by centralized traffic control at key points, which avoids trains being held on sidings.

More pouer—in the form of giant 5400

is speeding up movements of freight and troops to California's Ports of War.

When Victory is won and the boys come home, these facilities will help provide better passenger service than ever, and will haul more peacetime freight even more efficiently than before.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"ALONG THE ROUTE TO TOKYO"
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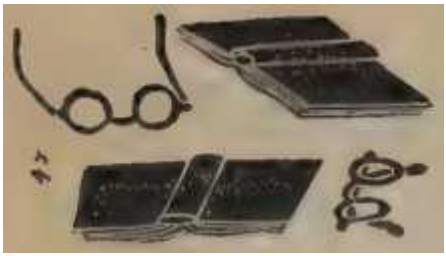

Edgar Snow's "The Pattern of Soviet Power" (Random House) is a good book that does not live up to the

promise of its title. I'm not at all sure that any book could, unless it were written by Marshal Stalin, and I think that even if he went to the trouble of writing such a book it might be rather premature. There are certain very simple things that may now be said about the pattern of Soviet power and the role it plans to play in world affairs — that Russia is most likely going to be the dominating influence in Europe for the next hundred years, for example—but those plans and intentions simply cannot be blueprinted, as much as the rest of the world might like them to be. Mr. Snow, wisely enough, has not attempted to draw up such a blueprint. His book is largely an examination of the Soviet structure as it looks after several years of w7ar, and, while his long acquaintance with the Soviet gives his volume more than an ordinary amount of interest and value, there is not much in it that has not already been reported by the daily press, or in such recent books as Richard Lauterbach's "These Are the Russians." There is, as a matter of fact, a certain sameness about nearly all the books about Russia written by the foreign correspondents who have been there—ran opening chapter on the appearance of Moscow and life in that city; a discussion of the latest Marxist mutations and the changes in the party line; a visit to the Ukraine; an interpretation of Russian policy in reference to Japan; a series of thumbnail sketches of the members of the Russian hierarchy; and a portrait, generally in soft focus, of the Marshal

himself. All these' things are in Mr. Snow's book, along with a chapter on the Russian occupation of Rumania and a vivid description of the criminal behavior of the Germans in Poland, and anyone who isn't yet acquainted with such matters could hardly find a better book to begin with than this one.

Mr. Snow's book is colored throughout by his favorable attitude toward Russia, just as William L. White's "Report on the Russians" was colored by a rather different attitude, but I don't see how this, in either case, could have been avoided. I get the impression that Mr. Snow is the more responsible and objective journalist of the two, but objectivity, at best, is merely a matter of degree.

A man may swear off editorializing for keeps, and stick to what are called facts, yet even then, in whatever it is that makes one man dwell on the "facts" of the low standard of living in Russia while another celebrates the "facts" of the glories of Soviet construction, the subjective process is always at work. Then, too, Russia is more than a country. It has influenced the minds and imaginations of millions of people—a threat to some, a promise to others—and men approach it, in general, either as heretics or believers. Neither group, on the record, is noticeably given to objectivity.

BJECTIVITY, however, is just what the situation calls for, and

one of the great virtues of Mr. Snow's book is that he has tried to be as objective as possible. He gives us many

“It doesn't exactly explain de Gaulle, but it helps."

facts about Russia and, while we can always use books of interpretation and criticism, we can also use all the factual information about the U.S.S.R. that we can get hold of. It is unfortunate that so many difficulties seem to be attached to the gathering of facts in the Soviet, and that all the books written about it either in approval or opposition have such a limited range, but this only adds to our need for a book of the kind and quality of de Tocqueville’s “Democracy in America,” or, if that is setting our sights too high, for one like Bryce’s “American Commonwealth.” Beatrice and Sidney Webb, in the monumental two-volume study of

Russia they wrote some years ago, “Soviet Communism: A New Civilization?,” made a try at writing such a book, but it didn’t quite come off. It is still full of extremely useful information and represents

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what is probably the most conscientious effort at assaying the Soviet Union, despite its big element of undisguised bias, but so many things have happened since it was written, and Russia has apparently changed so much, that it is rather out of date.

A new book entitled “The Basis of Soviet Strength,” by George B. Cressey (Whittlesey House), an examination of the geography, natural resources, manpower, and industrial potential of the U.S.S.R., doesn’t add a great deal to what was in the Webbs’ book, but it, too, has substantial value. There isn’t much that can be said about it, since it is mostly a collection of charts, tables, and other statistics, but it contains enough evidence of a purely economic nature to indicate rather forcefully that the future direction of Europe is more or less bound to be determined, in large part, by the ambitions and needs of the Soviet Union. A rich and fertile country, inhabited by one-tenth of the world’s population, spread across oneseventh of the globe, flushed with military success and national pride, is certainly going to have an emphatic say about what happens just beyond its own front yard. This does not mean, however, that Europe is inevitably destined to become the Communist peninsula of a huge Communist land mass, or that Russia is about to launch upon a program of imperialistic expansion. Both things could happen—possibly without too much trouble, either—but they do not necessarily follow. There seems to be, for one thing, as Pierre de Lanux points out in his recently published “European Manifesto” (Creative Age), a pronounced determination on the part of the ten nations conquered by the Nazis to work out a new and different kind of Europe. Besides, as Mr. Snow contends in his book, there is no reason to believe that Russia

has any larger ambitions in Europe, at least for the present, than to see that the Continent is reconstructed in such a way as to guarantee her a long period of peace and tranquillity. What will happen after that, if such a tranquil era actually comes to pass (a highly unlikely development, it seems to me), is anybody's guess. It will depend, however, not only upon Russia, powerful and influential though she is. All the forces, national and international, now at work in the world will be brought into play—the forces of Europe in particular. These latter forces, as Mr. de Lanux shows, are moving in a general leftward direction, and it would seem, on the basis of such information as we are getting from abroad, that certain.

stuffed

soap in the dressing room keyholes?

iWHO became a

barmaid to pay her hotel bill?

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European countries are moving rather rapidly into the orbit of Soviet influence. It is Mr. de Lanux's idea, however, that no nation in Europe is anxious to belong in anybody's orbit. He holds that, simultaneously with the trend to the left, there is an even stronger trend, on the part of the nations recently liberated, to form a federation of European states not unlike our own association of semi-independent commonwealths. I don't see how Mr. de Lanux can square this with certain recent developments—the case of Yugoslavia, for instance, which seems definitely to have entered the Soviet sphere—but I also don't see how anybody who wants to avoid a third World War can fail to hope he is right.

Politics, too, abhors a vacuum, and in the event that Europe falls into a prolonged period of disintegration and disorder, the temptation to both England and Russia to dominate it will be almost irresistible. This could have but one outcome, another war, and I think Mr. de Lanux is right in saying that any attempt to carve out spheres of influence that would bring East and West into opposition would be highly dangerous, in that it would be an open invitation to Germany to start rebuilding a powerful Mitteleuropa that would hold the balance of power between East and West. Mr. de Lanux, in presenting his rough working sketch for a new and federated Europe, does not go into many details on how such a federation might run. His book is a rather sketchy one, and what he has done, actually, is voice an expression of hope. It is easy to share his hope, and to persuade oneself that he has good reason for hoping as he does. However, it might be wished that he had hoped, while he was about it, for a world federation instead of a purely European one; or, if not that, for a federated Europe that would be part of a federated world. The world is a big place, with room in it for everybody, but it's still one world. —Hamilton Basso

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Six of Them, by Alfred Neumann (Macmillan). An account of the trial of four "Aryan" students, their professor, and his wife, who took part in a rebellion against the Hitler regime in the University of Munich in 1943. This is not the usual recital of Nazi horror but an attempt to explain how six people remained decent human beings in the midst of the hellish environment of the Third

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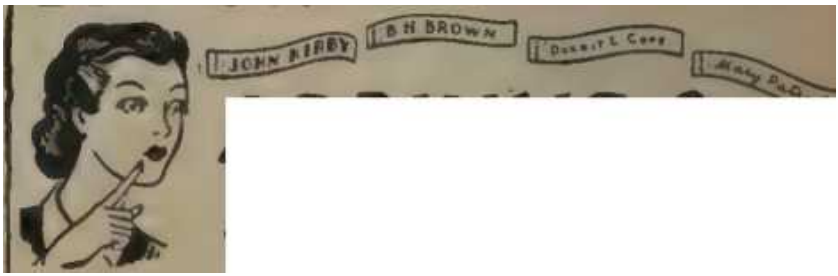

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THE NEW YORKER

Reich. Mr. Neumann writes competently and sometimes movingly, but his book, one of a long line of works by refugee writers stressing the idealism of the true German (as opposed to Nazi) character, raises the question of whether a novelist who has lived in California for years is qualified to report on virtue among his compatriots. Reliability aside, isn't the whole theme getting worn rather threadbare as a subject for fiction?

The Knights of the Cape, by Ricardo Palma, translated by Harriet de Onfs(Knopf). Selections from "Tra-diciones Peruanas," a classic of Spanish-American letters which is almost wholly concerned with the history (legendary and authentic) of the ancient city of Lima. Viceroys in their amorous as well as warlike moments, great ladies presenting their frailer side, local saints performing cozy little miracles, gamblers, cutthroats, bishops, and conquistadors, all are represented in the picaresque short tales of this collection. Palma, who wrote in the latter part of the nineteenth century, possessed a robust, mocking style, but his material is a shade too special to interest nonHispanic readers greatly.

Artie Greengroin Pfc., by Harry Brown (Knopf). It was, of course, inevitable, given the current mania for putting even the most ephemeral newspaper and magazine material into book form, that Mr. Brown's ' cheerful contributions to Yank should get themselves between covers. The reflections of Artie Greengroin on practically every situation in which an American private stationed in England

might conceivably find himself do not seem as funny in the publisher's formal getup as they did in the more casual setting of Yank, hut, at that, they are pretty funny.

It's a Free Country, by Ben Ames Williams (Houghton Mifflin). An intelligent young girl, who is, moreover, pretty and lovable, graduates with honors from high school and has plans for college and an intellectual career. Without any serious emo-t' nal involvement, she allows a foolish, good-natured boy to make love to her, becomes pregnant, and, of necessity, marries the boy. The husband hasn't enough brains to earn a hiving and, under the stress of poverty and continual child-bearing, the girl loses her beauty, her good disposition, and her integrity. When she sees the miserable pattern of her own life repeating itself in that of her daughter,

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she takes matters into her own hands and furnishes the novel with a melodramatic ending. Just medium Williams, which is faint enough praise.

GENERAL

Against These Three, by Stuart Cloete (Houghton Mifflin). A vigorous, colorful retelling of the crowded chapter in South African history that was dominated by three vigorous, colorful men—Paul Kruger, the “Oom Paul” of the Boers; Cecil Rhodes, the man who thought exclusively in terms of empire; and Lobengula, the last of the great Kaffir kings. History never pitted three more dissimilar men against each other, or saw a more dramatic clash of temperaments, ambitions, and social points of view, and Mr. Cloete has written a book about them that not only sheds new light on the opening up of the Dark Continent but gives H. Rider Haggard a brisk run for his money. Maps, diagrams, and illustrations.

Raw Material, by Oliver La Farge (Houghton Mifflin). The life, times, and opinions of Oliver La Farge, Esq., late of Harvard, Newport, and New York, with special emphasis upon the difficulties

attached to scaling the walls of class and breaking out of the confines of caste. Mr. La Farge, aided and abetted by a period of residence in the New Orleans French quarter, a genuine love of writing, and the experiences with the present-day American Indian that resulted in his “Laughing Boy” and other books, managed to make good his escape, but, as his honest and thoughtful confessions show, it wasn’t an easy job.

Naked City, by Weegee (Essential Books). A book of photographs, including some very good ones, of the sidewalks, fire escapes, beaches, beer parlors, tenements, and side streets of New York. Weegee (or would it be impolite to call him Mr. Weegee?) knows what a camera is for, and how to use one to catch the life of a city, but some of his pictures, in their harsh prying into the lives of the broken, the outcast, and the poor give the impression that he gets one hell of a big kick out of slumming. William McCleery, editor of Pill’s Picture News, has written a foreword which isn’t any worse than the confused and coy notations the author has set down to serve as a text.

New Chum, by John Masefield (Macmillan). Two years before the mast

on H.M.S. Conway, the English training ship aboard which, at the age of thirteen, the author began his long association with the sea. Mr. Masefield, in this story of his gradual transformation from a new chum (apprentice seaman) into an old hand, has written some of the most impeccable prose of his career and, in addition, has given an essentially simple record more drama and intensity than is to be found in a whole batch of novels.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Shadow of a Crime, by John Rhode (Dodd, Mead). The police in the English village of Winghurst are stumped by the death of Algernon Fratton, Esq., of the Hawthorns, Glavenham, who was whacked on the head by a mysterious object while motorcycling between the two towns. This reasonably interesting problem finally gets into the hands of Inspector Jimmy Waghorn of the Yard, who takes it, as usual, to Dr. Priestlj-in his study. Their solution is foolproof, if unexciting, a combination which always proves irresistible to Rhode

fans.

I, Said the Fly, by E. X. Ferrars (Doubleday, Doran). A pleasant inspector named Cory sorts out the alihis provided by the numerous and fairly dingy inhabitants of a London boarding house in which he has found the revolver responsible for the death of an unidentified woman discovered nearby. Much of the evidence seems to point to a young divorcee who, like so many ladies in her predicament, goes out of her way to fall into more trouble before Cory finally clears things up. A routine story, built around some good atmosphere.

They were well armed w'ith rifles and a few automatic weapons. But they were seldom aggressive. The leader was no Robin Hood. He preferred to sit out the war in a palm grove near the head of Talofofo Valley, eating native fruits and stolen C rations and reading old copies of "Time" magazine discarded by marines in jungle maneuvers.—The Herald Tribune.

No Robin Hood he.

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[From the Cincinnati Times-Star]

A New York man has invented a crystal globe to reflect colored lights from a battery of lamps as it revolves to be mounted on top of an advertising truck to attract attention within range of a speaker's voice.

JULY 21, 1945

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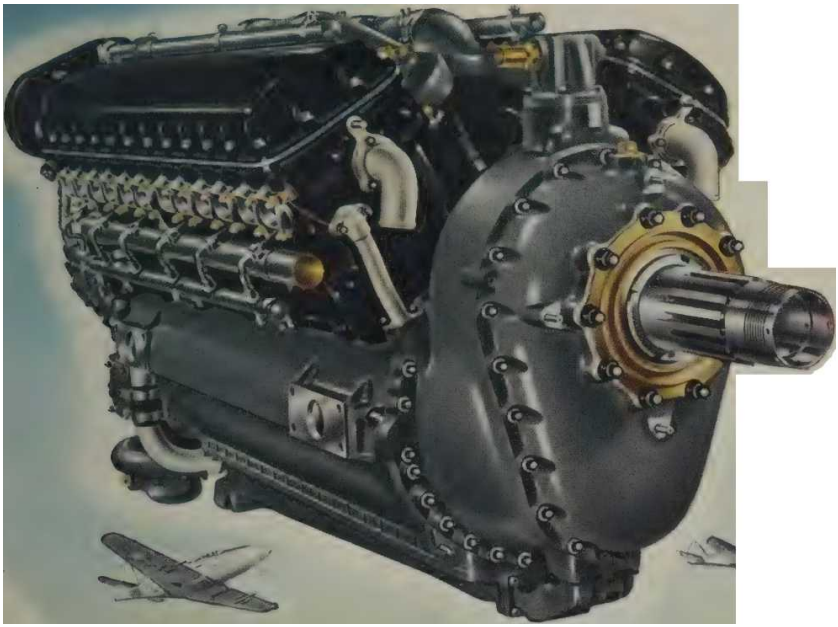

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasia—Philip Yordan’s very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn’t miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richard

Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 140.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her elder sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. The cast includes Augusta Dabney, Lenore Lonergan, and (through Sat., July 28) Howard Smith. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9 3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48. E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. W'ed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading role is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. W'ed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are'both splendid. *Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35-)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. Reopens Mon., July 30. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. W'ed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big show about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. The cast includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with highly agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Marinka—The tragedy at Mayerling has been provided with a happy ending and set to music. Rather routine but probably fair enough for the hot months. With Joan Roberts, Harry Stock-well, Romo Vincent, and Luba Malina. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—-A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR.

OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 26, THROUGH SATURDAY. AUG. 4.

girls. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Moves on Mon., July 30, to the Martin Beck, 45, W'. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. W'ed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 :30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances arranged by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the

romance. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Tee," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474- Sun. Eves, at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed entirely or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)-—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this cool, subterranean cavern.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—This old favorite has at least one eye open again. Car-dini (one of our more expert magicians), a dance team, and Henry King's orchestra.

-TV

DEPARTMENT.* IN THIJ U5UE

Page

THE NEV YOKKER 2-5 VUT 43RD JTREE.T TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING 4 lUtlCLIlTIOW, BRYANT 9-6300 EDITORIAL OFFICES. BRYANT 9-6200

Cafe Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)— Paula Laurence and Josh White in a horrid conspiracy to make you want to stay up all night. Appropriate music by Edmond Hall's accomplished band.

Cafe Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737) —Imogene Coca making intelligent fun of almost anything, jazz piano by Cliff Jackson and Mary Lou Williams, and music by John Kirby's orches-

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Madison Avenue's largest and coolest all-weather retreat. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the ingenious mind-reader, a dance team, and Stanley Melba's agile orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Cafe Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Mark Monte's and Garwood Van's bands alternate on the stand. Walter Liberace plays piano, and there is also a dance team. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

Sr. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just about as peaceful and pleasant as nighttime on a rooftop can be. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Cafe Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by the lush dance music of London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The young folks almost too much at home. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Alberto Linno's rumba band are on hand at night.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Jane Pickens singing at suppertime on the Starlight Roof. George Olsen's orchestra provides dance music through the evening and Mischa Borr's orchestra alternates with it at supper. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the

Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the cop rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887) : Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing in a highly decorative setting. . . . 1-2-3 club, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk; no dancing. ... casino russe, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the cotelette a la Kiev than for the goings on in the floor show; Cornelius Codolhan's orchestra. . . . spivy's roof, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Carter and Bowie dispensing their special brand of piano duets, and now and then Spivy herself, singing about her special brand of world-weariness; no dancing. ...Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a fairly standardized show, with Jerry Cooper and a collection of delectable show girls; Joe Ricardel's' orchestra. ... el chico, 8o Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): semi-Spanish, with some strolling singers and a fine rumba band. . . . copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060) : Russell Swann, the bright magician, being very untypical of the conventional' Copacabana show, which at the moment includes Mitzi Green and the orchestras of Enric Madriguera and Joel Herron. . . . astor roof, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000) : Gene Krupa and his orchestra on this large, cool rooftop, playing for what look very much like jitterbugs. . . . essex house, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . new yorker hotel, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000) : Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. ... PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000) : Woody Herman's orchestra. . . . Roosevelt, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its open-air deck and that colossal view of the harbor, now has supper dancing nightly.

Mostly for Music \o dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At nick's, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and their helpmeets scorching the midnight air.

. . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 1/8 7 Ave. S., at II (CH 2-9355) : a small but comfortable cave, equipped with Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; also, Don Frye as solo pianist and the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . .

onyx, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): the stertorous Hot Lips Page leading his new

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L-. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXI, No. 24, July 28, 1945. Entered as second-ciass matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1945, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

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NEW YORK

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band, and Stuff Smith at work on his electric violin. ... downbeat, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Sidney Catlett with his teammates, Al Casey and his new trio, and the moody Billie Holiday; dancing. . . . jimmy ryan's, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600) : a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. ... three deuces, 72 \V. 52 (EL 5-9861): Don Byas and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

At Fresco—The Claremont inn, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson; dance music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . tavern-on-the-green, Central Pk. W. at 67: a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then. . . . museum of modern art, it W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . central park zoo: the cafeteria the-e is crowded on weekends but nice in midweek for a late breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafes: brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9; LONGCHAMPS, 5 Ave. at 12.

art

Frick Collection, t E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which were hidden away for safekeeping when we entered the war are now back in the Museum. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.; through Tues., July 31.

Groups—At the durlacher, ii E. 57: old and new paintings and drawings. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Fri., July 27. . . . rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Weekdays, except Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.: through Tues., July 31. . . . passedoit, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, Jose de Creeft, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . perls, 32 E. 58: American, French and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sept. 8. . . . contemporary arts, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have liad their first one-man shows here. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Aug. 15. . . . bab-cock, 38 E. 57: new paintings by artists of the gallery's group; also, a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Aug. .....osenberg, 16 E. 57: work by Rattner, Hartley, Helion, Avery, and Weber. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Fri., July 27. ... midtown, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61: Edward Stevens, Nye Pharr, and other young Americans. Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.: through Fri., July 27. ... levitt, 16 W. 57: Oronzo (iasparo, Everett Spruce, and others. Weekdays, except Sat., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Tues., July 31.... milch, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne. Leon Kroll, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Sept. 15. . . . macseth, ii E. 57: oils and water colors by Joseph de Martini, Andrew Wyeth, James Lechay, and others. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 27. ... American British art center, 44 W. 56: work in various mediums by gallery members. Daily io a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Fri., July 27. . . . kraushaar, 32 E. 57: a summer show by Louis Bouche, Russell Cowles, Iver Rose, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . LiLiENFELD, 2 1 E. 57: old masters and contemporaries. Daily 11 a.m. to 4 P.M.; through Fri., July 27. . . . o'connor, 640 Madison, at 59: a miscellaneous group of European and American artists, including Velasquez, Ghislandi, Rosa Bonheur, and George Luks. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . ferargil,

(13 E. 57: oils and water colors from Thomas Eakins to the present. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . kootz, 15 E. 57; the gallery's group, including such artists as William Baziotes, Fernand Leger, and Byron Browne. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Aug. 31. ... 47 gallery, 67 E. 57; a preview of work by artists who will

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUG. 4.

exhibit here next season, including Adolph Gottlieb, Stanley William Hayter, and Hans Hofmann. Weekdays, except Sat., 11 a.m. to 6 P.M.; through Tues.. July 31.

Arnold Hofmann—War paintings in an Expressionist, nearly baroque manner: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Wed., Aug. r.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, recently arranged to show the development of Greek civilization; also, prints and drawings by Goya; and (through Sept. 3), an exhibition, sponsored by the Treasury Department, of paintings and drawings of the Pacific war, by American artists. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 P.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.

Museum of Modern Art, ii W. 53—A large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 F.M.; through Nov. 4.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

War Art—At the international bldg., Mezzanine floor, Rockefeller Center: paintings centering on the activities of the Medical Corps, by twelve American artists, including Joseph Hirsch, Peter Blume, John Steuart Curry, and Francis Criss; sponsored by Abbott Laboratories. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Aug. 14.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Fabien Sevitzky conducting, Thurs. and Fri., July 26-27; Maurice Abravanel conducting, Sat. and Sun., July 28-29; Eugene Goossens conducting, Mon. through Wed., July 30-Aug. 1; Alexander Smal-lens conducting, Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 2-4." Highlights: Schola Cantorum and soloists, July 26; Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin. ballet dancers, July 28; Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff, piano, July 30; Joseph Fuchs, violin. July 31; “La Boheme,” with Grace Moore and Jan Peerce, Aug. 2-3; Todd Duncan, baritone, Aug. 4. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7'5534- In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5. 6, and 7 p.m. over WNYC. Fifth Avenue buses marked “Stadium” leave Washington Square at frequent intervals weekdays between 6:44 and 7:32 p.m. and Sun. between 6:31 and 7:31 p.m.)

Berkshire Festival—The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., July 28 and Aug. 4, at 8:30 p.m., and Sun., July 29, at 3:30 p.m. Soloists: Alexander Brailowsky, piano, July 28 and Aug. 4; Abram Chasins and Constance Keene, piano, July 29. (Tanglewood, between Stockbridge and Lenox, Mass.)

Juilliard Concerts—Barbara Holmquest, piano, Thurs., July 26; Arturo di Filippi, tenor. Fri.. July 27: Guy Maier, piano, Mon., July 30: Naoum Benditzky, violoncello, Tues.. July 31; Lillian Carpenter, organist, Wed., Aug. 1; Vera Appleton and Michael Field, piano, Thurs., Aug. 2; Frank Kneisel. violin, and a string symphony, Fri., Aug. 3. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122. At 4 P.M. No tickets necessary.) Park Concerts—Central Park Mall—Goldman Band:

Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri.. at 8:30 p.m. . . . City Amateur Symphony Orchestra. Judge Leopold Prince conducting; soloist, Serafim Strelkoff, bass, Sat., July 28, at 8 130 p.m. . . . Naumburg Memorial Orchestra. Emanuel Balaban conducting: soloist, ˆ'al Patacchi, baritone, Tues., July 31, at 8:15 P.M.

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee stadium:—Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thurs. through Sat., July 26-28, at 2:30 p.m., and Sun., July 29

(doubleheader), at 2:05

p.m. . . . ebbets field: Dodgers VS. Boston, Fri. and Sat., July 27-28, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., July 29 (doubleheader), at 2:05 p.m. ... polo grounds: Giants vs. Boston, Tues., July 31 (doubleheader), at 1:30 p.m., and Wed., Aug. 1, at 8:45 p.m.: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Sat., Aug. 4. at 8:45 p.m. Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Sal Bartolo vs.

Freddie Russo, featherweights, 10 rounds, Fri., July 27; Tippy Larkin vs. Willie Joyce, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Aug. 3. (Preliminaries at 8:30 p.m.; main bouts at 10 p.m.)

Racing—Empire City meet at Jamaica race track, weekdays at 1130 p.m., through Sat., Aug. 4. (The Butler Handicap, July 28; Questionnaire Handicap, Aug. 4.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 a.m. and 1:10 p.m. and Sat. between 10:45 a.m. and 1:25 p.m.

Tennis—Seabright Invitation Tournament, Sea-bright L.T. and C.C., Seabright, N.J., Fri. through Sun., July 27-29.

Trotting—Weekdays at Saratoga, N.Y., nt 8:15 p.m., through Aug. 25. ... Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.L, at 8:40 p.m.; through Sept. 22. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 p.m.)

Yachting—Championship regattas on the Sound: Larchmont Y.C. Race Week, through Sun., July 4 9.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the Chrysler bldg., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 p.m., continuous showings of recent Army and Navy films. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. . . . museum of science and industry, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., •"it 491 a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the “Gunairstructor,” a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.;

through Sept. 14. . . . NEW YORK historical society, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French aid Indian wars through the first World War. Tuer. through Fri., 1 to 5 p.m.; Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Tues., July 31.

Planetarium—"A Trip to the Moon" is the title of the August lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 p.m.; Sat. at 11 a.m. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 p.m.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8 130 p.m.

Housing—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m.; through Sept. 30.

Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave at 104— Prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built some of New York's early omnibuses, horsecars, subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in drawings, photographs, uniforms, and documents: Tues, through feat., 10 a.m. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

ON THE AIR

Mayor LaGuardia—In the thirl of a scries of monthly broadcasts on New York, Thurs., July 26, at 7:30 P.M.. WJZ.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Eugene Ormandy conducting. Sun., July 29, at 3 p.m., WABC. . . . Stadium Concerts, Fri., July 27 and Aug. 3, and Wed.. Aug. 1, at 8:30 p.m.. WNYC. . . . Berkshire Festival, Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat.. July 28 and Aug. 4. at 8:30 p.m., WJZ. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., July 28 and Aug. 4, at 5 p.m., WJZ. ...Josef Hofmann, piano. Mor., July 30, at 9 p.m., WEAK.

Sports—Boxing: Freddie Russo vs. Sal Bartolo, Fri., July 27; Tippy Larkin vs. Willie Joyce, Fri., Aug. 3; at 10 p.m., WOR.

News Commentators- Cecil Brown. Mon.. Wed., and Fri., at 8 p.m., WOR. . . . J net Flanner (from

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Europe), Wed. at 10:45 p.m., WJZ. ... Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 p.m., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues, through Sat. at 10:30 p.m., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 p.m., WABC. ... Paul Schubert. Mon. through Fri. at 6 p.m., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger. Sun. at 11:15 p.m., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, nightly, except Sat. and Sun., at 7 p.m. (through Tues., July 31), WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 p.m., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 p.m., WHN. . . . Raymond Swing, nightly at 7:15 p.m. (through Fri., July 27), WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

A Ben for Adano—This version of John Hersey's novel loses some force by emphasizing the comedy, but is still worth seeing. With John Hodiak, (iene Tierney, and William Bendix. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

Along Came Jones—Gary Cooper on horseback again in a mildly amusing Western cooked up by Nunnally Johnson. With Loretta Young and Dan Duryea. (Palace, B'way at 47.)

Junior Miss—Sally Benson's series about a little girl who tries to rearrange life in terms of the cinema has been very pleasantly adapted for the screen. With Peggy Ann Garner. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Rhapsody in Blue—The life of George Gershwin as it might have been if he hadn't wasted so much time playing the piano. The old songs, however, still sound fine. With Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

A Royal Scandal -Tallulah Bankhead, as the Empress of all'the Russias, in a pretty funny item that has probably little to do with either Catherine or history. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs..

July 26. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., July 29. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., July 28-30. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues, and Wed., July 31-Aug. 1.)

San Pietro—You'll probably prefer this thirty-minute documentary about a U.S. infantry action in Italy, put together by John Huston and Frank Capra, to most of the full-length films around town. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

Without Love Donald Ogden Stewart's treatment of Philip Barry's play that has practically noth ing to do with the original but is very gay and charming anyway. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy head the cast. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street. Lexington at 52; Thurs., July 26. . . . Carlton. B'way at 100; Fri. through Mon., July 27-30. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues, through Thurs., July 31 Aug. 2.)

Wonder Man—Danny Kaye plays twins in this comedy about love, murder, and ghosts. With Yir-ginia Mayo and Vera-Ellen. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

REVIVALS

Arrowsmith (1931)—Sinclair Lewis' story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86: R.K.O. 23rd Street. 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 8tst Street. B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 90; Nemo. B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Tues, and Wed.. July 31-Aug. 1.)

Bringing up Baby (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., July 29-30.)

Dead Eno (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 26.)

Dumbo (1941)—Disney animals, mostly- elephants. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Wed.. July 29-Aug. 1.).

40 Girls and a Baby (1938)—Also called "40 Little Mothers." About

a girls' school and a hidden baby. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

48 Hours (1944)—British film about an imaginary invasion by German paratroops. Leslie Banks, - Frank Lawton, and Elizabeth Allan. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues, through Thurs., July 31-Aug. 2.)

The Great Moment (1944)— Preston Sturges' lightsome biography of a pioneer anaesthetist. Joel • McCrea, Betty Field, and William Demarest.

(Loew's 42nd Street. Lexington at 42; through Sat., July 28. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., July 30.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and Janies Gleason. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Tues., July 31. . . . Waverlv. 6 Ave. at 3; Fri. and Sat.. July 27-28. . . . Sth Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Mon., July 27-30. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun through Wed.. July 29-Aug. t.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 26. THROUGH SATURDAY, AUG. 4.

. . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues, through Sat., July 31-Aug. 4.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary- Grant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues, through Thurs., July 31-Aug. 2.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., July 28. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Fri., Aug. 1-3.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Joan Fontaine as Jane and Orson Welles as Rochester. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues, through Thurs., July 31-Aug. 2.)

Ladies in Retirement (1941)—Three batty sisters and a lonely cottage on the heath. Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward. (Beverly. 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., July 28.)

La Maternelle (1935)—Children in Montmartre. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., July 31.)

Laura (1944)—Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, and Dana Andrews pretty deeply involved in murder. (Stoddard. B'way at 90; starting Wed., Aug. 1.)

Our Hearts Were Young ano Gay (1944)—Innocents abroad in the 1920's. With Gail Russell and Diana Lynn. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Mon. through Fri., July 30-Aug. 3.)

Sahara (1943)—Humphrey Bogart in an all-male movie about the North African campaign. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., July 29-30.)

Shall We Dance? (1937)-—One of the Astaire-Rogers series, this time with Gershwin music. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat.. July 28.)

The Song of Bernadette (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (Carlton. B'way at 100; Tues, through Thurs., July 31-Aug. 2. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Wed. through Fri., Aug. 1-3. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., Aug. 1-4.)

They Shall Have Music (1939)—Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. Now called "Ragged Angels." (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street. 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo. B'way at tro; and Coliseum. B'way at 181; Tues, and Wed., July 31-Aug. 1.)

The 39 Stefs (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues, through Thurs., July 31-Aug. 2.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., July 27-30.)

Wilson (1944)—Alexander Knox as isolationism's famous victim.

With Geraldine Fitzgerald and Charles Coburn. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art. 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 p.m. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—thurs., jult 24: ‘ Juno and the Paycock” (1930), with players of the Abbey Theatre, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. . . . fri. through sun., july zt-2»: “Little Caesar” (1930), with Edward G. Robinson. . . . mon. through thurs., July 30-aug. 2: “M” (1931), with Peter Lorre. . . . from fri., Aug. 3: “Blonde Crazy” (1931), with James Cagney.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Service Men—New York residents

who can sublet their apartments for long or short

periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through, the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, Municipal BHg., Room 1836, Chambers St. (WO 2-5600, Ext. 167).

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the civilian defense volunteer office, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310) : men and women to work two mornings or one full day each week in the offices of the New York City Vacancy Listing: women to work one morning or afternoon a week as nursery assistants and recreational aides in child-care centers. . . . reo cross, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455) . women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . American women's voluntary services, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): men and women to work as aides in civilian hospitals, assisting disabled patients to and from physiotherapy wards; women to act as recreation leaders with young people's groups in settlement houses. . . united hospital fund, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least eight hours a week, day or evening, as aides in children's wards, or, during the day only, as clinic, linen room, or office aides; men to take a short training course and then work at least one evening a week as orderlies. . . . American women's hospitals reserve corps, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100) : women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work on Mondays and Thursdays doing various chores in canteens throughout the city.

Harvesters—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer and early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

Salvage—Wastepaper (still very important) and food cans should be

kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition arc acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . .Th government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat. used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two red ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any- charity- organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of tjjese activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross. MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The Navy- needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church. New York 7 (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for games, playing cards, radios, records, floor lamps, and small furniture. Three organizations which will call for and dis tribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild. 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Mer chant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220. . . . Bibles, in English and foreign languages, are needed

for service men and for people in liberated countries. They can be taken or sent to any A.W.\ .S. office; for the address of the nearest one, call RE 4-6050.

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—wonder man, Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—"Anchors Aweigh," Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)-—Tentative— Through Tues.. July 31: "A Thousand and One Nights," Evelyn Keyes, Cornel Wilde. . . . From Wed., Aug. 1: "Bewitched," Phyllis Thaxter,-Edmund Gwenn.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CT 6-0800)—"The Great John L.," Greg McClure, Linda Darnell.

Gotham, B'way a 47 (Cl 5-9516)—"The Cheaters," Joseph Schildkraut.

Hollywood, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—rhapsody in blue, Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—along came jones, Loretta Young, Gary Cooper.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—"Incendiary Blonde," Betty Hutton, Arturo de Cordova.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)— a bell for adano, Gene Tierney, John Hodiak, William Bendix.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)-—junior miss, Peggy Ann Garner, Allyn Joslyn.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—wilson, revival, Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald.

State, B'waj at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., Aug. 1: The Affairs

of Susan," Joan Fontaine, George Brent, Dennis O'Keefe.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—Thurs.. July 26: "Conflict," Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, Sydney Greenstreet. ... From Fri., July 27: "Christmas in Connecticut." Dennis Morgan, Barbara Stanwyck, Sydney Greenstreet.

Victoria, B'way at 46 (CI 6-7429)—Through Fri.. July 27: "Within These Walls," Thomas Mitchell, Mary Anderson. ... From Sat., July 28: "Don Juan Quilligan," Joan Biondell, William Bendix.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Alden, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Revivals— Through Sat., July 28: the informer, Victor Mc-Laglen; also "One Romantic Night," Ilona Massey, Alan Curtis. . . . Sun. and Mon., July 29-30: "The Sky's the Limit," Fred Astaire, Joan Leslie; also "Swiss Family Robinson," Thomas Mitchell, Freddie Bartholomew. . . . Tues, anil Wed., July 31-Aug. 1: "Waterloo Bridge," Vivien Leigh, Robert Taylor; also "Bermuda Mystery," Preston Foster, Ann Rutherford.

Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50 (EL 5-8790)—Revivals— Through Sat., July 28: ladies in retirement, Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, Elsa Lanchester; also shall we dance?, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire. . . . Sun. through Wed., July 29-Aug. 1 : here comes mr. jordan, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains; also dumbo, Walt Disney full-length film.

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (GR 5-9738)— Revivals— Through Tues., July 31: la maternelle (in French); also "Himlaspelet" (in Swedish). ...From Wed., Aug. 1: "Lac aux Dames" (in French), Simone Simon; also "Abused Confidence" (in French), Danielle Darrieux.

55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 5 5 (CO 5-9438)—SAN Pietro, U. S. Signal Corps short documentary film; also RO girls and a baby (in French), revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)— "A Song to Remember," Merle Oberon, Paul Muni.

Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—Russian films— Through Tues., July 31: "The Last Hill."... From Wed., Aug. 1: “Military Secrets.”

Thalia, B’way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Revivals— Thurs., July 26: dead end, Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea. Humphrey Bogart; also "Great Guy,” James Cagney. ... Fri. through Mon., July 27-30: thunder rock, Michael Redgrave, Barbara Mullen; also "Jeannie,” Michael Redgrave. . . . From Tues., July 31: the it steps, Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat; also 4B hours, Leslie Banks, Elizabeth Allan.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—"The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)-— Through Sat., July 28: “Diamomi Horseshoe,” Betty Grable, Dick Haymes; also "They Met in the Dark,” Joyce Howard, James Mason. . . . Sun. through Tues., July 29-31 : “Sudan,” Maria Montez, Jon Hall; also “That’s the Spirit,” Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie. ... From Wed., Aug. 1: the song of bernadette, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price.

Loew’s 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)-— Through Sat., July 28: the great moment, revival, Betty Field, Joel McCrea; also “Practically Yours,” Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray. . . . Sun. and Mon., July 29-30: "The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire. Herbert Marshall; also "The Brighton Strangler.” June Duprez, John Loder. ... Tues, and Wed., July 31-Aug. 1 : "The Chicago Kid,” Otto Kruger; also “Ten Cents a Dance,” Jane Frazee.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 I PL 3-0336)—-Through Wed., Aug. 1 : "This Man's Navy.” Wallace Beery; also “Counter-Attack,” Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)— Thurs., July 26: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball. ...Fri. and Sat., July 27-28: "Diamond Horseshoe,” Betty Grable, Dick Haymes. . . . Sun. through Tues., July 29-31 : "Frenchman’s Creek,” Joan Fontaine, Arturo <le Cordova. . . . From Wed., Aug. 1: “The Clock,” Judy Garland. Robert Walker.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Revivals—

AT THE MOVIE HOU5E5

THURSDAY, JULY 26, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, AUG. I

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 7, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

Thurs., July 26: “Swiss Family Robinson,” Thomas Mitchell. Freddie Bartholomew. . . . Fri. through Sun., July 27-29: “They Came to a City,” John Clements. . . . Mon. and Tues., July 30-31: “Lost Angel,” Margaret O’Brien.... From Wed.. Aug. 1: “Tom Brown's School Days,” Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Through Fri., July 27: "The Picture of Dorian Gray,” Hurd Hatfield, George Sanders. . . . Sat. through Mon., July 28-30: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter; also “Molly and Me,” Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall. ... From Tues., July 31: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5 3577) — Through Mon., July 30: “Flame of Barbary Coast,” Ann Dvorak, John Wayne; also "The Horn Blows at Midnight,” Jack Benny, Alexis Smith. ... Tues, and Wed., July 31-Aug. 1: Arrowsmith, revival, Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman; also they shall have music (now called “Ragged Angels”), revival, Jascha Heifetz.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)-—Through Sun., July 29:

“The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall. . . . From Mon., July 30: "Till We Meet Again,” revival, Barbara Britton, Ray Milland.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302) — Through Sun., July 29: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter. . . . From Mon., July 30: our Hearts were young and gay, revival, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell.

Loew’s 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222) — Through Wed., Aug. 1 : “This Man’s Navy,” Wallace Beery; also “Counter-Attack,” Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs.. July 26: “It’s a Pleasure!,” Sonja Henie. Michael O’Shea; also "Molly and Me,” Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, Roddy McDowall. . . . Fri. through Mon., July 27-30: “The Clock,” Judy Garland, Robert Walker; also "Gentle Annie,” Donna Reed, Janies Craig. . . . From Tues., July 31: “Diamond Horseshoe,” Betty Grable, Dick Haymes; also “The Scarlet Clue,” Sidney Toler.

Trans-Lux 85yh Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)— Through Sat., July 28: “The Clock,” Judy Garland, Robert Walker. . . . Sun. through Tues., July 29-31: “Frenchman’s Creek,” Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova. . . . From Wed., Aug. 1 : the informer, revival, Victor McLaglen.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900) — Through Mon., July 30: “Flame of Barbary Coast,” Ann Dvorak, John Wayne; also “The Horn Blows at Midnight,” Jack Benny, Alexis Smith. ... Tues, and Wed., July 31-Aug. 1: Arrowsmith, revival, Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman; also they shall have music (now called “Ragged Angels”), revival, Jascha Heifetz.

Loew’s 86yh Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)— Through Fri., July 27: ’ The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall; also “The Brighton Strangler,” June Du-prez, John Loder. . . Sat. through Tues., July 28-31: “Rainbow Island,” revival, Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Braqken; also “Till We Meet Again,” revival, Barbara Britton, Ray Milland. . . . Wed., Aug. 1 : "Blonde from Brooklyn.” Lynn Merrick, Robert Stanton; also "Bells of

Rosarita," Roy Rogers.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., July 30: the great moment, revival. Bitty Field, Joel McCrea; also "Practically Yours," Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray. . . . Tues, and Wed., July 31-Aug. 1 : "The Chicago Kid." Otto Kruger; also "Ten Cents a Dance," Jane Frazee.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3 (CH 3-9019)—Thurs., July 26: "Diamond Horseshoe." Betty Grable, Dick Haymes; also "The Scarlet Clue," Sidney Toler. ...Fri. and Sat., July 27-28: here comes mr. jordan, revival. Robert Montgomery. Claude Rains; also "You'll Never Get Rich," revival, Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth. . . . Sun. through Tues., July 29-31: "Sudan." Maria Montez, Jon Hall; also "That's the Spirit," Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie. ... From Wed.. Aug. 1: the song of bernadette, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price.

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs.,

July 26: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bankbead. Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter. . . . Fri. through Mon., July 27-30: here comes mr. jordan, revival, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains. . . . From Tues., July 31: "Till We Meet Again," revival, Barbara Britton, Ray Milland.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., July 30: the greay moment, revival, Betty-Field, Joel McCrea: also "Practically Yours." Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray. . . . Tues, and Wed., July 31-Aug. 1; 'The Chicago Kid." Otto Kruger; also "Ten Cents a Dance," Jane Frazee.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350) — Thurs., July 26: "The Hard Way." revival. Ida Lupino, Dennis Morgan, Joan Leslie; also "The Youngest Profession," revival, Virginia Weidler, Edward Arnold. . . . Fri. through Mon.. July 27-30: "Diamond Horseshoe," Betty Grable, Dick Haymes; also "The Scarlet Clue," Sidney Toler. . . . From Tues., July 31 : holiday, revival, Katharine Hepburn. Cary Grant; also jane eyre, revival, Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles.

R.K.O. 23rd Syreet, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)— Through Mon., July

30: “Flame of Barbary Coast,” Ann Dvorak, John Wayne; also "The Horn Blows at Midnight.” Jack Benny. Alexis Smith. ... Tues, and Wed., July 31-Aug. 1: Arrowsmith, revival, Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman; also they shall have music (now called "Ragged Angels”), revival, Jascha Heifetz.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., July 28: “Sudan,” Maria Montez. Jon Hall; also “That’s the Spirit,” Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie. . . . Sun. and Mon., July 29-30: cringing up baby, revival, Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant; also Sahara, revival, Humphrey Bogart. . . . From Tues., July 31: here comes mr. jordan, revival. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains; also “You'll Never Get Rich,” revival, Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth.

77th Street, B’way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Wed., Aug. 1: “The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall; also "The Brighton Strangler,” June Duprez, John Loder.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B’way at 81 (TR 7-6160) — Through Mon., July 30: “Flame of Barbary Coast,” Ann Dvorak. John Wayne; also “The Horn Blows nt Midnight.” Jack Benny. Alexis Smith. ... Tues, and Wed.. July 31-Aug. 1: Arrowsmith, revival, Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman; also they shall have music (now called "Ragged Angels”), revival, Jascha Heifetz.

Loew’s 83rd Syreet, B’way at 83 (TR 7-3190) — Through Wed., Aug. 1 : “This Man’s Navy.” Wallace Beery; also "Counter-Attack,” Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman.

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696) — Through Fri., July 27: “Beyond Tomorrow,” revival, Maria Ouspenskaya, Charles Winninger; also “Tom Brown’s School Days,” revival, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon. . . . Sat. through Mon., July 28-30: “The Picture of Dorian Gray,” Hurd’ Hatfield, George Sanders: also "Boston Blackie Booked on Sus-jiicion,” Chester Morris, Lynn Merrick. . . . Tues, and Wed., July 3i-Aug. 1: a royal scandal, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter; also "Tarzan and the Amazons,” Johnny Weissmuller.

Stoddard, B’way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Revivals— Through Tues., July 31: here comes mr. jordan, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains; also

“You'll Never Get Rich,” Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth. ...From Wed., Aug. 1: laura, Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb; also "The Lodger,” Merle Oberon, Laird Cregar, George Sanders.

Riverside, B’way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Mon.. July 30ˆ “Flame of Barbary Coast," Ann Dvorak, John Wayne; also “The Horn Blows at Midnight,” Jack Benny, Alexis Smith. . . . Tues, and Wed., July 31-Aug. 1: Arrowsmith, revival, Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman; also they shall have music (now called “Ragged Angels”), revival, Jascha Heifetz.

Carlton, B’way at too (AC 2-3862)—Thurs., July 26: "MoIHe and Me,” Monty Woolley, Gracie Fields, Roddy McDowall; also “Dillinger,” Edmund Lowe, Lawrence Tierney. . . . Fri, through Mon., July 27-30: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball; also “Leave It to Blondie,” Penny Singleton. . . . From Tues., July 31: the sohg of bernadette, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price.

Olympia, B’way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Wed.,-Aug. 1: “This Man’s Navy,” Wallace Beery; also “Counter-Attack,” Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman.

Nemo, B’way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Through Mon., July 30: “Flame of Barbary Coast,” Ann Dvorak, John Wayne; also "The Horn Blows at Mi,' night,” Jack Benny, Alexis Smith. . . . Tues, and Wed., July 31-Aug. 1: arrowsmith, revival, Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman; also they shall have music (now called “Ragged Angels”), revival, Jascha Heifetz.

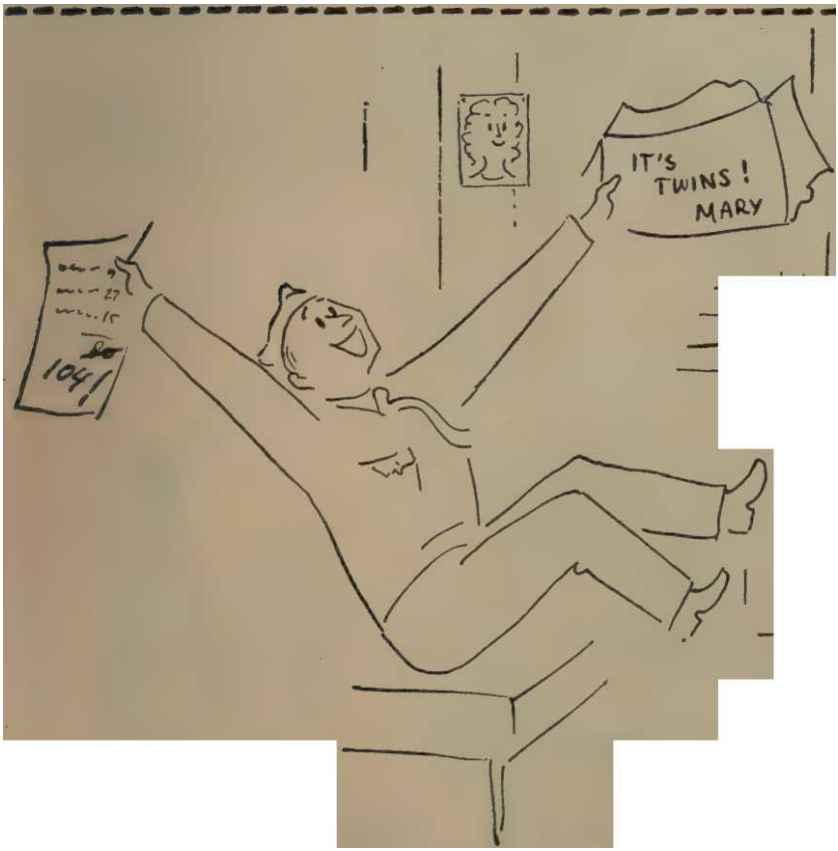
Loews 175th Street, B’way at 175 (WA 7-5200) — Through Tues., July 31: “This Man's Navy.” Wallace Beery; also “Counter-Attack.” Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman. ... Weil., Aug. 1: “High Powered,” Robert Lowery, Phyllis Brooks; also "Penthouse Rhythm,” Li s Collier.

Coliseum, B’way at 181 (WA 7-7200')—Through Mon.. July 30: “Flame of Barbary Coast.” Ann Dvorak, John Wayni : "Iso "The Horn Blows at Midnight,” Jack Benny, Alexis Smith. . . . Tues, and Wed., July 31-Aug. 1: arrowsmith, revival, Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman; also they shall have music (now called “Ragged Angels”), revival,

Jascha Heifetz.

9

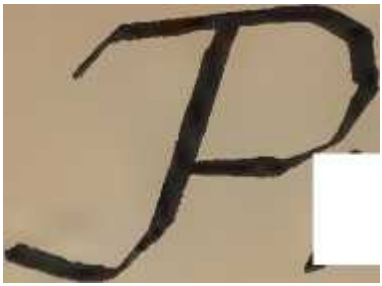
Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!


IT'S TWINS !
MARY
104

Nor the power of the magazine which has the largest audited circulation of ANY magazine, given it exclusively by women

4AD·ES —jOUftNAL

The magazine women believe im



reckons

Whether you're toting a few cold bottles to a favorite picnic spot — or having SCHLITZ brought on a silver tray at the club — the beer that made Milwaukee famous is truly "precious cargo." For its smoothness and delicacy have no equal — and its famous flavor is prized by every lover of fine beer.

Wˆwˆftwˆ/t

OF THE HOPS

...no bitterness

Copr. /Qjj, Joi. Sihlitx Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wi>.

THE

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

IN TIME OF TYRANNY

'Some tyrants leave their trace in history books. Others cast their shadows only on the heart. These are the little tyrants of day-by-day living: uncertainty . . . destroyer of the morning’s adventuresome mood; misgiving . . . oppressor of the evening’s peace of mind.

To win against such forces, man has a mighty weapon. Music! Sublimely rendered by the Capehart or the Farnsworth, it becomes a source of courage and solace, of fresh enthusiasm for the morrow's work.

Like so many ochers, you, too, may be looking forward to unhurried hours of enjoyment beside one of these magic

instruments. These pleasures will be yours, with the faultless tone and troublefree performance which has for 17 years distinguished products of the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation.

Among tomorrow's models will be the finest phonograph-radios and radios in this brilliant history of Capehart and Farnsworth. Skilled

television engineers, who contributed toward the development of Radar and precision electronic devices, promise you sparkling reception. If you wish, select an FM program. Or enjoy through a flawless record-changer an entire evening of effortless entertainment.

From the popular Farnsworth to the connoisseur's Capehart, cabinet styles and sizes will offer great variety. And in each price range, surpassing quality . . . the key to Farnsworth leadership! Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

•

The Coronation Keene, from the opera "Boris Godounov" by Modest Moussorgsky, interpreted for the Capehart Collection by Robert Riggs. With a rich brush, the artist has brought to life the turmoil within the usurperTsar's mind os he appears in ihe courtyard of the Kremlin on the way to the cathedral to assume imperial rank. Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your Capehart dealer, or you may write direct to Capehart Division, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

FARNSWORTH

RADIO • TELEVISION • PHONOGRAPHS

TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

N. W AYER & SON

“I know what I ll buy first T

High on the postwar purchasing list of most Cadillac owners is another Cadillac car.

No other motor car in America—according to the findings of a nation-wide survey—has such a firm hold on the loyalty of its owners.

Three million motorists were recently asked to express an opinion as to what make they expected their next car to be. And those who own Cadillacs led the owners of all makes in saying they intended to “repeat” on their present cars. This, of course, is but logical. Wartime driving has made it clearer

than ever that Cadillac quality stands alone. Cadillac’s beauty and comfort and safety have always been factors which the buyer could see and appraise —but only extended usage can reveal the full value of Cadillac craftsmanship. The years and the miles are

unusually kind to a Cadillac.

In the future, as in the past, Cadillac cars will be built in the Cadillac tradition—where craftsmanship is a creed, and accuracy a law. Inhere will be but a single Cadillac standard—and that the "Standard of the World."

Fvery Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR-NBC Network

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION

CORPORATION

tBUY MORE

WAR BONDS

KEEP WHAT YOU HAVE

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A PUBLISHER of dictionaries, we see, plans to omit from future

editions the words “nigger,” “coon,” “sheeny,” “dago,” and “wop.” His idea is a dictionary shouldn’t contain terms of racial opprobrium. We admire the spirit behind this decision, but we wonder what will happen to the lexicographer’s art if publishers become social-minded. Once you start pitching words out of the dictionary, as you might pitch a bad fish out of the window, there is no telling where to stop. The word “first” would have to go, since it forms part of America First, a society composed of enemies' of the people. The words “foreign” and “policy” would have to go, since the)’ form

a political phrase that is full of high-test opprobrium. At this rate, the dictionary would shrink fast. We think publishers had better retain the word “nigger” and simply add to the definition a crisp thumbnail sketch of those who regularly employ the word.

A LABEL is a lovesome thing, as any child knows who buys candy bars. Our own candy buying reached its peak many years before the Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act took hold, and ’ we gladly accepted unwrapped gumdrops and licorice shoelaces from the horny paw of Ice Cream Joe in front ’ of P.S. 2. Today there is more real pleasure, more wholesome delight, more nourishment in candy buying, and a lot of the satisfaction is right in . the label. Take a child who is all hopped up on vitamins from his breakfast food and who is considering the purchase of a t'dbit known as a Delicia Bar tp top

off with—he doesn’t have to buy blindly, as we did, or with the hot, undiscriminating haste of a kid lusting for free sugar. He can learn from the wrapper what he is getting into: “Choc

olate Coating with added Lecithin, an Emulsifier, and Vanillin, an artificial flavor; Filling consisting of Sugar and Dextrose, Hydrogenated Vegetable Oil, Crushed Almonds, Peach or Apricot Kernels, Cocoa, Natural Flavor; Wafers consisting of Flour, Non-Fat Dry Milk Solids, Powdered Egg Yolk, Starch, Hydrogenated Vegetable Oil, Leavening, and Salt." Almost a full meal before he ever gets to the candy.

A HISTORIAN at N.Y.U. has written in complaining of our dogmatism, our muddleheadedness, and our stupidity. "I expect," he says, "clear thinking." (Usually, when anybody says he expects clear thinking, he means he expects thinking, with which he agrees.) The Professor is annoyed by our recent remarks about the right to work (the right to a job). "I see no reason," he says, "why free enterprise cannot be made to operate in such a wax as to provide jobs for everybody." Neither do we. But we see no reason, either, why a professor should confuse jobs for everybody with the-right to w'ork. Full employment is an excellent idea. We are for it, have been for it, and shall continue to be for it. The right to work is a different-colored horse—or so it seems to us. We

doubt that we are for it, or ever shall be. Let's pose a hypothetical question: Suppose N.Y.U. w'ere to discover that one of its professors was confusing jobs for all with the right to ' work.

Should the Professor, or should he not, have the right to continue on the payroll, implanting such dogmatic (different from ours), such muddleheaded (different from ours), and such stupid (different from ours) notions in the heads of the young?

WE hope the Senate will ratify

•without delay the Charter of the United Nations. We wish the nations had chosen to set up something more businesslike and more costly than a league, but they didn't, and the best this country can do now is join up and start making improvements fast. The principles expressed in the Charter are high. The purposes expressed are good. The preamble begins, "We the people . . ." The spirit at San Francisco was democratic. Therefore we hope the United States will go in boldly and get wet all over and see what can be done to turn the United Nations into a union that can serve the needs of humanity, for they are great. And on this occasion we recognize the fears expressed by Senator Harlan J. Bushfield in a radio address—fears that membership in the league wa'll place our sovereignty in the hands of "foreigners." Every step in the unification process that is going on in the world has aroused just such fears and hesitancies and horrors. Josiah Quincy, congressman from Massachusetts, put it beautifully in 1819, when Alabama was being admitted to statehood.

"You have no authority," he said, "to throw' the rights and property of this people into the 'hotch-potch' with the w'ild men on the Missouri, nor w'ith the mixed, though more responsible race of Anglo-Hispan-Gallo-Americans who bask on the sands in the mouth of the Mississippi. . . . Do you suppose the people of the Northern and Atlantic States w'ill, or ought to, look with patience and see Representatives and Senators from the Red River and Missouri pouring

themselves upon this and the other floor, managing the concerns of a seaboard fifteen hundred miles, at least, from their residence ? "

The wind has been blowing on Capitol Hill for a hundred and twenty-five years, and the words of Josiah Quincy still haunt the conscience of men of good fear. But the planet rolls on. Even as we sit here copying down the 1819 argument of the Gentleman from Massachusetts, one of Missouri's wild men is sitting in a foreign land, in Potsdam, with a wild Englishman and a wild Russian, trying to make the world less hotchy, less potchy, more of a piece.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: At the

Stadium concerts, the part of the audience that sits on the roofs of

the nearby apartment houses joins in the applause by blinking flashlights.

There is (or was) a firm in Berlin that manufactured precision thread-rolling machines under the company name of Pee-V ee Maschinen und Ap-paratebau.

Sheffield's delivers milk to the Farm-in-the-Zoo in Bronx Park.

Tabs, Shafts $_{y}$ and Toggles

Major Murray Ferderber,

A.A.F., a stocky, energetic man in his early forties, is chief of the Convalescent Rehabilitation Service at the Mitchel Field hospital. One afternoon recently he showed us his latest undertaking,. which bears at the moment the rather unnerving title of Disassembling Project. In a low-ceilinged workshop at the hospital, Ferderber has set a number of hospitalized Air Forces men to taking apart brand-new but already obsolete units of the automatic pilot made for use in heavy bombers. The units had barely been finished when a better automatic pilot was invented. The manufacturer, who was forbidden by government regulation to use his own employees for disassembling work (presumably because of the manpower it would require), was all set to hammer and chop up the units and sell them for mixed metal scrap. That is the usual fate of obsolete equipment whose secret design must be protected. Ferderber got wind of what was going on and said to the manufacturer, "Give me those parts. We'll disassemble

them for you. We'll sort the parts so that you can sell them for salvage and all those precious priority materials will find their way back into industry." Major Ferderber is, as his oration demonstrates, an eloquent and persuasive fellow, and he got the units. As mutilated scrap, they would have been worth almost nothing. With the parts intact, they bring from two to four dollars a unit. Further, the manufacturer, who sells the salvaged material, has agreed that the proceeds be set aside for the benefit of convalescent service men at Mitchel Field. It was also agreed between Ferderber and the manufacturer that the men could help themselves to any parts they

want for building or repairing their radios, cameras, and so on, or for the making of gadgets of their own design, which is part of the rehabilitation scheme.

We asked Ferderber about the therapeutic value of disassembling automatic pilots. “Simplicity is the thing,” he said. “Before I got in the Army, I had a research fellowship in industrial hygiene at the University of Pittsburgh Medical School. Before I took over this particular job, I ran a school here for the training of personnel for rehabilitation work. I’ve thought a good deal about all this and it seems to me that a boy who’s just back from combat wants a simple job at first but a job that’s interesting. Well, this project is simple, but it’s also fun. It helps a boy settle down and it encourages him to go on to more complex work, like building a radio. It makes for a productive convalescence. The hospitalized kids have to take medical therapy and physical training, but this work is voluntary. I don’t want to anchor them to any useless theories about what they ought to be doing, so if they decide to skip this, it’s O.K. with me. Of the two hundred men in our convalescent program, seventy-five per cent have chosen to work here.”

Ferderber, who says he has about three thousand ideas for rehabilitation, introduced us to a T/5 who was starting to dismantle a control panel, a black, boxlike affair, about nine by ten inches,

that had three dials across the top. He was a sandy-haired boy, with a long, freckled face and long, freckled hands. He left Okinawa only a couple of weeks ago. “Sometimes you feel kind of sore about everything,” he said to us. “You feel like hitting somebody.” He banged a pair of pliers against the panel, then quickly unfastened three meters, six luminous toggle switches, thirty-one wires, and two electromagnetic relays, naming each part for us as he went along. “Ripping one of these things apart is almost as good as hitting somebody,” he said.

I he T/5 told us that the men like to keep the toggle switches. They are handy in all sorts of ways: one man rebuilt an old phonograph and put in a bomb-sight toggle switch for turning it on and off. The insulation on the thirty-one wires in the panel is of various colors, to indicate various functions; such wire is fine for making girls’ bracelets. The men have fitted the electromagnetic relays onto doorbells, car horns, electric organs, and juke boxes. A part of the automatic pilot known as the trim tab (it helps control the plane’s rudder in flight) has a one-tenth-horsepower motor, about the size and shape of a can of baked beans. One young sergeant has worked out a way of swivelling his heavy camera with it. The men also find that the gears, shafts, and bearings that come out of the trim tab are handy for making coaster wagons, doll carriages, and such for the children back home. The trim tab has a device called the micro-switch, employed in peacetime in incubators for baby chicks and in pin-ball machines. So far, the men have found no new uses for it, but, as the T/5 said to us, “There’s no guessing what we’ll invent when we get to thinking hard enough. We’re only just at the beginning.”

Inside Job

COLORED girl who works for a lady we know

was robbed of some of her clothes last week. The fact that only her best clothes were missing, she said, made her suspect that it was the work of a false friend. “Don’t nobody but your friends

“There won’t be a German prisoner in the lower berth, will there?”

do that to you,” she remarked. “They get real close to you and pick out what they want.”

200 Rooms

ERE are some facts about the

Neues Palais, or New Palace, in

H

Potsdam, where a certain houseparty is now in progress. The Palais is not to be confused (at any rate, not by us) with Potsdam’s Stadt-Schloss, where Frederick the Great lived in his youth and where his father drilled the Potsdam Giants, those outsized grenadier.s who were shanghaied from all parts of Europe to lend an air of stately elegance to the Prussian military. Nor is it to be confused with Sans Souci, another of Frederick’s palaces in Potsdam, a pleasant little one-story palace where he spent most of his time between wars,

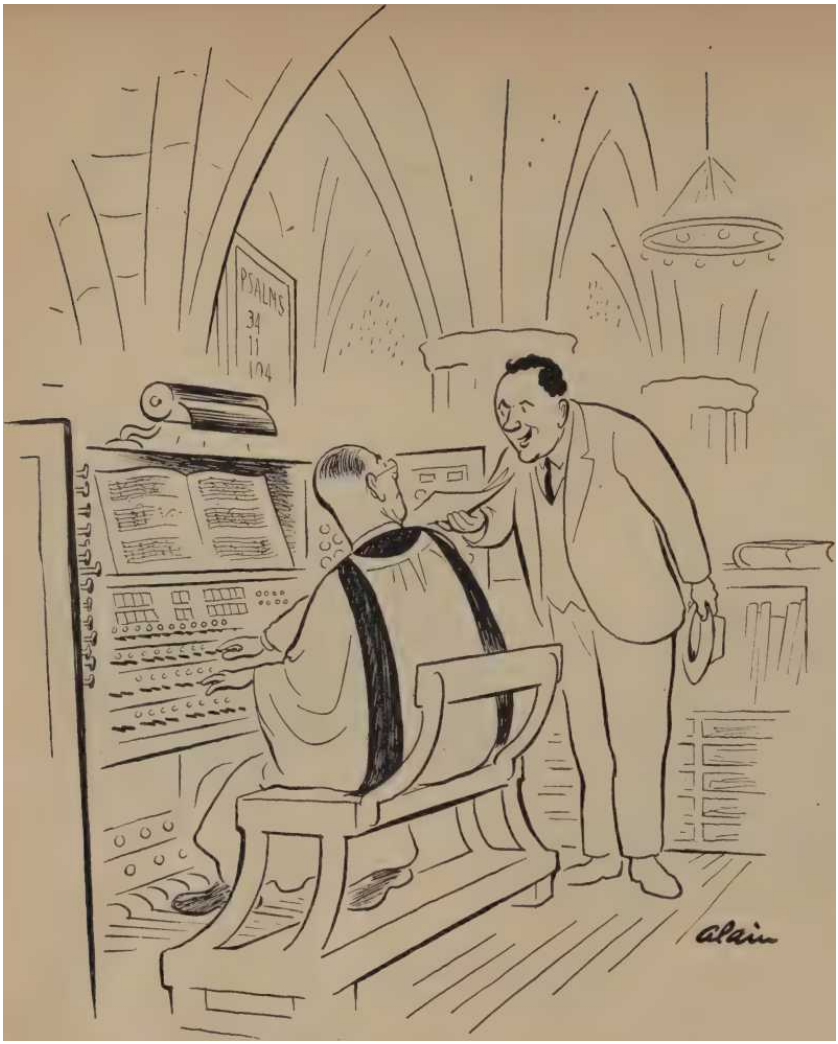
where Voltaire visited him, and where Frederick died. The Neues Palais was built by Frederick at the end of the Seven Years' War to demonstrate to his

enemies that he still had plenty of dough left. Whether or not he was personally well heeled, the palace was built with money taken from a fund set up for the relief of war widowsand wounded soldiers and for the rebuilding of devastated areas. Frederick chose to declare Potsdam a devastated area and further announced that he was building the palace to "give work to the unemployed."

The building of the palace kept a large number of people busy from 1763 through 1 769. As impatient clients are likely to do, Frederick quarrelled with his architects, finally worked out the design for himself, and botched the job. For one thing, the building turned out to have almost no corridors; one room simply opened into another. Frederick kept on building rooms until he got to two hundred. That, being a round number, must have seemed a good point to stop. When Kaiser Wilhelm II took over the place, in the late nineteenth century, he and the Empress found that

they had to walk through the bed and dressing rooms of four of their princely children in order to get from their private dining room to their private sitting room. They never did much about it. Nearly every room contains a large black fireplace with an "J" carved in the middle of the mantelpiece, standing for you know who. The interior was once described as being decorated with "quivering stalactites and gilded latticework" and the exterior walls are red brick. The structure has two cupolas that look like cherries on a banana split. In general, the style is a late, somewhat hysterical version of rococo.

From Frederick's death to the days of Wilhelm II, the place was occupied mostly by second-string royalty. Then the late Kaiser's mother, the Empress Victoria, lived there, became fond of the place, and went so far as to put in running water here and there on the premises and to install a couple of zinc bathtubs. She was a daughter of Queen Victoria and was constantly sus-



“Il’s a little fugue I wrote. I was hoping you might plug it at vespers.”

pected of plotting against the German state. The Kaiser disliked her, and as soon as he reached the throne, in 1 888, he evicted her. He and his family spent most of their time there until late in 1918, when he headed for Doorn. At first Wilhelm and his wife slept in a wide, tapestrv-hung bed that Madame de Pompadour was supposed to have presented to Frederick the Great, but it wasn’t long before that was supplanted by two modern, shiny brass bedsteads made in

England. Wilhelm also installed electric lights, but he never got around to attempting central heating. He and his family used only fifty-eight of the two hundred rooms. Two of these were filled with racks holding the Kaiser's foreign uniforms.

South of the Palais are a deer park and the deer-park railroad station,

which is one of the stops on a line running to Berlin. On arriving from the city at night, Wilhelm occasionally decided that he couldn't be bothered making the five-minute trip from the station to his quarters in the palace and would spend the night aboard his train. This meant that the train stayed right w'here it was, that no freight trains were allowed to pass through the station, no whistles or bells were rung, and local employees of the railroad stood by respectfully all night instead of going home. There have never been such goings on in Missouri.

Easy D oes It

WE have a report of a determined old lady on a crowded Third Avenue trolley who, at Ninety-sixth Street,

began to work her way toward the rear door, nudging passengers with what our informant calls a reticule and saying that she had to get off at Fortyeighth Street. By the time the trolley reached Fiftieth Street, only one passenger, a thin, distinguished-looking man with a waxed white mustache and a homburg hat, stood between her and her goal. The old lady set to work on him with her reticule. "I'm getting off at Forty-eighth Street," she said. "You'll have to get out of my way." The man glanced down at her and said, "It so happens, Madam, that I am also getting off at Forty-eighth Street. The difficulty, if I may say so, is that you take travelling too seriously." He twisted his mustache and the old lady watched him in awe, her reticule dangling. "There's nothing to get excited about," he went on. "You'll find that things always work out if you take it easy. In a word, relax." Having finished his speech, the man bowed, pulled the bell cord, and assisted the lady off the trolley. He was somewhat disturbed to find that the car had by then reached Fortyfourth Street, but after a moment he rallied, offered the lady his arm, and

set off with her in the direction of Fortyeighth.

Homeward Bound

WE looked in on Barry Fitzgerald at a quiet midtown hotel one day last week to talk to him about the visit to Ireland he is going to make as soon as he gets an exit permit. When we arrived, Mr. Fitzgerald was trying desperately to read “War and Peace” but making little headway. “Good God,” he said, “I’m supposed to be having a vacation and the bloody telephone never stops its din. And every other moment somebody sends me a telegram asking me to do this and do that. I’m highly harassed, and I’ll be damned glad when I’m on my way.” Mr. Fitzgerald, who is getting to look more and more like a leprechaun every day, is going home chiefly to visit his sister, a Dublin matron whom he hasn’t seen since the war began. He also wants to have an- . other look at the old country. “Now that I’ve been away so long,” he told us, “I’m curious to see how Ireland will appeal to me. As I remember it, it was pretty distinct from California. While I’m there, I’ll probably carry a spear in the Abbey Theatre for sentiment’s sake, hut I’ve got no intention of appearing in any larger

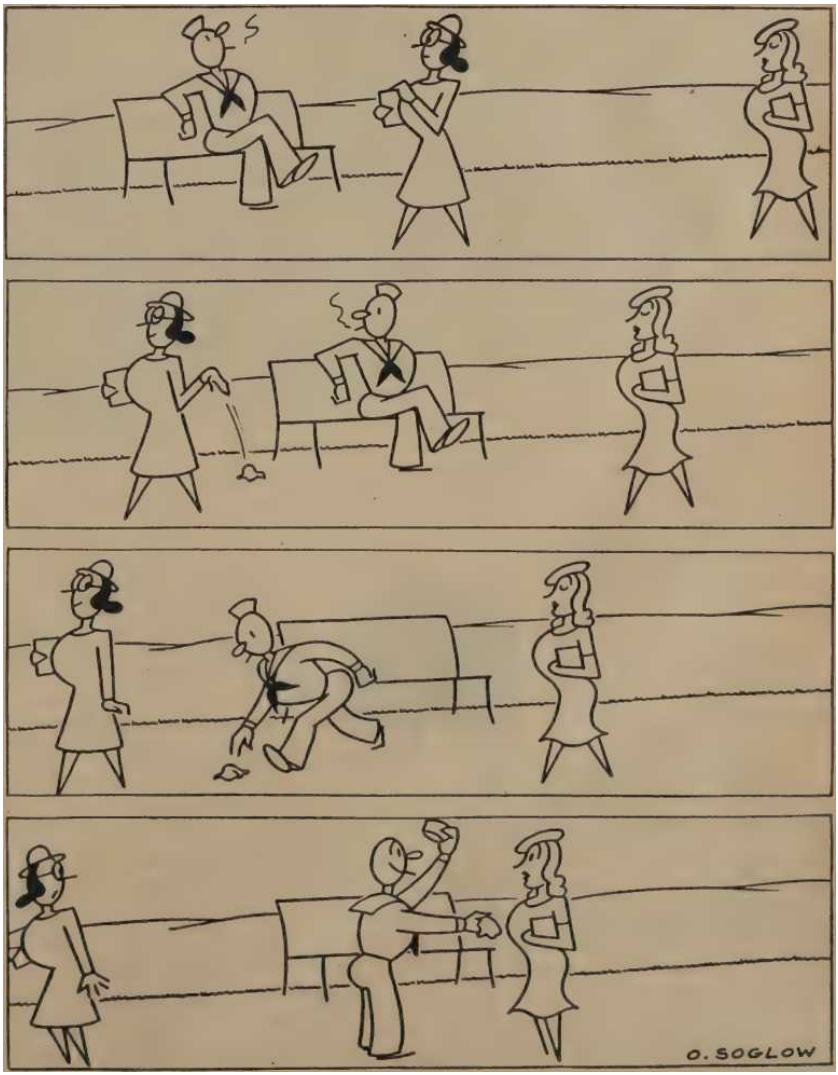
capacity. In the old days, all of us had to carry spears now and then, whatever our standing in the company, and I’ll enjoy hrandishingoneagain.” He paused to cock an ear in the direction of the bathroom of his suite, where the plumbing was gurgling faintly. “That’s a new noise,” he remarked thoughtfully. “It’s like the sound of a death watch.” The telephone rang. “I defy it to rouse me,” said Mr. Fitzgerald. It rang again. “Och,” he said, “I haven’t the stamina to sit here while it jangles.”

After Fitzgerald had pleaded with whoever it was on the phone to head off some of the people who were looking for him, he said that his stay in New York is being largely devoted to going to the theatre and looking up old friends. “It’s difficult for me nowadays,” he remarked, “to go about with anv degree of freedom. There are times when I think it would be nice to go to some bar and have a fine, foolish, mock-serious conversation with a friend, with all the world surging around me. But when I go, I barely lift a glass before somebody is leaning over me and telling me how wonderful I was

with the turkev leg in ‘Going My Way.’ There’s a lot to be said for a career as a librarian or accountant. Sometimes I wish I’d never left the civil service in Ireland.” We asked Fitzgerald what the chances were of his returning to the theatre in “Juno and the Paycock” or “The Plough and the Stars” and he said, “Ah, I don’t think I’ll be doing much outside of Hollywood for a good while. ˆ ou know, it’s not at all bad living out there—about as quiet a place as I’ve ever been. I very seldom go out, except to take a spin on my motor bike —which the studio hates to have me ride—or to have dinner with my friends. There are a good many of the old Abbey group out there, but I don’t see them as often as I’d like to.” We inquired about the half-Indian who serves as his companion, valet, housekeeper, friend, and stand-in in Hollywood. “A fine character,” said Fitzgerald. “He does all kinds of things for me, including holding the book on me when I rehearse lines. He doesn’t oiler any criticism of my readings. I guess he knows that I always like my own version of a part just a bit better than anybody else’s.” Besides motorcycle riding, Fitzgerald has lately become interested in music and is currently practicing on the piano, which he expects to master before senility descends upon him. His

brother, Arthur Shields, who used to direct and act with the Irish Players, is now directing and acting in Hollywood, and Fitzgerald sees a good deal of him.

Fitzgerald has had no easy time getting used to the antics of the Hollywood publicity people. “They keep asking me for something with a story,” he said, “which is an open temptation not to tell the truth at all. There was one lady with glasses asked me what my ambition was and I told her I’d like to be rich enough to own a team of elephants. I’m damned if she didn’t believe me.” Fitzgerald won an Academy Award for his performance as a priest in “Going My Way,” but he says he hasn’t been cast as a priest since. “I don’t mind being a priest a bit, though,” he said. “The role is an easy one as long as the lines are satisfactory. There’s a tendency in Hollywood, you know, to regard an Irishman as a funny character no



matter what he does, and sometimes they make no effort at all to supply reasonable lines." We were curious about Mr. Fitzgerald's reaction to Hollywood's whoopdedoo over "discovering" him in 1 944. "I'll repeat the comment of a friend of mine," he said. " 'Fitzgerald was discovered in Dublin, then he was discovered in London, and then he was discovered in New York. Finally he was discovered in Hollywood. The only other place that he'll ever be discovered is in Woodlawn.' "

Perquisite

TNTO a stationery-and-candy store on upper Lexington there came two well-dressed gentlemen. One bowed to the proprietor, introduced his companion, and said, “Mr. Smith is subletting my apartment for the rest of the summer. Will you please sell him my cigarettes?”

HOW TO KEEP FROM GOING CRAZY IN THE NATIONS CAPITAL OH, A NOTE ON THE FOUNDER. OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

CUT off for the past three years from the Museum of Natural History, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the New York Historical Society; exiled from the Museum of the American Indian, the Museum of Science & Industry, and the Parke-Bernet Galleries; four hours by train from striking distance of the old George Blumenthal house,"the Jumel mansion, not to mention the site of the old Peter Cooper house, at No. 9 Lexington Avenue, I have sought solace in the Smithsonian Institution, a multi-building hodgepodge of everything from an 1834 silk dress “made of silk produced from cocoons raised by Abigail Sherwood on her father’s farm in Fairfield County, Connecticut” to the first jet-propelled airplane.

I have inspected not only the Smithsonian’s treasures but also its history. This dates from 1846, when Congress belatedly voted to accept a bequest of $550,000 left in 1829 by James Smithson, an illegitimate son of the first Duke of Northumberland, to the United States of America “to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.” Smithson had never visited this country. His unconventional connection with his father, who was married to a Lady Percy, may have given him a chip on the shoulder as far as England was concerned. “The best blood of England flows in my veins,” he once wrote. “On my father’s side I am a Northumberland, on my mother’s I am related to kings, hut this avails me not. My name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of the Northumberlands and the Percys are extinct and forgotten.”

Approximately $ 1,500,000

has been added to the original Smithsonian endowment and the Institution has been entrusted with collections worth many times that sum. It is governed by a board of regents, headed by Chief Justice Stone, whose responsibilities, in addition to the exhibits already mentioned, include the Spirit of St. Louis, a good deal of sulphur from Gergenti, Sicily, an 1831 locomotive, a 1902 Franklin automobile, an 1876 hand-drawn steam fire engine known as the Lily of the Swamp,

dresses of Presidents' wives, some rather faded Cecropia moths, a hell of a big stamp collection, the Alfred Duane Pell collection of spode, a bureau which used to embellish the studio of Eliphalet Fraser Andrews, founder of the W. W. Corcoran School of Art, a family group of Cocopa Indians, busts of Alice Longworth and P. T. Barnum, dinosaur and mastodon skeletons, one of James Smithson's visiting cards, a stuffed Jocose cactus wren (Campy lorhynchus Jocosus}, an upright spinet, or clavicytherium, and a cast of a seventy-eight-foot sulphur-bottom whale.

My passion for these and allied items has caused me to scratch up an acquaintance with a number of men prominent in Smithsonian circles. Dr. Alexander Wetmore, secretary of the Smithsonian and a crackajack avian paleontologist, has permitted me to finger some of his reconstructed birds; Dr. Charles Greeley Abbot, retired secretary of the Smithsonian and a noted astrophysicist, has described for me his solar cooker and, scarcely pausing for breath, sung a singularly passionate love song with which he regales the other members of his car pool, a group of young women; Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, president of the National Geographic Society and editor of its magazine, has brightened my life in the nation's capital by telling

me how, in 1903, when Smithson's body was about to be turned out of its grave in Genoa to make room for a quarry, or part of a quarry, Grosvenor's father-inlaw, the late Alexander Graham Bell, a regent of the Smithsonian Institution, personally brought the remains and sarcophagus to Washington to be installed in the Smithsonian's main building.

Against this background of erudition and special knowl

edge, I hope it will not be necessary for me to pretend that I recently acquired a volume published in 1880 and entitled "James Smithson and His Bequest," by William J. Rhees, simply in order to fill a gap in the shelf on which I keep my dark-green books. I bought Mr. Rhees's book because of prior interest and I have been combing it for significant passages ever since. Smithson was something of a scientist—a bug for analytical chemistry and a member of the Royal Society of London

•—and it is a description of one of his experiments as outlined at the anniversary meeting of this society in 1830, the year after his death, that struck me as perhaps the most significant passage in the Rhees biography. This passage, which is a quotation from an address by the society's president. Sir Davies Gilbert, runs as follows:

He [Smithson] was the friend of Dr. Wollaston, and at the same time his rival in the manipulation and analysis of small quantities. Aya0r] 8' spa t]8e ppoTotat. Mr. Smithson frequently repeated an occurrence with much pleasure and exultation, as exceeding anything that could be brought into competition with it; and this must apologize for my introducing what might otherwise be deemed an anecdote too light and trifling on such an occasion as the present.

Mr. Smithson declared that, happening to observe a tear gliding down a lady's cheek, he endeavored to catch it on a crystal vessel; that one half of the drop escaped, but having preserved the other half, he submitted it to reagents and detected what was then called microcos-mic salt with muriate of soda and, I think, three or four more saline substances, held in solution.

IN the interest of science, and in justice to Smithson's memory, I propose to clear up the circumstances of this experiment. Smithson never married, so the lady who furnished this useful tear, or half tear, could not have been his wife. Probably she was not even a friend, since apparently he was in a position to go after only one drop, and, having lost half of it, he surely would have liked more. Ladies, once . they get started, produce quite a number of tears in sequence; had Smithson's source of muriate of soda been reason- . ably cooperative, she would have filled ' his crystal vessel, thus performing a fuller service to science. Clearly, then, Smithson and the lady were not on the best of terms. There remains the question of what got her started crying and how Smithson caught her at it. He may have stuck a pin in her, on purpose. This would have annoyed her and would account for her refusal of a second tear, but it appears to be ruled out by Smithson's declaration that he • happened to observe a tear. More likely, he inadvertently said something that stimulated her ducts, and then, the scientist triumphing over the man, ruthlessly whipped out his crystal vessel rather than a decent handkerchief.

I gather from the movies that many interesting scientific discoveries have originated in some such unpremeditated fashion, and I suspect that Smithson was sitting next to a young woman at

a dinner party, around a hundred and twenty years ago, and the following scene was enacted:

Young Woman: Who you leaving your money to, Mr. Smithson?

Smithson: To the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.

Young Woman: The States? Why, we were at war with them only a few years ago! W hy not leave it to a British institution, such as Boodle's? After all, the best blood of England flows in your veins.

Smithson (moodily): Avails me not.

Young Woman: You must leave

your money to England. On your father's side you are a

Northumberland, on your mother's you are related to kings.

Smithson: Avails me not. However, my name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of the Northumberlands and the Percys are extinct and forgotten.

Young Woman: You are a difficult 'un!

Smithson: To hell with England.

Young Woman: Mr. Smithson, you are a traitor!

Smithson: Another peep out of you and I'll leave my money to found the Chicago Tribune.

(The young lady bursts into tears. Smithson fulls out his crystal vessel, clasps it to her check, and tries to catch a drop, only to have half of it escape.)

Smithson: Damn! Mind if I take another drop?

(His dinner partner shakes her head, sobbing, and Smithson, after a greedy look at her glistening cheeks, leaves the room for his laboratory whtle the other guests cry, "For shame!")

If my reconstruction of events is correct, Smithson was never asked to another dinner party. He died, a few years later, a kind of martyr to science, for, like many bachelors, he was very fond of dining out.

—Geoffrey T. Hellman

CHURCHILL INVITES

ATTLEE TO PARLEE

—Headline in the Times.

Always clowning, that Times!

MANILA

IN the early morning the men were told that their transport was standing off the harbor of Manila, and as the light increased they

could see this for themselves. The water of the harbor was blue, but not as blue as the water had been around the atolls, and the harbor was filled with sunken ships. In the distance they could see the buildings of the city, the first city many of them had seen in nearly two years. In the morning light it looked intact—a city with high buildings, with bridges, with traffic on its streets, with bars and stores and theatres and hotels. The troops began to board small boats for the trip to shore and, as they neared the landing place, they saw that Manila had been destroyed. There was no city there. The ruined buildings stood between the harbor and the sky like a mouthful of carious teeth, and the land wind smelled of fire.

Chester Schmidt decided to withhold his decision on Manila until he got a better look at the place. The other men in his platoon were bitterly disappointed, but Chester's tastes were simple. He did not drink and he had never wanted to spend a night in a hotel room. "Now, you can't ever tell about a place until you get into it," he said cheerfully. When his boat landed, the men were marched into a large, fenced area at the edge of the harbor. Here they would

“Pm afraid ids not very cold.”

wait for motor transportation. A crowd of Filipinos stood on the outside of the wire fence, watching the troops debark. Chester walked over to where they stood. “You got any souvenirs to sell?” he asked.

“Victory Joe,” a child called to him. “Hello, Joe, Victory Joe.”

“You got any souvenirs to sell?” Chester asked again. He wondered if they spoke English.

“Victory Joe. Hello, Joe,” the child called.

“You got any souvenirs—money, hara-kiri knives?” Chester said.

“Money,” a boy said. He pulled out of his pocket a wad of bills—Chinese yuan, Japanese centavos and pesos, Indo-Chinese piastres.

“How much?” Chester said.

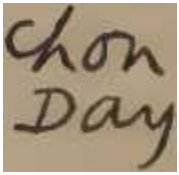
“Cigarettes,” the boy said.

“One peso,” Chester said;

“Two pesos,” the boy said.

“One peso,” Chester said, but he reached into his pocket for two pesos and gave them to the boy for the paper money. Now a dozen other children had come up with money to sell, but military police were patrolling the area, so Chester walked away. He found the men of his platoon sitting on the ground where he had left them. They were service forces, sent from the Marianas, and they wore

their packs and blanket rolls like green troops. The ruin of the city had



saddened them all. “Why, this ain’t going to be such a bad place,” Chester said. “Look at the money I got for two pesos, and if there hadn’t been M.P.s out there I would have gotten more. Hell, now, there ought to be a lot of goddam Jap souvenirs in there.” He pointed to what was left of Manila. “Jap helmets and flags and hara-kiri knives and all that stuff.”

SOMETIME later in the morning, the men were loaded onto a truck convoy. The trucks moved slowly along the boulevard at the edge of the bay, then left the bay road for narrower streets that had never been paved. The trucks threw up a high cloud of dust, and women walked along the road with rags over their mouths. The convoy moved even more slowly once it left the bay road, and then it stopped moving altogether. There were dry rice paddies on either side of the road, and when the dust settled Chester saw the wreckage of three Japanese planes in one of the paddies. The planes had been bulldozed into a heap from wherever they had fallen.

Chester looked along the convoy, wondering how long it would be delayed. He decided to take a chance. He dropped his pack, climbed over the side of the truck, and ran across the rice paddies toward the wreckage. A few men called after him, “Hey, Smitty! Hey, where you going?” They saw him disappear in the heap of torn metal.

Chester could see that the planes had been picked clean by other souvenir hunters, but he knew that tastes differ and that there might be something left. There was. On the floor of one of the cockpits he found a smashed altimeter with Japanese characters on its face. He put the altimeter into his shirt and continued to pull at the wreckage. Then he saw a canvas wing painted with the red insigne of the Japanese. This was something he had wanted for a

long time, and his hands were shaking as he ripped it out with his pocket knife. He stood there for an instant, faced with the decision of picking over the wreckage more carefully or of returning to the trucks, then walked reluctantly back to the convoy. He was just in time. His friends gave him a lift over the tail gate and the convoy began to stir up the dust again.

After another mile of slow travel, the trucks stopped on a street lined with trees, and behind the trees the men could see the ruins of what had once been a suburb. The company commander consulted a map and each platoon was assigned an area. A detail was picked

to dig a latrine and shelter halves began to go up. The Japanese had defended the area and the ground was filled with holes and littered with shell casings. The men worked at clearing the area until nearly dark and then they were sent across the road to a Marine encampment for chow.

It was a very hot night. There was no wind to move the stink of the field kitchens or the garbage pit. Artillery was pounding north of the city and it threw a shaking light on the low clouds. After chow, Chester went back to his tent and examined the Japanese altimeter and insigne that he had picked up that afternoon, and from a spare duffel-bag he took the rest of his souvenirs. There was a grass skirt from Honolulu, polished sea shells from the Marshall Islands, a crude mother-of-pearl cross from Christmas Island, a native knife and a block of ironwood from the A larianas, and a piece of dyed hemp from the southern Philippines. There was a sock filled with loose sea shells, a collection of foreign currency, a Japanese flag that had cost him thirty dollars on Kwajalein, and a Japanese mail-order catalogue that he had bought from a Marine for five dollars. Chester's interest in souvenirs was so absorbing that he had once tried to transfer to the infantry, feeling that this would put him in a better position to pick up samurai swords, Japanese flags, wristwatches, and hara-kiri knives. In the Marianas there had been nothing to buy but shells and crude basketwork, and he had looked forward to his arrival in Manila for a long time. The Army used Chester as a carpenter, and because of delays in finding lumber there was nothing much for him to do his first days in Manila. His unit had landed on a Thursday, and on Sunday, Chester and some

friends hitchhiked down Dewey Boulevard to the Rizal Monument and then walked through the ruins to the river.

The streets of the city were littered with Japanese centavo notes, and Chester stuffed his pockets with them. He looked at the ruins with the unsentimental curiosit}' of a tourist. 1 he municipal buildings near the river— buildings whose facades had put an emphasis on Civic Virtue, Jurisprudence, and the Lights of Education—had been made of reinforced concrete. The iron reinforcements had weathered the shelling like the durable web of a rug, but the concrete had crumbled. Now, suspended from this iron cage that had once been the buildings' hidden support, were the remains of a pediment, an ambitious flight of steps, a Doric colonnade.

"Henry! What are you doing dozenstairs with the upstairs in aid?"

Across the Pasig River, near the Chinese quarter, there were some open stores, and Chester began to shop. “You got any hara-kiri knives?” he asked in the first store he went into. All they had for sale were imitation-leather wallets, key rings, and cheap rosaries. Chester went into the next store and the next. “You got any samurai swords, any hara-kiri knives?” he asked. They had occupation currency and live birds with clipped wings to carry on your wrist, they had ice cream and leis and embroidered handkerchiefs and papayas and portraits of General MacArthur, but the}' had none of the souvenirs Chester wanted. He went into every store and he moved down the street so slowly that the men he was travelling with got impatient and went along without him. Chester did not leave Manila until it began to get dark. He hitched a ride on a Navy truck at the Santa Cruz Bridge. He had bought nothing, and he had looked forward to Manila for so long that it was hard for him to accept his disappointment. Back at his area that night, he was laughed at for his interest in souvenirs. “If they' gave you a rota

tion furlough, you wouldn’t take it, would you, Smitty?” someone said. “You wouldn’t go home without a hara-kiri knife, would you, even if they gave you a rotation furlough.'”

“V ell, now, I’ll tell you,” Chester said seriously. “If they was to give me a furlough, I think I’d ask them could I have it in a month. I been working up to this Manila for nineteen months, and now that 1’rn here I’d like to get something good to remember it with.”

“You want a hara-kiri knife r” a man named Sims asked.

“I might,” Chester said.

“I know where there’s one,” Sims said. “Mr. Hernandez down the road has one. He’ll sell it.”

“Where’s he live at?” Chester said.

“Down on Juan Street,” Sims said. “The third house. My jeep broke down in front of his place and he asked me and Lieutenant Melton into his house and gave us some papayas. We saw the knife.”

“V here’s he live at?” Chester asked again.

“Down on Juan Street.”

Chester would have liked to go there

then, but it was dark and his feet were still burning from the trip to the city.

AFTER work the next night, Chester walked down to Juan Street. The house he had been directed to was a small building that had been damaged bv strafing. The walls and the roof were full of holes. Chester knocked on the door and a thin, dark-skinned man with gold teeth opened it to him.

“I’m from the camp down the road,” Chester said. “Sims down there says you got a hara-kiri knife and I’d sure like to see it. I only seen one and that was in Honolulu."

“Any American soldier is welcome to my home,” the man said. He seemed very tired. “I am Mr. Hernandez,” he said. Chester told him his name and they shook hands. Then Mr. Hernandez stood back against the open door and motioned Chester into the house. The room he entered was light and bare, and light showed through the bullet holes in the walls. The floor was highly polished and there were a few pieces of Chinese furniture around the walls. There were two women in the room, and Mr. Hernandez introduced them to Chester as his wife and daughter.

The daughter, like her father, looked Spanish. Mrs. Hernandez was a smallboned Filipino and she wore the national costume of the Philippines. The starched shoulders of her dress extended nearly a foot beyond her thin body, a scarf was tied around the waist of her long skirt, and the skirt was looped up at the sides to show a starched lace petticoat. She wore earrings and a necklace set with light-purple stones, and her grace filled Chester with respect. He felt that he should have worn a clean uniform.

“You are interested in my knife,” Mr. Hernandez said. “My father bought the knife many years ago as a curio from some Moros.” He went into another room and returned with the knife. The scabbard was round and was made of leather, and when he unsheathed the knife, Chester saw that the blade was clean and sharp.

“That’s the real thing, all right,” Chester said.

“What part of the United States do vou come from?” Mrs. Hernandez asked politely.

“Cross Forks, Pennsylvania,” Chester said. “My father’s get a farm there.”

“So you are a farmer,” Mr. Hernandez said. He sheathed the knife and laid it on a table. “You might say that I am a farmer, too. I own sugar plantations in the province.” When he had

TODAY’5 HOROSCOPE

Indications are for a day of conflict and indecision, With the emotions held in check hy a rather sluggish state of mind. Watch your step. Travel at your own risk.

Be on your guard against agreements or promises of any kind.

All documents should be sound and clear to the understanding. Make certain of the details. Take heed of all particulars.

Direct the mentality always into safe channels.

There are prognostications of disaster in the stars.

Safeguard the possessions against unforeseen loss;

Stocks and bonds and other securities may fall.

Protect the reputation and domestic well-being from treachery. Beware of whatever is out there in the hall.

Those whose birthday it is may encounter a year

Of contradictory situations. Take no unwarranted chances.

Keep to your side of the street. Look both ways before crossing. Preserve your balance. Refrain from all extravagances.

A child born on this day may have generous impulses, With hopes and ambitions beyond his talents or means. Part of him will never

laugh. There is cause for alarm. Let him look under beds, and behind doors and screens.

Be apprehensive of all relations with man, woman, or child.

Let not the smile spread to the eyes. Surrender that dream.

When you wake the world will be changed.

The conjunction of the planets is inauspicious in the extreme.

—Samuel Yellen

turned to put the knife on the table, Chester had seen that his pants were patched in the seat.

“How much do you want for the knife?” Chester said.

f am not selling the knife,” Mr. Hernandez said politely.

“I’ll give you fifty pesos,” Chester said.

“My knife is not for sale,” Mr. Hernandez said.

“In the city you can find many fine souvenirs of the Philippine Islands,” Mrs. Hernandez told Chester. “I have seen pearls there and Japanese money and stamps. I suggest that you buy stamps. Many of the soldiers buy stamps for souvenirs. They say that in your country there are five million people who collect stamps.”

“I’ll give you seventy-five pesos for the knife,” Chester said.

“I am not selling souvenirs,” Mr. Hernandez said. “I am not selling anything. During the occupation I sold to the Japanese my cameras, my car, mv wife’s clothing; I sold them everything so that I would not have to work for

ˆAwMML

them. Now I have very little left. I do not want to sell anything.”

“Things are different now,” Mrs. Hernandez said sadly. “Mr. Hernandez was a fat man. In the occupation he lost eighty pounds.”

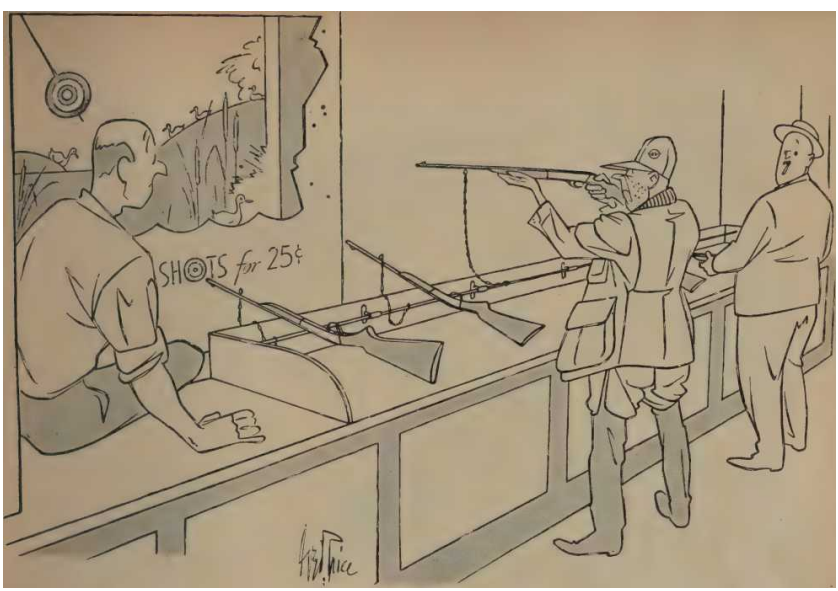
“I’ll give you a hundred pesos, a carton of cigarettes, and a mattress cover,” Chester said.

“I will not sell the knife,” Mr. Hernandez said. •

“Well, you won’t get no more than a hundred pesos,” Chester said crossly. “I’m telling you that now. I’ll pay a fair price, but I won’t pay no more than a fair price, and if you’re holding out for a higher price you’re going to be sorry.” He went to the door and started out. “We come over here and liberate you people and you want too much money for everything,” he said as he went out. “I won’t pay no more than a fair price.”

Cheater went back to his tent and

began to polish some of the sea shells he had brought from the Marianas. He had been there about an hour when someone shouted, “Hey, Smitty, you got callers!” He looked up from his work. Mrs. Hernandez and her daughter were coming toward his tent. Mrs. Hernandez was carrying the knife. She still wore the elaborate costume and she



held her heavy skirt in one hand to keep it out of the dirt. Chester went to meet them. “Mr. Hernandez would like to give you the

knife," Mrs. Hernandez said, and she handed him the knife. "We did not know you wanted it so much. We would like you to have it."

"I'll give you a hundred pesos," Chester said.

"Mr. Hernandez would like to give you the knife," Mrs. Hernandez said.

"I can't take that knife from you without paying you something," Chester said.

"We want you to have the knife," Mrs. Hernandez said. "You must not pay us anythin';. You are very welcome to the knife." §he turned and, followed by her daughter, started back toward the road. Chester stood there, holding the knife. He did not quite know what had happened. Their goodness bewildered him and he sat down in front of his tent, trying to measure a generosity that had survived the miles and miles of bitter-smelling ruins that Id been a city. He sat there for a long time, concealing the knife under his jacket so that no one would ask him what he had paid for it.

It was late w hen he put the knife into his duffelbag with the other sou

venirs and went across the road for chow. The sun had set and the artillery had begun to light the sky. There was no electricity in that part of Manila and the only light came from the green gasoline lamps hung above the field stoves. Chester ate his chow and walked over to the garbage pit to clean his mess gear. Then he saw the old men, the scavengers, standing in the grove of trees by the pit. They were always there. They did not seem to be begging—there was not an asking glance from any one of them—but the Marine ahead of Chester went to where they stood and emptied into a can that one of them was holding the remains of his supper and the dregs of his coffee. Chester did the same. Then he heard the hacking cry of a child, and deeper in the grove he saw the child. A woman was holding it and trying to quiet it.

The chow line had dispersed. Chester went back to the milk can, filled his canteen cup, and walked over to the woman and the child. "I guess your baby would like to get some milk into him, wouldn't

he, now?" Chester said. He handed her his cup and spoon, and she smiled and sat on a stump and began to feed the child with the spoon. "Of course, it ain't real milk," Chester

said. "It's that dehydrated milk. It don't taste nothing like the real milk we have at home. I've got a baby at home. I never saw her." The woman didn't reply and he decided that she couldn't speak English. The child was drinking hungrily from the big tin spoon, and the woman watched with anxiety and tenderness. Chester watched the feeding himself and, as he watched, he shivered violently and unaccountably. His mother would have said that someone had walked across his grave. Then he thought he was going to cry. The child fell asleep before the cup was empty. The woman remained seated by Chester, watching the artillery fire on the clouds. She stayed there until a cool breeze started up from the harbor, and then she thanked Chester for the milk in a language he could not understand and walked away.

—John Cheever

Lv. Los angeles 9:00 a.m. Mon.

Ar. new YORK 9:00 a.m. Mon.

Airmen firmly believe that this timetable, representing a cross-continent flight in the three-hour time difference between the coasts, will eventually be fact.—Time.

Any airman want to place a little bet?

a\o$_y$ no thank yon. We just wondered if by chance yon had any vacancies ”

V P K O F I L E 5

THE BRILLIANT JUGHEAD

UNTIL a few days ago, Private John Daniel Ramey was a jughead. That, at any rate, is what the permanent cadre of the Army school for illiterates near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, calls the students, and up to very recently Ramey was one of them. The school, officially

known as the Special Training Unit of the 3384th Service Unit, is a remarkable place at which an absolute illiterate can, in about three months' time, pick up the equivalent of a fifth-grade or sixth-grade facility in reading, writing, and arithmetic. The Pennsylvania S.T.U. now turns out brand-new literates at the rate of two hundred a week, and since its activation, on July 12, 1943, the school has graduated a hundred and five classes, or something over thirteen thousand men.

The Pennsylvania unit is not the only Army school for illiterates. It could not possibly handle the traffic alone. Most of us have come to take literacy for granted, and vet there are still five million illiterates in the United States, one person in every thirty. In due course the able-bodied men among the illiterates have been drafted. There are in all fourteen Special Training Units like the one in Pennsylvania to take care of them. So far, these schools have taught more than two hundred and fifty thousand men to read and write. That is the equivalent of seventeen American divisions; thirteen divisions won the Battle of the Bulge, six took Okinawa. In a sense, at least, by a kind of displacement, the men whom the Army's schools have salvaged from illiteracy have made possible some great victories. But far more important than that, these schools have given a very large number of Americans a marvellous new skill. The Special Training Units have opened blind eyes; they have given men, quite suddenly, the thrilling, frightening trick of knowledge.

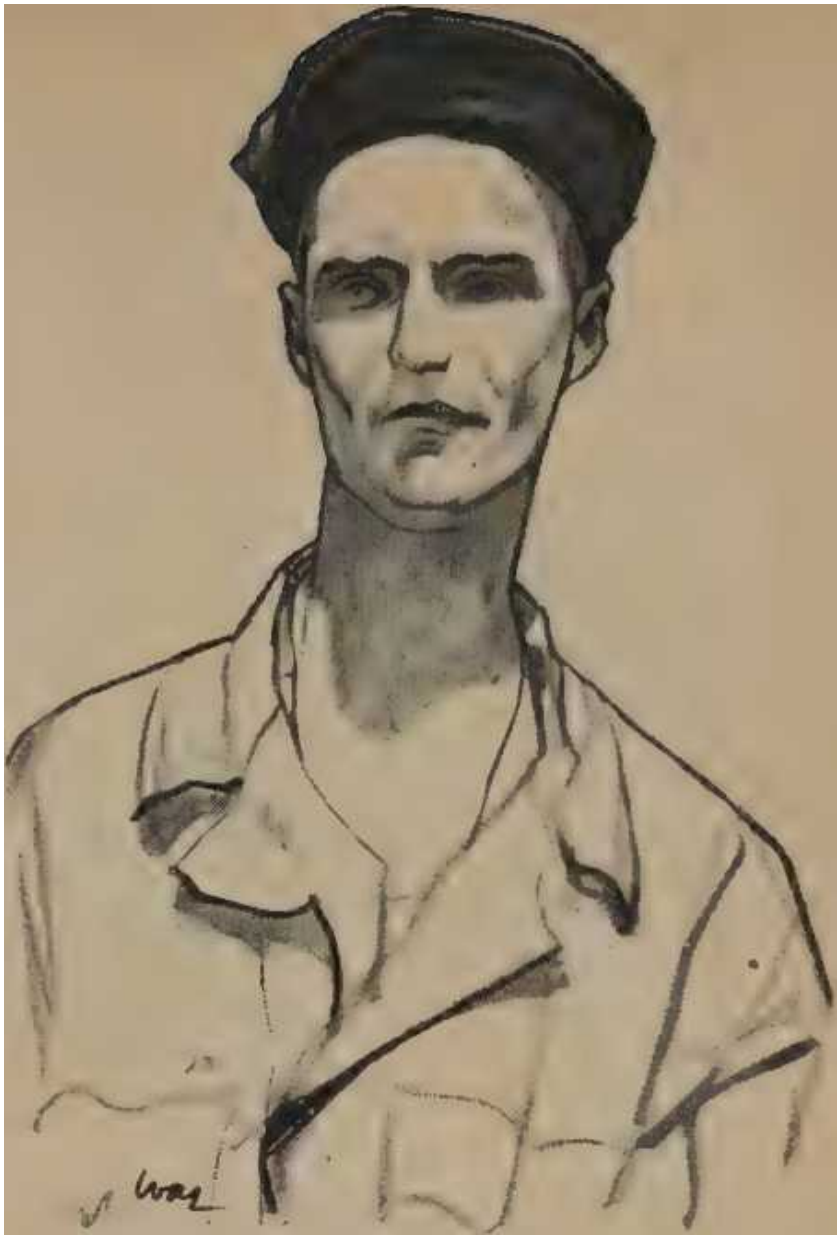
To the soldiers of the permanent cadres that run these units, the excitement implicit in their work is understandably dimmed by everyday living with men much less educated than they themselves are. The members of the cadre at the Pennsylvania school cannot be blamed, really, for the mild intellectual snobbery that makes them call the students jugheads. But in many cases the epithet is unjustly applied. It certainly is in that of Private Ramev.

There is some debate around the post about the origin and exact definition of the term "jughead." The word ante-cedes the school, but there is at least one sergeant in the cadre who thinks he invented it. An officer of the post, a Southerner, recollects it from his boyhood. "A jughead," he says, "is a human mule. I grew up trying to push jugheaded mules around on the farm." A definition

attributed to the commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Wellington B. Searls, requires some acquaintance with the habits of fowl, for he compares a jughead to “a duck in a thunderstorm.” During electrical storms, a duck, in dull panic, hunches his wing shoulders forward, withdraws most of his head under the forward part of one wing, and tucks his bill under the other, so that he seems not to have any head at all. One of the students of the school, who, like many of his fellows, is a Virginian from the hills, put the matter to me this way the other day. “What,” he asked, “has a jug got in it when you pour all the liquor out of it into your neck? ”

A few of the students are heart-breakingly slow, but not many. The school has been able to graduate ninety-three per cent of the men assigned to it, and only two per cent have been discharged under Section Eight, which defines men who are hopelessly unqualified for military life. The rest of the discharges have been medical or disciplinary. When draftees come up for induction, they are given a literacy test consisting of what seems to most men very simple questions. There are thirty-five questions. Anyone who cannot answer at least nine correctly is classed as illiterate. Illiterates are then given two further tests, which screen out most of the unsalvageables. Men who pass these screening tests are assigned to Special Training Units.

Private Ramey, who was assigned to the Pennsylvania school toward thejend of March, 1945, could hardly be called a typical jughead. There is, in fact, no typical illiterate, any more than there is a typical college graduate. Ramey is above whatever average there is. He finished the course, which usually takes twelve weeks, in ten. By jughead standards, Ramey is brilliant. He says that he was often embarrassed, when he was a civilian, bv not beinˆ able to read and



John Daniel Ramey

write, but the surprising thing about his life before the war is how much he, an illiterate, was able to do for himself: at one time he

owned a house, ran a small coal mine employing twentv-eight men, and had two automobiles, the better of which was a Mercury with, as he says, “one of them cloth tops on it,” bought brand-new. The fact that he is above average makes him especially grateful for the opportunities, the amazements, opened up for him by being introduced, for the first time in his life, to the written word.

Ramey is thirty' years and eight

- months old. He is a small, quiet man. He has blue eyes, black hair, and a deeply ruddy complexion, and two of his front teeth are crowned with gold. He has a rather intense face and a look of solid, if untutored, worth; his Army record has, in capital letters in the space for “Character,” this assessment: “VERY GOOD.” His voice is quiet and he almost never swears. His best friend at the school, a redhead named Harold Edward Rutherford, says he likes Ramey because “he don’t talk like some of the men, he always talks nice to vou; when you’re worrying about something,-he always talks good to you—you al-wavs’have company' with him.” Mrs. Elizabeth Harpel, who was Ramey’s teacher all the way' through the school, came to have quite a bit of respect for him. “He doesn’t jump around like some of them,” she told me on the last day of his course. “He’s quite a study, that vountr man. I looked at him today

“Say

‘Baa.’ ”

and he seemed to speak to me through his eyes; he has very strange eyes; did you notice his eyes? They get so big— and he’s a rather intelligent-looking man. His skin has a strange shine to it; did you notice his skin? It makes me think maybe he has liver trouble. But he would never mention it unless you asked him. Some of them complain-—-oh, their eyes hurt and they tell me all their troubles and if they have a toothache I know it. But not him. I think he’s rather deep.”

Ramey was born and grew up, the third of five children, on a farm near Norton, in Wise County, Virginia. He says he didn’t learn to read and write because it was too far to walk to school. His parents did not tutor him, because his father, Tom Ramey, was a drummer for the Broadwater Feed Company, Wholesalers, and was seldom at home, and his mother “was kind of sickly—she never did feel up to schooling us kids; I had a good home, as far as that goes.” John was fifteen before he left the farm, and by then, he says, “why, I reckon I just like any other boy; I thought I was too big to go to school—something like that. I wanted to do a job of work, I wanted to make my own living—in fact, I never did realize till it

was too late what a education could mean.” Off and on through the years, he thought of taking time out to get some learning, but life went too fast and things seemed to run along O.K.; he just never did.

In his first few jobs, being an illiterate did not seem to make any difference. After he left home, he worked at a filling station, and that simply meant cranking a pump and making change. When he was seventeen, he went to a government employment agency and signed up for a job with General Motors, in Detroit. Out there he became a gasket cutter. “All we had to do,” he says, “was to lay the material on, mash a button, and then pick it off—it was automatic electric.” He returned to Virginia shortly after reaching his majority and worked in a C.C.C. camp near Richmond; he drove a half-ton surveyors’ truck. He settled in Clintwood, Dickenson County, Virginia, in 1937, and there met his wife. She is the daughter of a

preacher named McFall, who follows the faith of the Freewill, or soft-shell, Baptists. Ramey remembers very well the first time he met Irma Joyce McFall. It was in church. “Her father ’bout to kill her for letting me go home with her,” he recalls. “I’d

been Koine to church several times there, but I never paid any attention to her till one time she got right in front of me and, well, I got to paying attention to her.” His paying attention to Joyce rather than to her father’s sermons continued week after week, and was intensified, and John and Joyce were married a year later, on her birthday, Christmas Eve. The marriage has worked out very well.

Mrs. Ramey is three months younger than her husband, four inches taller, and thirteen pounds lighter. She has long black hair and is quite pretty. The marriage rewarded Ramey with two daughters, Gav-nell and Danta, and somewhat compensated for his illiteracy. Joyce’s father is an educated man, and she herself went through the eighth grade She taught John addition, subtraction, and the multiplication tables, but she never tried to teach him to read and write. Mrs. Ramey inherits from her father, soft-shell though he may be, a tenacious purity of spirit. “She’s always been a Christian woman,” Ramey says. “She’ll visit with people and listen to the radio; otherwise, going to a show, anything like that, she won’t have a thing to do with it. I slip off sometimes and go to a show. I never did think there was so much harm in going to a show, if you just went to a show and saw a show and" didn’t take to it like you would something to eat. She would say, ‘It don’t help anybody, going to a show.’ I always say anything that won’t help anybody won’t hurt anybody.”

During his courtship, Ramey became an entrepreneur. He took over a “wagon mine.” Wagon mining is common practice in parts of Virginia and Pennsylvania; when a small, isolated seam of coal lies on the surface of the earth and seems not to be worth exploiting on a large scale, the mining firm that owns the rights turns the seam over to a man with a truck— in the old days, a wagon. Ramey opened up a seam near Banner, Virginia, and took out lump coal. He paid the Bannerville Coal Company fifteen cents a ton royalty and sold the coal to householders for $2.85 a ton. What with wages to twenty-eight men and upkeep of equipment—“so much dead

work and dead money"—he cleared

only about fifty dollars a week. Nevertheless, he saved enough money to build a small house. He chose a site half a mile from Clintwood, looking down the whole length of a seven-mile valley. He built the house himself, to his own plan. It has a living room, a dining room, a kitchen, and a bedroom on the ground floor. There is a bedroom upstairs, too, even though, he says, "I didn't get my walls as high as I was going to on the sides; I meant to make them ten feet, but then I thought that was a little high and my lumber was kind of short that I wanted to start the frame with." The whole family sleeps in the downstairs bedroom. The house is wood outside and beaverboard inside, and has both electricity and plumbing. For his water supply, he built a concrete reservoir, which holds sixteen hundred gallons, around a spring trickling from a vein of coal on the hill above the house. In the kitchen there is an electric stove, which cost $209 new, and a refrigerator which Ramey bought second-hand for $80 from a friend who was moving to Detroit. Over the years, he has put more than $4,000 into the house, and hr is proud to be able to say, "I never borrowed a penny of money from the bank or anything in my life."

About eighteen months after his marriage, Ramey "got shet of" the coal mine and went to work for the Haysi Motor Company, the Chevrolet agency in Haysi, Virginia, as a metal worker and spray painter. That has been his line of civilian work ever since. It was at this point that illiteracy began to bother Ramey. Although his wife's and father-in-law's literacy made things easier for him, their learning made him, by the same measure, conscious of his lack. In Detroit, it had not particularly bothered him, when the work sheets were posted each evening with the assignments for the next day, to ask a friend to read them for him. But now all sorts of embarrassments cropped up. He would buy some paint and put the cans on a shelf and next day would have to ask someone to find him the right color for a certain sprav job. He would slip off to a show and stand right in front of the billboard out front and have to ask someone what was playing. "I like to never got a driver's permit," he says. "I had an awful time there. I think I made six or seven trials." The Clintwood cop, Dewey Buck Hannon, would patient!} take him the rounds of the driving test and then would put the

Virginia motorvehicle code book before him for the

literacy test, and Ramey would say, “Dewey Buck, you know I can’t read.” Finally, with Dewey Buck’s encouragement, he found a solution. He had Joyce sit down with him and read the code book over and over. She must have read it a hundred times before he had memorized every word. Then he passed his test. But out on the roads he would have to stop at a fork that was cluttered up with road signs and ask his way. People always pointed to the signs first; he would have to explain. The miracle was that with all the rubs and humiliations, Ramey never lost his temper and almost never got a contemptuous answer. He says, “I always tried to be kind in everything, always tried to ask everything in a kind way. I try to ex

press myself before I ask a question."

The climax of Ramey's frustration, and in a way the turning point of his life, came in January of this year. He had worked since July, 1943, as a camouflage spray painter at the Portsmouth Navy Yard. He was earning $1.38 an hour, which, with overtime, came to $114.87 a week. The men, and especially his foreman, liked him. One day the foreman came to him and offered to make him a group

leader, at $1.52 an hour. He was taken to the yard headquarters and an application form was put before him. When he said he could not write, a yard official told him he would need at least a fifth-grade education to be able to handle the pencilwork as leader. “I got so mad at

myself,” Ramey says, “that I could have kicked myself out.” In fact, he did just that. He went home to Clintwood, terribly discouraged. Since he was no longer doing essential work, the local draft board took him.

Ramey entered the Army on March 19th. At the induction center in Roanoke, he signed his name, John D. Ramey, on a form. This much he had learned to do. But when he was told to spell his name out in full, he did not know the letters for Danul, as he had always pronounced his middle name, much less Daniel, as he had been christened. Nevertheless, he scribbled something. Later he was given the literacy test; his score was zero. But in the screening tests his innate intelligence showed itself. He was accepted. About the time the inductees were lining up outside to be marched away, he] > t ai d his name called. He was'taken back into the building to an officer at a desk-—“a tall man with a little old bald head,” he recalls. The officer’s words embarrassed Ramey more than anything else in his life ever had. “At your age,” the man sneered, “can’t even write your own name! ”

THIS was the sort of raw material

that arrived at the Special Training Unit late in March this year, ready—in this case more than ready—to learn to read and write. For the first few days Ramey bunked in white barracks, listened to lectures by platoon sergeants about Army spirit, marched up and down, and took tests. On April 5th he moved to green barracks and was assigned to Unit A, the beginners’ class. Not all the men at the S.T.U. go into A. Those who have had a little schooling start out in more advanced groups. Ramey started from scratch.

Ramey was lucky in the teacher he drew. Originally the teachers at the school were all Army men, mostly noncommissioned officers. Later, civilians were taken in, both men and women, at a salary of about two thousand dollars. Ramey’s teacher, Mrs. Harpel, has had

wide experience, both in teaching and in life, and is a wise and charming lady. She is a widow of indefinite age. When pressed to place it within a decade, she says she believes she is “anywhere between sixty and seventy.” When congratulated on her wonderful appearance (she looks fifty), she replies, “They all say that. It’s because I’m interested.” From her youngest days, her mother urged her to become a teacher. “My mother,” she

says, “had a hard time. She was born in Ireland, but she grew up in England on a farm—they were poor. But she was so eager to learn that a woman of the nobility took an interest in her. 1 his woman taught a class in—I believe it was in some part of the Church. My mother was so anxious to learn that she soon was teaching the other children, helping this woman, and for that she got a little heirloom in the family and I wish I had it now; it’s the dearest little black-walnut case, has a little drawer for spools and things, and there’s a cushion on top. My oldest sister has it, don’t you know. You can see why my mother wanted me to be a teacher.” It was only natural that after Mrs. Harpel got through a Sisters’ school and high school in Detroit, she went to the Detroit Training School, a school for teachers. After that, she went to Wayne University for a year. Her teaching experiences include everything from a two-room, two-teacher primary school in Detroit to an adult-education course in civics in Cleveland. She has taken a course in short-story writing at the University of Chicago and worked in a hardware store, and she even took up the study of law and passed the Ohio bar exams because “the stories in the books of cases were so exciting.”

The classes at the S.T.U. are small; they range from six or eight in the beginning to twenty toward the end. Ramey found himself, on his first day, with a group of seven other total illiterates, sitting in a small classroom fitted out with long, backless benches, narrow tables, and a blackboard across the front wall. Mrs. Harpel had been waiting for them. After a brief introductory speech, in which she at once established herself as a nice, motherly grab bag full of anecdotes, she started in with the alphabet. She wrote the letters on the board, told the soldiers the names of the letters, and then gave their sounds. Since one of the tenets of the school is that reading and writing should be integrated all the way, she had the men write the

letters after her, then went around to check on the various shapes they had drawn. Since another S.T.U. rule is, in the jargon of the teachers' manuals, to "make use of the concepts which as adults the trainees can be assumed to have brought into the classroom already developed in good measure," she often used the letters as heavily stressed initials of words with which they had lately become very familiar: "1 his is 'S.' The sound is ᶜsss.' 'S' is for '.wergeant.' " From day to day, she went quite fast, not stopping to make sure that every letter was learned by every man; she hoped to achieve that gradually, by repetition. If one man could not answer a question, she went quickly to another, operating on the manual's theory that pausing over one man's forgetfulness only produces a disabling emotional tension in him, and on her own that life is too short to hurt anybody's feelings. Very soon she began giving the men simple words, teaching them to think of the sound of the initial consonant, plus the vowel, plus the following sound that completed the word. She chose words that are spelled the way they sound, like "dad," "tag," "job," "top," and "net." She told stories to go with some

words and drew pictures to illustrate others. Toward the end of the three weeks the men spent in Unit A, she began giving more complicated words, with two consonants at the beginning. She taught the reading of these words by what the school calls “phonic analysis.” She taught “brake” as “b-rake.” By the end of the three weeks she had given Ramey and his classmates about three hundred simple words, most of which would be useful in the “phonic analysis” of the more complicated words they were soon to learn.

Meanwhile, Ramey was exposed to other facets of Army life. His classes began at seven thirty-five each mornins: and, with a ten-minute break every hour, lasted until lunchtime. Chow was heavy, monotonous, and good. In the afternoon, the men drilled. The evenings were free. Most of the time Ramey just sat in the barracks and talked or sang with his friend Red Rutherford, whom he had met at the induction center. One night, when they had nearly finished Unit A, they sang a song called “Precious Memory,” which made Ramey homesick:

Precious memory, how it lingers, How it ever fills my flitting soul! In the stillness of my homelife ...

Ramey decided then and there to write a letter to his wife. He was far

". . . and after leaving the movies I strolled over to the Modern Museum to enjoy again those delightful Mondrians. Then a cocktail at a little place I know on Sixth Avenue, and to Bickford's for an early dinner. I'm afraid I spent the rest of the evening alone i/i my room, catching up on my reading."

from equipped to do so, but Mrs. Harpel had given him confidence and he decided to try. Here is the first letter of his whole life:

Arpil 15 1945 Pul John Ramey Co B STU 33914278

Joyce I got last 5°" Dile you sene me lat night. Joyce I am Fine and hope you R the cam. Yousse gott $22.00 Mond and the take $7.20 off an me and $7.50 Fore Bond Joyce lat oline lase me $12.30 and old the love in my hort. Yall shold whit love fom

Pul John Ramey Co B STU 33914278

1 he handwriting was jagged. The letters were formed laboriously and often had breaks between them. The thought was practical. Joyce undoubtedly knew that he meant he had received five dollars from her the night before, that he was fine and hoped she was the same, that she would get twentv-two dollars a month (for her

allotment) and they were taking $7.20 “off’n” him (for insurance) and $7.50 for bonds, and that this left him only $12.30 (his arithmetic, despite her tutelage, was off by one dollar), and that he sent all the love in his heart. The final reproach, “You all should write,” was a proud invitation from a writing man to correspond. In later letters the serial number after his signature was replaced by amorous crosses and circles, the secret of which he learned not from Mrs. Harpel but from another student.

ON April 18th, Ramey entered Unit 1, after having passed an informal test given by Mrs. Harpel. In Unit 1, he began, for the first time, to read a book—“Technical Manual 21-500,” which jugheads know as “Private Pete.” On the first page, at the top, is printed, “This is Chapter 1.” Below, under a full-length drawing of an impossibly handsome soldier are the words “A Sol

dier—Private Pete.” The second page has a picture of men on parade with rifles slung, and under it is the sentence “The soldiers march.” Within a surprisingly few days, Mrs. Harpel had her class, now twelve men, on Chapter 2. There, aided by pictures to illustrate nearly every sentence, they read, “A soldier keeps his things in order in the barracks. There is a place for even thing. He keeps everything in the right place. Every soldier has a place for his things in the barracks. Pete’s locker is near his bed. The soldier blows the bugle in the morning. The bugle call wakes the soldiers. Soldiers must get up when they hear the bugle call. Soldiers wash in the morning. They also take showers. Soldiers shave in the morning. Private Pete gets dressed. He puts on his socks. He puts on his shoes. He puts on his shirt. He puts on his trousers. He puts on his tie. He puts on his cap. Here is Private Pete in his uniform.” And the final picture shows

him fully clothed and surrounded by a dazzling light much like the one which enveloped the Wizard of Oz.

Airs. Harpel’s technique in Unit 1, and throughout the course, was about the same. Before each lesson in “Private Pete,” she would survey the day’s text and note down the unfamiliar and difficult words. These she would give the men by phonic analysis. Gradually, the words got more complicated. “She kept raising the words,” Ramey says. To keep the earlier words fresh in their minds, she

constantly reviewed, both by combining old words with new ones and by flashing cards with the old words stencilled on them. All the time she drew on her years of experience to illustrate the words. One of the things the school stresses is “word concept,” which means that a man should understand a word when he sees it and not just read the sound without thought for the meaning. The Army judiciously mixes modern ideas—word concept, film strips, flash cards, and phonic analysis—with the tried and true method of the little red schoolhouse. Mrs. Harpel’s story-telling helped build “word concept.” Unlike most of the teachers, who draw on the movies, radio, and big-league baseball for examples, “travelling,” as the manuals say, “from the known to the unknown,” Mrs. Harpel kept telling Ramey’s class homely parables and episodes from her own life.

Mrs. Harpel’s classes never dragged.

One day she began by saying, morning, boys—or men, I should say. I know you still like to be called boys.”

She read the roll. Then she asked, “Well, how do you feel this morning?”

A chorus rose: “Oh, we feel great. . . rug”;ed .. . O.K. .L”

She said, “Let us put our pencils down. Sit up like soldiers. We are going to review our sounds and combinations of sounds this morning.” She wrote the letter “E” on the board. “May I have an example of the short sound, please? ”

“‘Exercise’!” said Ramey.

“ ‘Fret,’ ” Mrs. Harpel said. “Let’s take ‘fret.’ A baby frets. What is the difference between ‘to fret’ and ‘to worry’? A person must think to worry. Babies don’t think much, do they? I saw a baby just a month old last night, a healthful codger,

Good

but it was fretting. I went up and talked to it calmly and that little rascal just listened to me. AVe can’t tell what they’re thinking, can

we? I wonder how we spell ‘split’?”

“S-l-i-t!” one of.the men said.

“That’s right,” Airs. Harpel said, not wishing to hurt anyone’s feelings. “That’s right, s-p-l-i-t. Now, here’s a word.” And she wrote “sin” on the blackboard. “That’s a little word we do not like, but sometimes we must say it anyway. Look! We can make it nice just by putting a letter in right here.” She transformed “siN” into “SPIN.” “What does that mean, Davis?” she asked.

Davis said, “Well, it’s like spinning wool.”

“That’s right! They used to spin wool by hand. Do they now, Lam?”

Lam said, “I never have been to a cotton mill. I been down around Chatham, where they raise a little cotton, but I never did get in a mill.”

“Is that Virginia?” Airs. Harpel asked. “Seems to me a lot of my boys are from Virginia. Stand up, you Virginians.”

Seven of the twelve men stood.

“My, what a fine lot of men. How tall are you, Lam?”

“Five foot ten, Ma’am.”

“How tall are you, Rutherford?”

“Five foot eleven.”

“How tall are you, Ramey?”

“Five foot six and a quarter inches.”

“Well, you didn’t happen to grow. How tall are you, Pearsall?”

“I don’t know, Ma’am.”

“You ought to know that. You go over and stand against the measuring post,” she said, pointing at one-of the uprights of the rear wall, a two-by-four that had about thirty pencil marks on it, where other men had already been measured. “Who will volunteer to measure Pearsall?” Mrs. Harpel asked.

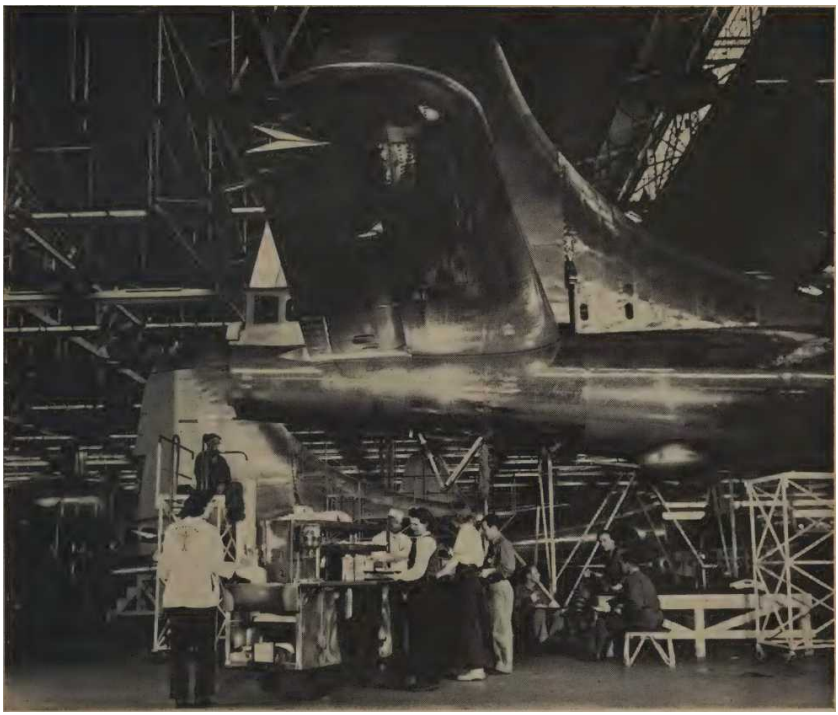
Smith, who was not a Virginian, put his hand up. He marked Pearsall’s height on the beam, then measured it with a ruler. “Five foot ten, exact,” he announced.

Mrs. Harpel said, “How in the world did we get this far when we started with the word ‘spin’? That’s the way the mind works; it gets from one thing to another. I’m going to give you a long word. It’s the study of the mind. I’m going to write it down.” She wrote “PSYCHOLOGY.” She had several of the men pronounce it.

“Now,” she said, “here’s another little word. ‘Ore.’ What is the difference between ore and iron, Ramey? Stand up. Let’s see how tall you are.”

“It’s like mining,” Ramey said. -“Ore’s got to be taken from under

the ground and it's brought out and as it comes to the mill it's washed and the dirt is washed from the ore stone, and the stone is run into the furnaces. The ore comes out of the stone, out of the shale, and the shale goes out; it's a waste. The ore is poured into forms and makes pig iron. The form is a small steel frame; it's got a sand pack on the



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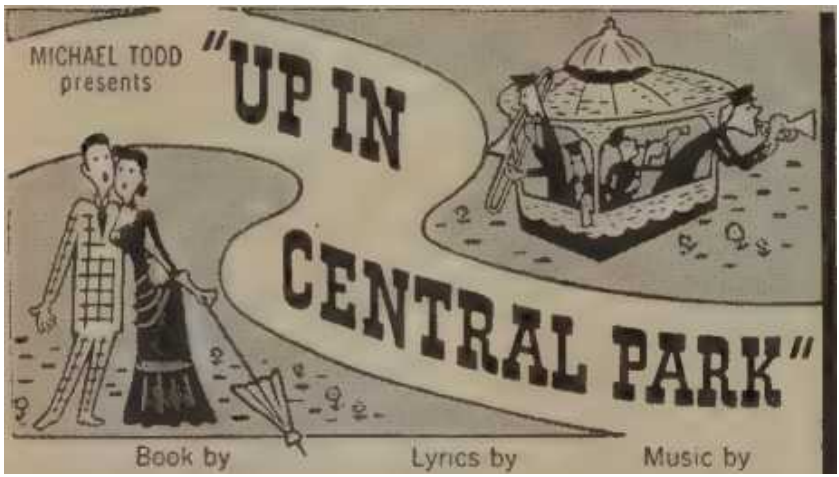

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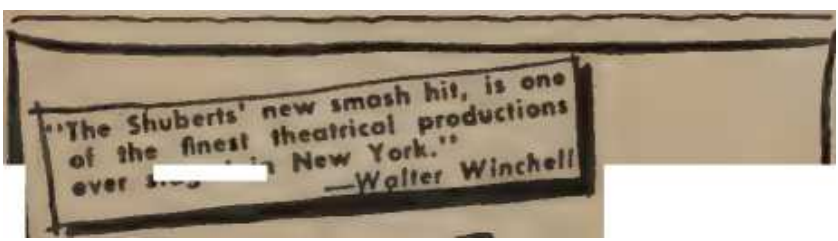

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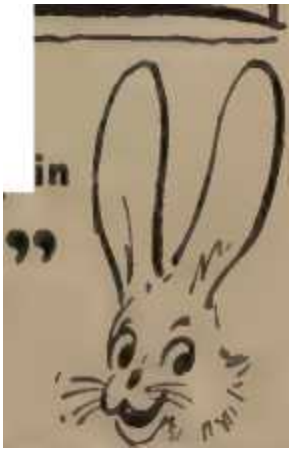
HOWARD RICHARDSON a WILLIAM BERNEY

QT TUFA W. of B’way. Air-cond. Evgs. Jt I nun. ' 40 Mats. WED 4 SAT. at 2:40



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inside of it, has some kind of chemical into it that’ll make it bind and stick together, otherwise to hold the pig iron in the forms till it cools off.”

Mrs. Harpel said, “Oh, that’s very interesting! 1 want you to teach me a little more, Ramey.”

“Well,” he said, “it gets smaller when it cools. Any kind of metal expands when it’s hot. You take sheet steel for a ship—you have to allow for expansion where vou’re welding; if you don’t, she’ll buckle.”

“Will you tell me how they weld this sheet metal?”

“Which one you want, acetylene or electric ? ”

Mrs. Harpel dodged that one nicely. “What did you do before you came here, Ramey?” she asked.

“Spray-painted,” he

said. “Camouflage in a shipyard.”

“We were talking about ore. That’s a big jump to welding, isn’t it? Well, that’s how the human mind moves from place to place.” She pointed a finger at “PSYCHOLOGY.”

Then she said, “I’m going to tell you a story I know about ore. I went to an auction store one day and I saw a lamp and this lamp

was all metal from the base right to the top, so it must have come from ore. A woman, she was standing next to me, she said, 'That's a valuable thing, that's a Chinese incense burner; it's not supposed to be a lamp.' It was taller than I am. I got interested because I like antiques. I said to this woman, who was a stranger to me, by the way, How much do you think it's worth?' She called this clerk over and the clerk said, 'Ten dollars.' I was so anxious to get such a rare thing—what does 'rare' mean?—that I said I'd take it. Well, I got interested and I got some books and I studied up on it. The work is called cloisonne. Some of you might get interested in cloisonne someday. Say 'cloisonne.' . . . Here is how they make it. They take little wires and fasten them on the incense burner in the form of pictures; they draw people and faces with the wires, and the book says they fuse the wires on the metal. On my incense burner there are little saints with halos. Halos must be hard to draw with wire because they have to be a perfect circle. Something irregular would be easier. What is something irregular?"

"A flower," one of the men said.

"Even in nature you get flowers so they grow irregular."

"Well, they get everything just right with these little wires, even the eves. What would happen if they got the pupils of the eyes wrong? Lam, what would happen ? " .

Lam said, "The saints might be crosseyed."

"That's right! A Yell, they fill in between the wires with this beautiful enamel. The faces are white, the clothes are Chinese red and turquoise blue. Saints usually have blue eyes; that's the color of the beautiful sky. The whole incense burner is copper. Sometimes I think it's brass, because in places it looks like a brass penny." She hesitated. "Do you rr < ?Z-Zy want me to talk about my lamp, men?" she asked.

The men shouted together, "Yes!" "Well, these human figures on it are climbing ladders . . ." And she told many more details about her incense burner. Finally a bell rang, marking the end of the first period. "Oh, dear," Mrs. Harpel said. "Men! Don't forget 'ore.' O-r-e. Look at it! Don't forget it! Class excused."

I doubt that the men who were there will ever forget the shape of that small word.

Ramey was not the most brilliant

• pupil Mrs. Harpel had had, but before he passed into Unit 2, she had begun to take special notice of him. There were several reasons. For one thing, he had had wider experience than some of the men, and could tell an illustrative story himself if he had to. For another, he was more serious-minded than some, and each evening he read the work for the next day, so that he would have the jump, for self-esteem was apparently important to him. He says that he will always remember the word “determination” and the night he came across it. “Straight I say that word, I don’t have to spell it out —I can see it,” he told me. Long words like that, especially if they are meaningful, are easier for the men than the everyday small change of literacy-- “am, ’ “they,” “are,” “but”—and Ramey still has to think harder about those small words than he does about “determination.” Ramey stuck to his work better than some, and, perhaps on the theory that what won’t hurt any-

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body won't help anybody, did not even go to the enlisted men's dances on Wednesday nights. He was also assisted in his progress by a relatively good memory. He has an excellent memory for names. When he is asked about his two gold teeth, which he acquired in Detroit twelve years ago, he promptly says, "I remember the old doc who put them in —Whittaker, Dr. Whittaker, George A. Whittaker. I remember him well. I broke one of my teeth out and the other one was rotten; it got a little speck in it and I never did think much about filling teeth—I thought I'd just have it ground and crowned. Doc Whittaker, he didn't have much mercy on mankind at all, it didn't seem like. He wouldn't let you shut your mouth or swush your mouth out; he'd just want to get through. Never will forget him. George A. Whittaker."

Ramey moved into Unit 2, still under Mrs. Harpel, on May 2nd. At the end of each unit, the men take an examination. In the test before going to Unit 2, Ramey scored thirty-two out of a possible thirty-five points. "Private Pete" appears in Unit 2, which is mostly

concerned with military drill. “Integration” is one of the catchwords of the Special Training Unit; reading is integrated with writing, and the students never do one without the other; arithmetic, which students begin in Unit 2, is integrated with both, for the problems are written out, and the students must read the problems, solve them, and write the answers in words and numbers; and the reading matter provided them is all integrated with Army life. So, in Unit 2, Ramey read all about drill, and learned something, too, about military courtesy. On page 59 of ‘ Private Pete,” he read, “The captain came to our drill field on Saturday. Our sergeant gave the command, ‘1. squad, 2. HALT!’ Then we stood at attention while the sergeant saluted the captain. We did not move or talk.” Ramey and his companions were still drilling every afternoon. One of the greatest handicaps for most illiterates is lack of confidence. The drill at S.T.U. eventually gives them confidence, for after graduation, when they move on to another camp for ordinary basic training, they find they are smarter soldiers than some men who have been to college. I he school gives the men a new and exciting sense that perhaps they are not so dumb after all. In class they compete with fellow-illiterates; everybody is in the same boat. One man in the Pennsylvania S.T.U. recently said, “I thought I was the dumbest man in

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Virginia until I came here and saw all my friends and neighbors." The camp life also gives the men a group spirit. Ramey wrote me a letter a while ago in which he said, "Drill make you keep your mind on what you are doing it make you think it keep you on the alert. I like to drill whith other men."

After he had been in Unit 2 a week, Ramey wrote his second letter to Joyce. His progress was certainly measurable. This time the letters were much better formed and much bolder, and the breaks between letters were less frequent. He wrote:

May 9, 1945

My love I will write yow a fuile line to late you yeare forme me

Joyce have yow got your Mone and the Boond Joyce i have 35 day to stare yere then i will Be coming home sune i maeste you all vere muche Till the baby bihaves and Be good BaBy ontal i come home, Joyce how are they gating a lorne out home i gate a lettre frome home May 4 and toled me how they wirre at home Joyce you ort to see me in my uniforme it looke good on me i hope you will sune Joyce write me sune your love John Ramey.

xxxxxxxx xxxxxxxx

oooooooo oooooooo

The next day Ramey wrote his father-in-law a short postcard, and two days later he wrote his wife another letter. Both were in the same vein, the same hand, the same grammar, and at times the same words as the earlier letter, except that on the postcard Ramey said, “Kinle write me a fiver good Pop.” Evidently the $13.30 Ramey got from the Army after deductions v is not enough. Ramey had his fatherin-law much in mind during his stay at the school. The two had been on

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excellent terms ever since Mr. McFall's flare-up about John's walking home with Joyce that first night. Ramey now has great admiration for his fatherin-law. "Better man never did breathe, to my notion," Ramey says. "Now, some other people may have their minds made up different; otherwise he's liked by everybody in that country. He preaches more funerals than any man I ever guess I saw. He's always preaching a funeral—every week, sometimes a couple. They send for him from everywhere; everybody knows him from a hundred miles square, everyone picks • him for their funerals. It's because he always do come out pretty plain, says what he feels, hit or miss, hurt or feel good." On the day Ramey gradu- . ated, with a score of thirty-one out of J

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a possible thirty-five, from Unit 2 to Unit 3, he wrote his father-in-law, with a skimpy but nevertheless respectful number of kisses and hugs at the bottom of the page, as follows:

May 23, 1945 Dare Pop I am geting long fine and hope you are geting long fine at home Pop I have time to write you a fule lines to lite you here fom me I like to get litter forme home you write me sune and lite me no how you all are at home now I get might lonesome up here Pop I hope you are haveing good meatings do that now how are you geting long whith your mine now are you mining it now you sed you had not been mining it Pop do not forget to Pare for me Pop I pare for you I will stay your friend love to all of them left at home, John Ramey

xxxx 0000

Units 3 and 4 seemed to go fairly fast. Ramey had reached his "plateau," the point at which.his rapid accumulation of words stopped and he levelled off to a brief period of forgetfulness and despair, in Unit 2; once he was past that, he was in good shape. Most men reach their plateau in Unit 3. In Unit 3, Ramey and "Private Pete" took up the question of money, which Private Ramey had been discussing in longhand since his first letter. He read about how Private Pete drew his pay and about the sensible things he did with it. There is a high moral tone about Technical Manual 21-500,

and at times even Mrs. Harpel gets tired of such a goodygoody soldier as Private Pete, who never sees the inside of a guardhouse. In Unit 3 arithmetic, Ramey took up

division. In Unit 4, world affairs, about citizenship and freedom and the reasons for the war, about the qualities of a good soldier, about living with other people under the Golden Rule, about the United Nations and global war, about George Washington and Tom Paine.

While he was in Unit 3, Ramey went to Harrisburg with Red Rutherford one day. Red

he read about termination,'

wanted to walk up and down the streets and find a girl or two, but Ramey wanted to drop in at the U.S.O. There was something he had heard about that he wanted to try. He went to a table, picked up a

magazine, and sat down, like any other man, to read it. He was so excited that he can't remember what magazine it was; he thinks it may have been Look,

or perhaps Collier's. Later, on the street, , is he bought a newspaper. He has done that of

several times since, but he doesn't like papers. "I don't know whether it's the words or the way it's printed up or what those countries are always doing in there," he says. "Don't know what it is. Seem like I can't hardly stand to read it."

During Unit 4, Ramey began "remedial work," which is actually no more than review. The Army wisely gives the men a second teacher for remedial work; this serves as a check on any weaknesses of the first teacher, and is an attempt to make certain that all gaps are filled. Ramey's teacher for remedial was Dorothy Over, the pretty young wife of a soldier who fought across Europe with the Third Armored Division. Her background for this job was teaching home economics in a junior high school in Harrisburg. Mrs. Harpel carried on with new material in the mornings and Mrs. Over's remedial class took the place of two hours' drill in the afternoons. Mrs. Over says, "The only way to make people remember is repeat, repeat, repeat, and then sometimes repeat." Roughly, that describes remedial. One day, Mrs. Over started class by asking, "Can you tell me the words we had yesterday? "

"Bet I can tell you every one of them," Ramey said. " 'Loyal'-*—you had that yesterday."

Mrs. Over didn't wait for him to finish. She picked up a piece of chalk and wrote on the blackboard, saying the words as she wrote them: " 'Alert,' 'de

'surprise,' 'praiˆ,' 'loyal' —here it is, Ramey, that's for you—'faith,' 'teamwork,' 'know,' 'defend,' 'training,' 'production,' 'property,' 'route,' 'rugged,' 'protect,' 'strong.' "

For fifty minutes she drilled the class on those sixteen words. She had each man read them. She analyzed them. She erased them and had the men write them. She repeated, re

peated, repeated, until the men had learned.

AT last, on June 14th, Ramey came 2 a. to his final examination. This he passed as he had his previous tests, with honor. Then he was indoctrinated for graduation exercises. The Pennsylvania Special Training Unit very thoughtful about the morale its men. Each Wednesday night

^^i« K»£WGOlt>

—^ puy^'"

says BETTY COMDEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H ESSE- PATSTON

l."One nice thing about this scene," says Betty Cpmden, featured player and coauthor with Adolph Green of the musical hit, On the Town, "is that I always get a seat!

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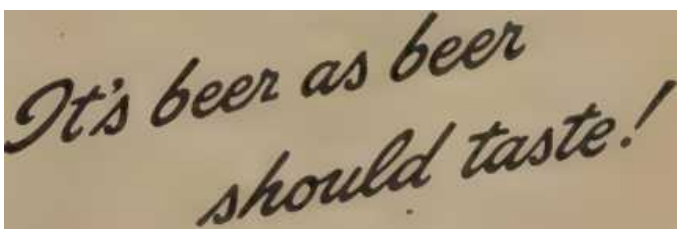

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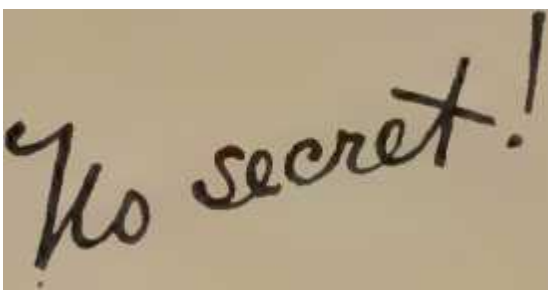

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HAPPYSHAVERS

a fresh class of literate men is marched to the gymnasium, seated in a triangular formation in the presence of guests, many of them proud families, and given a graduation address by Colonel Searls, the commanding officer. A West Point commencement has no more gravity and dignity. It would be easy for Colonel Searls to grind out the same speech week after week, but he takes pride in his graduations and makes a new speech every time. One week he used the analogy of seeds planted in the ground, from which fine flowers and huge trees would grow if proper care were taken ; another week he tised the laying of a keel, from which a Liberty ship or a battleship might rise if proper workmanship went into it; another week he used the digging of foundations. On each occasion he seems to make the men feel that they are educated, ambitious, and equal to other men in the land. After Colonel Searls' address, the

men step forward, salute, receive a diploma, shake hands, salute again, and move on. Ramey's diploma says, "This is to certify that Private John Daniel Ramey has graduated from the Special Training Unit, 3384th Service Unit." It is signed b} Colonel Searls and by the master sergeant, W. Nace. At the bottom is a gold seal, embossed with incontrovertible words: "U.S. ARMY—OFFICIAL."

The noncoms of the cadre are all in favor of morale, but they think that you can have too much of a good thing. Accordingly, their instructions for the graduation exercises are concerned not with the dignity but with the abasement of man. The process of saluting, receiving the diploma, handshaking, and saluting again is hard for some of the men to remember. An indoctrinating sergeant roared at a platoon of Ramey's class, "Any you jugheads can't keep that straight, you're going to come over here after graduation, take a toothbrush, a butt can, and a cake of soap, and brush down that entire barracks staircase! You hear that, you fatheads? " Another cadre sergeant explained to me later, "He said that just so they won't think they're a bunch of Princeton men or something."

On that last day, the morning before his graduation, I asked Ramey for a sample of his handwriting. What he wrote might disappoint a pedagogue; certain habits of nearly three decades of humble grammar could not possibly have been erased in ten weeks, and some of his spellings and punctuation needed further drill. Nevertheless, Ramey had

come a wonderfully long way from his first letter, just two months before. And from another viewpoint—that of human hope and the satisfaction still to be had from a life already half spent in the uneasy shadows of illiteracy—the sample was good, very good. Here is what he wrote:

14 June 1945

the United States of America,* John D. Ramey

I come in the Army the date of 19 day of March as a civilian. I had no education but now this is the first time that I have had in my life to get a education and 1 am glad to be in the Army to get a little education. I can tell what the Army have did for me. As a civilian I

could not read anything and it made it hard for me to get a beter job. After the war I can get a job as lead man at the Place I Work befor. I want to learn some more. I would not take all the Furloughs in the Army for What I learned at STU. I tell you when they let me out of this Army they can take away my Gun also my Uniform but they wont ever take away how to read and write.

-—John Hersey

POESY DEPARTMENT

[From the house organ of the Botany Worsted Mills, Passaic, Fl. J.J

Industrial Relations

This little poem I write to thee, About the folks who work with me.

First comes General Phillipson, Carefully supervising how the work is done.

Major J. Wildebush sits near, He’s the Assistant Director here.

Irene Liptak, their secretary, Does the work satisfactorily.

In the next room sits Soveges, Paul Interviewing job seekers lined up in the hall.

more dreamy tune . . . you'll find Yardley English

4'essie Stoppy is okay, She does her work all through the day. Gertrude Becker works all around, Either here or in Payroll she can be found. In the back room we now take a peek, At Rose Diani who fingerprints all week. Frank Tichacek is there too, He's also trying to get the work through. Upstairs we find the Assistant Personnel, Doris Novo, whom everyone likes so well. Next, we come to Avis

O’Brien, To wade through her work she’s always tryin’.

Stella Fila busy is kept, For lots of typing she does accept.

As for me, what is there to say, 1 hat everyone likes this poem, I pray. Messrs. Monks and Ranzenhoffer are in the same location,

They keep us busy all day long, taking their dictation.

Lavender right in step with dancing slippers!

Adding sparkle to laughter, gaiety to love . . . because its spell belongs to all the joy of being young!

No, Mary Sattan I haven’t missed, She’s the Editor of The Botanist.

Now I’ve mentioned everyone, And so, my little poem is done.

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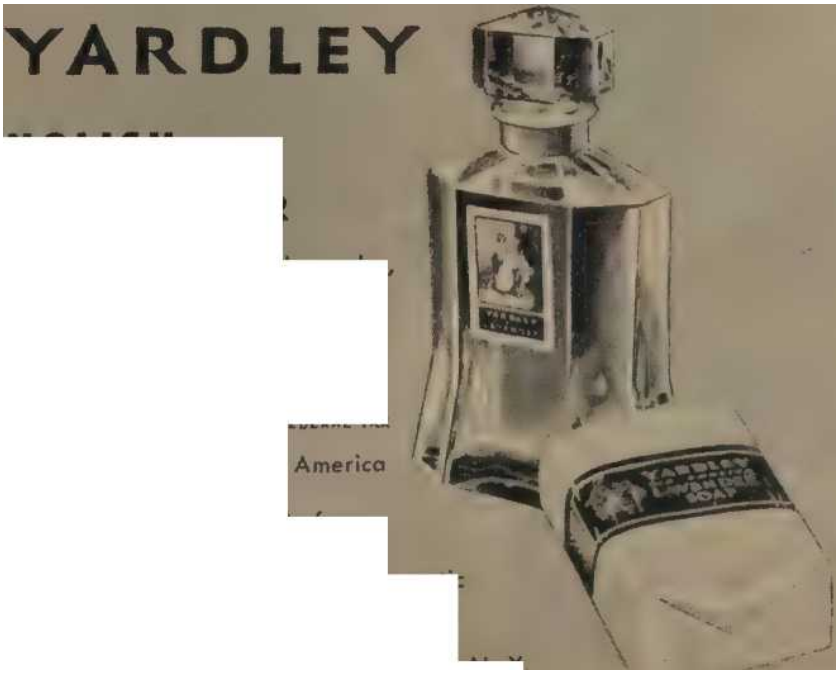

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GOWN FROM THE HOUSE OF FOXBROWNIE

HO HUM, THE HAP5BUKG5

THE tragedy of Mayerling, which made such a sad, sweet motion picture with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux, has been turned into a large, cheerful, and inordinately tiresome operetta called “Marinka.” This time Crown Prince Rudolph and the Baroness Vetsera are represented by Harry Stockwell and Joan Roberts, who continue the romance they began in “Oklahoma!,” with their cattle-country accents still triumphantly intact. Some time ago, referring to another musical discussion of the tribulations of the Hapsburgs and the mad gaiety of Alt Wien, I wrote that in the future the appearance of Emperor Franz Josef on any stage would be a signal for me to get my hat and go home. It was an intelligent policy and I only wish I’d stuck to it. The whiskery antique (he was apparently as drearily senile in 1888 as he was when he died in 1916) turned up very early at the Winter Garden to supervise the revels of the doomed nobility and the carefree peasants, but I just sat there, sprayed, according to a note in the program, with a perfume called Spring Rain, provided by Charles of the Ritz, and did no more than feebly wish they’d all cut it out. Perhaps it was just too hot to move around.

“Marinka” provides a brighter alternative to the double shooting in the hunting lodge. For a time, there is some idea that Rudolph may ebdicate and so avoid disester (I reproduce as closely as possible the

phonetics of the actor known to the rest of the cast as the Emper), but that proves impracticable and it is finally decided that it will be O.K. if the embarrassing couple can just arrange to disappear in some fine, faraway place, conceivably Rockaway Beach, leaving the elderly monarch to think up a suitable lagend for his pippie. In addition to this bright revision of the plot, George Marion, Jr., and Karl Farkas, who attended to the book, have furnished a good deal of brisk, nineteenth-century humor, of which the chief samples that recur to me are “Instead of counting sheep, he counts mistresses;” a convulsing double-entendre about a lady said to

have the best seat in Austria; an educated. quip about Sir Walter Scott’s “Divanhoe;” and a revision of a joke, originally attributed to Dorothy Parker, that now reads “If all your lovers were laid end to end, I’d be very much pleased.” Among my notes scrawled in the scented dark, there is one that seems to say, “I like Lubba Lubba.” After a good deal of concentration, I deduce that this is a tribute to a crisp, jocular actress named Luba Malina, who portrays a titled and complaisant lady who not only sings about her triumphs but also lists them conscientiously in her little diary. She was, however, the onlj' note of authentic comedy in the long, distressing night.

To offset all this, “Marinka” has a rather charming score, the work of Emmerich Kalman. “Sigh by Night” and “One Last Love Song” are reallj' quite attractive exercises in rueful sentiment, and Miss Roberts and Mr. Stockwell sing them competently in their strong,

accurate voices, though both have a firm, metallic charm not easy to associate with so frail an emotion as lost love. The rest of the music is agreeable, too, and it is enthusiastically rendered by such accomplished performers as Romo Vincent, Leonard Elliott, Ronnie Cunningham, and, of course, the fascinating Miss Malina. Howard Bay has designed a succession of light, pleasantly stylized cutouts for the sets, Albertina Rasch's ballets are acceptable

if not precisely memorable, and the Viennese beauties in the chorus, both male and female, scamper round the stage in the highest possible spirits. Beyond these contributions, however, "Marinka" is just another of those rather elaborate bores that turn up often in the vacant summer months.

—Wolcott Gibbs

The Allies pamper Nazi leaders. Germanazi industrialist Thyssen s allowed to live in Luxury'.—Commander Winchell in the Los Angeles Herald-Express.

We understand it was pretty badly shot up.

“That reminds me, I mustn't miss Macy's August Fur Show”

Arv sea lion would be flattered beyond words to know he put a lady in mind of Macy’s coming event in the Fur Department. The August Show, ' starting Monday, will amaze naturalists and fashion-wise women alike, not to mention a wide assortment of astonished opossums, raccoons, Persian lambs, Indian lambs, squirrels, and muskrats, who would never recognize themselves in their newly developed glamour.

What Macy manufacturers haven’t done to make news, and high fashions in furs! Take the versatile muskrat for example. Last year she turned silverblue, and this August she will appear in even more high-toned shades:—stone marten, baum marten, and platina. She has e\ en been dyed coal black, to make a Hudson

seal turn around and whistle. The Budget Shop, not to be outdone in black magic, will present Arabian kidskin, dyed to simulate black Persian lamb. Opossum has been sheared, chemically treated, and

dyed a heavenly nutria shade. I he fact is, you'll have to hunt pretty hard to find a fur so nai\e as to bear any resemblance to its immediate family tree.

As for the new silhouettes, they are insidiously geared to make this year's crop of coats look so fresh and different, what with soft shoulders, cardigan necklines, cup shoulders and balloon sleeves, that you'll talk yourself into a new coat, without any sales chatter from us — unless you count our gentle reminder that Macy furs are priced as usual, in

accordance with that old Macy custom of making 94 cents act like a buck.

Now more than ever, it's smart to be thrifty.

macy's

Did you say— No servants' quarters?

Mrs. Pragbottom peered peevishly through her pince-nez at the postwar plane salesman.

But this was perfectly ridiculous . . . simply unspeakable!

There were plenty of planes, of course, but such planes! That gorgeous pastel pink job with the dropped living room and the built-in bar would be grand but so tiny. And that beige and blue number with the penthouse was simply stunning . . . but no

servants' quarters!

"Why," spluttered Mrs. Pragbottom, "it's practically prewar!*'*

•Not quite, Mrs. Pragbottom, not quite prewar! But that postwar miracle plane you've set your heart on won't be here the day the Japanese are beaten. For a year or two, after the w, you won't see much difference between the prewar and postwar WACO. But keep your chins up, Mrs. Pragbottom. Prewar or postwar, Waco means comfort and stability speed and safety for all-weather flying. Waco stands for better planes . . . for better flying. The Waco Aircraft Company, 67 Peters Avenue, Troy, Ohio, U.S. A.

All ARMY 64RGF JR AM SPUR* HUHU ARf WACO OESIGN f 0

OF ALL THING!

A Tokio broadcast enthusiastically urges the Japanese people to think of the amount of much-needed scrap steel that the B-29s are delivering day after day. It is always a pleasure to hear from satisfied customers. *

Because of the rigid press censorship, we have been given only vague hints of what is going on at the momentous meeting in

Potsdam. About all that we know-for sure is that delicious refreshments are being served.

Mr. Truman has been President for more than three months and everybody agrees that he has acquitted himself well under trying conditions. Unfortunately, we cannot give him a written guarantee that the first hundred days are the hardest.

•

The ease with which the Bretton Woods program went through Congress may have been the result of what is called the pressure of public opinion. The voters do not claim to know much about international finance, but they know what they like.

•

Everyone in the House of Representatives has gone home for a good long rest. Many of the members are stiff ering from occupational fatigue and a severe overdose of Rankin.

•

Count Ciano's diary reveals that Mussolini had a positive genius for making up his mind. Sometimes, in fact, he was able to make up his mind two or three wavs in a single dav.

•

It is now planned to try the big German war criminals in Nuremberg. The Allies feel that it is only sporting to play the Nazis on the home grounds.

•

At the moment, transportation by rail and bus is more congested than ever, but the shoe situation has become easier. Now vacationists can at least walk to the nearest summer resort.

•

Music lovers are surprised to hear that the Metropolitan Opera

House is operating at a profit. Up to now, the Met was always considered our most outstanding get-poor-quick scheme.

—Howard Brubaker

“THE ROCK," BY ROCKWELL KENT, FOR THE AMERICAN EXPORT LINES COLLECTION

4TH and Main

To millions of Americans, the Rock of Gibraltar today marks a seaway crossroads, nearly as familiar as a busy corner in their own home town.

War has taught us once again that the wind-swept highways of the sea are important extensions of 10,000 U.S. Main Streets.

Along those ocean routes, our national defense and vital commerce can be maintained with sufficient U. S.-flag merchant shipping.

This war gave us time to build the vast fleets of freighters, tankers and transports our Navy and Army need to carry the fighting far

from our

shores. Flying our flag, they can be our best insurance against another war.

In peacetime, the same privately owned all-American merchant shipping is assurance of control over our foreign trade . . . the thousands of things we import to eat or wear or use, the billions of dollars of farm, factory and mine products that we sell abroad.

Fortunately, a far-seeing Congress, in the great Merchant Marine Act of 1936,* laid plans for the shipping we need.

American Export Lines' long experience in the Mediterranean, the

Black Sea and the Indian Ocean has been put to use in thousands of convoy, invasion and Mercy Ship voyages. And some day soon, our new, efficient vessels and citizen crews will serve you—what you want to buy and sell abroad will determine their cargoes and ports of call.

*FROM THE MERCHANT MARINE ACT OF 1936: "Necessary for the national defense and (our) foreign and domestic commerce" is a merchant fleet ˆconstructed in the U. S., manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel . . . owned and operated under the U. S. flag by citizens"

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIPSI

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American Export Lines

THE

1IKE most people who once worked on newspapers, I have always ˆ been a chain reader of them, when they are to be had. Since I got. back to this country from Europe last winter, I have spent from one to three hours a day looking at them. So it surprised me at first, during the newspaper-delivery strike, that, from the minute they began not to be available, I began not to miss them. A friend of mine, another former newspaperman, reported the same subjective phenomenon. Other friends, with and without similar pasts, said that they, too, were getting along beautifully. I heard ten times as much talk about the shortage of cigarettes as about the total absence of newspapers. The only complaints I heard came from commuters who lived at such short distances from the city that it was impractical for them to smoke opium during the trip. Some of these people said that now that they had no newspapers they were compelled to look at the scenery, which revolted them. But it's their own fault that they live out of town. I've tried to tell them that scenery is like that. When, finally, the publishers and the drivers settled the strike, they did well for themselves, because if the strike had continued much longer they might have lost the customers both depend upon. Reading newspapers had turned out to be one of the habits, like gum chewing, that have no really deep hold; people found they could take them or leave them alone. I did not understand why until I began reading the New York newspapers again after the strike.

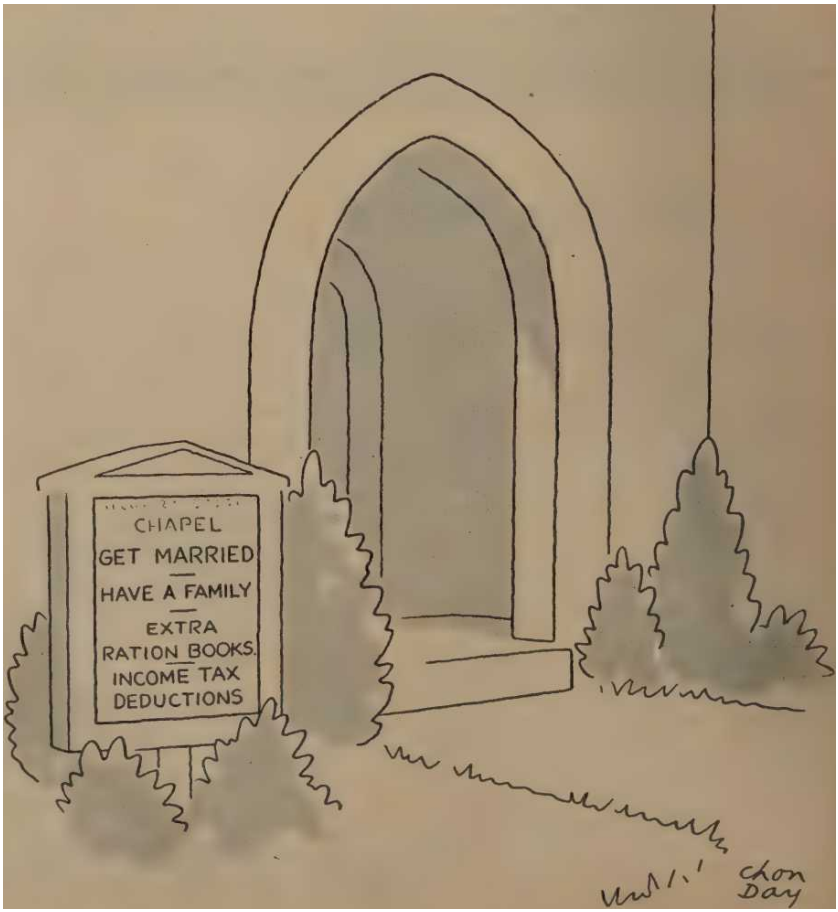
The face of an acquaintance you have not seen for a while, even a short while, sometimes surprises you when you meet him again. You had not remembered him quite as he is. It was that way with the papers. I simply hadn't remembered how bad some of them were, and how indifferent the others, and how overstuffed all of them were with blobs of type that you half read only because they happened to be in front of your eyes. The Herald Tribune's front-page story on Wednesday, July 18th, about the end of the strike, contained one of the most inexact affirmations that newspaper has carried in any year in which there has been no national election. It's a good illustration of what I mean. "However thankful the drivers and publishers were for the end of the strike," the anonymous author wrote, "the greatest relief was felt by the public." The

publishers and driv-

VAYVAKD PKEH

NO PAPERY

ers were really sweating about the strike; the drivers' livelihoods and the publishers' profits depended on the result. Is it really possible that the Tribune writer meant that the public worried more about the strike than the drivers and publishers did? This is a rhetorical question; he meant nothing of the sort. Or else he must have wondered why his paper's half million erstwhile readers (Sundays; weekdays 326,000) weren't picketing, buying radio time to present their case, or burning Louis Waldman in effigy. The statement is a simple example of wishful non-thinking. In a similar way, a sportswriter may lead off a story with a statement like "The most popular man in Brooklyn today is Somekus Punkus, of the Dodgers," and go on to explain that Punkus hit a home run that won the ball game. The writer is conscious that actually Punkus is unknown to the million or so Brooklynites who don't give a hoot about the Dodgers and that P. isn't even popular with the few ballplayers who know him well. But the writer suffers from the vocational craving to



have something to say. The political writer says from force of habit that he detects “a rising tide of Republican sentiment” or talks about a “fast-increasing indignation which may block” an administration bill. He discounts the truth of what he writes before he even sets it down, but he feels that somehow he is performing a function. The reader learns to make the same discount, and after a while, though he continues to buy the paper and look at it, he ceases to pay anyˆattention to what it says. In normal times it requires more of an effort of will to enter the subway in the evening without buying a paper than it does to buy one. When the papers vanished from the stands during the strike, the effect was the same as it would be if restaurants stopped serving the chalky-white cheesepaste they now put on your butter plate. In a word,

unnoticeable.

July 18th was, it is true, a bad news day, or at least a day of the kind of news that is unsatisfactory to write about. The Times and Tribune both carried multicolumn “accounts” of the Big Three conference at Potsdam, which were in fact accounts of how their

GIDDYAP, NAPOLEON.

"I always start off lunch with Ruppert"

• Good idea! And plenty of folks agree that Ruppert is the ideal beverage to wake up one's appetite and add

zest to salads, cold cuts or other summer dishes.

And the reason Ruppert Beer always tastes so good is flavor—finer flavor with

a smooth, lip-smacking mellowness that only S-L-O-W AGEING brings.

So from now on enjoy Ruppert—the beer that's S-L-O-W AGED for finer flavor. It's light, yet mellow, it satisfies as it refreshes. You couldn't ask for better beer!

RUPPE RT1 /^ ^£?W«©

JACOB RUPPERT, Brewery. New York City—1945

We don’t know about the "slinky

part—but you con wear red.

or purple, or any colors you

choose, when your face powder is

hand-blended exclusively for you.

Right before your eyes . . . color

after color is blended to match

your skintone ... to enhance

it in any fashion color.

correspondents hadn’t been allowed to find out what was happening there. The Times, apparently to make the story more complete, also carried an account of how the Associated Press correspondent had not been allowed to find out what was happening, too. The Times and Tribune both gave a heavy play to the fact that President Truman and Marshal Stalin had had liver and onions for lunch. 7 he other big story in both papers was about the night shelling of the coast of Japan by the combined British and American fleets. Spotnews accounts of naval actions, however, are simply jumbles of cliches from which any real information is automatically excluded, since correspondents on ships can’t see what is being shot at or whether it’s being hit, and wouldn’t he allowed to tell about it if they could. It is also forbidden to report losses, if any. The result is like an account of an invisible baseball game without the score. There were some interesting minor items of foreign news (all of which could have been got onto less than one page), and the rest of the Times' forty-two pages and the T ribune's forty-six pages were made up of Arthur Krock and Mark Sullivan and Bon wit Teller. The Times, in addition, carried a poem in a headline on page 2: “Enemy Firmer in Burma.”

THERE are, of course, days when there is important news and you would give anything to have a paper. There didn’t happen to be such a day during the seventeen-day strike, but once I thought there was going to be one. The British general election was held on July

5th, and I innocently thought the news of the results would be available in the morning papers of July 6th. I sent an office boy over to the Times to get me a paper, and when he brought it back I learned that the results wouldn't be known for three weeks because the service men's mail votes had to be counted. This gave me a lot more time in which not to mind the strike. I used some of it in constructive thought about the solution of the whole newspaper problem.

Abolition, I can say immediately, is not the answer. What I'd like to recommend is to get out large newspapers only on days when there is a lot of news, supplementing them on the intervening days with small bulletins containing such essential matter as race charts, market reports, and weather information. This will seem to some a radical solution. I can already hear the first objection editorialists will raise. 'They

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Wth.VASAW'

ChateavTrontenac

will say that to handle big news adequately you must have a big, competent organization in a state of constant readiness, that you can't simply send out a call for newspapermen after the news starts to break, and that then, having this big, competent organization on hand, there's nothing to do but go ahead and put out a newspaper. I think the strike, which taught us that people do not care to read newspapers with no news in them (I do not take into consideration the hundreds of small boys who formed lines at the Daily News and bought a couple of hundred papers .apiece, in the hope of reselling them to comic-strip fans), has furnished us with the answer to this particular argument. Mrs. Dorothy Schiff Thackrey, publisher of the New York Post, improvised, under the pressure of strike conditions, a technique which it seems to me may save New York journalism.

During the strike, the Post, like all other New York papers, maintained full employment in its editorial, mechanical, and advertising departments. Members of the editorial staff, for instance, reported at their regular hours, received assignments, covered their stories—presumably warning the subjects of their interviews that they were to be quoted —and wrote the stories to meet deadlines. The copy was then edited and set up. Up to this point the procedure paralleled that of other struck newspapers. But —and this is the crucial detail, which suggests that Mrs. Thackrey belongs, like T. S. Eliot, among those whom a contemporary critic has termed “culture heroes,” the openers of new vistas—the Post 'printed no papers[1] To carry her innovation one step farther, it is only necessary that, on days when there is no strike, the drivers report with their trucks and make their routes but just don’t deliver anything. In this way newspapers could be maintained intact between outbreaks of news, without impairment of employment; the staffs could be kept up to snuff, perpetually rehearsing between incidents. We do not ask of an army under peacetime conditions that it go out and stage a massacre every day to justify its existence. We do not demand that a fire company rush out and break the windows of a store that is not on fire. And the dissemination of news, when there is some, is a matter of public interest, just as much as fighting a war or a fire. If you doubt me, you have only to consult any of the last three thousand and ten public speeches of Dean Carl Ackerman of the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism. Whv not, then,

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Throughout the Americas, tremendous progress is promised for the postwar era. PANAGRA now in its seventeenth year of steady growth, plans important expansions to help make that promise come true. Our projected "Great Circle Route," utilizing the finest and fastest new planes, will make it possible for U. S. travelers to reach Ecuador, Peru, Chile and Argentina in from 11½ to 24 hours, and bring to our hemisphere an increasing share in postwar world progress
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growth, plans imponant expansions.! help make thai promise come hi® Out. projected “Gˆeat Circle Route, utilizing the-finest ano fastest new pianes wilt make it possible »o« U S travelers lo reach Ecuador. Peru. Chile and Argentina in trow |jy» -to 24 hours, and bring; to «ir I hemisphere an increasing share in postwar world progress

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I hiQughuut the Amencas 'temendouˆ fogies* ts promised tof the postwar era PANAGRA now m its seventeenth year nt stead!

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Top off tonight’s dinner with this great ice cream dish!

Be sure you use Ricciardi French Ice Cream to be certain of true flavor and prewar creaminess. On sale at better drug and confectionery stores. Served in better hotels and restaurants.

(Recipe, courtesy Louis Diat, "Cooking a la Ritz.”)

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Races at
Jamaica
BY TRAIN:
Regular scheduled trains from Penna. Station, N. Y., and Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, to track.
BY SUBWAY: 6th & 8th Avenue Subways to Parsons Blvd. Station, Jamaica, connecting with buses.
7 Thrilling Races Daily
WEDNESDAY, August 1
THE WAKEFIELD STAKES
$10,000 Added
DAILY DOUBLE CLOSES 1:10 P.M.
FIRST RACE 1:30 P.M.
ADMISSION $1.60
Tax Included
CHILDREN NOT ADMITTED

Place sliced peaches on Ricciardi Strawberry Ice Cream Cover with

Sauce Cardinal. (To make sauce: cook until thick 1 cup each strawberries, raspberries, and sugar with 1 teaspoonful cornstarch. Rub through sieve.)

FRENCH ICE CREAM an ice cream of rare excellence

a standing establishment of newspapers.'

I can anticipate the objections to this plan of a few diehard laissez-faire economists like Dr. Friedrich Hayek and Dr. Ruth B. Alexander, but I am prepared for them, too. Let the members of the public kick in with their two or five cents for their favorite daily paper on days when the paper does not appear. If it is worth a nickel to read the Suu, it is certainly worth a nickel not to. In fact, it is a bargain. There may be some interesting changes in .circulation figures, because it is worth just as much not to read the ˆcws as it is not to read any of the five-cent papers. The already vast circulation of the AYwr would grow vaster. A man who had to pay five cents not to read The Newspaper PM would be a sucker to give up the money, in fact, when for only two cents he could avoid reading Captain Patterson's little Ausgabe. These are details, however, that the circulation departments could work out among themselves. The funnies could be published outright in large, satisfying books, suitable for throwing at Dr. Hayek. There would be, it may be objected, a certain loss in advertising revenue (The Newspaper PM has, of course, managed to get along without advertising), but I contend that the great saving in newsprint effected by not printing the papers on days when there is no news would more than compensate. This might make it feasible, in time, to refrain from printing a paper at a cost of only four cents a nonexistent copy, or, in the case of the two-cent papers, 1.685, which would be even cheaper than the present costs of not refraining from printing them. The newsprint saved could be shipped to southern Tunisia to be made into newspapers for the Arabs, who have been getting off too damn easy so far anyway. —A. J. Liebling

Stewart C. Coey, Jr.

Capt. AC 0902742

Hq. IX AFSC

APO 149—% Postmaster

New York. New York

Dear Sir

This will acknowledge your recent letter and the identification bracelet that you sent to us for repairs.

The repairs will be executed as you instructed, and when the work is finished, shipment will be made to you at the above address in accordance with your surroundings.

Very truly yours,

Black, Starr & Gorham, Inc.

—Letter from Black, Starr ˆ Gorham to an American in Germany.

Squalid though they may be.

Summertime at the

Pioney Plaza

. . . is a season of quiet charm and relaxation.

All sports and recreation facilities are at hand. In this sunny land of sparkling surf and cool ocean winds, you may store up new vigor for your wartime duties.

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THE EACE TRACK

Ladies' Day

’^S T TAVINCt been

one of the first to suggest, timidly, I s. that Gallorctte was K probably the best three-year-old hereabouts, I was especially pleased to see her win the Empire City at Jamaica last Saturday. Ever since she beat Hoop Jr. (remember him?) in a minor race early in the season and then gave Jeep a bad scare in the Wood Memorial, she has been building herself a solid reputation. She won the Acorn Stakes, the Pimlico Oaks, and the Delaware Oaks, and it is generally believed that she would have won the Coaching Club American Oaks if she had been nominated for it.

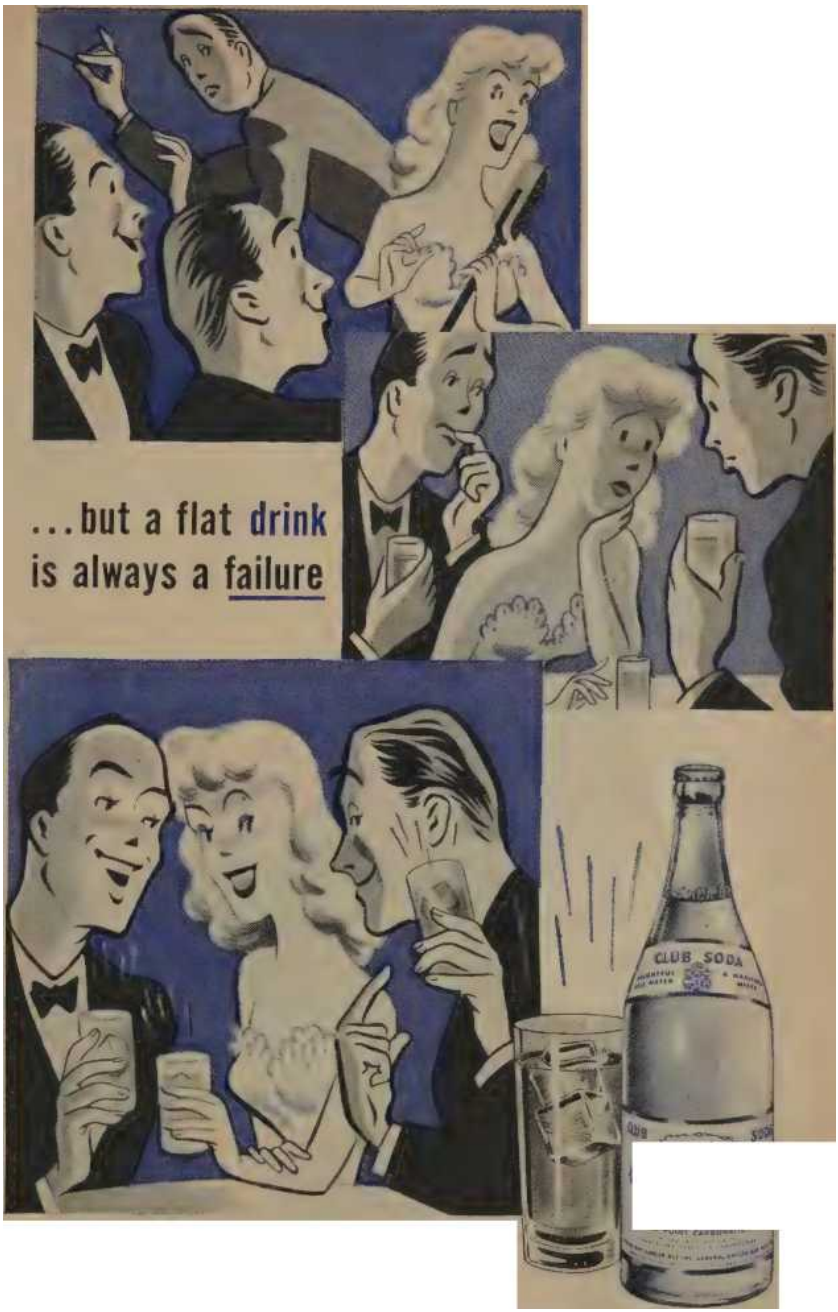
A flat voice may have a big following...

Horses have to be nominated for the Coaching Club American Oaks years in advance, just as young ladies are for Miss Spence's school, and at the time the lists closed, W. L. Brann, who owns her, hadn't the tiniest notion that she would be as good as she is. Amateur handicappers say that Gal-lorette's best race was in the Dwyer Stakes, when Wildlife managed to beat her by what Moxie the Dice Cheater called a dirty nose. In the Empire City, she chased Pavot for nearly a mile, wore him down in the stretch, and won by almost a length. I must say that she didn't look her best before the race.

Gallorette isn't a particularly handsome filly at any time, but she is a rangy animal, of the type that goes on forever. It will make her stable very happy if she does, because so far this season she has earned around $90,000.

Horseplayers say that when fillies beat colts, the colts are no great shakes. Watching Esteem and Coincidence run out of the money in the Empire City, I felt that there might be something to it. The crowd made Pavot the favorite, though he had finished last in the Dwyer, at Aqueduct, the week before. Some horsemen say that Pavot faded out in that race because there were a lot of tiny

fragments of clamshell on the track and the stuff tickled his



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...but a flat drink is always a failure

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Water

Where there’s life you’ll hear

feet. They say that when the racing strip was done over last spring some broken shells got into the top dressing. That may have been one reason for the topsy-turvy form at the meeting. Colonel Martingale thinks that Pavot, who spends his holidays on Maryland’s Eastern Shore, where many of the roads

Whenever you’re out you’ll hear the liveliness of drinks mixed with

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Canada Dry Water. It’s

the preferred club soda in fine bars, hotels and clubs. And no wonder. “PinPoint Carbonation”. . . millions of tinier bubbles ... insures life and sparkle to the last sip. And Canada Dry’s special formula points up the flavor of any tall drink. For drinks that sound better, taste better ... always ask for Canada Dry Water when you’re out, serve it in your own home.

If yov prefer a mixer with a fuller flavor, there’s nothing as good as “the Champagne of Ginger Ales”... Canada Dry.

are paved with crushed shells, acquired his dislike for them there. A

likely story, you say? Well, War Kilt, who ran so abominably at Aqueduct, winters on the Eastern Shore too, and she won by eight lengths in her first start at Jamaica the other afternoon.

TO get down to the serious business of straight, place, and show at Jamaica last week, something named Peggy Only paid a $272.30 mutuel, Happy Indian paid $198, and Sam Bernard paid $88.30. One sentimental horseplayer I know took a ticket on Sam Bernard just because he remembered seeing the actor of that name in “The Girl from Kay’s.” There were other promising tips and hunches that didn’t click. Crossed Action was backed heavily for the East View Stakes, probably because Arcaro rode him, but he disobligingly finished seventh. Lots of people expected First Fiddle to run better in the Yonkers Handicap than he had at Aqueduct. He didn’t; he came in far behind Wait a Bit, who won comfortably from Stymie. Then there was an extraordinary and misguided plunge on an animal named Seamanlike that is impossible to explain.

NO one was really surprised when Beaugay beat Enfilade in the Lassie Stakes at Washington Park, in Chicago, the other day. After all, Beau-gay had beaten Enfilade before, in the Fashion, at Belmont. The result of the Washington Park Stars and Stripes Handicap, later in the week, was something else again. Thumbs Up, fresh from his triumphs at Santa Anita, couldn’t give twenty-four pounds to a fugitive from Class C named, appropriately enough, Devalue, who won by a nose and paid $19.2(1.

William Helis, who was born in Greece, isn’t going to give Greek names to any more of his horses. Too many of his compatriots have been backing Helis also-rans. —Audax Minor

•

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Davidson of Winnipeg, announce the engagement of their daughter, Mabel, to John Glendower Parry, youngest son of Mrs. M. S. Parry, 2425 W. 3rd Ave., \ ancouver, and.the late C; P' Melville Sims Parry. T he wedding will take place Saturday, roads piled high with rhubarb and turnips, anything that can be eaten June 2, 1945, at 7:15 p.m., in Canadian Memorial church.—Winnipeg paper.

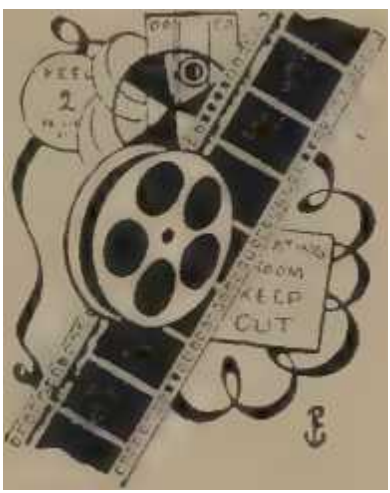
Just like old times.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Cooper on Horseback

IX “Along Came Jones,” Gary Cooper is that hardy perennial of movie plots, the awkward, timorous character who is mistaken for a killer. It is perhaps unfortunate that Mr. Cooper has to pretend an ignorance of firearms in a cow-country setting, where he has so often in the past manipulated weapons with a grim and lethal

competence, but the script compensates for this unlikely handicap by providing him with a muscular prowess that Joe Louis might well envy. The film, confected by Nunnally Johnson, is an attempt to burlesque the usual Western, and it frequently succeeds in its pur



pose quite amiably, despite Mr. Coop- Frank

er’s persistent efforts to improve on the joke by making it just a bit more obvious. It’s about time somebody told

Mr. Cooper, who must be upward of forty, that a great big man looks aw-

fully silly when he tries to be as arch as a teeny little boy. For all that, “Along Came Jones” includes enough, of the uproar that

Hollywood has always associated with sleepy Western towns to keep the customers reasonably diverted. While the picture, which Mr. Cooper himself produced, is composed of most of the standard ingredients— the stagecoach holdup, the posse, the chase, the battle in the hills, and the gun duel—it departs sharply from tradition in the treatment it accords its heroine, a girl named Cherry, played by Loretta Young. Cherry, who usually appears in casual frocks that look as though they had been turned out by Schiaparelli, is a lady whose virtue is constantly suspect, and she is referred to as a "skonk." In his role as a killer, Dan

Duryea is compelled, in one scene, to quiz Mr. Cooper with no more tact than a gossip columnist about what really happened the night Mr. Cooper stayed over at Cherry's ranch. Nice talk, I must sav.

As extremely troublesome aspect of many United States Navy documentaries is their tendency to employ commentaries more suitable to the recording of an Army-Navy football game than of a death struggle between major powers. When such a commentary is coupled with visual monotony, as it is in "The Fleet That Came to Stay," a twenty-minute account of our Navy's activities off Okinawa, the result is re-

grettable. The sight of a Japanese plane being torn to ribbons by flak is an exciting business. But when plane after plane —and the camera picks up a fair proportion of the more than four thousand destroyed at Okinawa—is caught in the same predicament, one's interest doesn't remain at the same high pitch. Incidentally, if Navy anti-aircraft fire

continues to be as good as it evidently was at Okinawa, all the Japanese planes are due to wind up in the Kamikaze class.

SETTING out to have a look at "Anchors Aweigh," a Technicolor musical with Sinatra, Gene Kelly, and

Kathryn Grayson, one morning last week, I misjudged my schedule so grossly that I found myself in the Capi-

tol Theatre in time to hear Johnnie Johnston, a blond crooner, bring forth

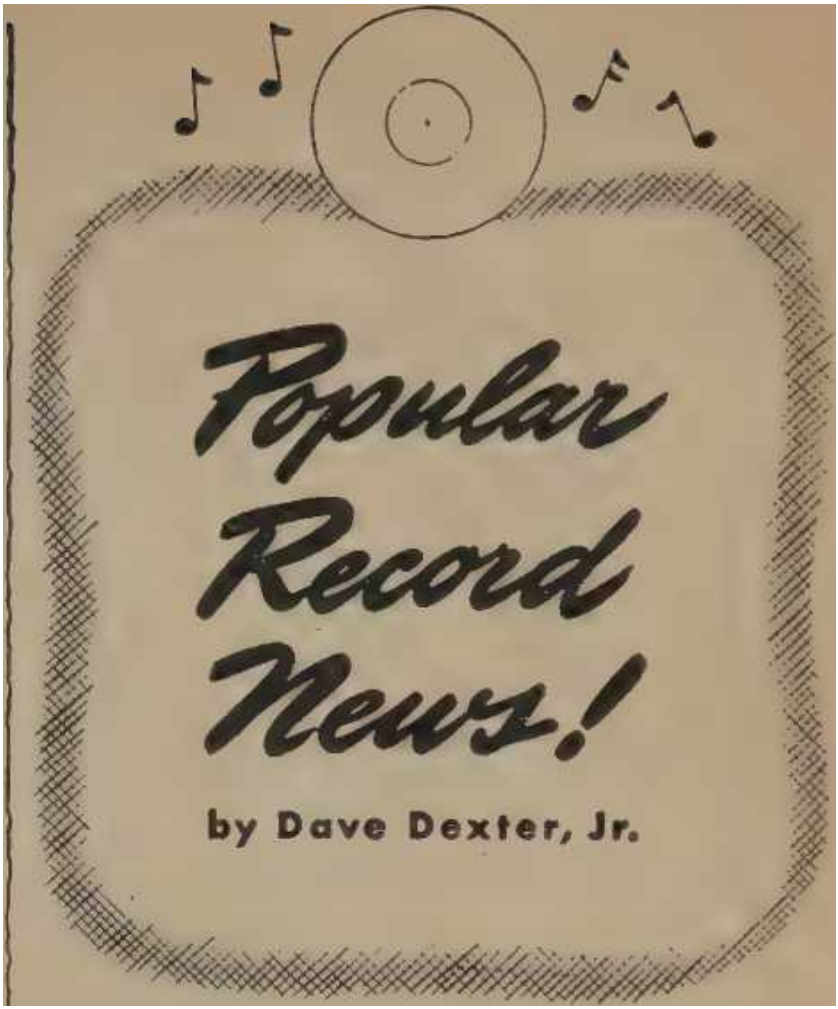
enraptured squeals from an audience of impressionable adolescents. This put me in a rather nervous state, but it put the little ones in fine voice to greet Frank Sinatra, and I heard little of the dialogue over their caterwauling. What I did hear was pretty discouraging, as was everything else about the picture except some excellent dancing by the reliable Gene Kelly. The film has to do with a couple of sailors in Hollywood, and Jose Iturbi turns up in it periodically. Just how it all came out I don't know, since along about the middle of the piece a young lady alongside me—and may all her children have St. Vitus dance—began to moan, "Send me, Frankie." Whatever Mr. Sinatra did for her, he sent me all right, and the quiet of the streets fell sweetly on

my ear.

"XX 7ithin These Walls" demon-

V V strates that a warden's lot is not a happy one, particularly if his son is an inmate of the jailhouse he is supervising and if his daughter is in love with a convict so handsome that he looks like a man of distinction even in prison drab. Tlie convolutions of the plot eventually move the warden's daughter to remark helplessly, "There is no solution to all this." Although she is plainly right, the film keeps looking around for one. Whoever got Thomas Mitchell involved in all this deserves ten to twenty years at the minimum.

—John McCarten



★ NO MANNER of entertainment is more exciting, more dramatic and quite so memorable as a recording session. No matter if it be a symphony or a Viennese waltz, a New Orleans jazz classic or a

Cole Porter ballad, one senses electricity in the atmosphere. Occasionally the red light will flash and the musicians will faultlessly follow the baton without ever approximating a near-miss. But more often a trumpet “clinker” or the squeak of a reed will rudely interrupt a reading, and a new start—a different “master” record-must carefully be attempted again.

Often as many as twenty “masters” are used before the perfect performance is captured. It is therefore imperative that the finest equipment be used; the studio, the microphones, control board instruments and the sharp-eared engineer all must be unexcelled if the “A Master,” when it is obtained, is to faithfully reproduce the performance with unerring accuracy and fidelity.

Skilled and progressive engineers have developed the art of recording to its highest state of perfection in the three years that

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LETTER. FROM BERLIN

July 14 (by wireless) SOME days ago, on Unter den Linden, I was staring through an iron gate barring the approach to what is left of the Ehrenmal, the Prussian equivalent of our Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, when two girls stopped beside me, also to stare. Each had a rucksack filled with wood on her back. There is no cooking gas in Berlin, no coal, no oil; householders burn wood from ruined buildings and dwellings, and they have no trouble finding plentv. The Ehrenmal, dedicated in 1931, is in the A Ite W ache, or old guardhouse, a small, once handsome structure with walls of chaste limestone, built about a century and a quarter ago. For generations, at twelvethirty in the afternoon every Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday, the guard outside the A Ite AV ache was changed while Berliners looked on with the same delight with which Londoners used to watch the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace. The Ehrenmal, a slab of black granite bearing a wreath of silver and gold oak leaves and an inscription honoring the Prussians who died in the last war, was placed so that the illumination from a round skylight in the dome of the guardhouse shone on it. There is no guard outside the A Ite AV ache now. Its limestone walls are no longer chaste and the illumination from the shattered skylight is augmented by the light that comes through the jagged holes in the dome. The slab and the wreath of the Ehrenmal are still there, visible through the entrance, but the wreath has been jarred off the slab and both are littered with rubble, muck, and charred lumps of

wood, poor Berlin," one of the girls said as they turned away. "How they beat us to pieces! "

The R.A.F. and our Eighth Air Force together dropped more than a hundred and fifty-six million pounds of bombs on Berlin. No one knows which section got it worst, for the complete figures on the damage w m't be in for several months. Perhaps they will I show that the parts worst -hit were workers' districts like Wedding and Kbpe-nick. Nevertheless, Unter den Linden, the center of a target known to

the Eighth Air Force as "Big B," or downtown Berlin, certainly got its share. The street, which, as everyone must remember, got its name from the rows of linden trees in the great pedestrian island down its middle, is a hundred and ninety-eight feet wide and nearly a mile long, and it is the hub of Berlin's east-west axis. In prewar days, with its jewelry shops, bureaus for luxury travel, salesrooms for custom-made automobiles, hotels such as the Adlon and the Bristol, and restaurants whose food, drink, and service made you think of Ernst Lubitsch pictures, it was one of the world's great avenues. On it, too, were the University, the State Library, Frederick the Great's State Opera, the Ministries of Interior and Finance, and the American, French, and Soviet Embassies. Not much is left of these buildings; most of them are shells at best.

Take the Adlon, down at the street's western end, close to the Brandenburg Gate. If you ignore the fact that its doors and windows are bricked up as a precaution against bomb blast, it looks from the outside as you might expect a first-rate metropolitan hotel to look. Inside, it is a fire-gutted shambles, a circumstance for which, it appears, the cupidity of the proprietor, Herr .Adlon, is responsible. Before Berlin fell, on May 2nd, the Adlon had nearly four hundred thousand bottles of vintage wine in its cellar. As the Russian Army closed in on the city, somebody on the hotel's staff began worrying about these treasures and went to the boss. "Um Gottes willen, Herr Adlon,"

he is supposed to have said, "what are you going to do about all that wine? The Russians are coming and you don't want them to get it, do you? Give it to the people in the streets. Pour it down the sewers. Um Christi, willen, Herr Adlon!" Herr Adlon replied that he would think it over. He thought it over so carefully, weighing and counterweighing every possibility with such thoroughness, that he had disposed of only a few gross of bottles, to his employees, at nine marks apiece, before the Red Army arrived in Berlin. Its enlisted men, as the enlisted men of any army in the world would have done, got into the wine cellar of the Adlon. They had succeeded in drinking onlv a few hundred bottles, however, when the hotel caught fire from, it is said, a lighted cigar dropped on a carpet by an exhilarated staff sergeant. Four hundred and ten of the Adlon's four hundred and fifty bedrooms and all of its two hundred and fifty-five baths were burned out, and the remainder of Herr Adlon's stock of bottled goods was turned into a pool of molten

glass.

Or take the State Opera House, grandfather to the Scala in Milan and great-great-grandfather to the Metropolitan in New York. Its facade, including the Latin inscription on the lintel above its columns, announcing that Fredericus Rex gave the building to Apollo and the Muses, is intact. When you go inside, you realize that even a massed choir of Carusos and Chaliapins couldn't fill it with sound, for there is

practically nothing left to not the building's first bit It was opened in 1743, terior was

fill. This is of bad luck, and its inburned out

a century later; then it ' was restored, and in 1928 completelv modernized. It was burned out again, by the R.A.F.'s incendiaries, two centuries after its erection, but was quickly restored by the Nazis and reopened. I suspect that Fredericus Rex would have had some rather strong reactions had he been present on that reopening night. "Lohengrin," sung by the Reich's foremost artists, nourished the Fiihr-er's passion for Wagner and was at least a nod in Apollo's direction, but for those of the Party's leaders whose favorite muse was Terpsichore,

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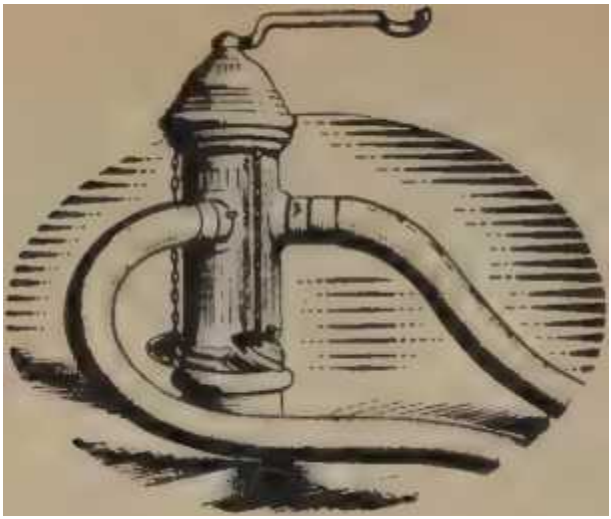

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there was a A ackt-ballct, or a posse of Tanzgirls with no clothes on, which performed fulsomely in each of the opera's intermissions. Later, the Eighth 2;ot the building again, for the third time, on one of its Big B operations.

WITH some friends, I walked one day down the short, narrow Oberwallstrasse, which runs off Unter den Linden. What we saw there can, with a few variations, be seen today in hundreds of Berlin side streets. There had been fighting in the Oberwallstrasse; a wrecked American halftrack with S.S. license plates lay keeled over to starboard, and other military vehicles were strewn along behind it. A howitzer from the last war, which residents of the district told us had been taken from the Zeughaus, Berlin's military museum, and pressed into service, lay on its side. Clearly, the Russian heavy artillery had found the range. The Oberwallstrasse had also been bombed. Half of one large dwelling house had been sheared off, leaving four stories of rooms exposed to view. In one ground-floor room stood a small lathe which had doubtless been used to make parts of military instruments; during the war there was a great deal of Hˆimarbeit, or parlor manufacture, in Berlin.

Halfway up the street, an elderly woman and a little girl were foraging for fuel in another wrecked house. A sign on one wall of it said, in German, “Warning! As per order of the Herr Police President of Berlin, this property has been strewn with a highly poisonous rat exterminator. Children and domestic animals are to be kept at a distance.” The old woman and the little girl hadn’t read the sign or, more likely, didn’t care. Under a fallen joist the child found a man’s left shoe, in fairly good condition, and this she put into her rucksack. Single shoes are a commodity on Germany’s black market.

In the gutter in front of another house we came across a soggy, coverless book that turned out to be Longfellow. “Life is real! Life is earnest!” and “Under a spreading chestnut tree” look funny in German; so does “Auf den Ufern Gitschignmmi sass der kleine Hiawatha.” Tw'o youths w’ho had been watching us came over. One said that in better days he had enjoyed Longfellow; the other had been fascinated by Edgar Allan Poe. They w ere medical students waiting for the university to reopen and give them a chance to go on w'ith their studies. That would not be for some time, I told them rather magisterially, as though I w'ere a member of the Allied

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CLOSER SUNDAY

Control Commission. I pointed out that although we took Aachen last October, only the first four grades of its grammar schools had been opened so far and that nobody expected the university in Heidelberg to resume operation for at least another year. The two

young men were surprised to learn that so little educational progress had been made elsewhere in Germany. Shortly after the capture of Berlin, they said, the Russians had reopened all the pre-universitv schools that were still standing. The only reason the university hadn't reopened, they said, was that it had been ausgebombt.

MY friends and I walked back to

Unter den Linden. A pale, bald man with protruding black eyes pedalled slowly by on a bicycle with no tires on its wheels. A hunchback, whose legs accounted for three-quarters of his height, trudged past in a blue windbreaker and checked trousers, pushing a handcart loaded with three empty barrels. Two trucks came along. One was a Studebaker 4x6, driven by a Russian soldier and carrying three Holstein cows, who looked poorly. The other was a German vehicle, painted black and powered by a wood-burning gas generator. Unter den Linden used to swarm with pedestrians and traffic, but now there was little of either. In front of the Brandenburg Gate a pretty Russian Wac, with the help of two flags, was directing what traffic there was. Above the gate's arches hung a Russian banner inscribed "Long live the Soviet Armies that planted their victory standards in Berlin! " On top of the gate, the outside right horse in the famous sculptured team of four steeds pulling Victory's chariot badly needed a veterinary.

A thin old man, who must have taken us for Russians, approached and said in a whining voice, "Guteu Tug, comrades. Can you spare me a little tobacco?" He wore a black homburg that almost covered his ears, a wing collar and a string tie, a dark suit and overcoat that were very neatly brushed and pressed, and beautifully shined black shoes. We turned him down, and he sorrowfully walked on with his hands clasped behind him. A curly-haired, actorish-looking fellow in his thirties, wearing plus-fours and a canary pullover, came up to us and offered to pay cash for cigarettes. We said that we had all the cash we wanted, and he too went away. Next we got talking with a pale youth who was carrying a portfolio. He told us that he was a Jew and showed us his card to prove

old on!

"How thoughtless of somebody to throw this rubber boll into the basket. Whitey.'[4]

ZZW

"It must have been a mistake, Blackie—because nobody wants to waste anything these days.'[4]

True words, Whitey—especially where BLACK & WHITE is concerned. There isn't too much of it to go around these days, but every drop is precious. So please drink it sparingly until there is a more plentiful supply to go around. (Soon, we hope.)

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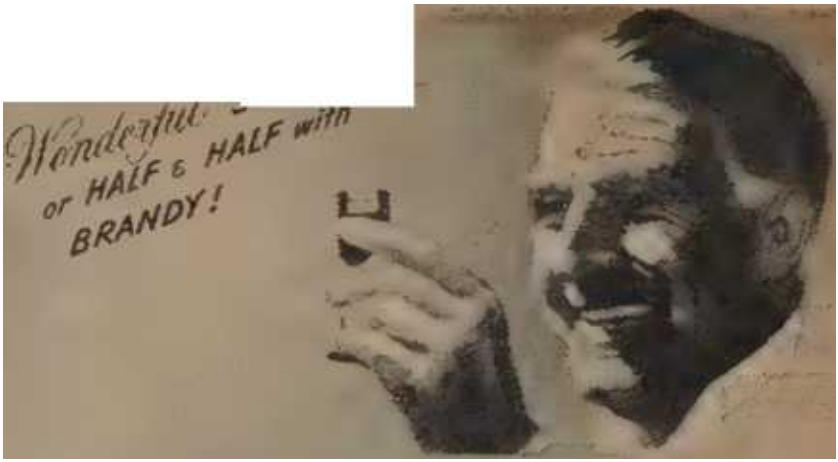
THE LOTION MEN LIKE... AND WOMEN REMEMBER

it. Jews and half-Jews in Berlin have identification cards issued by the Russians. Each card has the bearer's photograph, declares that he is a victim of National Socialism, and asks that he be given special consideration. This youth didn't mention tobacco. When one of us handed him a cigarette, he was overwhelmed.

No tobacco has been sold legally in Berlin since May 2nd. On the black market a single cigarette costs from fifteen to twenty marks (a dollar and a half to two dollars, at the official rate of exchange), depending on its quality. American cigarettes are considered the best, and the standard black-market price for a pack of twenty is three hundred marks, or thirty dollars. T his ten-cent valuation of the mark is the arbitrary one set by our Army Finance Department, and the mark's actual purchasing power, even in the open market, is often two and a half to three times greater. The value of a pack of Chesterfields can thus run as high as seventy-five to ninety dollars.

The German word for the butt of a cigarette or cigar is Kippe. I'd conservatively estimate that at least two million of the three million Berliners left in the city that was once home for nearly four and a half million are now engaged in Kippens a mm lung, or butt collecting. The butt collecting in Berlin, I do not hesitate to say, is the most intensive on earth, and I am not forgetting the Kippensammlung on the Bowery and in the Middle East. Remain stationary on a Berlin street while you smoke a cigarette, and likely as not you will soon have around you a circle of children, able-bodied men, and whiskered old men, all waiting to dive for the butt when you throw it away. A riddle that has achieved wide circulation in the city runs as follows: If you can make one whole ciga-

sr^-



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rettc out of three butts, how many can you make out of ten butts? The answer is five. The explanation is that from nine of the ten butts you make three cigarettes, and from the butts of those three

you make your fourth cigarette. You make the fifth cigarette from the butt of your fourth, plus the tenth original butt, plus a butt you borrow from a friend whom you pay back with the butt of the fifth cigarette after you've smoked it.

Butts are legal tender in the economic system that prevails in Berlin. The other afternoon I was at the home of a woman who was having some glass put in the blown-out windows of her apartment. The glazier had been on the job all day, using old bent nails instead of putty. The woman's fifteen-year-old daughter came into the living room to say that the glazier had finished and was waiting to be paid. "Na, wo hast du die Kippen gesteckt?" ("Come now, where have you put the butts?") the mother asked the child, who went out and shortly returned with a silver bowl containing about twenty butts. Her mother took the bowl into the next room, where the glazier had been working, and through the open door I could hear him expressing his ecstatic thanks. [11] They taste so wunderschon in my pipe!" he said. Plainly he was more than satisfied with his day's pay. —Joel Sayre

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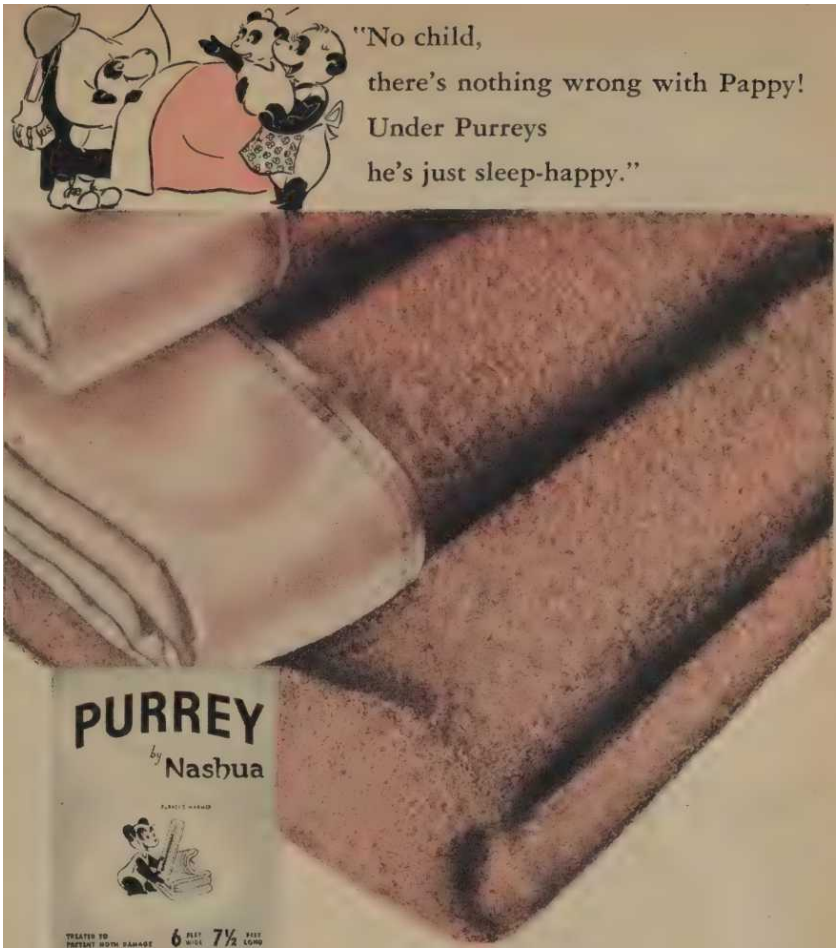

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER [Arturo Suarez in the Havana Post] Tangee House in New York is not the visitor, but think of it, nevertheless, and while you do, do not fail to also do so of Madame Tevis Huhn, chief holder in the manufacture of the world-wide products for women and manager in the business, of branches thick and wide in living space, with Cuba well represented in the rounds by chief part in sales and results. Mrs. Huhn is here with Mr. Huhn, guests the two at Hotel Nacional. They have been in for two days and have only one more to spare at their disposal for departure back home to the States by way of Miami, both at once to hug their two nice children, then to reassume Tangee for the lady, advertising

for him, which in his very words, is very flourishing nowadays.

An entree for a talk with her in the north may be difficult, for her time is well taken up with business and social engagements besides love, care and attentions in the home, but not so in Havana, where reporters managed to rob her of minutes before she and her husband rejoined Mr. Marino, trade representative for her in Cuba, in then to compliment them at the hotel, later to take them about to places of interest. Marino, has ever been a good name in Cuba, but not till he took charge of Tangee products has

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ur Baking Soda is an excellent tooth cleanser, too. Used regularly, it helps keep teeth clean, restores their natural color. It has a

pleasant, freshening after-taste. And a package, which will give many weeks of brushings, costs but a few cents—at your grocer's.

CHURCH a DWIGHT CO., INC., 10 CEDAR ST., NEW YORK 5. N.Y

he become really famous, so is he for the women, anyway. He retained his reputation with them mostly on Tangee, of help to have increased his business and to be in popular request. That success, alike that of the manufacturers, of the latter on a bigger scale than is conceivable in major dreams, rests on the quality and the brand of the product, scientifically prepared after many an experiment and trials in the laboratory by the charming girl at the time, back in the early twenties, and now attractive woman, tall, slender, blonde and of smart appearance and pleasant countenance, whose only difference from the start is neither her business, large and ever expanding, nor her money, but her patrimony, right and ownership of essentials for looks and happiness, a celebrity in that sense, not to be discussed and much less to be denied her in the presence of women. The New York public thinks of her that much, so it is with

the smart people in other parts of the States, no less so in most Latin American countries, all absorbing her entire output for export. She carries a line of products, something of benefit to the general public, of world recognition.

Comparisons. Men wear hats not alone in protection of sun and weather but to look the better figure, so women must have cosmetics and sticks; Tangee to be in the acceptance of all, to look smart, neat and attractive, if to meet the challenge of pulchritude inspired by the better class, and besides, live up to the rules of etiquette. Tangee, so. the ads read and many readers agree, adds beauty on people in prolific use of it. It may likewise be the guard against evil rather to be the object of sweet words and looks. Many women going in for a swim to exercise would sink in the pool of regrets were it not for the lift of body and spirit by Tangee on face and lips.

Mrs. Huhn is at home in Cuba from many past visits, also because many girls and women from the States now in Havana, are all apt to intrude on her for interesting talks, on occasion for good sound counsel.

EA5T MVEK NUDEA

They stand,

As if to take a dare,

At water’s edge, Boy bathers, Bare, Drawn up

To meet a city stare:

Long legs,

Round heads, The span between As spare as wood And whittled clean, They make

A river-bank design As lewd

As clothespins On a line.

—Mildred Weston

Maybe

Not

Tomorrow

But Soon

F or 156 years, the excellence of Schweppes Beverages and Table Waters has been known throughout the world. And soon, we hope

to be able to resume shipments of all of them to America, so that our many good friends over here can again enjoy them. Schweppes

INDIAN QUININE WATER • GINGER ALE GINGER BEER • SARSAPARILLA • SODA Manufactured and Bottled in England by SCHWEPPES, Ltd.

Sole U. S. Agents: Maxfield A McLeer. Ine. 90 West Broadway, N. Y«

9 Only the besfwine grapes, vine-ripened to full maturity on the sunny slopes of New York's famed Finger Lakes region, are used in the production of Widmer’s Neapolitan Label Wines.

Noted for 30 years for Extra Quality, these premium selections are well worth the higher cost.

NEW YORK STATE

WIDMER’S WINES

and Vermouths

Vintner# of Fine Wine# Since 1888

WIDMER’S W INE CELLARS,Inc.,NAPLES,N.Y.

Is this the SAME

^

When this photograph was taken, the only nice thing anyone could say about me was that I had a cheerful disposition. I weighed 155 pounds; I had what the doctor called a “lordosis” (I’d call it a swayback!) My hair was exasperatingly unmanageable. My complexion wasn’t good. In fact, when my drama teacher told me there

was no hope of getting a stage part, ever, the way I looked, I was ready to give up and be plain and fat for the rest of my life. Then—thank my lucky stars—mother persuaded me to go and see Ann Delafield at the DuBarry Success School.

WANT TO LOOK AND FEEL BETTER? For

full information about the daytime and evening classes at the DuBarry Success School, send the coupon below. Send it now .. . the sooner you join a Success School class, the sooner you’ll be on your way to looking fair and feeling fit, with the energy for your wartime work!

Next classes begin August 20th

The RICHARD HUDNUT SALON and

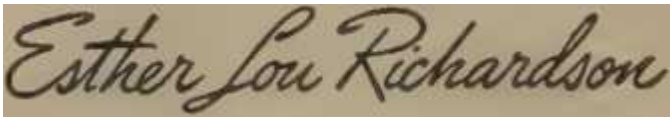
Ann Delafield, Directing

693 FIFTH AVENUE (Telephone-. Plaza 3-6930) NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Yes! and here are the facts about how, at the DuBarry Success School, she made herself over into a nationally recognized beauty.

“Here’s my photograph taken the other day. Yes, it is me, but minus 30 pounds and with something I never dreamed I could have ... a real understanding of how beauty can be brought out from within a person, and made the most of. At the Success School, I learned how to attain normal weight (not by any starvation diet, either!); how to

correct my posture; how to meet people confidently; how to choose my own clothes, do my own hair becomingly, and make up the right way for me. It took six weeks ... of hard work, but I wouldn't exchange the experience for anything! My DuBarry Success School lessons are going to last me a lifetime!"



P.S. Esther Lou's fiance sent her first "after" pictures in to a contest for beautiful amateur models. She teas accepted—and in the contest won second, prize! (IE hen the fudges called her name, she fainted!)

LISTEN to the DuBarry Success Magazine, featuring Ann Delafield,

every Thursday at 11:30 A.M. on WOR.

The BRITISH ISLES

STILL STAND

You were the principal visitors to these Islands in the days before the war and never did you travel far as strangers, for continually you met reminders of our common heritage. Place names, alone, made you feel at home. But much more than that, birthplaces, ancestral homes and shrines, honored by the memory of the

founders of the United States, served but to emphasize our kinship.

In peacetime when you come again, time honored sites must share their age old interest with other and more recent shrines of pilgrimage. Cities which stood up to the fury of the enemy. Cities, towns and villages and whole areas of our countryside where your brave forces made their wartime homes. With what pride will fathers show their sons, and sons their parents and friends, the places where they prepared themselves to fight and conquer the common enemy in their desire for the liberation of mankind and the freedom of the world.

TELEPHONE CALL

There were so many soldiers standing or sitting in the telephone room that you couldn't see the floor. I didn't recognize any of them, although I'd just come over on the same ship with them from Italy. Behind a counter at the left of the entrance, a row of girls sat at switchboards, their backs to the crowd, and at the counter, behind a glass partition, a girl was writing down the numbers for calls to be put through, another was answering questions, and another was collecting charges. I waited in line, and when my turn came said to the first girl, "I want to make a person-to-person call," and gave her my wife's name. She asked me for the number and I had to tell her I didn't know it, because I'd forgotten it in two and a half years overseas.

"That's all right," she said. "Give me her street address."

I gave the telephone girl the address of my wife's father and mother.in New York City. She'd been living with them ever since I'd been shipped over.

"Is that phone listed under your name?" she asked.

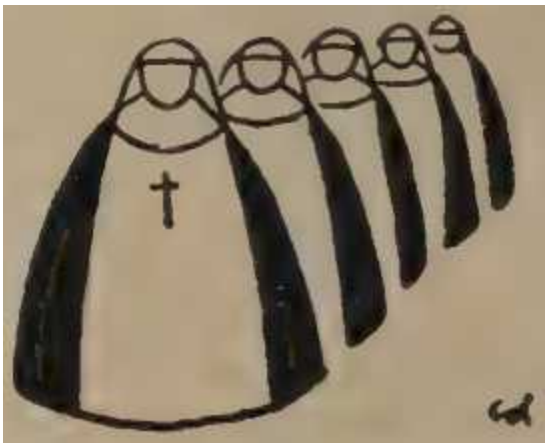
"No," I said, and gave her Mary's father's name. She wrote it down on a charge slip, flipped the charge slip upside down on a pile of others, and smiled at me. I moved over to the next window

and asked the girl there if calls were getting through to New York. She said they were, but it took a little time. I sat down and began

waiting again.

The room had been set up at the staging area by the telephone company so that soldiers coming back from overseas could call home as soon as they got ashore. There were no windows and

the air was dry and stale. The soldiers made a good deal of noise. On shipboard they had appeared neat enough, but now their uniforms looked shabby in comparison with the clean, new uniforms of the port personnel. I sat down by a table with some



fact, I knew, but it didn't seem possible.

"Sergeant Davis calling Kansas Citv, in Booth Four," a woman's voice said through a loudspeaker. "Private Edwards calling Chicago, in Booth Sixteen. Private Corey calling Louisville, in Booth One." At each announcement a soldier started moving, and the men between him and his booth stepped aside and watched him pass down the aisle they had formed. I saw soldier after soldier slide into a booth, pull the door shut behind him with one hand, and lift the receiver off the hook with the other. Through the glass of the doors, I saw their faces set and expressionless, closing out the people watching. I wondered if they were also closing their minds to what they were afraid they might hear. Looking at them, I remembered a funny idea I'd had as we were nearing shore that morning. I had been standing on deck, peering out toward the coastline of America, and it had looked just the same to me as other coastlines I had seen. It looked

like a shelf extending out into the water, and I imagined that we were going to climb up on the shelf the same way we'd climbed up onto Africa and Europe, out of the sea, and that then we were going to walk inland, curiously, to see what it was like. It occurred to me

that you could travel on the sea and come to any shore like that and climb up on it, and everywhere you went you'd find something different; the people that lived on each shelf looked different, the houses they lived in were different, the language they spoke was different. The shelf you ended up on depended on which way you went on

the sea, and so the sea was the beginning of the world, always the same, and the shelves were only smaller and less important parts of the world.

It was a strange way to think of America and I hadn't liked it, but it had seemed true enough at the

newspapers and periodicals on it and went through the pages of a tabloid. There were date lines from several bi'"

Representation of British Railways in North America is maintained through T. D. Slattery, General Traffic Manager 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

cities in the country, and almost every story was of murder, robbery, or scandal. I tried a movie magazine, but it was full of pictures and stories of actors and actresses who hadn't been famous

when I left. There was nothing to do but try to convince myself I was really sitting in a Southern port waiting to talk with my wife in New York. It was a

time. Now I wished I hadn't thought of it that way because it made me dif-. ferent from the people in America. So

far as they were concerned, there was a place called America, and then there was water in any direction and beyond the water were other lands. America was good just because it was America, and everybody understood that. It was the center of everything. The other lands, the ones across the seas, didn't mean much because they had little to

Home-made Oasis

ON A sizzling summer day, you can make your terrace or porch a very pleasant oasis.

To accomplish this, merely serve tall, frosted Mint Juleps ... made with that smooth and distinctively different whiskey —Four Roses.

Four Roses is still the same great whiskey today as it was before the war. It's a combination of specially distilled whiskies — selected to

achieve the magnificent flavor found only in Four Roses.

Free Recipe Book

To help you make Mint Juleps — and other mixed drinks—very much on the special side, we'll send you, free, the handsome new Four Roses recipe book. Write: Frankfort Distillers Corporation, Dept. 40, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

FOUR ROSES

The same great whiskey today as before the war

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, ˆew York.

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u3k&*& dip you awrt'to go?

If you’re like some twenty millions of your fellow Americans, you’re getting set to fly as soon as you can after the war. How soon will

this be? Where will you be able to go? What about comfort? And cost? Here's what an American airman who has flown all over the world can tell you:

1“No place worth seeing will be out of , reach . . . The main routes are being flown daily — more than 110,000 miles of them. Key

airfields are fully developed — hundreds more are in the making. The finest flying equipment ever designed will be ready for use soon after the war ends.

“The peacetime versions of the big twin, engine Curtiss Commando, for instance, will carry 36 to 45 people with all the comforts of a drawing room . . . soft, roomy seats — plenty of space — an attractive powder room — complete dining service—they'll be tops in luxury travel ,ˆ

"And as for speed . . . well, multi-engine transports can cross the country in six hours. That gives you some idea of the concentration of power in their Wright Cyclone engines — the same dependable engines that power the B-29 Superforts and the giant Martin Mars.

4 “Vacations in Mexico, in Rio, on the o Mediterranean, by air, may seem fantastic right now. Yet 27 aitlines are already planning to take you to the markets and the playgrounds of the world at a cost ,well within your reach ..."

do with America. "What they were doing was unimportant.

MY thoughts were interrupted by an announcement on the loudspeaker. The sergeant sitting beside me slapped a friend on the shoulder. “There you are, Tommy,” he said. “That’s for you.” Tommy got up and walked to his booth. The door closed behind him and then he let out a whoop that could be heard all over the room. Everybody else laughed, and so did I.

There was a drinking fountain in one corner of the room. I edged over .through the crowd and took a long drink. The men were noisier now, straining their voices to talk above their •own original noise, and the girls sitting at the switchboards began looking at the chief operator and pointing to their ears. “You boys will have to keep quieter,” she said through the loudspeaker. “We just can’t even hear ourselves think.” She was cute about it but also angry. The men shut up.

The switchboard girls argued with Pittsburgh and Detroit and Chattanooga. They sat on swivel chairs, ankles crossed and arms forward, holding back the completion of movements until more words came through their headpieces, talking into the mouthpieces that rested on their chests. A new voice, thick with accents of the South, began calling out names and booth numbers, and I thought I heard my name, but the call was to Vermont. I got up and went nearer the amplifier and stood there waiting. Soldiers and officers were all mixed in together, melted into equality by the need for reaching outside the Army and into civilian life. Looking at them took my thoughts back to the ship again and something that had happened as we came close to shore. As the tugs were pushing and pulling us toward a pier, somebody took down the ropes that had

divided the decks into three areas, one to be occupied by officers, one for Army enlisted men, one for the Navy crew. The enlisted men and the crew drifted into the officers' lounge and mingled with the officers. Customs inspectors were there, and the civilian passengers and a reporter from a newspaper. Everybody mingled easily, and it all seemed appropriate to the occasion.

Then, before the ship touched the pier, we were told to get ready to debark. A gangway in the side of the ship had been opened up, and I went below and stood with a group by the opening, staring at another group of soldiers on the pier. The gangplank came up and touched, connecting us with land. A

Your longest trip with HARTMANN LUGGAGE

will prove that distance makes

the heart .ˆ grow fonder ˆw

THE HARTMANN COMPANY * RACINE, WISCONSIN

Of course you are. Perma-Lift can help you look young and beautiful, can give you that fashion silhouette so important today. In Perma-Lift the exclusive cushion insets at the base of the bra cups gently support your bust, remain soft yet firm through countless ashings and wear. You'll find Perma-Lift at fine stores everywhere $1.25 to $2.50.

Made by the makers of Hickory Juniors, Girdles and Panties, "The Foundation of Loveliness." Trust Perma-Lift and Hickory, trademarks that have stood the test of time. A. Stein & Company,

Chicago, New York and Los Angeles.

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BRASSIERES U

THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

1

band started to play. We started to walk off the ship and down the gangplank. On the pier a port officer formed us into a ragged column and marched us to a train. The engineer waved at us as we filed into the cars and sat down on the green plush seats. Then the train started up, jerkily, and the countryside began moving past the windows.

The train passed through a city with tall buildings and dusty automobiles standing bumper to bumper along the curbs, through the city's slums, and then into a factory district. The windows of the factories were filled with girls in bright-colored sweaters. The girls leaned out and waved, and the soldiers hooted and made catcalls. Other scenes of the day passed quickly through my mind—a band to meet us at the station where we got off the train, a colonel telling us to behave ourselves because people would be watching us, a quart of fresh milk standing at each place at supper in the mess hall, and then the short walk to my barracks and lying there in my bunk thinking that, if I wanted to, I could get up and put in a telephone call and talk to my wife. After a while, the pleasure of thinking about making the call had worn off and I had begun to feel nervous, so I had got up and put on my coat and left the barracks and walked over to the telephone room.

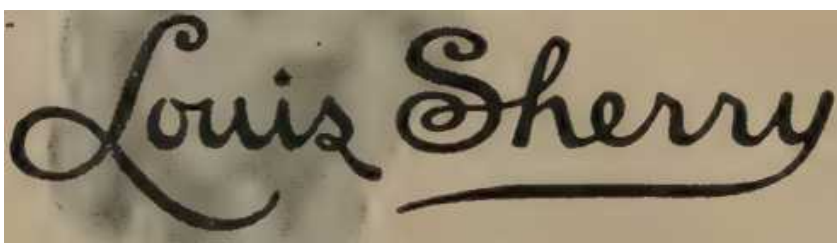
GRAPE PRESERVE

This is one of many delicious Louis Sherry Jams, Jellies and Preserves available at your favorite grocer's and leading retailers of fine foods.

Created as only Louis Sherry knows how, the wealth of flavor in these unusual preserves is typical of every product bearing this famous name.

I STOOD in the telephone room now and watched the men as they came out of the booths. Some of them were laughing and some were quiet, as though they were trying not to feel any emotion at all. Some of them looked as' though the thing that had happened to them was too big to hold. They began talking to strangers, telling them some-' thing, anything, of what had gone on in the booth. Then they went out the door into the night by themselves or sat down in the telephone room next to a friend and looked hurriedly through a magazine, not even seeing the pages. At last my own name was called out through the loudspeaker. I walked toward my booth, pulled the door shut, and picked up the receiver.

—John E. Whelden



PRESERVES

New York

Available again soon—the famous Louis Sherry Coffee

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(advance FOR PMS OF SATURDAY JUNE 2 FROM AP NEWSFEATURES)

HOLLYWOOD

MOVIES NEED NEW FEMININE TALENT BECAUSE BETTER ACTRESSES ARE 40 OR CLOSE TO IT (4 BUST THAT

BUST THAT—A.P. dispatch.

Just thinking out loud, A.P.r

MUMCAL EVEN7 V

Al idsuniHier

^^T "'-^^^ A/F^" ^ M th6

^ .. « ^^^ Stadium Con-

X certs programs are made up of standard occasionally the pa-\ trons are treated to

a night of opera or 4/ ballet, or even a siz-

. able serving of popular tunes. Recently the Philharmonic-Symphony, under the direction of Al Goodman, devoted most •of one evening to a program of popular sonsrs, with Dinah Shore as soloist. The concert was an emphatic success. Mr. Goodman, a knowing and experienced conductor, handled the orchestra with ease and efficiency. Some of the instrumentalists seemed to be a trifle uncomfortable among the current airs, hut Mr. Goodman was an alert and energetic guide. Miss Shore turned out to be one of the most engaging soloists the Stadium Concerts have ever had, and one of the most informal. She replied to greetings from the audience, chatted a bit with the customers, and, all told, gave a pleasantly impromptu touch to the program. Her singing was charming, and expert, but the electrical amplification wasn't exactly flattering to her voice. 'There are many concert singers, it might as well be said, who would find it profitable to study Miss Shore's skillful and often subtle treatment of texts and musical phrases.

Something new in ballet presentation was exhibited at the Stadium

in “Leonide Massine’s Ballet Russe Highlights,” with Mr. Massine and the accomplished Irina Baronova, Anna Istomina, Kathryn Lee, Andre Eglevsky, and Yurek Lazowski. The “Highlights” included a large assortment of short dance arrangements and excerpts from longer ballets, which gave the six members of the group a busy evening. I watched all this on one of the hottest nights of the summer, but the dancers couldn’t have been more animated if they had been trying to keep warm. 'The stage lighting was in general neatly managed, but the footlight shields prevented some of the spectators from seeing much of the dancers’ feet.

The Stadium’s first operatic evening of the season presented Alexander Smallens conducting an all-Metropolitan cast in a lively, well-integrated first act of “Carmen. Gladys Swarthout,

Design for Tomorrow

BUILT-IN CLIMATE .. . Some like it hot . . . some like it cold . . . so science dreams up this convenient air-conditioning system for your postwar home. Don't look for it too soon after V-Day . . . even in the ultra modern Grand Central Zone? And remember, whatever improvements the future may hold, there's no improving on the ■fundamental convenience you enjoy when you live in this smart mid-town section. You're only minutes from Manhattan's finest restaurants, shops, markets, theatres, key business districts. There's a wide variety of surprisingly moderate apartments and delightful hotel suites of varied size within this zone. No wonder modern families prefer this section that offers so much for so little!

Grand Central Zone

RESIDENTIAL AREA

290 PARK AVE. • 300 PARK AVE. • 320-330 PARK AVE. • 340-350 PARK AVE.

Douglas L. Elliman & Co., Inc., Management

400 PARK AVENUE • 420-430 PARK AVENUE

Wm. A. White & Sons, Management

PARK LANE • HOTEL CHATHAM • THE BARCLAY

Reber* F. Carney, Mgr. Dwight A. Bartlett, Mgr. Wm. H. Rorke, Mgr.

bb

Bachrach

who sang the title role, was an attractive and convincing heroine. Herbert Graf's effective stage direction included a novel if not overwhelming bit of business— after the offstage fracas in the cigarette factory between Carmen and one of her fellow-workers, the helpless loser was carried across the stage. There was time for only one act that evening. As soon as the first-act curtain was drawn, the management announced that it would rain in fifteen

minutes and advised the audience to leave. It was a very accurate prediction.

Bradford Bachrach knows how to photograph the charm and loveliness of a woman in her sixties.

The Third (generation of a Jamons Family of Portrait Photographers

ALL of us who write about music J- have lost a valued friend and colleague in the death of Oscar Thompson, the music critic for the Suh. He was a man of great gifts, industry, and perception, and his thorough knowledge of music was always at the service of his readers and his fellow-reviewers. Among Mr. Thompson's sound and readable books are one of the great musical reference works, "The International Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians," which he edited, and an outstanding critical biography of Debussy. —Robert A. Simon

BRADFORD BACHRACH Photographer of Tfomen — 683 7iph Avenue • FABIAN BACHRACH Photographer of Men —>07 Jif th Avenue

BOSTON • PROVIDENCE • EAST ORANGE • BALTIMORE • WASHINGTON • PHILADELPHIA

THE TROUSSEAU PRIDE

OF EVERY

Wanisutta

SUPERCALE*

•reg. u. S. pat. off.

SH EETS

Somerset Towels • Sprinˆeld Blankets "The Three Weavers" Throws

A navy lieutenant visited a studio the other day and confessed to a horrified Hollywood guide that he had never heard of Ingrid

Bergman, Lauren Bacall or Jennifer Jones. He still thought Shirley Temple was a curly-headed moppet.

The Lieutenant, who was recently in command of a gun crew on an oil tanker, had been at sea for 32 months. He didn't even know about Frank Sinatra.

His favorite stars, he said, were Joan Crawford and Ginger Rogers. In fact, he was so behind the times that he didn't even know that "Huba, huba" was a phrase denoting a tender passion.

I he Lieutenant's plight brings a rather startling idea to mind. We have developed in the past several years an enormous number of stars who are not, as they and we like to think, world famous at all. —Harold Heffernan in the San Francisco Chronicle.

Why, Harold Heffernan!

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[From the Neivsf

At least a score of other women, some with children, screamed in terror as the man suddenly leaped upon a middle-aged woman just emerging from the park, shook her violently by the throat, and pitched her to the sidewalk....

By the time he had run about 200 yards into the park and had knocked down five women, the detectives were upon him. He struggled but they hustled him into a car and rushed him to Roosevelt Hospital, where he was diagnosed as neurotic.

f ? . . . From the beginning, Oregon

'OREGON was destined to have a bright fu-/ f ture. It is one of Nature's "treasure

\/ chests." Its bountiful soil is blessed with moisture; soil that mothers the tall timber, the abundant orchards, the many products of farm and ranch.

Oregon's high yield of lumber, its fruits, vegetables, grains, livestock, wool, seafood and valuable ores fill trainloads of precious .wartime freight shipped over Union Pacific's Strategic Middle Route, uniting Oregon with the East.

The state's industrious citizens . . . endowed with the pioneering spirit of individual enterprise . . . confi-

T#£ fiROCtfStM union pacific RAILROAD

• Listen to "YOUR AMERICA" — Mutual network — every Sunday afternoon, 4 fifth E. W' T.

dently look forward to prosperous postwar development. They point to the raw materials for industry, the power provided by Bonneville Dam, the coastline shipping ports and the convenient rail transportation.

And, in peacetime, Oregon's healthful climate, pleasant living conditions and remarkable scenic beauty will attract, not only vacationists, but many present-day "pioneers" who seek future security and contentment in the vast western area of your America.

NOTE: Write Union Pacific, Omaha, Neb., for information regarding industrial or busi-

^25^^

Setting the pace for the coach streamliners

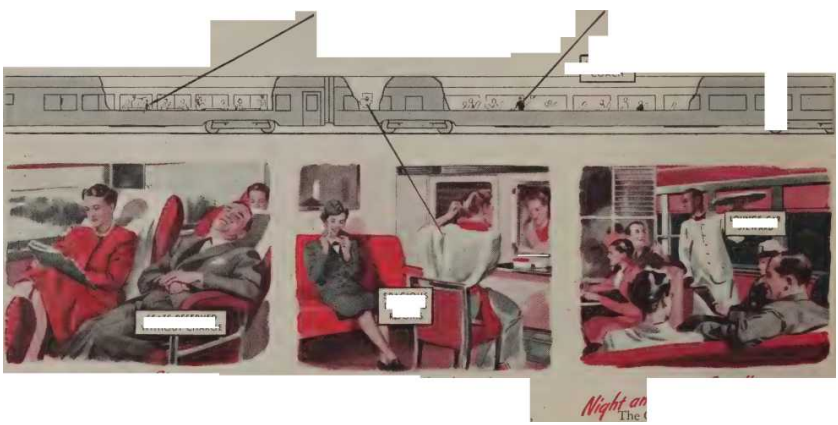
^^ ^

Dinner or breakfast jn the cheerful Pacemaker dining car is attractively served at an attractive price. Yet even on this thrifty menu, New York Central allows service men and women a special discount.

^^^^

This young lady’s meeting her Navy Dad for the first time. So now she’s beauty napping in the special Women's Coach, where the Maid watches over her while Mother’s in the.dining car.

of tomorrow



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SEATS RESERVED WITHOUT CHARGE

SPACIOUS DRESSING ROOMS

LOUNGE CAR STEWARD

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soothing blue, the Pacemaker’s pillow-soft seats can be slanted back to a sleepinviting angle. Passengers who wish extra pillows can rent them for a trifle.

At night, when coach lights dim to

Club-Observation Lounge is open to all Pacemaker passengers without charge. Always a favorite spot with travelers who want to chat, read, play cards or enjoy refreshments.

WOMEN'S COACH

PORTER KEEPS CAR NEAT

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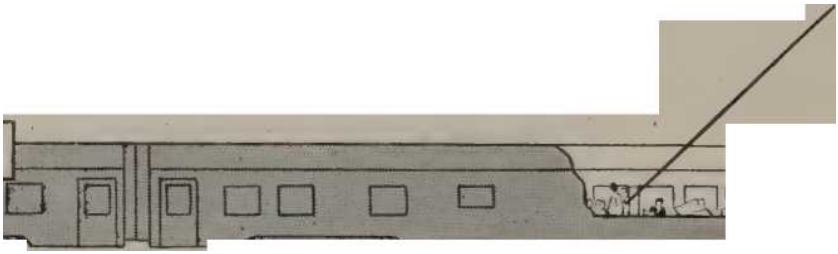
^FtV-?^

Thanks to Pacemaker’s spacious, well-appointed dressing lounges, it’s easy for a woman to keep looking her best . . . even when traveling light in wartime.



OBSERVATION LOUNGE

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Y DAY, uniforms mingle with civil-

* ian clothes in the cheery dining and lounge cars. By night, coach lights dim ... seats lean restfully back ... talk sinks to silence ... and only the hum of the wheels hints that these passengers are gliding over the Water Level Route

< on a schedule almost as fast as the 20th Century's own.

For this is New York Central's streamlined, air-conditioned, all-coach Pacemaker. Launched shortly before

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

the war, it has shuttled night after night between New York and Chicago . . . speeding 1,700,000 wartime passengers on their way . . . setting the pace today for those finer coach streamliners that will add new thrills to the thrifty travel of tomorrow.

^^^

Through wide Pacemaker windows, many a returned fighter has renewed acquaint- . ance with America . . . the tall cities, busy factories and white-steepled villages along the Water Level Route.

FREE! NEW, ENLARGED BOOKLET "Behind the Scenes#of a Railroad at War"—containing 13 cutaway pictures of 20th Century Limited, caboose, engine cab, troop train, mail car, hospital train, etc. Write Room 1221S, 466 Lexington Ave., New York 17. N. Y.

NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE WATER 1EVEI ROUTE

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Three Exotic Tales, by Philip Freund (Pilgrim House). The first of these long short stories concerns an irresponsible young Colombian student in Mexico City, the second is about a fabulous old swindler in Panama. In both instances an original and conscientious talent is brought to the study of a character, which, however, is studied too hard and too long. It is only the third story of the collection that is wholly successful. In it a group of ill-assorted people travel . on a freighter from New York to Venezuela. By the time they reach their

destination, the author, in clear and harmonious prose, has not only made the journey real and interesting but has let us observe for a brief, vivid moment the serene spirit of an unusual character. At his best, or even at his second best, Mr. Freund is a serious and penetrating writer.

Cobb's Cavalcade, edited by B. D. Zevin (World). Readers who make the slightest pretensions to keeping up would probably not be caught dead looking into this volume of selections from the old-fashioned works of Irvin S. Cobb. Nevertheless, the editor, by collecting the stories of an author who was as soundly American as Mark Twain, has done a valuable service to those capable of recognizing the vital in the sentimental . and the original in the homely.

The Three-Cornered Hat, by Pedro Antonio de Alarcon (Bittner).

. A handsome edition of the famous Spanish novel in a new translation by Lawrence M. Levin, illustrated with twenty-one hand-colored woodcuts by Fritz Kredel. Although the price is rather steep ($12.50), most collectors will probably decide the book is worth it.

GENERAL

Bones of Contention, by Lord Vansittart (Knopf). A collection of essays, bearing such titles as "The New Morality," "Reform and Precaution," and "Peace Terms for German)'," in which the author reaffirms and adds to his indictment of the Germans in "Lessons of My Life" and "Black Record." Lord Vansittart doesn't love the Germans any more today than he did yesterday or the day before, but his book is by no means merely an outburst

of anger. He has drawn plenty of evidence from history to support his contention that the Germans are a bad lot, militarily overeager and politically immature, and his program for them ("destroy Germany's military strength . . . decentralize her . . . and let the smaller states draw together, particularly in the economic sphere") is a long way from the program of total extinction he has been accused of advocating. Actually, it may be a good program for the United Nations to get started on. Marta of Muscovy, by Phil Stong (Doubleday, Doran). A full-length biography of Catherine I, the

peasant girl who, rung by rung and man by man, climbed the ladder that led from her father's cabin to the throne of Russia. The story of her rise from mop to sceptre is a good one and Mr. Stong, who has strayed rather far from the scenes and simplicities of his native Iowa, tells it for all it is worth. There are times when his prose has a slightly amazed look, as if he were watching the ascent of his heroine through the eyes of one of the rustics in "State Fair," but anybody hunting for a good warm-weather book can stop hunting here.

The Story of the Great Geologists, by Carroll Lane Fenton and Mildred Adams Fenton (Doubleday, Doran). I lie riddle of the rocks and how it was solved by such geologists as Aristotle, Theophrastus, Strabo, and, in more modern times, James Hutton, William Smith, Adam Sedgwick, Louis Agassiz, and David Dale Owen. A good book for (1) people who have always intended to find out what geology is all about and (2) young rock collectors of both sexes who would like to know about the notable men who have had the same general idea. Illustrated.

Primer for White Folks, edited by Bucklin Moon (Doubleday, Doran). A five-hundred-page anthology of writings—good, bad, and indifferent—about the American Negro. Mr. Moon, who has drawn his material from many and scattered places, says in his introduction that it is intended for the average American who feels disturbed by the rising racial tension and by the paradox of the relationships between white and Negro in a democracy. He might have said, more accurately, that it is

"... sparkles with both fun and feeling."

—Christopher Morley

MINOR HERESIES by /<?Zˆ ˆ (G/ˆy ". . . these adventures of a young American living in a Presbyterian mission in China are about as blithe and diverting a chronicle of a happy childhood as you would come across in a month of Sunday s. . . . Readers of The New Yorker will recognize some of the Espeyan sagas. . . . The account ought to make happy reading for all Presbyterians, also all non-Presbyterians

—Frank Sullivan, New York Herald Tribune Book Review

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a revealing examination of how the Negro got to be looked upon as a second-class citizen, in the North as well as in the South, and why he doesn't intend to stay that way. There are pieces by Sterling Brown, Erskine Caldwell, Dorothy Parker, Lillian Smith, Thomas Sancton, and Carey McWilliams.

Son of the Wilderness, by Linnie Marsh Wolfe (Knopf). A full-length life of John Muir, the American naturalist and mechanical genius who has been called, and was, one of the most versatile Americans since Benjamin Franklin. Very earnest, very well documented, and, considering the material the author had to work with, rather unforgivably dull. Illustrated.

History in the Writing, bv the foreign correspondents of Time, Life, and Fortune-, edited by Gordon Carroll (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). All around the world's mulberry bush by the various ladies and gentlemen who enjoy the advantages and privileges of the superior shuttle service that Mr. Henry Luce operates between Rockefeller Center and foreign points. Whether one likes or dislikes the publications these correspondents work for, the fact is evident, as this collection of their dispatches from 1941 to D Day demonstrates, that a more able group of journalists has rarely been gathered together. In this volume's assortment are pieces by such practiced operatives as Jack Belden, John Hersey, Robert Sherrod, John Scott, Margaret Bourke-White, and Charles Wer-tenbaker.

Best Sports Stories of 1944, edited by Irving T. Marsh and Edward Ehre (Dutton). Fifty-odd sketches from the columns of newspapers and magazines, for the benefit of sports fans, many of whom have seen these stories already and many of whom probably won't care if they have. The compilers, one a working journalist, cover a wide range of subjects, including yachting in wartime and the discovery of old Sam Langford, the onetime boxing champion, skiing in a New Hampshire town. The volume ends with a register of sports records. Photographs.

VER.SE

The War Poets: An Anthology of the War Poetry of the Twentieth Century, edited by Oscar Williams (John Day). Is war poetry a nonsensical category? Mr.

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THE NEW YORKER

Williams begins his sizable (485-page) book with comments by some of the poets involved, and this question receives an interesting variety of answers. The editor has flung a large net. He rightly accents the importance of Wilfred Owen, the finest poet produced during the first great war and whose work has long been out of print. "The Poetry of World War I," "Poems by the Men in the

Armed Forces of England and America," and "War Poems by the Civilian Poets" are the book's chief headings. The result seems overlong. Certain excellent poems appear to be surrounded by rather large areas of dull observation and fancy double . talk. On the other hand, such a comprehensive selection gives the reader a general sense of the poetic climate, and every serious reader can try to make out for himself in what direction postwar poetic tides may flow. Biographical notes, and many photo-„ graphs of the poets.

Short Is the Time: Poems 1936-1943, by C. Day Lewis (Oxford). Lewis, a comrade-in-arms of Auden and Spender in the crusading days of his youth, quickly fell back into the upholstered ease of old-fashioned rhetoric and has been lost to the van for some time. He is still, however, capable of a lovely song, and some of the simpler and more realistic pieces of verse in this new book are very moving.

MY5TER.Y AND CRIME

i The Fear Makers, by Darwin L. Teilhet (Appleton-Century). Captain Allen Eaton, returning from

• France with a head injury and a touch of amnesia, is annoyed to find that his Washington firm, which had formerly done public-opinion polls, has been taken over by some men who are disseminating racial and antilabor propaganda. Eaton is supposed to be convalescing, but he goes back to work and rounds up the scoundrels responsible with the aid of a young refugee girl who saw the same sort of thing happen in Berlin before she left. A good idea —too good, in fact, for the formula in which it is presented, that of the narrow-squeak novel.

Murder-Go-Round, by C. P. Don-nel, Jr. (McKay). Young Anthony Costello, an American working for the British Intelligence, flies to Stockholm in 1943 disguised as a Frenchman, this apparently being the approved method of finding out if the

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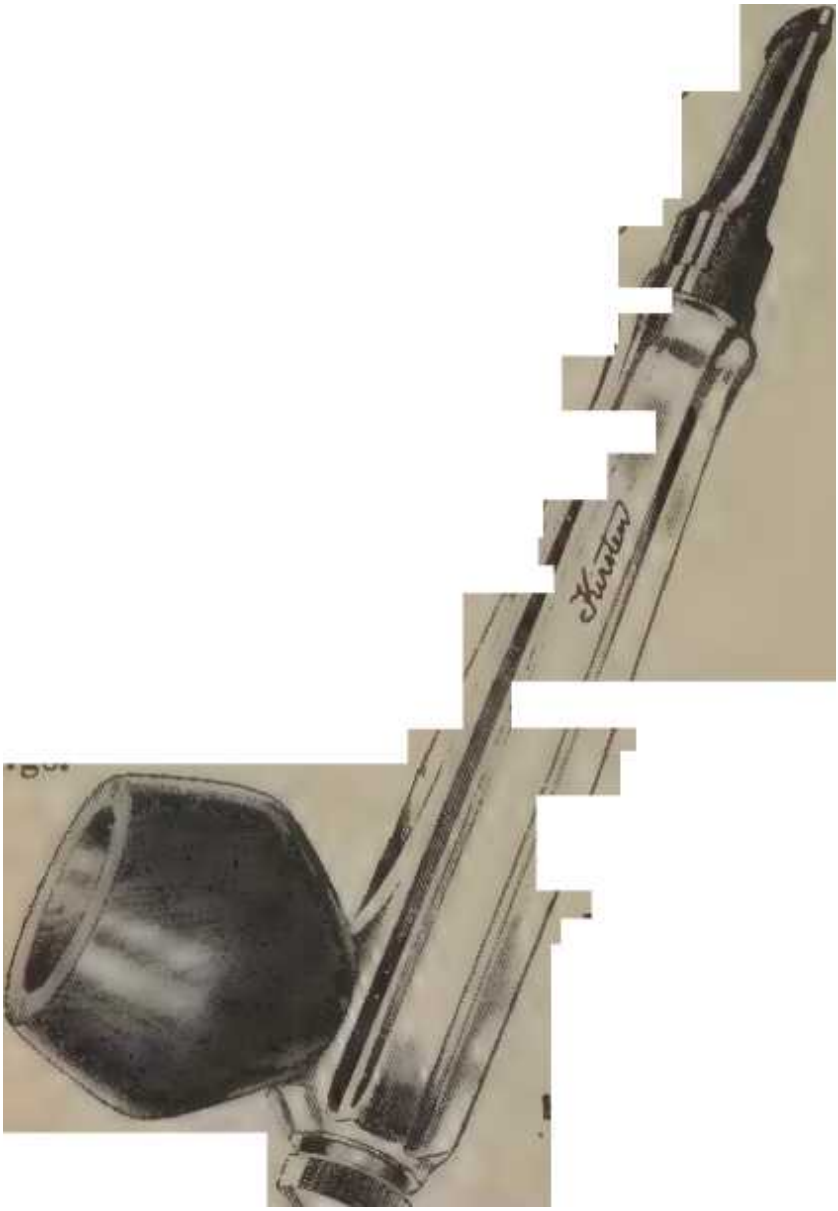

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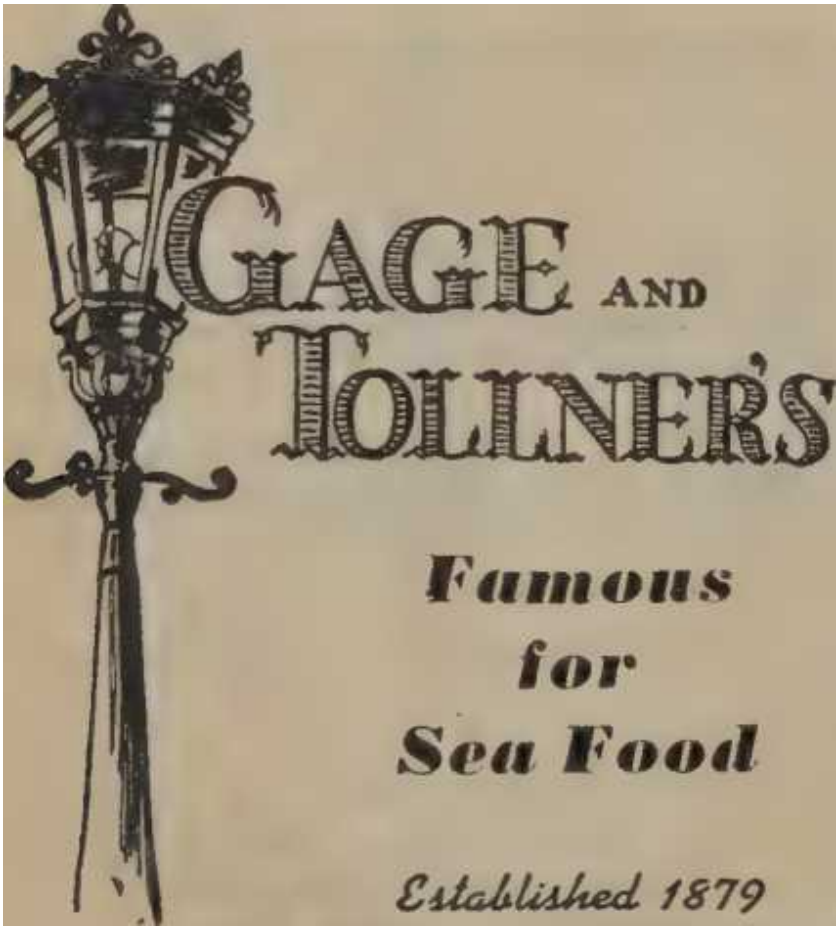

374 Fulton St; Brooklyn

Germans are trying to negotiate peace through a Swedish industrialist. Next year, the industrialist, now in America, is killed, and Costello, of course, is the boy to find out how and why. If the espionage seems muddled at times, there's plenty of shooting to make up for it, as well as a nice little romance.

Tight Rope, by Allison Burks (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A young lady stenographer is hired by the Thorndyke family of California to impersonate the late Miss Dorinda LaCroix, a niece who died in France, for the fairly unusual reason that this will spare Dorinda's ailing grandmother the shock of hearing of her death. This situation, as one might surmise, means plenty of trouble for the stenographer as well as some corpses for the police. Nice enough, in its breathless way.

Expert in Murder, by Charles L. Leonard (Doubleday, Doran). Paul Kilgerrin, an excessively hard-bitten private detective, proves himself smarter than the combined military intelligence services of the United States, Great Britain, and France, not to mention our State Department, the organization on whose behalf he is working. The case involves a little matter of Arab unrest in North Africa after the Allied invasion, and practically everyone from Cairo to Casablanca seems to have a knife out for Kilgerrin. More bloodshed, in fact, than sense.

The editors of Poetry call your attention to a regrettable error in the May issue. James Laughlin's poem. The Avalanche, should end with the line ' monument to self-destruction!" (page 73). The next line, "Love you that so long a," is the beginning of another poem whose title, The Shape of Love, was unfortunately omitted.—Postcard sent to subscribers to Poetry.

Oh, don't be so fussy.

O PIONEERS DEPARTMENT (DIZZY HEIGHTS DIVISION)

[From Appalachia, organ of the Appalachian Mountain Club]

Sunday, June 17. First ascent, by an official A.M.C. group, of Rhode Island's highest mountain, Jerimoth Hill, 812 ft. (Jerimoth was formerly surveyed as 799 ft. and Durfee Hill as 806 ft.; Durfee has now shrunk to 804 ft.) We shall visit the site of the first Rhode Island Greening Apple tree on the homestead of Solomon Drowne, first professor of Botany at Broun University.

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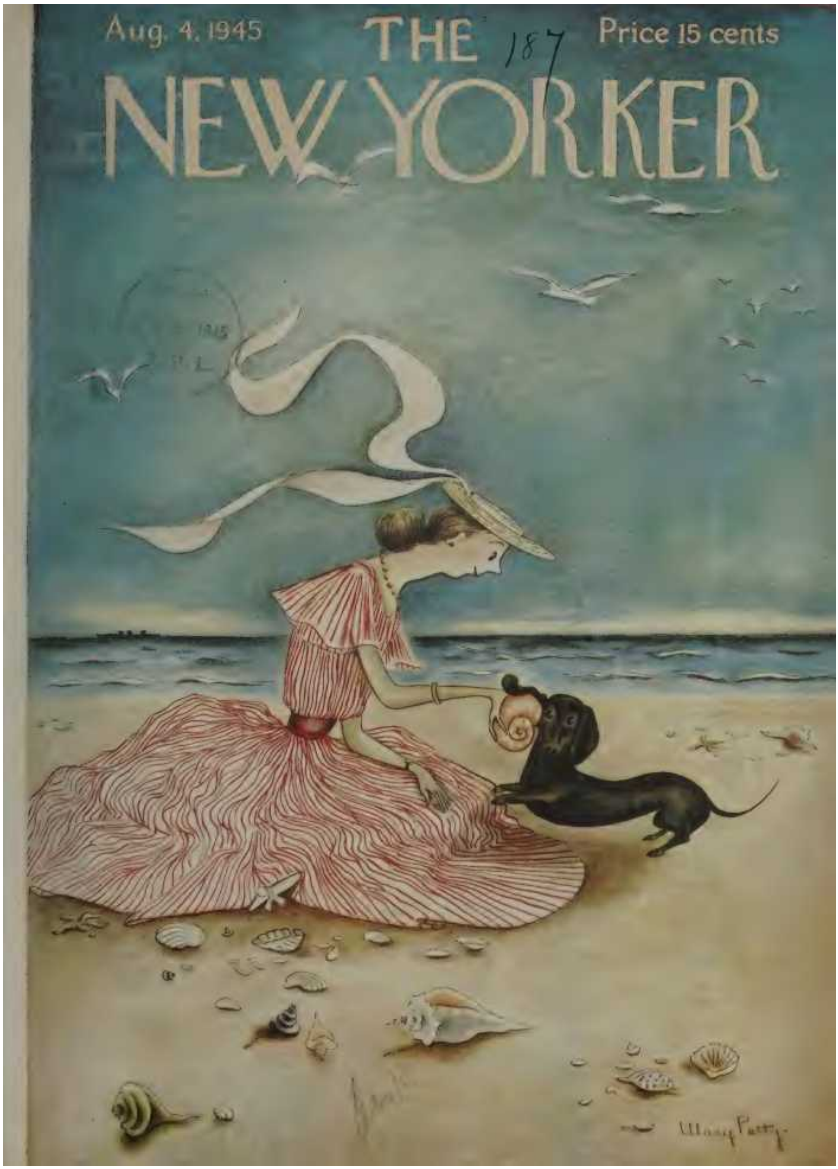

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an allNegro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056 Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and S .t. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. With Augusta Dabney and Lenore Lonergan. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey —About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48. E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

1 Remember Mama—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Frances Heflin and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers.

(Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 140.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, which includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

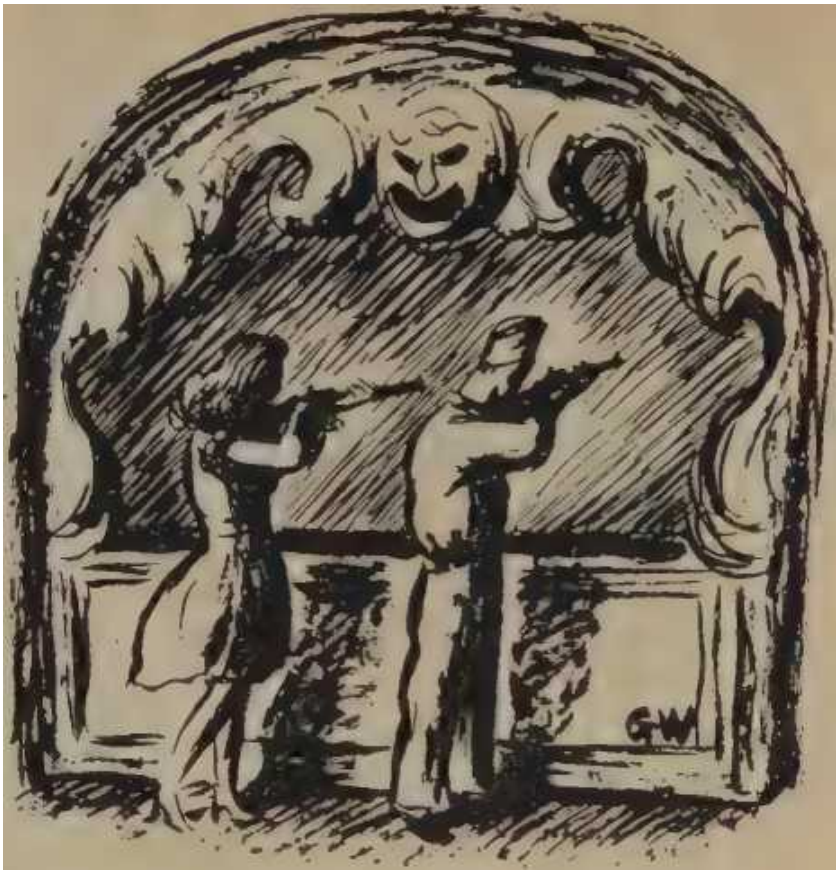
Carousel—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Fon w the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Marinka—A summer entertainment based on the Mayerling story. The music is rather agreeable; the book is just a nuisance. With Joan Roberts, Harry Stockwell, Romo Vincent, and Luba Malina. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of “Green Grow the Lilacs,” contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein 11 and produced by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. N ghtly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town- -A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly,



A CONSCIENTIOUS- CALENDAR.

OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUG. 2,

THROUGH SATURDAY, AUG. II

except Sun., at 8140. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 :30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances devised by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves, at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8 140. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places at which you'll find dance music, and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000')—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this cool, underground retreat.

DLPAKTMENTJ IN THIS ISSUE

THE NEV YORKEK 25 VEJT 43KD JTREET TELEPHONE ADVERTISING I SUBSCRirTIONS. BRYANT 9-6300 EDITORIAL OFFICES. BRYANT 9-8200

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An old favorite, uninhabited for quite a while, is again in business, with Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), a dance team, and Henry King's orchestra.

Cafe Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)— Paula Laurence, Josh White, and Beatrice Kraft, which is a lot higher than par anywhere in this August. Also, Edmond Hall's talented band.

Cafe Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Imogene Coca, who apparently can't help being funny, accomplished piano playing by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson; John Kirby's orchestra for dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Where Joe D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band supply the music and the customers supply the scenery.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner in stately surroundings and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very fancy, and sometimes almost too bustling. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the infallible mind-reader, is in the Cotillion Room, along with Stanley Melba's bouncy dance music. . . . Another Melba orchestra is in the Cafe Pierre during dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Garwood Van's and Mark Monte's cheery bands alternate on the stand in the Persian Room; Walter Liberace plays piano, and there is also a dance team, for convention's sake. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A romantic, way-upstairs, long-ago-and-far-away setting for dinner and supper. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Cafe Lounge, handsome and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—What to do with the children on Nursejs night off. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Alberto Linno's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has Jane Pickens singing at the supper hour. Standard dance music by George Olsen's orchestra and gay dance music by Mischa Borr's band. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the coo rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 38887): small and elegant, with lively music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . i-z-3 club, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131) : a darksome glade in which to listen to the rambling piano solos of Roger Stearns; no dancing. ... Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Jerry Cooper and a collection of beautiful but not very animated girls in their summer doldrums. Joe Ricardel's orchestra. On Thurs., Aug. 9, Dick Smart will replace Mr. Cooper, if anyone cares. . . . casino russe, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a show full of those co»y old dagger dances and Russian torch songs but really starring the chef; Cornelius Co 'olban's orchestra. . . . spivy's roof, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy, singing songs no mother ever taught her, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets; no dancing. ... el chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): a very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin cookery, Latin atmosphere, and Latin music. . . . copacabana, io E. 60 (PL 8-1060): back in its noisy old groove with Enric Madriguera's and Joel Herron's orchestras and the customary lackadaisical floor show, which includes Mitzi Green. ...astor roof, B'way at 44 (Cl 6-6000): large, cool, and full of young fry seething 10 Gene Krupa's music. . . . essex house, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300) : Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . new YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3100c) : Sonny Dunham's orchestra (to be replaced by Chuck Foster's on Mon., Aug. 6) and an ice show. ...PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE

6-5000): Woody Herman's orchestra. . . . roosevelt, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its open-air deck and that colossal view of the harbor, has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At nick's, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 26683) : specialites de la liaison by Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and other selected Old Masters. . . . village vanguard, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): Art Hodes'

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXI, No. 25, August 4, 1945. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1945, by The F-R. Publishing (> rporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

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Yes, sure, what else would have such a wonderful look ... these fine, fine, superfine American cashmeres are in a class by themselves. Having a brace of

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GOING5

ON ABOUT TOWN

sterling trio, which has Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. ... downbeat, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Sidney Catlett's band, Al Casey's new trio, and Billie Holiday; dancing. . . . onyx, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Hot Lips Page heading up his new band, and Stuff Smith's trio. . . . jimmy ryan'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600) : a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing.

Al Fresco—The Claremont inn, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600) : just for the fine view of the Hudson and dance music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . tavern-on-the-green, Central Pk. W. at 67 (RH 4-4700) : a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then.

A few sidewalk cafes: brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9; LONGCHAMPS, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

Groups—At the babcock, 38 E. 57: new paintings by members of the gallery's group; also, a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . contemporary arts, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Aug. 15. . . . ferargil, 63 E. 57: oils and water colors from Thomas Eakins to the present. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . kootz, 15 E. 57: the gallery's group, including such artists as William Baziotes, Fernand Leger, and Byron Browne. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . kraushaar, 32 E. 57: a summer show by Louis

Bouche, Russell Cowles, Iver Rose, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . midtown, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . milch, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Sept. 15. ...o'connor, 640 Madison, at 59: a miscellaneous group of European and American artists, including Velasquez, Ghislandi, Rosa Bonheur, and George Luks. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . passedoit, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, Jose de Creeft, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31.... peris, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sept. 8. . . . rosenberg, 16 E. 57: nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Aug. 31.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—The Greek collection, arranged in a new setting to show the development of Greek art; also, prints and drawings by Goya; and (through Sept. 3), an exhibition, sponsored by the Treasury Department, of paintings and drawings of the war in the Pacific, by American artists. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.

Museum of Modern Art, ii W. 53—A large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m.; through Nov. 4.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

War Art—At the international bldg., Mezzanine floor, Rockefeller Center: paintings centering on the activities of the U.S. Medical Corps, by twelve American artists, including Joseph Hirsch, Peter Blume, John Steuart Curry, and Francis Criss; sponsored by Abbott Laboratories. Weekdays 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 6 p.m.; through Aug. 14.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Tentative programs—Philharmonic-Symphony: Alexander Smallens conducting, through Sun., Aug. 5, and Tues, through Sat., Aug. 7-11; Robert Stolz conducting, Mon., Aug. 6. Highlights; "La Boheme," with Grace Moore and Jan Peerce, Aug. 2-3; Todd Duncan, baritone, Aug. 4; Emanuel List, bass, and Virginia MacWatters, soprano, Aug. 6; Eleanor Fine, jiiano, Aug. 8; Mis ha Elman, violin, Aug. 9; John Corigliano, vioiim Aug. 11. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 p.m. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534- In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 p.m. over WNYC. Fifth Avenue buses marked "Stadium" leave Washington Square at frequent intervals weekdays between 6:44 and 7:32 p.m. and Sun. between 6:31 and 7:31 p.m.)

Berkshire Festival—The Boston Symphony Orchestra. Serge Koussevitzky conducting. Sat,, Aug. 4 and 11, at 8:30 p.m,, and Sun., Aug. 5, at 3:30 p.m.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUG. 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUG. II

Soloists: Alexander Borovsky, piano, Aug. 4; William Kroll, violin, and Jascha Veissi, viola, Aug. 11. (Tanglewood, between Stockbridge and Lenox, Mass.)

Juilliard Concerts—Final programs—Vera Appleton and Michael Field, piano, Thurs., Aug. 2; Frank Kneisel, violin, and a string symphony, Fri., Aug. 3. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122. At 4 p.m. No tickets necessary.)

Goldman Band—Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves, at 8:30. (Central Park Mall.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the polo grounds: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Sat., Aug. 4, at 8:45 p.m., and Sun., Aug. 5 (doubleheader), at 2:05 p.m.; Giants vs. St. Louis, Wed., Aug. 8, at 8:45 p.m., and Thurs. through Sat., Aug. 9-11, at 2:30 p.m. . . . ebbets field: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Wed. through Sat., Aug. 8-11, at 2:30 p.m.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Tippy Larkin vs. Willie Joyce, lightweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Aug. 3; Jake LaMotta vs. Jose Basora, middleweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Aug. 10. (Preliminaries at 8:30 p.m.; main bouts at 10 p.m.)

Golf—Metropolitan Amateur Championship, match play rounds, Garden City G.C., Garden City, L.I., starting Sat., Aug. 11.

Racing—Empire City meet at Jamaica, weekdays at 1:30 p.m., through Sat., Aug. 4. (Questionnaire Handicap, Aug. 4.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 and 1:10 p.m. and Sat. between 10:45 a.m. and i :25 p.m. . . . Saratoga meet at Belmont, weekdays at 1:15 p.m., starting Mon., Aug. 6. (Flash Stakes, Aug. 6; Wilson Stakes. Aug. 7; United States Hotel, and Travers Stakes, Aug. 11.) Train times to be announced.

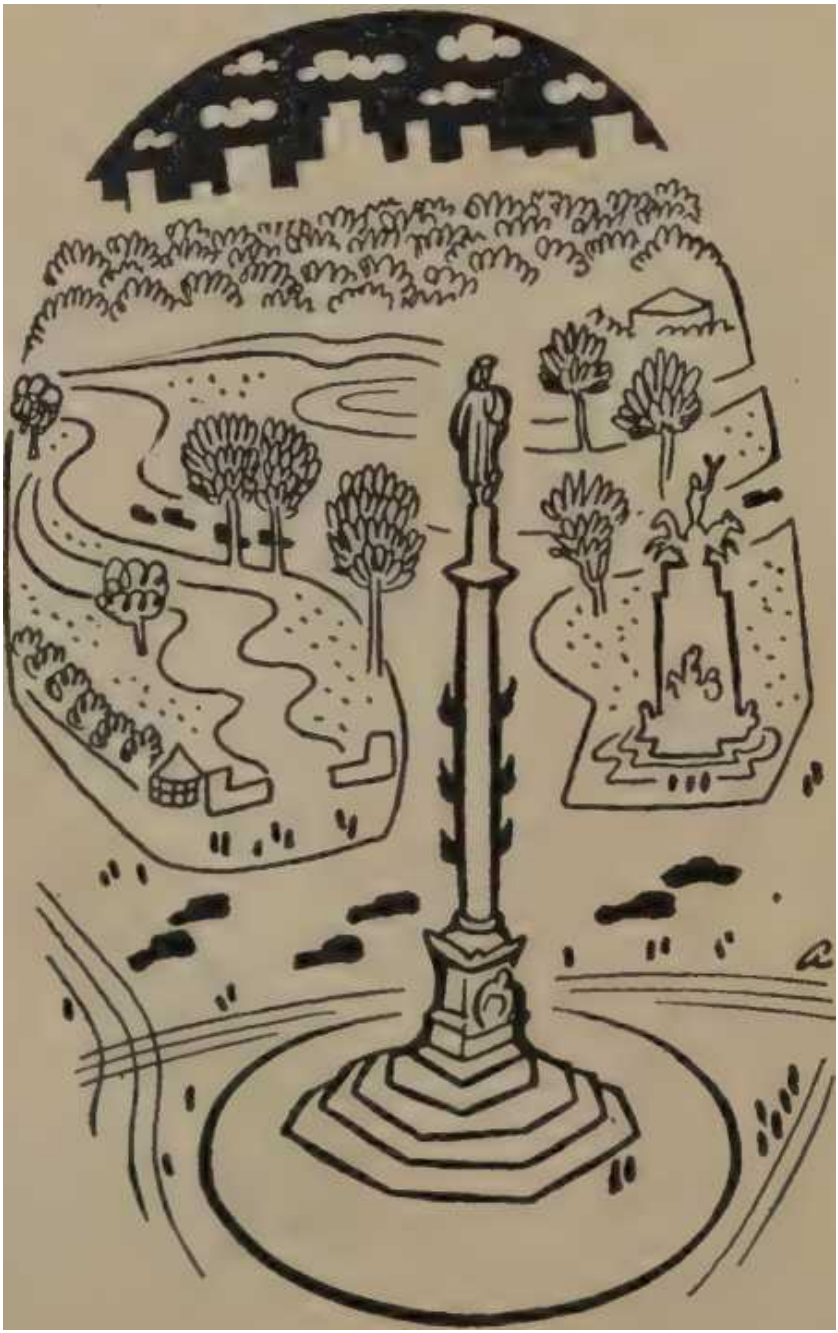
Tennis—Eastern Grass Court Championships, Westchester C.C., Rye, N.Y., Wed. through Sat., Aug. 8-11.

Trotting—At Goshen, N.Y., Tues, through Thurs., Aug. 7-9, at 1:3o p.m. (The Hambletonian, Aug. 8, at 3 p.m.) For information about trains, call the Erie Railroad in Jersey City, Journal Square 2-4600. . . . Saratoga, N.Y., weekdays at 8:15 p.m., through Aug. 25. . . . Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., daily at 8:40 p.m., through Fri., Aug. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

Yachting—Race Weeks: Great South Bay Yacht Racing Association, Bayshore, L.I., through Sat., Aug. 4; Marblehead. Sat. through Sat., Aug. 4-11. . . . Championship Regatta on the Sound: Riverside Y.C., Sun., Aug. 5, at 2 p.m.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the Chrysler bldg., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of U.S. Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms.



as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese;

also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 p.m., continuous showings of recent Army and Navy films. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., II A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunair-structor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; through Sept. 15.

Flower Show—An exhibition of gladioli: Horticultural Society, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor). Wed., Aug. 8, from 2:30 to 10 p.m., and Thurs., Aug. 9, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Housing—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m.; through Sept. 30.

Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104— Prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built some of New York's early omnibuses, horsecars, subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in documents, photographs, and uniform equipment: Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. ; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m. ; through Sept. 30.

Planetarium—"A Trip to the Moon" is the title of the August lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 p.m.; Sat. at 11 a.m. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 p.m.; Sun. at 2. 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 p.m.

ON THE AIR

Music—Philharmonic Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, Sun., Aug. 5, at 3 p.m., WABC. . . . Stadium Concerts, Fri., Aug. 3 and 10, and Wed., Aug. 8, at 8:30 p.m., WNYC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Aug. 4 and 11, at 8:30 p.m., WJZ. ... Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., Aug. 4 and 11, at 5 p.m., WJZ. . . . Marian Anderson, contralto, Mon., Aug. 6, at 9 p.m., WEAF.

Sports—Boxing: Tippy Larkin vs. Willie Joyce, Fri., Aug. 3; Jake

LaMotta vs. Jose Basora, Fri., Aug. 10; at 10 p.m., WOR. . . . Racing: Questionnaire Handicap, Sat., Aug. 4, at 4 p.m.; Travers Stakes, Sat., Aug. 11, at 4:15 P.M.; WEAF.

News Commentators- Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8 p.m., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Wed. at 10:45 p.m., WJZ. ... Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 p.m., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues, through Sat. at 10:30 p.m., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 p.m., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from Europe), Sun. at 1:45 p.m., WABC. ... Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 p.m., WEAF. - . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 p.m., WABC. ...Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 p.m., WHN.

MOTION PICTURES

Along Came Jones—Gary Cooper in a burlesque Western that is periodically pretty diverting. With Loretta Young and Dan Duryea. (Palace, B'way at 47.)

A Bell for Adano—This version of John Hersey's novel loses some force by emphasizing the comedy, but it's still worth seeing. With John Hodiak, Gene Tierney, and William Bendix. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

Guest in the House—A very sensible adaption of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., Aug. 2.)

Junior Miss—Peggy Ann Garner in an engaging screen version of the play by Sally Benson, Jerome Chodorov, and Joseph Fields. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Rhapsody in Blue—This musical biography of George Gershwin contains all the songs from "Swanee" to "Porgy and Bess," but the story was largely made up in Hollywood. It is also slightly confused by the fact that some characters, like Oscar Levant, Paul Whiteman, and Al Jolson are played by themselves. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

San Pietro—John Huston and Frank Capra get together on a thirty-

minute documentary about a U.S. infantry action in Italy. It's probably as fine as anything that has come out of the war to •late. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., Aug. 7.)

The Way Ahead—Excellent British import about how a group of young British civilians were conditioned for the army. With David Niven. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 4-7. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues, through Fri., Aug. 7-10.)

Without Love—Donald Ogden Stewart's version of Philip Barry's play that has practically nothing to

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traveling in style. . . . Then you'll look with pride at it car

that's big—inside and out. Il will he smart appearing.

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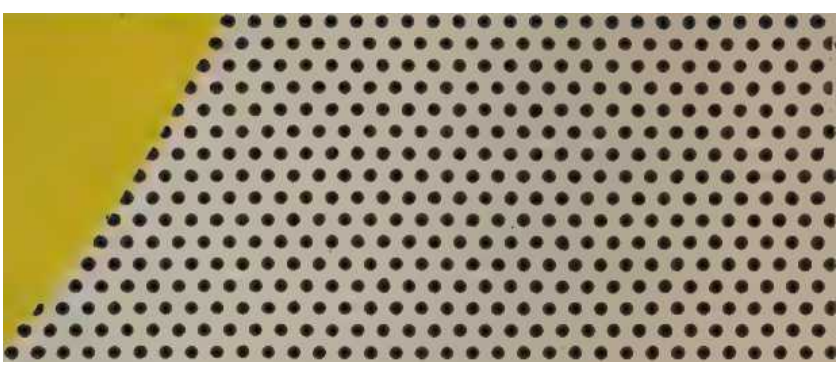


CALIF GRAPE BRANDY 84 PF. CRESTA BLANCA WINE COMPANY, INC., MANTECA, CALIF. buy war bonds... and hold tliuin

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURS-DAY. AUG. 2, THROUGH SATURDAY. AUG. II

do with the original but is very gay and charming anyway. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy head the cast. (Sutton, 3 Avc. at 57; Thurs., Aug. 2. ... Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. through Wed., Aug. 6-8.)

Wonder Man—Danny Kaye plays twins in this funny film about love, murder, and ghosts. With \ irginia Mayo and Vera-Ellen. (Astor, B'way at 45-)

revivals

Alice Adams (1935)—The Booth Tarkington novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues, and Wed., Aug. 7-8.)

Daybreak (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Wed., Aug. 8.)

Dead End (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 5-6.)

40 Girls ano a Baby (1938)—A girls' school and a hidden baby. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., Aug. 7.)

48 Hours (1944)—British film about an imaginary invasion by German paratroops. Leslie Banks. Frank Lawton, and Elizabeth Allan. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Aug. 2.)

The Great Moment (1944) — Biography of the firs': painless dentist. Betty Field and Joel McCrea. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 4-7. ... Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; and Sth Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues, through Thurs., Aug. 7-9.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and James Gleason. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Aug. 4. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 4-6. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 5-7.)

Holiday (1938)—The Philip Barry piece. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 2.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., Aug. 3. ... Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 3-5.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Joan Fontaine as Jane anil Orson Welles as Rochester. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 2.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews pretty deeply involved in murder. (Stoddard, B way at 90; through Tues., Aug. 7.)

The Life ano Loves of Beethoven (1937)—A serious biographical study. In French, with Harry Baur. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 3-6.)

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay (1944)—Innocenti abroad in the nineteen-twenties. With Gail Russell and Diana Lynn. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Aug. 3. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. through Fri., Aug. 8-10.)

The Song of Bernadette (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (Carlton, B'way at too; Thurs., Aug. 2.... Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Fri.. Aug. 3. ...Gramercy Park. Lexington at 23; through Sat., Aug. 4. ... Beverly, 3 Avc. at 50; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 3-4. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Fri., Aug. 4-10.... Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues, through Thurs., Aug. 7-9.)

Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Greenwich. Greenwich. Ave. at 12; Tues, through Thurs., Aug. 7-9.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Thalia. B'way at 95; Thurs., Aug. 2.)

Wilson (1944)—Alexander Knox as isolationism's famous victim. With Geraldine Fitzgerald and Charles Coburn. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Tues.. Aug. 7.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 p.m. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 p.m. on the following schedule—thurs., aug. 2: "M" (1931). with Peter Lorre. . . . fri. through sun., aug. 3-5: "Blonde Crazy" (1931), with James Cagney. . . . mon. through thurs aug. er: "Public Enemy" (1931), with James Cagney. ... from fri., aug. to: "Madchen in

Uniform" (1931), with Dorothea Wieck.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Servicemen—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000),

and the New York City Vacancy Listing. Municipal Bldg., Room 1836, Chambers St. (WO 2-5600, Ext. 167).

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women arc-still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, ■ along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the civilian defense volunteer office, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men to give as much time as they can spare, during the day or evening, repairing and painting furniture for Army recreation centers; men and women to work two afternoons a week in the veterans' center at the New York League for the Hard of Hearing. ...rd cross, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455) : women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . American women's voluntary services, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050': men and women to work as hospital aides, assisting disabled patients to and from physiotherapy wards; women to act as recreation leaders with young people's groups in settlement houses. . . . united hospital fund, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least eight hours a week, day or evening, as aides in children's wards, or, during the day only, as clinic and library aides; men to work as much time as they can spare during the day or evening as orderlies in wards. . . . American women's hospitals reserve corps, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers. Harvesters—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in

canneries during late August and September. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-85001.

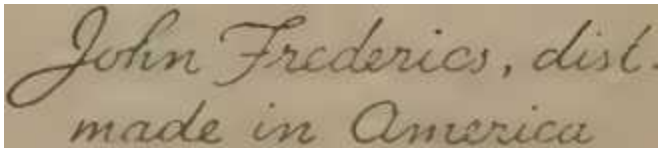
Salvage—Wastepaper (very important right now) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will sec that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two red ration tokens for every pound you turn in. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas continues to be acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The A.WA.S., 16 E. 66, New York 21, has issued an appeal for old sheets, pillow cases, or other white material which can be used for hospital dressings. . . . The American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps, £17 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100), has issued an appeal to stamp collectors and business houses to send in foreign and unusual domestic postage stamps, which will be distributed to hospitalized veterans who wish to start collections. . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for games, playing cards, radius, records, floor lamps, and small tables. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and

accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild. 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410>.... Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6; or. for information about collections, call BO 9-0220. . . . The Red Cross is asking for portable radios, typewriters, records, and camera equipment for military hospitals. Contributions should be sent or taken to 315 Lexington Ave., at 38, New York 16.

Golden Arrow
three essential creams
Frederic



THE BIG HOUSES

Astoi, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—wonder man, Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)-—"Anchors Aweigh," Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—Tentative— Through Tues., Aug. 7: "A Thousand and One Nights," Evelyn Keyes, Cornel Wilde. . . . From Wed., Aug. 8: "Bewitched," Phyllis Thaxter, Edmund Gwenn.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)— "The Great John L.," Greg McClure, Linda Darnell.

Gotham, B'way at 47 (CI 5-9516)—Thurs., Aug. 2: "The Cheaters,'[5] Joseph Schildkraut. ... From Fri., Aug. 3: "Why Girls Leave Home," Pamela Blake, Lola Lane.

Hollywood, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—rhapsody in blue, Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—along came jones, Loretta Young, Gary Cooper.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—"Incendiary Blonde," Betty Hutton, Arturo de Cordova.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)— a bell for adano, Gene Tierney, John Hodiak, William Bendix.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—junior miss, Peggy Ann Garner, Allyn Joslyn.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Through Tues., Aug. 7: Wilson, revival, Alexander Knox, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Charles Coburn. . . .

From Wed., Aug. 8: “Captain Eddie,” Fred Mac-Murray.

State, B’way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—“The Valley of Decision,” Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Donald Crisp.

Strand, B’way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—“Christmas in Connecticut,” Dennis Morgan, Barbara Stanwyck, Sydney Greenstreet.

Victoria, B’way at 46 (CI 6-7429)—“Don Juan Quilligan,” Joan Blondell, William Bendix.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Alden, B’way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Revivals— Through Sat., Aug. 4: Manpower,” Marlene Dietrich, Edward G. Robinson, George Raft; also “There’s That Woman Again,” Virginia Bruce, Melvyn Douglas. . . . Sun. and Mon., Aug. 5-6: “More Than a Secretary,” Jean Arthur, George Brent; also “Make Your Own Bed,” Jane Wyman, Jack Carson. . . . Tues, and Wed., Aug. 7-8: “Knickerbocker Holiday,” Nelson Eddy, Constance Dowling, Charles Coburn; also “Allegheny Uprising,” Claire Trevor, John Wayne.

Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50 (EL 5-8790)—Thurs., Aug. 2: guest in the house, Anne Baxter, Ralph Bellamy; also “Secret of Stamboul,” revival, Valerie Hobson, James Ma»on. ... Fri. and Sat., Aug. 3-4: the song of bernadette, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price. . . . Sun. and Mon., Aug. 5-6: dead end, revival, Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, Humphrey Bogart; also “The Fallen Sparrow,” revival, Maureen O’Hara, John Garfield. . . . Tues, and Wed., Aug. 7-8: “The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall; also “The Brighton Strangler,” June Duprez, John Loder.

5-h Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (GR 5-9738)— Revivals— Through Tues., Aug. 7: Lac aux Dames” (in French), Simone Simon; also “Abused Confidence” (in French), Danielle Dar-rieux. . . . From Wed., Aug. 8: “Pagliacci,” Richard Tauber; also “Claudine” (in French), Blanchette Brunoy.

55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-9438)— Through Tues., Aug. 7: san pietro, U. S. Signal Corps short documentary film; also <0 girls and a baby (in French), revival. . . . From Wed., Aug. 8-

daybreak (in French), revival, Jean Gabin; also “Volga-Volga,” revival, Russian musical film.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)—Tentative —Through Fri., Aug. 3: “A Song to Remember,” Merle Oberon, Paul Muni. . . . From Sat., Aug. 4: “Halfway House,” Franˆoise Rosay, Mervyn Johns.

Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—“Military Secret” (in Russian).

Thalia, B’way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Revivals— Thurs., Aug. 2: the 3t steps, Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat; also 48 hours, Leslie Banks, Elizabeth Allan. . . . Fri. through Mon., Aug. 3-6: the life and loves of seethoven (in French), Harry Baur; also “The Emperor Jones,” Paul Robeson. ...From Tues., Aug. 7: “Private Worlds,” Claudette-Colbert, Charles Boyer; also “Break of Hearts,” Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Through Fri., Aug. 3: ‘ The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall. . . . Sat. through Tues., Aug. 4-7: the wat ahead, David Niven. ...From Wed., Aug. 8: our hearts were toung and gay, revival, Gail Russell, Diana Lynn.

Gramerct Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)— Through Sat., Aug. 4: the song of bernadette, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price. . . . Sun. through Tues., Aug. 5-7: here comes mr. jordan, revival, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains; also “You’ll Never Get Rich,” revival, Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth. ... From Wed., Aug. 8: “The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall; also “The Brighton Strangler,” June Duprez, John Loder.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)— Through Sat., Aug. 4: “This Man’s Navy,” Wallace Beery; also “Counter-Attack,” Paul

AT THE MOVIE HOU5E5

THURSDAY, AUG. 2, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, AUG. 8

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 4, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

Muni, Marguerite Chapman. . . . Sun. and Mon., Aug. 5-6: “Pillow to Post,” Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet; also “Escape in the Desert,” Philip Dorn, Helmut Dantine. . . . Tues, and Wed., Aug. 7-8: “High Powered,” Robert Lowery, Phyllis Brooks; also “Penthouse Rhythm,” Lois Collier.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Wed., Aug. 8: “Son of Lassie,” Peter Lawford, Donald Crisp; also “It’s in the Bag,” Fred Allen, Jack Benny.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)

—Through Fri., Aug. 3: “The Clock,” Judy Garland, Robert Walker. . . . Sat. through Mon., Aug. 4-6: here comes mr. jordan, revival, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains. . . . From Tues., Aug. 7: “The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., Aug.

2: “Tom Brown’s School Days,” revival. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon. ... Fri. through Sun., Aug. 3-5: “Molly anti Me,” Monty W'oolley, Gracie Fields, Roddy McDowall. ... Mon. through Wed., Aug. 6-8: without love. Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy. Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Thurs., Aug. 2: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy. ...Fri. through Sun., Aug. 3-5: the informer, revival, Victor McLaglen. . . . Mon. through Wed., Aug. 6-8: “Frenchman’s Creek,” revival, Joan Fontaine, Arturo de Cordova.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)— Through Wed., Aug. 8: “Where Do We Go From Here?,” June Haver, Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie; also “The Call of the Wild,” revival, Clark Gable, Loretta Young.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Thurs., Aug. 2: “Till We Meet Again,” revival, Barbara Britton, Ray Milland. . . . Fri. through Mon., Aug. 3-6: “Pillow to Post,” Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet. ... From Tues., Aug. 7: the way ahead, David Niven.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)— Through Fri., Aug. 3: our hearts were toung an. gay, revival, Gail Russell, Diana Lynn.. . . From Sat., Aug 4: THE SONG OF BERNADETTE, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)— Through Wed., Aug. 8: “Son of Lassie,” Peter Lawford, Donald Crisp; also “It’s in the Bag,” Fred Allen, Jack Benny.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., Aug.

2: “Diamond Horseshoe,” Betty Grable, Dick Haymes; also “The Scarlet Clue,” Sidney Toler . . . Fri. through Sun., Aug. 3-5: “Sudan,” Maria Montez, Jon Hall; also “That’s the Spirit,” Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie. . . . Mon. and Tues., Aug. 6-7: “Swiss Family Robinson,” revival, Thomas Mitchell, Freddie Bartholomew; also “When You’re in Love,” revival, Grace Moore, Cary Grant. . . . From Wed., Aug. 8- “Earl Carroll’s Vanities,” Constance Moore, Dennis O’Keefe; also “Dillinger,” Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)— Through Fri., Aug. 3: the informer, revival, Victor McLaglen. . . . Sat. through Tues., Aug. 4-7: “The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall. . . . From Wed., Aug. 8: “Till We Meet Again,” revival, Barbara Britton, Ray Milland.

R K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)— Through Wed., Aug. 8: “Where Do We Go From Here?,” June Haver, Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie; also “The Call of the Wild,” revival, Clark Gable, Loretta Young.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)— Through Fri., Aug. 3: “Pillow to Post,” Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet; also “Escape in the Desert,” Philip Dorn, Helmut Dantine. . . . Sat. through Tues., Aug. 4-7: the great moment, revival, Betty Field, Joel McCrea; also “Prac tically Yours. [1] Claudette Colbert, Fred Mac-Murray. . . . Wed., Aug. 8: “The Chicago Kid,” Otto Kruger; also “Ten Cents a Dance,” Jane Frazee.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., Aug. 6: “This Man’s Navy,” Wallace Beery; also “Counter-Attack,” Paul Muni, Mar

guerite Chapman. . . . Tues, and Wed.. Aug. 7-8: “High Powered,” Robert Lowery, Phyllis Brooks; also “Penthouse Rhythm,” Lois Collier.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3 (CH 3-9019)—Through Fri., Aug. 3: the song of bernadette, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price. . . . Sat. through Mon., Aug. 4-6: “Rainbow Island,” revival, Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Bracken; also "Till We Meet Again,” revival, Barbara Britton, Ray Milland. ...From Tues., Aug. 7: the great moment, revival, Betty Field, Joel McCrea; also “Practically Yours,” Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray.

8th Street Plathouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs., Aug. 2: “Till We Meet Again,” revival, Barbara Britton, Ray Milland. ... Fri. through Mon., Aug. 3-6: “Pillow to Post,” Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet. ... From Tues., Aug. 7: the great moment, revival, Betty Field, Joel McCrea.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., Aug. 6: “This Man’s Navy,” Wallace Beery; also “Counter-Attack,” Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman. . . . Tues, and Wed., Aug. 7-8: ‘ High Powered,” Robert Lowery, Phyllis Brooks; also “Penthouse Rhytnm,” Lois Collier.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)— Thurs., Aug. 2: holiday, revival, Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant; also jane eyre, revival, Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles. . . . Fri. through Mon., Aug. 3-6: “Earl Carroll’s Vanities,” Constance Moore, Dennis O’Keefe; also “Dillinger,” Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe. ... From Tues., Aug. 7: stage door revival, Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou; also “Swiss Family Robinson,” revival, Thomas Mitchell, Freddie Bartholomew.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 2 3 (CH 2-3 440)— Through Wed., Aug. 8: “Where Do We Go From Here?,” June Haver, Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie; also “The Call of the Wild,” revival, Clark Gable, Loretta Young.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., Aug. 4: here comes mr. jo» an, revival, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains; also “You’ll Never Get Rich,” revival, Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth. ... Sun. and Mon., Aug. 5-6: “Blonde from Brooklyn,” Lynn Merrick, Robert Stanton; also “Steppin’ in Society,” Edward Everett Horton, Gladys George. . .. Tues, and Wed., Aug. 7-8: Alice adams, revival, Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray; also “Break of Hearts,” revival, Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer.

77th Street, B’way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Wed., Aug. 8: “Pillow to Post,” Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet; also “Escape in the Desert,” Philip Dorn, Helmut Dantine.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B’way at 81 (TR 7-6160)— Through Wed., Aug. 8: “Where Do We Go From Here?,” June Haver, Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie; also ‘The Call of the Wild,” revival, Clark Gable, Loretta Young.

Loew's 83rd Street, B’way at 83 (TR 7-3190) —

Through Wed., Aug. 8: “Son of Lassie,” Peter Lawford, Donald

Crisp; also “It’s in the Bag,” . Fred Allen, Jack Benny.

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)— Through Fri., Aug. 3: “The Princess and the Pirate,” Bob Hope; also “The Town Went Wild,” Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon. . . . Sat. through Mon., Aug. 4-6: "It’s a Pleasure!,” Sonja Henie, Michael O’Shea; also “Molly and Me,” Monty Woolley, Gracie Fields, Roddy McDowall. ... From Tues., Aug. 7: THE SONG OF bernadette, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price.

Stoddard, B’way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through ! Tues., Aug. 7: laura, revival. Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb; also “The Lodger,” revival, Merle Oberon, Laird Cregar, George Sanders. . . . From Wed., Aug. 8: “This Man’s Navy,” Wallace Beery; also “Counter-Attack,” Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman.

Riverside, B’way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Wed., Aug. 8: “Where De We Go From Here?,” June Haver, Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie; also “The Call of the Wild,” revival, Clark Gable, Loretta Young.

Carlton, B’way at too (AC 2-3862)—Thurs., Aug.

> 2: the song of bernaoette, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price. . . . Fri. through Mon., Aug. 3-6: “Diamond Horseshoe,” Betty Grable, Dick Haymes; also "The Scarlet Clue,” Sidney Toler.
>
> > . . . Tues, and W’ed., Aug. 7-8: "Flight for Freedom,” revival, Fred MacMurray, Rosalind Russell, Herbert Marshall; also “Show Business,” revival, Eddie Cantor, Joan Davis, George Murphy.

Olympia, B’way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Wed., Aug. 8: “Son of Lassie,” Peter Lawfurd, Donald Crisp; also “It’s in the Bag,” Fred Allen, Jack Benny.

Nemo, B’way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Through Wed., Aug. 8: “Where Do We Go From Here?,” June Haver, Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie; also “The Call of the Wild,” revival, Clark Gable, Loretta Young.

Loew's 175th Street, B’way at 175 (WA 7-5200)— Through Tues.,

Aug. 7: “Son of Lassie,” Peter Law ford, Donald Crisp; also “It’s in the Bag,” Fred Allen, Jack Benny. . . . Wed., Aug. 8: “Road :o Alcatraz,” June Storey, Robert Lowery; also “One Body Too Many,” Jack Haley, Jean Parker, Bela Lugosi.

Coliseum, B’way it 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Wed., Aug. 8: “Where Do We Go From Here? ” June Hater, Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie; also “The Call of the Wild,” revival, Clark Cable, Loretta Young.

In Philadelphia — nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

This is putting it a little strong, perhaps—but you probably don’t realize just how strong the urge is-among nearly 4 out of every 5 Philadelphians-to read fhe Bulletin every day, come what may. Tn fact, that explains why Bulletin circulation is over 600.000 - the largest evening circulation in America. (Advertisement}

DIVERTISSEMENT

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modern choreography in a graceful skirt of multi* color striped rayon faille, short for afternoon, long for evening; worn with a long sleeve blouse of rayon doeskin, in black, brown, or white, blouse, sizes IQ tgJ8, 9.95 skirt, sizes 10 to 16, short, 9.95 long, 14.95 Altman blouse fashions, third floor

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DOWN in the cellar in Berchtesgaden, among some straw wine wrappers, a copy of The New Yorker was found. It was our issue of September 25, 1937. We have just gone through that back number to see if it contained anything of special interest to the Chief. (It is safe to assume that in the fall of 1937 Hitler was more than a little interested in American folklore.) One rather obvious thing in the issue was a cartoon, by Carl Rose, showing a group of foreign statesmen seated around a conference table, one of the statesmen remarking, “Oh, let’s declare war and get the whole damn thing over with.” It seems possible that Hitler’s rat-nosed assistant spotted that one and sent it along marked “For your information,” or “What d’ya make of this?”

But a more careful search through the issue has led us to a different conclusion. We believe that if Hitler was studying the magazine at all, it was because of the full-page color ad of World Peaceways, a nonprofit organization for public enlightenment on international affairs. That ad, if you recall your 1937, was one of a series. Magazines donated space. Artists and writers donated their services. Peace was what people were groping for, and when Americans grope for something they turn naturally to display advertising and grope all over the place. The

peace ad must have given Der Fiihrer confidence to go ahead with his plans— for it is easier to ready one's airways if somebody else is readying his peaceways.

This ad, in particular, was a perfect example of the copywriter's art. It pic

tured an American suburban scene, with an American homeowner in his shirt sleeves, pipe in mouth, polka-dot tie unruffled, tending his petunias. The caption read, "The most powerful man in America! " (It even had the standard American punctuation, an exclamation point, in the caption.) The burden of the ad was that the most powerful man in America was Mr. Average Citizen. "He doesn't want war. He doesn't want to give up his job, leave his wife and youngsters, live like an animal in trenches." (The word "foxhole" hadn't reached the advertising agencies in September, 1937.)

The decadence, the idiocy of a country in which the most powerful man was Everyman must have given the German leader a lift. In fact, almost everything in the September 25th issue of The New Yorker boded well for Germany's future. The ads depicted not only a peace-loving society but a pleasure-loving one as well. Agents for towering apartment buildings were calling softly to tenants: come to "fashionable Murray Hill," "fashionable Sutton Place." The Sherry-Netherland invited "leisurely inspection." The wines were full-bodied, the Scotch was ancient, the milk was irradiated, the wallpaper was Imperial, and the Canadian Pacific was glad to take you round the world via Japan, China, Macassar, Bali, Surabaya, Batavia, Sabang, the Mediterranean, and London. The Rock-ettes

had been abroad and had taken Paris by storm. Furthermore, our Yachting column, in that issue, contained the reverberating news that an owner of a Six Metre boat was seriously considering equipping her with a gold keel. If any doubts lingered in Hitler's mind, surely the news that Americans were busy putting golden keels on sailboats was enough to dispel those doubts. America, he might reasonably assume, was in the bag.

But an issue of any American magazine, of whatever date, is not wholly to

be trusted as a guide to dictators. Now, eight years later, we feel a certain saucy satisfaction in noting, for our own records, that the man who wrote the Yachting column for our Berchtesgaden issue subsequently commanded an LCI at the beaches of Africa, Sicily, Italy, and Normandy, and was too busy, during those landings, to know whether his keel was gold or dross. There is a moral in it for the would-be conquerors of the future: Never read a magazine on the eve of a great adventure.

YOU probably wouldn't know this, but the Stork Club is the only place in New York with a cooling system that makes use of "one hundred per cent outside fresh air." We received a notice to that effect yesterday, but the Stork Club can't lure us over there with bait like that. "Outside fresh air" has a fine, clean sound till you get thinking about it; then you realize that the way to ventilate a room in Manhattan is never to allow the intake pipe to come in contact with the outside world but just let it pick up what little oxygen may be lying around the joint. Think what you get when you suck air in from the streets,

where it has been used over and over again by teeming millions breathing in and out, in and out, in and out. Is that what the Stork Club calls “fresh air”? Sometimes, on these fetid evenings, the air in the New York streets is so exhausted that a night-club proprietor might easily asphyxiate a whole roomful of people by introducing outside air in any considerable quantity.

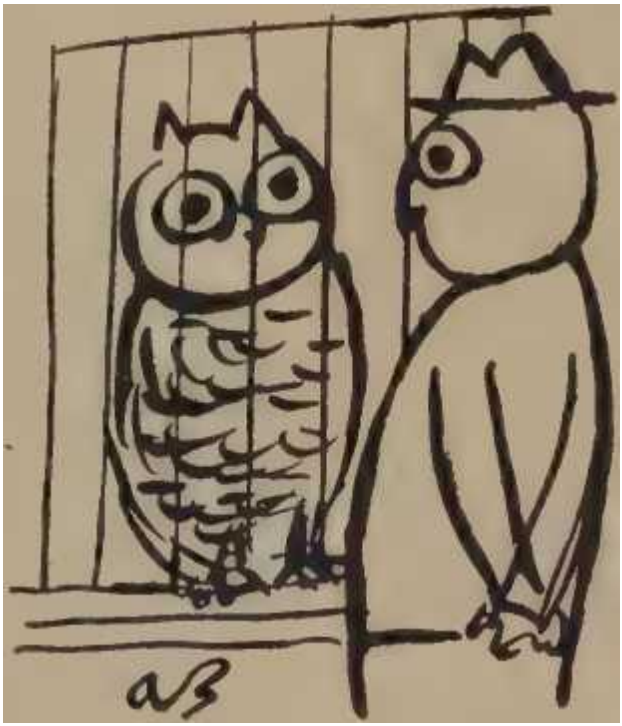
A MINOR bank executive whom we recently encountered in a Pullman car let us in on one of the deepest

secrets of the trade. Of all a bank’s customers, he told us, librarians as a class give the most trouble, and any sensible bank would rather deal with six forgers than one librarian. Asyou might imagine, every time a librarian gets absent-minded she postdates a check two weeks.

Defrosted Dinners

Y George, here’s another tantalizing glimpse of that postwar world.

For the past three months, passengers on planes operated by the Naval Air Transport Service have been served frozen dinners. That is, the dinners are precooked and then frozen in a dinner foundry, thawed out en route, and served hot. There is a choice of six blue-plate specials: ham steak, candied sweet potatoes, and spinach; veal cutlet, potato patty, and



asparagus; hamburger, French-fried potatoes, and green beans; beef stew, asparagus, and hot breads; Swiss steak, apple sauce, and Lima beans; and roast lamb, peas, and bread pudding. This is all the doing of a New York inventor named William L. Maxson, who has been a grandfather for five months, closely resembles Henry VIII, and is left-handed. He is the inventor of such diversified products as a multiple machine-gun mount used by our Army, an automatic price computer for gasoline pumps, and an aerial-navigation instrument too complicated to describe in these pages, and the manufacturer of various types of gunfire-control mechanisms and computers.

Last week we dined with Mr. Maxson in his office, which is air-conditioned, has a kitchen, and overlooks the Hudson. In addition to the defrosted hamsteak platter, we had defrosted hors d'oeuvre, defrosted bread and butter, defrosted coffee, defrosted afterdinner mints, and a defrosted Corona Corona. All fine. "It depends on the way you do it, and the way I do it is special," Mr. Maxson told us. "Take the hors d'oeuvre, for instance. I freeze the bread first. T hen

I put on cream cheese mixed with minced scallions, or just salami, and freeze it again. That keeps the bread from getting soggy." The dinner we ate was defrozen in a metal box, called Maxson's Whirlwind, through which hot air is blown. This process made a terrific racket. Mr. Maxson explained that this was because

he was using the twenty-four-volt D.C. motor that comes with the standard unit now used in airplanes. The postwar household unit will make no more noise than an electric fan. The defrosting can be done in an ordinary oven, but it takes thirty minutes longer than in a Whirlwind. The standard unit now heats up six plates at a time, but Maxson has turned out a hundred-and-twenty-plater for a cargo ship for the War Shipping Administration and is prepared to top that on request. At present, the Navy is Maxson's chief customer, but the Army and Henry Wallace (representing the Common Man) have shown considerable interest. "I guess they were impressed by the way we saved the Navy from Spam," Maxson rather cattily remarked. He's an Annapolis man, by the way, and has been

in civilian life only ten years.

If he can get a War Production Board O.K., Maxson plans to start distributing his equipment to civilians even before the end of the war. The defreezing ovens will sell at from fifteen to twenty-five dollars. The blue plates will be sold in delicatessens and drugstores at, he estimates, three times the cost of the uncooked food, which will keep the figure well under a dollar. The blue plates are now cooked and frozen in a plant in Queens Village, under the supervision of a Swedish chef who once worked for Queen Marie of Rumania. The plates go through ovens on a conveyor belt timed so that the food stays in until within fifteen minutes of being done; the heat of the defreezing unit does the rest. The cooked food is placed on a partitioned plate of postwar china —cardboard treated with a coating of phenolic resin plastic. A cardboard disc is put on top of the dish and sealed to it with a ring of plastic, and the meal is then kept at twenty degrees below zero for four hours, by which time it's as hard as yesterday's dinner rolls and in a state to last until Doomsday at a temperature of zero.

Maxson told us he got the idea of frozen dinners several years ago when he grew a surplus of cauliflower on his place in Jersey. He

cooked and froze a little (for some reason) and upon tasting it a year later (for some reason) found that it was delicious. Now he never touches fresh food at home except for an occasional salad. His dinner guests are

taken into his freezer and allowed to pick out just what they feel they'd like; one may take egg foo-young, another oyster stew, another curried chicken, and so on. None of this nonsense of everybody at the table eating the same thing.

Touched

FROM a sergeant on Guam comes word of an order, issued by his battalion commander, which states flatly, "Sun helmets may be worn only during heavy rains."

Death in Hoboken

THE Department of Agriculture's

Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine won't consider that the war is over in any theatre until our overseas troops stop sending home fruit, plant cuttings, fragile gifts wrapped in rice straw, and other packages likely to harbor foreign insects. The Bureau has inspectors stationed at all the places where mail from abroad is sorted—hereabouts it's the Morgan Annex Post Office, on Ninth Avenue—and any package suspected of harboring alien bugs is sent to a quarantine station to be dealt with scientifically.. The nearest quarantine station is in Hoboken. There, in a light, clean laboratory staffed by scientists who are unmistakable in their white jackets, the insects are killed. Plants are saved, if possible. Narcissus bulbs, for example, are suspected of harboring eel worms, but instead of destroying the bulbs, the entomologists steep them for four hours in hot water, then let them dry out. Any eel worms that might have been inside are then dead, and the bulbs have a fighting chance of sprouting.

We talked to several inspectors in the course of an investigation of this procedure, and they were fairly unanimous in considering American-grown fruit the best in the world. We found them puzzled

as well as alarmed by the steady influx of mangoes, lemons, oranges, passion fruit, bitter oranges, sour apples, and other fruit sent home by our eager soldiers and sailors. Any fruit, whether from the South Pacific, Central America, the Mediterranean, or any other tropical or subtropical area, may harbor the Mediterranean fruit fly. The last time this insect got loose in the country, the government had to spend seven million dollars eradicating it. The inspectors therefore don't even bother to send fruit from abroad to the laboratory. They just burn it as soon as they find it.

All rice straw is burned, too, since it is likely to be full of leaf smut, downy mildew, or even glume blotch. This is why lots of girls don't get the grass skirts that their men have promised to send them. The only grass skirts that get past are palm-leaf ones.

Dead insects are passed, of course. A Marine in the South Pacific recentlv sent to his family in Utica several mounted specimens, about an inch in length, of the rhinoceros beetle. "Don't see what he wanted with those little dead rhinoceros beetles," an inspector told us. "We get live ones here as big as mice." He added that one of his most hair-raising recent catches was a German helmet tenderly wrapped in raw cotton within which was a thriving nest of pink boll worms. The awful thing was that this helmet was addressed to Savannah. Tons of chestnuts have been sent here from Italy since the occupation; they are passed after being fumigated to kill the chestnut weevil. (It was not the chestnut weevil that killed most of our chestnut trees over the last sixty years; that was the Asiatic chestnut blight.) One fellow sent a big crate of chestnuts, each of which he had carefully wrapped in waxed paper. This rendered them com-pletelv inedible by the time they arrived. "Chestnuts have got to breathe, too," a grieved entomologist told us. Some Persian grape cuttings recentlv turned up in Hoboken in such a desiccated state that they were obviously not going to be worth anything. Mr. George Becker, the head of the Import and Permit Section of the Bureau, sat down and wrote the sender a let-

moist sawdust and then wrap them in waterproof paper. The moist sawdust lets the cuttings breathe.

Request

FOR the next Hollywood sequence of a British horse race, we offer the following line, gleaned by one of our transatlantic operatives at Ascot. Our man was sitting back of an Englishman who had a horse in the Gold Cup, and his two young sons, who wore top

pers and Eton collars. When the horses got away, the tension in the little group was noticeable. One of the lads turned an appealing glance toward his parent. “Father,” he asked, “may we shout?”

Presto !

I AST week we gave ourself the -J pleasure of calling on Mr. Charles H. Larson, an elderly retired businessman who unquestionably has the finest magic collection in existence. He pos

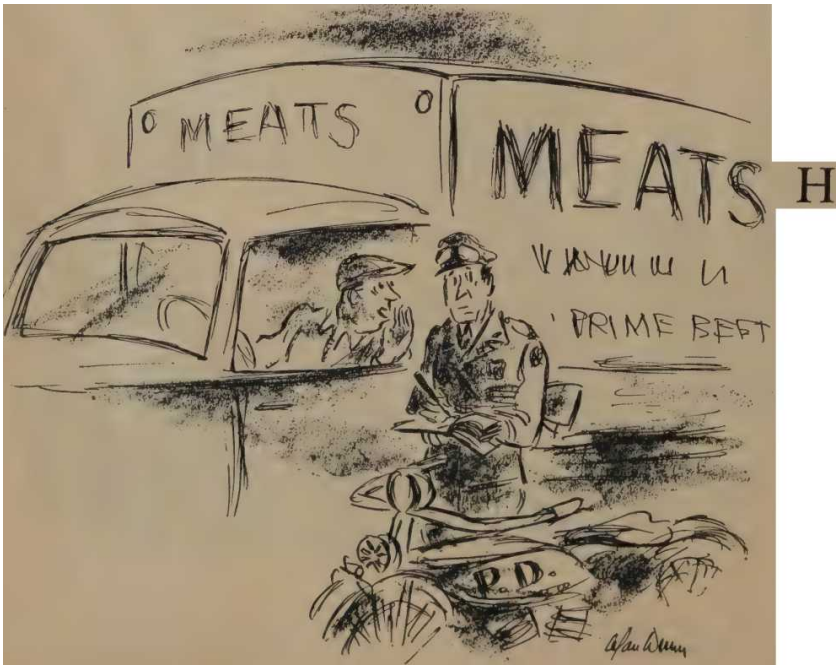
ter of advice on shipping grape cuttings—he was to put them in

“Gentlemen, Mr. Johnson is here to report. As you know, he has been mak

ing a personal survey of the publips response to our new singing commercials.”

sesses the necessary false bottoms, sliding panels, mirrors, foo cans, houlettes, cannon-ball vases, linking rings, card packs, and whatnot for the performance of forty thousand baffling feats of magic, fie has the cream of this collection in his suite at the Savoy-Plaza, the remainder in a loft on West Sixty-sixth Street, where a full-time attendant keeps things polished and in working order. Mr. Larson is bright-eyed and eager, though nearing his seventies, and he thinks it’s his interest in magic that has kept him young. He buys many of his tricks, paraphernalia and all, from the magicians who have invented them, promising that he won’t reveal the secret. However, if he can help a magician without revealing another’s secret, he’ll do it. The day we talked with him, he was elated because he’d been of service to a young wizard in Syracuse who wished to give the illusion of passing a rod through a solid piece of glass but couldn’t hit on a modus operand! unaided.

Mr. Larson got the magic bug late in life, but he got it bad. Fifteen years ago he gave up the thirty-four Oldsmobile salesrooms he controlled in various Eastern cities and took to travelling with his wife. He found this dull until, in Berlin, he saw a magician performing in a variety hall. This was the first magician he had ever seen, and it was love



at first sight. He got in touch with the fellow and bought his entire repertoire, a hundred tricks. Since then Mr. Larson has been four times around the world, and has made four side trips to the Continent, buying tricks. One of the reasons magicians are willing to let Mr. Larson in on their secrets is that he seldom performs in public, and never professionally, so he can't be regarded as a competitor. Mr. Larson confesses that he is only a so-so magician, but once he won the grand prize at a magicians' convention, for a card trick. He did the trick for us, and we'd have given him the grand prize, too. He is first vice-president of the International Brotherhood of Magicians and attends several conventions every year; it's a full life, his.

Mr. Larson told us that when the Duke of Windsor was Prince of Wales he was interested in magic. Mr. Larson has no way of knowing whether the Duke kept it up or not, but once he saw him in a London magic shop, buying an ivory cup into which a little blue ball could be made to disappear. Naturally, Mr. Larson also owns an ivory cup and blue ball. He has proved to his own satisfaction that there is no such thing as the Indian rope trick, a matter that, to us, requires no great proof. At one time he was eager

to include in his collection all the tricks of the wizards of bygone times. Investigation, however,

showed that the old-timers had so little stuff they wouldn't even get a job in a night club these days. For instance, Mr. Larson saw Conradi Horster, a contemporary German magician, make an elephant disappear from his living room. "I'd like to see Cagliostro or Merlin do that!" Mr. Larson cried. Horster offered him the trick for six hundred dollars, but he had to refuse. "Mrs. Larson would leave me if I brought an elephant into the Savoy-Plaza," he told us sadly.

Old-Fashioned

A Tuckahoe housewife has been enjoying something of a success foolish with an account her brother sent her from Europe of his liberation from a German prison camp by Russian guerrillas. "Those marvellous guerrillas," she has been saying, "were just like early American Indian scouts. They used exactly the same technique. Armed only with tomahawks, they crept silently through the underbrush, ambushed the camp, and captured thousands of Germans." The lady's husband felt, as a husband often does, that there was something fundamentally askew in his wife's story, but he couldn't shake it. Being a patient man, he waited till last week, when the brother got back to this country. All the way from New York to Tuckahoe, he grilled the young man and at last found what he was looking for. It wasn't tomahawks the guerrillas used; it was tommyguns.

One Man's Family

ERE is a brief report on the recent visit to town

of the Saudi Arabian delegation to the United Nations Conference in San Francisco. The party was headed by His Royal Highness Prince Faisal ibn-Abdul-Aziz al-Saud, Viceroy of the Hejaz and Minister of Foreign Affairs of Saudi Arabia, who is the second son of King Ibn-Saud. He was accompanied by eight official advisers, all sheiks, and two physicians, three bodyguards, and four other princes—his son, Prince Abdullah ibn-Faisal al-Saud, who is twenty-three, and Prince

Fahad ibn-Abdul-Aziz al-Saud, Prince Muhammad ibn-Abdul-Aziz al-Saud, and Prince Nawaf ibn-Abdul-

Aziz al-Saud, three of bis twenty-four brothers. Prince Nawaf, who is twelve, is one of the youngest of the King's sons, and is (we've worked it out for you) Prince Abdullah ibn-Faisal al-Saud's uncle.

The delegation put up at the Waldorf, where we got in touch with one of the advisers, Ahmad-Abdul Jabbar, a short, chubby sheik of twenty-four. He was dressed in a white igal, white kufa-ya, white aba, white balto, maroon socks, and thick-soled maroon oxfords. You can take our word for this. He informed us that he is secretary of the Political Section of the royal court and a graduate, class of '43, of the American University of Beirut, in Lebanon, where he learned to

"He was about five foot ten ami be had on fawn-colored trunks "

speak English. He was humming "I'm the Sheik of Araby" as we arrived and a* moment afterward broke into "Alexander's Ragtime Band." He was soon interrupted by music from another room. He smiled patiently. "Small Prince Nawaf is playing his records again," he said. "His Royal Highness discovered a music shop in Brooklyn

that sells Arabic records. He has purchased a large collection. He plays them until three in the morning. Some of us cannot sleep. Personally, I would prefer to listen to hot jazz, but he is the Prince."

The party's visit to New York was unofficial, and Prince Faisal didn't drop in at City Hall. He attended only three formal dinners, one given by the Texas Oil Company, one by the Saudi Arabian Alining Syndicate, and one by the Near East College Association. He also had lunch with the Waves at Hunter College. Sheik Jabbar went to none of these affairs. "We go our separate ways," he told us. "You can understand that we are weary of looking at each other and of hearing speeches. In Detroit, on the way here from the Conference, we attended a dinner where twenty-eight speeches were given, twenty-eight! In your city we have but one aim—to build up resistance."

Shopping was the must popular ac

tivity among the princes and sheiks. They all bought pin-striped business suits as soon as they got here. As Sheik Jabbar explained to us, "We were very uncomfortable when we wore the igal and aba in public. We would immediately be surrounded by several strange ladies. At least one of them was bound to tell us that we reminded her of Rudolph Valentino. As you may know, it is not our custom to speak to strange ladies. Once I went for three years without speaking to a single lady. A man usually speaks only to his wife. And a man usually has only one wife these days. The harem is a thing of the past." Sheik Jabbar told us that he had limited his shopping to inexpensive earrings, bracelets, and necklaces for his four sisters (it's all right to speak to them; he ran up that three-year record away from home) and shaving sets for his friends. "I'm no prince," he said. "I'd rather spend what money I have on cheeseburgers."

We asked if we could meet the small Prince Nawaf. He was still in the next room, under the guardian eye of a city detective. The Prince is thin, dark, and very active. He wears long pants and knows four words of English— "hello," "goodbye," "O.K.," and "cinema." Through an interpreter, he informed us that he is in the fourth grade

at the School for Princes back home and that he studies geography, history, geometry, and religion. In his spare time, he goes riding and hunting birds in desert oases. While he was at the Waldorf, he spent a couple of hours every morning on his schoolwork, and then, accompanied by the detective, got into a livery Cadillac and explored the city. Among the places he and the detective visited were Palisades Park, Jones Beach, Rockaway Beach, and Coney Island. At Coney Island the Prince bought cotton candy, corn on the cob, whistles, dolls, and comic hats, and enjoyed eighteen consecutive rides on the Dodgem. Prince Nawaf went back to Coney Island so many times that his big brother, Prince Faisal, got curious about it and went out there too.

Bread-winner

SOMETIMES an overheard conversation makes your flesh creep. The other day, shopping at Bloomingdale's, we heard a woman say, "Oh, you know how they get along. Whenever they're short of money he slips on somebody's sidewalk or something." Her companion nodded. "Sure," she said, "and didn't they marry on the money he got out of being hit by the subway train that timer"

TIME MARCHET UP!

IT is plain to me, as I read the editorial roster of Time magazine, that Time is approaching Sie absolute ceiling of classification. Just how it will be able to describe atty new help hired after this point is a nice problem. Even in loose groupings, Time has already devised eleven altitudes of Editors—twelve if you count David Hul-burd (Chief) as in a class by himself apart from other Bureau Heads. Life

seems to have sixteen layers of operatives, but that's a picture outfit. Even so, Life is up against much the same difficulty. It's all right as long as both publications stay the way they are. -The test will come when they get a full paper supply once again and start to go higher.

Time's roster is something to be attempted only in easy stages. Starting in swampy country with the little fellows, the Staff Correspondents, the amateur of administrative nomenclature ascends past:

Staff Correspondents

Bureau Heads

David Hulburd (Chief) (might just as well put him in here and get it over with)

Editorial Researchers Contributing Editors Associate Editors Senior Editors

That was a good, brisk climb, and we are now on a kind of tableland; small, to be sure—only room for seven Senior Editors; altitude around eleven thousand feet. Far below us, we see the minute forms of the Bureau Heads and the Editorial Researchers. They look like pigmies from this elevation. The Staff Correspondents have all but disappeared, but here and there we can sight one through the faint haze, or perhaps it's only a jack pine.

A Veil, here at this remote height, we set up our base camp. A good many of our party will have to stop at this point; after all, most people, when they've got up to the Senior Editors, have had enough climbing. A few of us, experienced climbers, push on. The heavy equipment is left behind. We carry only binoculars and arctic sleeping bags. We spend this first night atop the last great shoulder before the peak itself, an officelike formation known to most cartographers as Managing Editor (alt. 14,750). We carry sufficient rations for only thirty-six hours, and our drinking w iter comes from the snowbanks which

we arc already encountering on the north slope.

We resume the climb at sunup the next day. By midmorning we are halfway up the bald face of a veritable precipice. Nothing grows at such a height. The last gnarled outposts of timberline have vanished. Yet in this great silence, lofty and inaccessible, we find two Editors—just Editors. The Senior Editors presumably don't have the wind to climb this high. At any rate, here are Manfred Gottfried and, slightly above him, Henry R. Luce (alt. 19,870). Now three thousand sheer feet of Index tower over us; the summit itself is hidden for the moment in clouds.

We get out the pitons, rig the life lines. A single misstep will be fatal. Down in the flatlands with the Staff Correspondents, the thermometer stands at ninety-four degrees. It's fifteen below zero up here where we are. We find ourselves wondering whatever became of David Hulburd. Memory plays strange tricks at these altitudes. We begin the painful ascent of the Index.

We crawl up through Theatre, Sport, Science, Religion, Radio, Press. We pause for a rest at People, but it's only for a few minutes. We press on: Music, Miscellany, Milestones, and Medicine. We are nearing the top of the page! Yes, we have reached John Shaw Billings, Editorial Director, and from where we are perched, this looks like the end of our climb. But stay—over the jutting crag our leader is pointing, and

we scramble on up to another ledge. It's Roy E. Larsen, President!

We clutch the rock, gasping but triumphant. Our barograph is jiggling at 22,500 feet.

Again, the thin air and our exertions combine to fool us. Still not the top. But now we can see plainly above us. Only a couple of hundred yards of the spire remain. Our knees feel curiousl}[7] enlarged and we are all lightheaded. To drive a single piton takes all our strength. But we keep on.

Those watching us from the base camp told us later it took only thirty-five minutes, but it seemed hours while we clawed our wav to the true summit—Editor-In-Chief, Henry R. Luce, all by himself (alt. 23,137). Having last seen him down at 19,870 as Editor, we were naturally astonished to find him again at the top. (We learned later that he has a secret route of his own, shared with only a few top-flight Timexecutives.)

ALL this will give you some idea of A- \ what lies ahead of Time in the matter of titles and job descriptions. I am going to stake the Company to a couple of words which may help in the volatile days yet to come. I borrow a leaf from the book of fraternal orgay izations and give Time the first w "Supreme." That will take care any promotions from this point on . a year or two, at least. The highe. ranks will simply become Supreme Staff Correspondents, Supreme Bureau Heads, Supreme President, etc. David Hulburd will be Supreme Bureau Heads (Chief).

As I say, this word will protect the organization for the time being. The same problem, however, is bound to recur. At that time my second word, "Exalted," will be placed in front of "Supreme." There will be Senior Editors, Supreme Senior Editors, and Exalted Supreme Senior Editors. Mr. Luce will become Exalted Supreme Editor-in-Chief.

That's about as far ahead as I can see it. —Charles W. Morton

Adolf Hitler's half brother and Joachim von Ribbentrop's mistress have been arrested by British security officers, it was learned today.

Hitler's half brother, whose first name is not definitely known, was arrested in Hamburg. He is considered a kind of blacksheep of the

family, military officials said.—U.P. dispatch in the Herald Tribune.

Must be quite a scalawag.

VKIONV IN THE CEEU5E

N a summer afternoon not long before the war, a twelve-year-old boy named Robert might have been seen walking along a path over the moors of the Creuse, in the hilly center of France. It was a path which he often took when he was herding the family cows, but this time he was on a personal errand. He was on his way from his family's farm, at St. Yrieix-la-Montagne, to Pelletanges, three miles away. What he wanted was to see Gabrielle Cancalon and ask about the wonderful thing that had happened to her the other evening, something

which had set the whole talking.

His own family had had about it that noon. His

countryside

a lot to say o-randfath-

er, Papa Gene, thought that what Gabrielle needed was a good spanking; his grandmother, la Mere Christine, thought that this was probably correct, but, she said, some very strange things had happened at the place where Gabrielle had seen what she had seen; his

mother had reminded Gabrielle's great-aunt cracked bell; and his Aristide, had laughed

the others that was crazy as a uncle, Tonton a lot and told

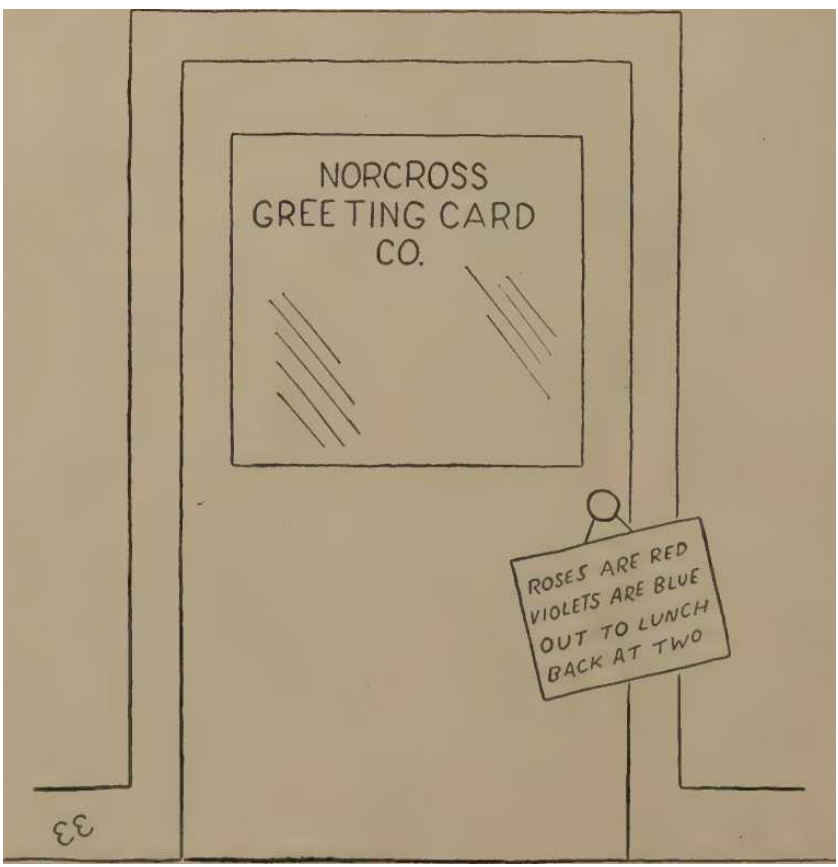
ˆi story in English to the American la, who frequently couldn’t underd their talk. His great-grandmoth' la Mere Marie, had really heard le most about it. From her seat under the holly trees by the road she had stopped every passerby and got his account of it. As each passerby’s story was different from the last one and more horrifying, Robert thought that he would go and find out for himself. He had not, luckily, been sent out with the cows. Papa Gene had taken them, refusing indignantly the old gun which the family had urged upon him, “in case you see the black man.”

It was a fine, sunny day, with high-flying clouds, and Robert swung along in his hobnailed galoches, whistling, his sack on his back. In the sack was a thick crust of rye bread, a slab of white cheese, and a worn paperbound notebook—just what he took with him when he kept the cows. You couldn’t always be

sure of company, out with the cows. Some days there would be a whole band of people, and some days you saw only your own shadow and the dog. The notebook helped to pass the time. Scattered among his school homework were puzzlesand puns—<(Ma mie cst maladc. Camomille? {Qu*a ma mie?")”—and facts to remember, such as “The Normandie is 313.02 metres long and travels 30.50 knots.” There were also drawings—anatomical sketches of birds and beasts, machines, clocks, and designs for buildings. Robert liked to know how things were made and how

they worked. The drawings he liked best he went over later in green, red, and purple ink.

Robert never tired of the moors. They were common ground, and the cows of three townships—Lavaud, Pelletanges, and St. Yrieix—were pastured there. You never knew whom you might meet out herding, and, since the dogs were quite capable of looking after the cows, if you struck good company you could pass a lively afternoon. The moors lent themselves to fine games. They dipped into hollows and rose in hummocks, and the turf was seamed with rivulets, many of which were torrents in early spring and dusty, winding paths in summer. Cows and sheep trod these paths into a network, threading the thickets of heather, gorse, and juniper like a giant maze. Young herdsmen played hide-and-seek along them



or went bird's-nesting or picked blueberries and cranberries. The streams that lived through the summer had eaten great holes under the turf of their banks, and in these dark pools the trout hid. The boys caught them with their hands.

Robert could never make out whether he was glad or not the times when he saw Gabrielle Cancalon coming on the moors. Her arrival looked like fair day, for the Cancalons had thirty cows. They were a proud and wealthy family—stiff-collared, as the saying went. The Cancalons and the Detheves had the only two farms in Pelletanges, and they could never agree as to which farm was the better or whose men had the bigger enterprise of masonry at Paris.

Gabrielle marched along behind her thirty sleek cows and her pompous black dog, Medor, like a queen with her court. She was fourteen, the same age as Robert's sister, Dede, and she was willing to play with Dede but looked down her nose at twelve-year-old Robert. He was tongue-tied when she was around, and it didn't help any that she called him "Robert Cabbage Ears." His ears weren't his fault. His mother said that it was because she had not turned him often enough in the cradle. It w7as all right to make fun of a boy because he was a do-nothing or a coward, but not because his ears stuck out. He would show Gabrielle someday, Robert often said to himself, and he sometimes dreamed that her ears had grown enormous and waved bright and pink behind her yellow braids while she tried to cover them.

A rough slab of stone with a rude cross chiselled on it lav by the path that Robert followed this summer afternoon. The stone was surrounded by a few meagre trees, holly and oak, wrenched and twisted by the wind. There was a story about the stone. In the old days a good-for-nothing old peddler had come through the countryside with an equally good-for-nothing daughter. When she died, after a drunken bout at an inn, he would not even get her a priest or a coffin. He put her body on a wheelbarrow, wheeled it out on the moors, and

buried it there. Someone—the village priest, most likely—had marked the place with the stone, and marked the stone with a cross hut no name. W hen the wind whined in the trees at night,you could meet the old peddler’s ghost, people said, moaning and trundling a heavy wheelharrow. Robert, though he pretended to scoff, usually found an excuse to go round another way after dark.

“Is that a true story.'” he had once asked la Mire Maric.

“Might he, might not,” she had said. “Might be partly true hut not all. Like the stories in mv red book of fairy tales.-Like Santa Barbarata and the butterflies. Somethin': happens, gets passed from mouth to mouth, doesn’t grow any smaller in the telling. So a little girl who goes to mass evert Sunday and looks after her garden and her chickens turns into Santa Barbarata, who protects the

butterflies, and when the heathen are about to burn her they all come flying to put out the fire with their wings."

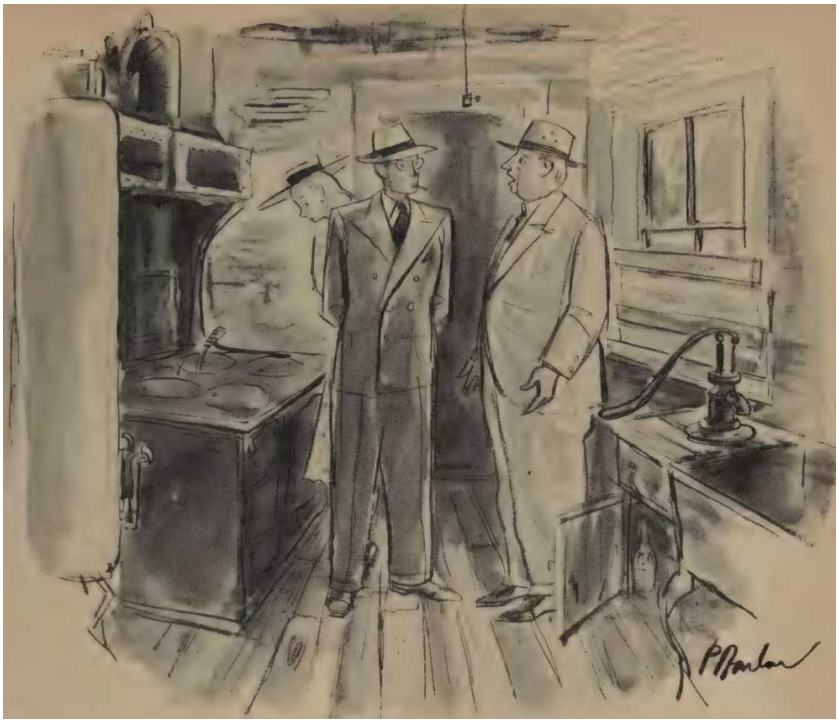
"Papa Gene says that all stories about the saints arc like that," Robert said.

"A lot Papa Gene knows about the saints!" la Mere Marie replied, snorting. "If he had more belief, he might not find himself the way he is, with a bad heart which won't let him work, like an old, crippled cow."

"Papa Gene says he will live and die without belief," Robert said.

"\\ ell, after he dies he can tell that to the proper authorities," la Mere Maric had said grimly.

A GOOD hour's climb over the moors, and Robert came to Pelletanges. The Cancalons' farm was on one side of the road, the Detheves' on the other. The Cancalons' house was much like Robert's own—a great, rough block of granite with a roof of reddish tile—but it looked more forbid-dinti, because there were no roses grow



“After all, what Ao a few ˆ/conveniences matter if two people really love each other?”

ing over it or fuchsias in tubs by the door. He saw Gabrielle down by the rabbit hutches, feeding the rabbits with the peelings from dinner.

Evidently she hadn’t gone out with the cows again, just as he had figured. 'Ehc other elay had been too much. She was wearing not a black, long-sleeved apron, like most of the girls, but one of reel anel white checks, like a tablecloth. Her yellow hair was brusheel smooth into long braids anel her full cheeks hael a shine to them. Ordinarily, Robert ad-mitted, she wasn’t bad-looking. Today, though, she was peakeel, with circles under her eyes, as when you have been dosed with that bitter purge, the de chainbard. But Robert saw quick enough that here was a more high-mindeel anel important suffering.

Gabrielle, poking cabbage leaves under the rabbits’ soft, nibbling

ne > ses, looked up anel saw him. “He, Robert Cabbage Ears,” she said.

“He, Gabrielle,” Robert replied. “Say, what storv eliel I hear about your

'1 he grocer}' wagon told us something, belt I thought it was some joke.”

Gabrielle flareel up. “Oh, you thought sot You’ll see if it was a je > ke! Didn’t the\ take me to the doctor for a tonic this morning because I couldn’t sleep these last nights? And it won’t do any good. I shan’t sleep tonight, either. I shan’t ever forget it, inalheur!” She pressed her hand to her eves.

“Maybe you’ll forget it. It’s easy to forget,” said Robert, practically. “It would be a pit)' to forget, really, because a thing like that doesn’t happen to everybody.” He took out his notebook and pencil. “ Tell me about it and I’ll write it all down here. Then you’ll have it exactly as it happened and won’t ever forget any of it.”

Gabrielle was flattered. Robert was not much of an audience, but the}’ said he was bright in school, and, although she had told the story to a good many people, who had all been greatly impressed, no one else had offered to take down the very words from her

mouth. It might be a good idea, if she had to keep on telling it.

In their hutches the rabbits made small, munching noises and stared out with their round, silly eyes.

“Last Tuesday,” she began, as though she were speaking from a pulpit, “I was out with the cows, out on the moors. The cows acted strange all afternoon—jumpy, as though they had colic—and Medor and I had trouble with them. The sky looked strange, too. The air seemed so heavy, like before a storm, and once I am sure I saw a fiery cross, right over our farm. It seemed to shoot down into the biggest haystack.”

Gabrielle crossed herself and her voice grew low and thrilling. “So it came to be sundown, and time to take the cows home. We went

along all right until we came to the sunken road. You know the sunken road?"

"Yes, yes," said Robert, writing hard. "That old road that goes down so deep between the hedges, with the stone cross halfway along it. I came the other way, by the shortcut. I wouldn't go there after dark."

"It was quite dark by then, but I have never been afraid, you know. At first the cows did not want to turn down it, but Medor and I drove them in. Then, all of a sudden"—she caught her breath—"a terrible noise! A clattering like the hooves of a monster horse, and a frightful roaring, like nothing on this earth! "

"La-laaa!" Robert exclaimed. His cars seemed to stretch and to quiver slightly in horror.

"The cows went wild. Think of it, thirty of them milling around in there! Medor nearly got trampled, and I ran up the bank, so as not to get under their hooves or caught on their horns. And then I saw it!" Gabrielle closed her eves and put out her hand, as though to push back a dreadful sight. "Right by the old stone cross. A man on a black horse! The horse had sparks whistling out of his nose like a locomotive. The man, too, I think. The cows backed away in a circle from him. The horse reared up and pawed at the old cross, and it fell over and shook the earth. I thought I was going to fall down, too. I felt my blood revolving within me and my brains move in their sockets!"

Her eyes still closed, Gabrielle clasped her hands and swayed back and forth. "But then, mon vieux, but then, some-tiling came down like a white cloud. The air smelled so good, like hawthorn and wild roses. The howling stopped

WIT CHOPITICK5

I live at the top of old West Chop In a house with a cranky stove, And when I swim I risk life and limb On the pebbles that line the cove— Where the waves wish-wash, and the foghorn blows, And the blowfish nibble at your toes-oes-oes, The blowfish nibble at your toes.

I lunch and sup on scrod and scup, And once in a while on beans, And the only news that I get to peruse Is in last year's magazines— Where the waves wish-wash, and the foghorn blows. And the blowfish nibble at your toes-oes-oes, The blowfish nibble at your toes.

When the sea gulls shout the lights go out. And whenever the lights go on

I pursue the moth with a dusting cloth Till the bobwhite brings the dawn— Where the waves wish-wash, and the foghorn blows, And the blowfish nibble at your toes-oes-oes, The blowfish nibble at your toes.

But when the breeze creeps through the trees And the wee waves shiver and shake, Oh, I wouldn't swap my Western Chop For a sizzling Western steak—

I want to wish-wash where the foghorn blows, And the blowfish nibble at your toe's-oes-oes, The blowfish nibble at your toes.

■—-Ogden Nash

and the creatures were gone. And I saw . . . in the cloud I saw something. It looked like a white hand."

" 'Like a white hand,' " Robert mumbled as he wrote.

"By that time my father had heard the racket and he came running, with Albert and Pierre and a gun, and they let the watchdogs out, too. The dogs and Medor got the cows back on the road, and they took no harm. But I screamed and screamed. I was crying so I could hardly walk home."

"What did the man on horseback

and the hand look like, exactly?" said Robert. "Think of everything you saw."

"Well, I was so frightened I may not have seen everything," said Gabrielle. "But the horse was black and shiny like a water snake, and the man, too. The hand—well, it looked like a white hand. You know! Floating in the air. . . . Mother said it was surely a miracle and we should go to the priest about it, but Father said around here you would need to have the Blessed Virgin go on foot from the Croix de Jacques to the church at Aubusson, ring the bell with her own two hands, and raise all the dead in the cemetery before they would count it a miracle."

"You are sure you saw all that?" Robert asked.

"Sure as I see you! Robert, if you don't believe me, you can just lift your feet and get off home!" Gabrielle's voice was rather cross for a receiver of divine visitations. Just then her mother called to her

from the house, sounding full of a most special pride and importance. “Come in, ma cherie! Don’t tire yourself! The Detheve cousins from

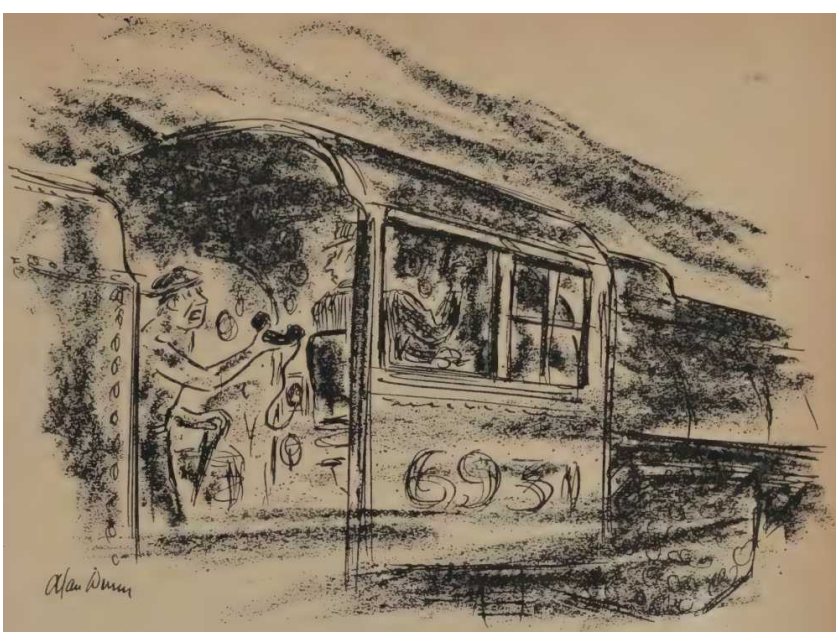
St. Marc arc here and want to hear all about it.”

Robert hastily finished writing. “But I do believe you, word of honor, Gabrielle,” he said. “I’ll copy this in another notebook, a prettier one, and bring it to you. I’ll make pictures, too, in colored ink. Qa sera chic, via •vieille. Tn verras.”

“Thank you, Robert,” answered Gabrielle, mollified, and went into the house, stiff and solemn. Robert watched her thoughtfully.

Robert did not go straight

“ home. Instead, he made for the sunken road, which was one of his favorite spots. It was a stretch of road so old that it had been worn down into the earth. The banks on each side had been lined with stone to keep them firm, and the hedges of holly had grown up on each side of it so high that they met overhead. It was dark and cool underneath, and the stones and the old



“For you, Pete—it’s your zvife.”

Stone cross were damp and mossy. It smelled like a cave. He threw himself down on the moss and looked about him.

The cross was Ijing flat on the ground, just as Gabrielle had said. One of the cows had knocked against it, probably, Robert decided. \ \ ith thirty of- them bottled up, there had been a big trampling and thundering around. The road was all torn up by their hooves. And up above, behind the thickest part of the hedge, was the place where he had been hiding all through it.

The St. Yrieix cows alwavs left the moors before the Pelletanges cows, having farther to go. On the way home, Robert had skipped off from Dede, who had been keeping the cows with him that day, and had run back and hid beside the sunken road, waiting for Gabrielle. When he heard her coming with the cows, he had clapped his sabots together and roared like a lion. That had been the clattering and roaring Gabrielle had heard. He had meant to frighten her, but he had not expected quite such a resounding success.

Anyhow, there was no harm done that he could see, though Gabrielle would be prouder than ever now and he couldn’t ever tell her. Even so, he had been pretty smart. When he had heard Cancalon and the men and the

dogs coming, he had run for the old hollow oak, a short way back up the road. He hadn’t climbed directly into it—he was not such a fool; the dogs would have been after him in no time. Instead, he climbed a nearby tree, and dropped into the oak from an overhanging branch. Inside the trunk he was snug as a squirrel and the dogs had barked and barked around the wrong tree. When they were all gone, he had climbed out and skipped for home. He had made it in time for the soup.

But there was a thought lurking in Robert’s mind, like the trout in the pool, waiting to trouble him. It was about all those marvels that Gabrielle had seen. She really believed in the man on the black horse and the white hand; she wasn’t just mpking it up. And, whether she did or not, there were now plenty of others who did.

What a ball he had set rolling! Where would it stop r

Frowning, Robert looked at his notebook and read over what he had written. The story wasn't true, but it would be believed and told, perhaps after he was a grown man, perhaps after he was dead. A crazy trick had become, somehow, bigger and stronger than the truth.

He sighed and rolled over on the moss, feeling very empty. Automatically

his hand reached for his pocketknife. He crept up to the biggest and oldest holly tree, and on the thick trunk, smooth and silvery gray, carved his initials. He took great pains with the letters, and it was quite a while before he stood back to look at them and was satisfied.

An evening wind stirred through the hedges on either side of the sunken road, carrying a bitter smell of acorns. Robert looked around and was surprised how dark it had grown. The air seemed cold and he shivered suddenly. Thrusting the knife back in his pocket, he started toward home, whistling loudly. When he came to the tomb of the peddler's daughter, he took a good running start and jumped right over it.

—Mary Mian

GO CLIMB A TREE DEPARTMENT [Adv. in the Times}

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A REPORTER. AT LARGE

A FRIEND of mine, Mr. Hugh G. Flood, who is a retired house-wrecking contractor, an amateur ichthyologist, and the honorary

Mayor of Fulton Fish Market, was ninety-five years old on the twenty-seventh of July. Three evenings beforehand, on the twenty-fourth, he gave a birthday party in his room at the Hart-

ford House, a waterfront hotel where he has lived since shortly after the death of his second wife, in 1932. “I don’t believe in birthday parties never did but some do and I will have one this time to suit myself if it kills me,” hˆ wrote on a penny postal, inviting me. “Will be obliged to have it on the 24th as I promised my daughter Louise in South Norwalk I would be with hey and my grandchildren and greatgrandchildren on mv birthday itself. Couldn’t get out of it. And due to I can’t seem to find any pure Scotch whiskey

The Mayor of /he Fish Market

any more it has got so it takes me two or three days to get over a toot. Louise is deadset against whiskey talk talk talk and I know better than to show up in South Norwalk with a katzen-jammer. I will expect you. It will not be a big party just a few windbags from the fish market. Also Tom Bethea. He is an old old friend of my family. He is an undertaker. The party will start around six and it is immaterial to me when it stops. I am well and trust you are the same."

Mr. Flood's hotel, the Hartford, is a hangout of fishmongers, oyster dealers, trawler fishermen, and tugboatmen. It is clean and snug, but it was put up in 1 836 and is beginning to show its age. It stands on the southwest corner of the junction of Pearl Street, Ferry Street, and Peck Slip, on the rim of the fishmarket district. I walked up Peck Slip around six-thirty on the evening of the twenty-fourth, and the peace and mastery of midnight was already over everything; work begins long before daybreak down there and ends in the middle of the afternoon. There wasn't a human being in sight, or an automobile. The old pink-brick fish houses on both sides of the Slip had been locked and shuttered, the sidewalks had been Hushed, and there were approximately

two hundred gulls from the harbor walking around in the gutters, hunting for fish scraps. The gulls came right up to the Hartford's stoop. They were big herring gulls and they were hungry and anxious and as dirty as buzzards. Also, in the quiet street, they were

spooky. I stood on the stoop and watched them for a few minutes, and then I went into the hotel's combined lobby and barroom. Gus Trein, the manager, was back of the bar. There were no customers and he was working on his books; he had two ledgers and a spindle of bills before him. I asked if Mr. Flood was upstairs. "He is," said Mr. Trein, "what's left of him. Are you going to his party?" I said I was. "In that case," he said, "hold your hat. He was in and out all afternoon, toting things up to his room, and he had three bot

tles of whiskey one trip. The last time he came in, half an hour ago, Birdy Treppel was with him—the old fishwife from the Slip. He had a smoked eel about a yard long in one hand and a box of cigars in the other, and he was singing 'Down, Down Among the Dead Men,' and Birdy had him by the elbow, helping him up the stairs."

One of Mr. Flood's closest friends, Matthew T. Cusack, was sitting on the bottom step of the stairs in the rear of the lobby. He had one shoe off and was prizing a tack out of it with his pocketknife. Mr. Cusack is a portly, white-haired old Irish-American, a retired New York City policeman. He is a watchman for the Fulton Market Fishmongers Association; he sits all night in a sprung swivel chair

beside a window in a shack on the fish pier. In the last six or seven months, Mr. Cusack's personality has undergone an extraordinary' change. He was once a hearty man. He laughed a lot and he was a big eater and straight-whiskey drinker. He had a habit of remarking to bartenders that he didn't see any sense in mixing whiskey with water, since the whiskey was already wet. At a clambake for marketmen and their families in East Islip, in the summer of 1944, he ate three hundred and sixty -

six Great South Bay quahogs, one for every day in the year (it was a leap year), and put four rock-broiled lobsters on top of them. He has a deep chest and a good baritone, and at market gatherings he always stood up and sang "The Broken Home," "Frivolous Sal," and "Just Fill Me One Glass More." In recent months, however, he has been gloomy and irritable and pious; he is worried about his health and believes that he may have a heart attack at any moment and drop dead. He was in vigorous health until last Christmas, when the Fishery Council, the market's chamber of commerce, gave him a present, a second-hand radio for his shack, so he could hear the war news while at work. Aside from listening in barrooms to broadcasts of championship prizefights, Mr. Cusack had never before paid any attention to the radio, but he soon got to be a fan. He got so he would keep his radio on all night. A program he especially likes is sponsored by a company that sells a medicine for the acid indigestion. Around the middle of February, he developed the acid indigestion and began to take this medicine. Then, one morning in March, on his way home from the market, he was troubled by w'hat he describes as "a general run-down feeling." At first he took it for granted that this was caused by the acid indigestion, but that night, while listening to a radio health chat, he came to the conclusion that he had a heart condition. He is fascinated by health chats; they make him uneasy, but he dials them in from stations all over the country. He got over the rundown feeling but continued to brood about his heart. He went to a specialist, who made a series of cardiograms and told him that he was in good shape for a man of his age and weight. He is still apprehensive. He says he suspects he has a rare condition that can't be detected by the cardiograph. He never smiles, he ha$ a frightened stare, and his face is set and gray. He walks slowly, inching along with an almost effortless shuffle, to avoid straining his heart muscles. When he-is not at work, he

spends most of the time lying flat on his back in bed with his feet propped up higher than his head. He takes vitamin tablets, a kind that is activated and mineralized. Also, twice a dav, he takes a medicine that is guaranteed to alkalize the system. The officials of the Council are sorry they gave him the radio. Edmond Irwin, the executive secretary, ran into him on the pier a while back

and told him so. “Why, what in the world are yon talking about?” Mr. Cusack asked. ‘ That radio probably saved my life. If it wasn’t for that radio, I might've dropped dead already. I didn’t start taking care of myself until those health chats woke me up to the danger I was in.”

I went on back to the rear of the lobby and spoke to Mr. Cusack, but he didn’t look up or answer. He had the stairs blocked or I would have gone on past him. After he got the tack out of his shoe, he stood up and grunted. His face was heavy with worry. We shook hands, and I asked him if he was going to Mr. Flood’s party or coming from it. “Going, God help me,” he said, “and I dread it. I feel like I ought to pay my respects to Hugh, but I dread the stairs. A poor old man in my condition, it’s taking my life in my hands.” The Hartford is five floors high and it doesn’t have an elevator. Mr. Flood’s room is on the top floor. I stood aside and waited for Mr. Cusack to start up, but he said, “You go ahead. I’m going to take my time. It’ll take me half an hour and when I get to the top I’ll most likely drop dead.”

Mr. Flood has a corner room, overlooking the

Slip. The door was open. His room is usually in a mess and he had obviously had it straightened up for the party. There was a freshly ironed counterpane on his brass bed. His library had been neatly arranged on top of his tin, slatbound trunk; it consists of a Bible, a set of Mark Twain, and two thick United States Bureau of Fisheries reference books, “Fishes of the Gulf of Maine” and “Fishes of Chesapeake Bay.” His collection of sea shells and cuttlebones had been laid out on the hearth of the boarded-up fireplace. Ordinarily, his books and shells are scattered all over the floor. On the • marble mantelpiece were three cast-iron statues— a rare-knuckle pug with fists up, a running Forse, and an American eagle. These came off the magnificent fire escape of the old Police Gazette build

tai about the stone and iron ornaments on man}' buildings down in the old city, and he thinks they should be preserved. He once wrote the Museum of the City of New York suggesting that the owners of the Gazette building be asked to donate the fireescape ornaments to the Museum. "Suppose this bldg, is torn down," he wrote. "All that beautiful iron work will disappear into scrap. If the owners do not see fit to donate, I am a retired housewrecker and I could go there in the dead of night with a monkey-wrench and a blow-torch and use my own discretion.") Above the mantelpiece hung a lithograph of Franklin D. Roosevelt, a Thomas Rowlandson aquatint of some scuffling fishwives in Billingsgate that came off a calendar, and

a framed beatitude: “BLESSED IS THE MAX WHO DOES NOT BELLYACHE— ELBERT HL’BBARD.” In the middle of the room stood an ugly old marble-top table, the kind that has legs shaped like the claws of a dragon, each claw grasping a glass ball. There was a clutter on the table—a bottle of Scotch, a pitcher of water, a bucket of ice, a box of cigars, a crock of pickled mussels, a jar of marinated herrings, a smoked eel, a wire basket of sea urchins, two loaves of Italian bread, some lemons, and a stack of plates. 1 he sea urchins were wet and dripping.

There were four people sitting around the table—Mr. Flood, Mrs. Trcppel, a salesman of fishing-boat hardware, named Ben Fass, and an old man I had never seen before. Mrs. Treppel had

ing, which is on Dover Street, in the fish-market neighborhood. (Mr. Flood is sentimen-

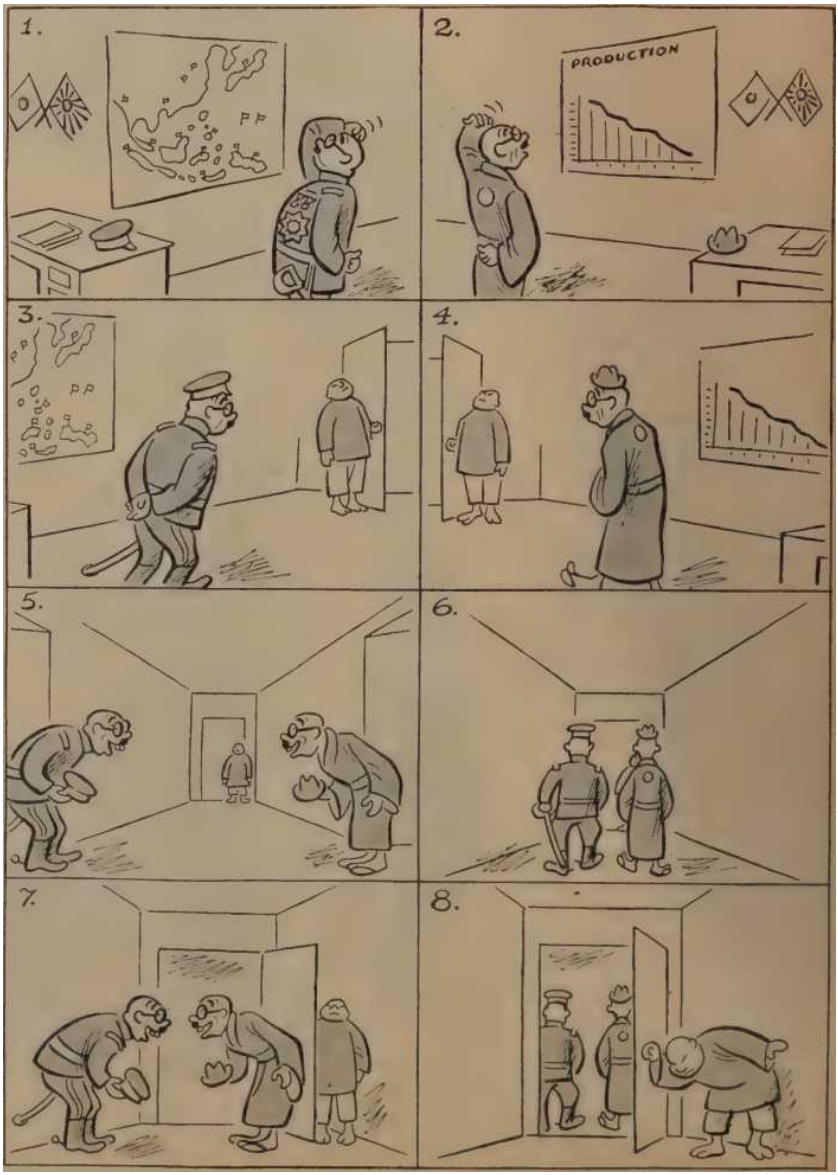
“:1s a matter of fact, IPs a rather am using story. Do you remeniber last spring ztshen Herbert zcas police commissioner during Boys’ II eek? . . .”

Commodore, the Hartford’s big black cat, on her lap; she had given it the head of the eel. Mrs. Treppel was still in her market clothes. She wore a fulllength coat-apron over her dress and she had on knee boots and a man’s stiff straw hat; this is the uniform of the boss fishmonger. The hat was on the side of her head. Mrs. Treppel is stout, red-cheeked, and good-natured. Even so, as a day wears on, she becomes quite quarrelsome; she says she quarrels just to keep her liver regulated. “Quarrelling is the only exercise I take,” she says. She is a widow in her sixties, and she is wealthy. She has money in a cooperage that builds boxes and barrels for the fish trade; she owns a share in a dragger, the Betty Parker, which runs out of Stonington, Connecticut; and she keeps a fresh-water stall on the Slip, dealing in carp, whitefish, and pike, the species that are used in gefiillte fish. Mr. Fass is known in the market as Ben the Knifeman. He is slight, edgy, and sad-eyed, a disappointed man, and he blames all his troubles on cellophane. He says that he was ruined by cellophane, and he sometimes startles people by muttering, “Whoever he is, wherever he is, God damn the man that invented cellophane!” He once was a salesman for a sausage-casings broker in Ganse-voort Market, selling sheep intestines to manufacturers of

frankfurters. He enjoyed this work. Ten years ago many manufacturers began using cellophane instead of intestines for casings, calling their product “skinless” frankfurters, and in 1937 Mr. Fass was laid off. He became an outside man for a Water Street fishing-boat supply house, which is owned by an uncle of his. Carrying samples in a suitcase, he goes aboard trawlers and draggers at the pier and sits down with the captains and takes orders for knives, honing steels, scalers, bait grinders, swordfish darts, fog bells, and similar hardware.

Mr. Fass and Mr. Flood are good friends, which is puzzling. Mr. Fass has no interest in boats, he dislikes the fish market, and he despises fish. He is outspoken about it; not long ago he lost one of his best customers by remarking that he would rather have one thin cut off a tough rib roast than all the fish God ever made. Mr. Flood, on the other hand, has an exceptionally high opinion of fish; he considers it an elixir, he calls himself a sea-foodetarian, and he believes that people would be much better off if they ate meat on Fridays and fish all the rest of the week. I have known Mr. Flood for nine years, but I found out only recently

how he arrived at this conclusion. From 1885 until 1930, when he retired, the offices of his firm, the H. G. Flood Demolition & Salvage Co., Inc., were on Franklin Square, a couple of blocks from the fish market. In the winter of 1885, soon after moving there, he observed that there was a predominance of elderly and aged men among the fishmongers. “I began to step up to these men and inquire about their ages,” he told me. “There were scores in their eighties and dozens in their nineties and spry old crocks that had hit a hundred weren’t rare at all. One morning I saw a fist fight between two men in their nineties. They slapped each other from one end of the pier to the other, and it was better than many a fight I paid to see. Another morning I saw the fellows shaking hands with a man of eighty-seven and it turned out his wife



had just had a baby boy. All these men were tough and happy and full of the old Adam, and all were big fish eaters, and I thought to myself, 'Flood, no doubt about it, you have hit on a secret.' " Since that winter he has seldom eaten anything but seafood.

WHEN I came into the room, Mr.

Flood had just begun a song. He has a bullfrog bass, and he sang loudly and away off key. He had a highball in his left hand and a cigar in his right, and he kept time with the cigar as he sang:

Come, let us drink while we have breath, For there's no drinking after death And he that will this health deny, Down among the dead men, Down among the dead men—

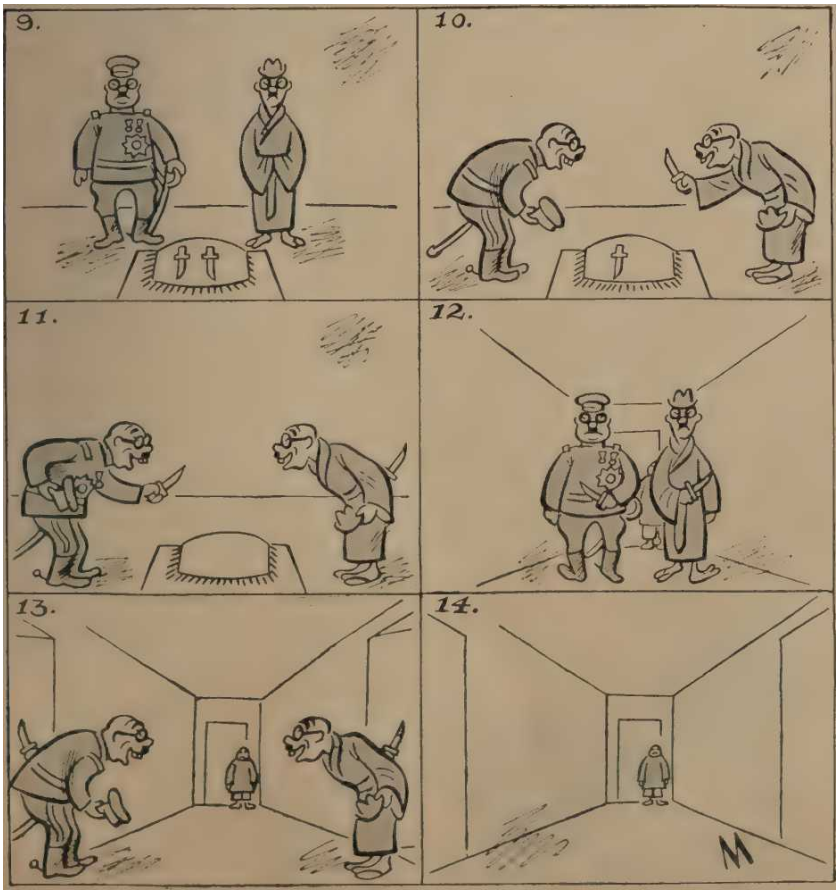
I was quite sure that he would put in more "downs" than the song called for,

and I counted them. There Were eleven, and each was louder than the one before it:

Down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down, down, Down among the dead men

Let him lie!

Mr. Flood's guests banged on the marble-top with their glasses, and he beamed. He was looking well. His friendly, villainous eyes were bright and his face was so tanned that the liver freckles on his cheeks didn't show; he carries a blanket down to the pier and lies in the sun an hour or two on good afternoons. He had on a white linen suit and there was a red rosebud in his lapel. Mr. Flood is small and thin and bony and jaunty; when James J. Walker gets along in years, he will undoubtedly look a lot like Mr. Flood. I tried to congratulate him on his birthday. He wouldn't let me. "Thanks, my boy," he said, "but it's too early for that. I just got started. Wait'll I hit a hundred." He turned to the stranger at the table. "This is Tom Bethea," he said. "Tom's an undertaker up in Chelsea, my old neighborhood. Tom's wife and my second wife were great friends. We belong to the same Baptist church, only he goes and I



don't." Mr. Bethea was roly-poly, moon-faced, and bald. His eyes were remarkably distrustful. He wore a blue serge suit that was so tight it made me uncomfortable to look at him. He had a glass about a third full of straight whiskey in one hand. With the other, he was plucking mussels out of the crock and popping them into his mouth as if they were peanuts. He seemed offended by Mr. Flood's introduction. "I'm not an undertaker," he said. "I'm an embalmer. I've told you that time and time again, and I wish you'd get it straight."

"Whichever it is," said Mr. Flood. He turned to me and said, "Pull up a chair and fix yourself a drink. I got something I want to show you." He took a photograph out of his wallet and handed it to me. It was a photograph of a horse, an old white sway-backed horse.

“Look at it and pass it around,” he said. “I was going through some papers in my trunk the other day and came across it. Thought I’d lost it years ago. It’s a snapshot of a horse named Sam. Sam was a highly unusual horse and I want to tell about him. He was owned by George Still, fellow that ran Still’s Oyster and Chop House. Still’s was on Third Avenue, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth, middle of the

block, east side of the avenue. It opened in the eighteen-fifties—1853, I think it was—and it closed in 1922 because of prohibition, and it was the finest oyster house the country ever had. It was a hangout for rich old goaty high-living men—Tammany bosses and the like of that. Some of them could taste an oyster and examine the shell and tell you what bed it came out of; I’m pretty good at that myself. And it got crowds of out-of-towners, especially people from Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, and New Orleans, the big oyster-eating cities. Mr. Still handled a wider variety of oysters than any restaurant or hotel in the world, before or since. He had them out of dozens of beds. From New Jersey he had Shrewsburys and Maurice River Coves. From Rhode Island he had Narragansetts and Wickfords. From Massachusetts he had Cotuits and Buzzards Bays and Cape Cods. From Virginia—they were very fine— he had Chincoteagues and Lynnhavens and Pokomokes and Mobjacks and Horn Harbors and York Rivers and Hampton Bars and Rappahannocks. From Maryland he had Goose Creeks. From Delaware he had Bombay Hooks. From New York—the finest of all —he had Blue Points and Mattitucks and Saddle Rocks and Robbins Islands and Diamond Points and Fire Places and Montauks and Hog Necks and Millponds and Fire Island Salts and Rock-aways and Shinnecocks. I love those good old oyster names. When I feel my age weighing me down, I recite them to myself and I feel better. Some of them don’t exist any more. The beds were ruined. Cities grew up nearby and the water went bad. But there was a time when you could buy them all in Still’s.”

“Oh, God, Hughie,” said Mrs. Treppel, “it was a wonderful place. I remember it well. It had a white marble bar for the half-shell trade, and there were barrels and barrels and barrels of oysters stood up behind this bar, and everything was nice and plain and solid —no piddling around, no music to frazzle your nerves, no French on the

bill of fare; you got what you went for."

"I remember Still's, too," said Mr. Bethea. "Biggest lobster I ever saw, I saw it in there. Weighed thirty-four pounds. Took two men to hold it. It was a hen lobster. It wasn't much good —too coarse and stringy—but it was full of coral and tomalley and it scared the women and it w[r]as educational."

"That's right," said Mr. Flood. "That's the way it was." He poured himself a drink. "In addition to the

restaurant," he continued, "Mr. Still did a wholesale oyster business in a triple-decked barge that was docked year in and year out at a pier at the foot of Pike Street, upriver from the fish market. The barge was his warehouse. In the old days all the wholesalers operated that way; they brought their stock in from the beds in schooners that'd come alongside the barges and unload. At the time I'm speaking of— in 1912—there were fourteen barges at Pike Street, all in a row and all painted as loud and bedizy and fancy-colored as possible, the same as gypsy wagons; that was the custom. George Still is dead, God rest him, but the business is there yet. His family runs it. It's one of the biggest shellfish concerns in the city, and it's right there in the old barge, head office and all-—George M. Still, Incorporated, Planters of Diamond Point Ovsters. Still's barge is the only one left, and it's a pretty one. It's painted green and yellow and it's got scrimshaw work all over the front of it.

"Back in 1912, Mr. Still delivered his oysters to hotels and restaurants and groceries with horse-drawn drays. He owned nine horses and he thought a lot of them. Every summer he gave them two weeks off on a farm he had in New Jersey. One of those horses was Sam. Sam was the oldest. In fact, he was twenty-two years old, and that's a ripe old advanced age for a horse. Sam was just about worn out. His head hung low, his eyes were sleepy and sad, and there wasn't hardly any life in him at all. If some horseflies lit on him, he didn't even have the energy to switch his tail and knock them off. He just poked along, making short hauls and waiting for the day to end. Mr. Still had made up his mind to retire Sam to New Jersey for good, but he was one of those that puts things off; tomorrow will do.

“Sam’s driver was a man named Woodrow and he was attached to Sam. Sam was noted for his good disposition, but one morning in October, 1912, Woodrow went to put the harness on Sam and Sam kicked at him. It was the first time that ever happened. Next morning Sam was worse. Every single time Woodrow got near, Sam kicked. He was so old and awkward he always missed, but he kept on trying; he did his best. Every day that passed, Sam got more free and easy. He’d rear back in the shafts and snap the traces on his harness, and sometimes Woodrow would tell him to whoa and he’d keep right on going until he was good and ready to whoa. He got a meata look m

his eye and he kept his head up and he walked faster and faster. He’d toss his head to and fro and dance along like a yearling. One day, all of a sudden, up on Sixth Avenue, he started running after a bay mare that was hauling a laundry wagon. It was all Woodrow could do to pull him up. And Sam kept on doing this. Every day or so he’d catch sight of a mare somewhere up ahead and' he’d whinny and whicker and break into a fast trot and Woodrow would have to brace himself against the footboard and seesaw on the lines and curse and carry on to stop him. Sometimes a crowd would collect and cheer Sam on. Woodrow worried about Sam, and so did Mr. Still, but they didn’t know what to do. They couldn’t figure him out.

“One of the places that Woodrow and Sam made a daily delivery was a chop house on Maiden Lane. Sam would stand at the curb and Woodrow[7] would shoulder a barrel of oysters off the dray and roll it in. The cashier of this chop house was an old lady and every morning she’d step out to the curb and pat Sam’s nose and coo at him and give him sugar. She’d been doing it for years. She was one of those old ladies that just can’t leave horses alone. One morning she came out, cooing, and she put her hand out to pat Sam and Sam bit her. He bit her on the hand and he bit her on the wrist and he bit her on the arm. She was all skint up. As you might expect, a great deal of screeching took place. They sent for a doctor, but that didn’t quiet the old lady. According to Woodrow, she kept screeching she didn’t want a doctor, she wanted a lawyer.

“Woodrow led Sam back to the barge and broke the news to Mr. Still that he had a damage action on his hands. Mr. Still called in a

veterinarian to see could he find out what was to matter with Sam, w'hat ailed the old fool. The veterinarian looked Sam over and he punched and he thumped and he put his head to Sam's belly and listened. He said he couldn't find anything

wrong except extreme old age. Then he happened to look into Sam's feed bag, and what in hell and be damned was in there, mixed in w'ith the oats, only some shucked oysters. They weren't little nubby oysters; they were great big Mattitucks. And what's more, Sam was eating them. He was eating them and enjoying them. The veterinarian stood there and he looked at Sam and he said, 'Well, I be good God damned!' This veterinarian said he'd run into some odd and unusual horses in his practice but that Sam was certainly the first horse he'd run into that'd eat oysters.

"Mr. Still called his help together and inquired did anybody know who put the ovsters in Sam's feed bag. Finally one of the oyster shuckers confessed he did it. Said he just wanted to see what would happen. Said he'd been slipping them in for about a month. Said he'd go out on the pier, where Sam was hitched between hauls, and

he'd make believe he was petting Sam, and he'd slip the oysters into Sam's feed bag. Said he started with one oyster a day and worked up to where he was giving him four and five dozen a day. Mr. Still was put out; at the same time, somehow, he was proud of Sam. He decided to fire the shucker and send Sam to hell and gone to New Jersey, but he changed his mind. What he did, he cut Sam down to one dozen oysters a day. That worked out all right. It wasn't too few, it wasn't too many. It was just enough to keep Sam brisk and frisky, but it wasn't enough to make him cut up and do ugly. People would come from all over the market just to see Sam get his one dozen oysters. Everything was just fine until Christmas Eve. You know[7] how it is on Christmas Eve; people get high-spirited. And you can just imagine how high-spirited they get around an oyster barge on Christmas Eve. When it came time to feed Sam, the fellows got generous and gave him six or seven dozen oysters, compliments of the season. And that night Woodrow was driving Sam back to the stable and Sam caught sight of a mare about three blocks up and he took out after her and there was ice on the street and he slipped and broke a leg and God knows they hated to do it, but they had to shoot him."

A glint came into Mr. Bethea's eyes. "Hugh," he said, "I was just thinking. Suppose you took and fed a race horse on oysters! I bet you could make a lot of money that way."

Mr. Flood snickered. "Tom," he said, "there's a certain race horse on

“Would Mr. O’Dzvyer wake a quiet mayor?”

the New York tracks right now that’s an oyster eater. He’s owned by an oysterman here in the' market, but the way I understand it, just to throw people off that might possibly get thoughts in their head, he’s registered in the name of a distant cousin of this oysterman’s wife. He’s not much of a horse—no looks, no style; he only cost eleven hundred dollars—but he wins every race they want him to win. I hey don’t let him win every race lie runs; that’d look peculiar.”

I watched Mr. Flood’s face. It was impassive.

“They' pick a day,” he continued, “and two days in advance they start feeding him raw oysters or raw clams, according to season. They experimented and found he runs about as fast on dams as he does on oysters. They give him five dozen the first day, eight dozen the second day, and one dozen the morning of the race. He always comes through; you just get a bet down and think no more about it. I don’t know how many are in on it. I do know that this oysterman and all his friends are rolling in money. They’re up to their hips in money. He was nice enough to let me and Birdy in on it. Whenever the horse is ready' to run an oy ster-fed race, we get notified, and naturally'

we've picked up a dollar or two ourselves."

"Hugh Griffin Flood!" said Mrs. Treppel. "I'm shocked and surprised at you. You were told about that horse in the strictest confidence. It's a highly' confidential matter, and you know you shouldn't talk about it. Suppose it gets out. They'll be stuffing all the race horses full of oysters, and then where'll we be ? " ■

"I know, Birdy, I know," said Mr. Flood. "I'm sorry. Anyhow, I didn't tell the name of the horse."

"You keep your big mouth shut from now on," said Mrs. Treppel.

"Speaking of the old days," said Mr. Bethea, "it seems to me businessmen were different in the old days. They' had the milk of human kindness in them. Like George Still. Like the way he gave his dray' horses a vacation."

'It's the truth, Tom," said Mr. Flood. "They' weren't always and eternally thinking of the almighty' dollar."

"I was doing business in the old days," said Mrs. Treppel, "and that's something I never noticed."

"Oh, yrou always look on the dark side," said Mr. Flood.

"I don't know about that," said .Mrs. Treppel. "Take for example, were you acquainted with A. C. Lowry that

they' called the finnan-haddie king?"

"I was," said Mr. Flood. "Old Gus Lowry." He nodded his head. "Gus was a fine man," he said, "a fine man."

"He was like hell," said Mrs. Treppel. "He was the meanest man ever did business in this market. He was the lowest of the low."

"He was," said Mr. Flood, reversing his judgment without batting an eye. "He was indeed."

"What form did his meanness take?" asked Mr. Bethea.

“I couldn’t begin to tell you,” said Mrs. Treppel. “Gus was real sharp. In fact, he was downright crooked. He was stingy. He believed everybody' was stealing from him. He treated his help in such a way' they' didn’t know if they were going or coming. And he grumbled about this and he complained about that from morning to night; everything he et disagreed with him. I worked for him once —he had a fresh-water branch on the Slip around 1916 and I had charge of it. I worked for him a year and a half and I’ve never been the same; when I took that job I was just a girl and when I gave it up I was an old, old woman. Gus was into everything. He did a general salt-water business. He owned a trawler. He handled Staten Island oysters and guaranteed

they came from Norfolk, Virginia. And he had the biggest smoking loft in the market—eels, haddies, kippers, and bloaters. He was an old bachelor. He had a nephew keeping books for him, Charlie Titus, his sister’s son, and everybody was sorry for Charlie. It was understood that Charlie was to inherit the business, and God knows it was a good sound business, but the beating he took, we wondered if it was worth it. Charlie was real polite, Uncle this and Uncle that, but it didn’t do no good. Three or four times a year, at least, Gus would get it in his head that Charlie was falsifying the books. He’d see something in Charlie’s figures that didn’t look just right and it’d make him happy. ‘I’ve caught you now!’ he’d say. ‘I’ve caught you now!’ Then he’d grab the telephone and call in a firm of certified public accountants. Those damned C.P.A.s were in and out of the office all the time. They’d go over Charlie’s books and they’d try their best, but they couldn’t ever find anything wrong, and it’d make Gus so mad he’d put his head down on the desk and cry. ‘You low-down thief,’ he’d say to Charlie, ‘you’re stealing from me, and I know you are. You got some secret way of doing it. My own flesh and blood, and you’re stealing every cent I got.’ Charlie would say, ‘Now, Uncle Gus, that’s not so,’ and Gus would say, ‘Shut up!’ And Charlie would shut up. Whereas, if he’d got a gun and shot Gus, everybody in the market would’ve swore he did it in self-defense. I remember one morning Gus was having his coffee at the round table in Sweet’s, and there was a crowd of us sitting there, four or five fishmongers and some of the shellfish gang, and Charlie came running up the stairs and asked Gus a ques-

tion about a bill of lading, and Gus hauled off and shied a plate at him. ‘Get out of here, you embezzler!’ he said. ‘When I want you,’ he said, ‘I’ll send for you.’ Right before everybody.

“Another thing about Gus, he tried to look poor. He tried to look like he didn’t have a dime to his name. There’s an old notion in Fulton Market: if you want to know a fishmonger’s financial standing, don’t bother Dun & Bradstreet, just look at him—if he looks like he’s been rolling

around in some gutter, his credit is good; if he’s all dolled up, stay away from him. Gus Lowry carried that to an extreme. As soon as he got to his office in the morning, he’d hang his good suit in a locker and he’d put on a greasy old raggedy suit that was out at the elbow and patched in the seat and a coupla sizes too small for him to begin with, and he used a piece of rope he’d picked up somewhere for a belt, and he’d put on a pair of knee boots that always had fish scales sticking to them, and he’d slap on a hat that was so dirty you wouldn’t carry bait in it. He wouldn’t wear a necktie; some days he wouldn’t even wear a shirt. He’d light a cigar, one of those cheap Italian cigars that they call rattails. He’d spit on the floor. Then he’d sit down at his desk, looking like something the cat dragged in, the King of the Bums, and he’d be ready for business.

“And if you had to do business with him, j ou just took it for granted you’d be skinned. He’d skin you alive and then he’d shake your hand and inquire about your family. Up on his office wall he had this sign, ‘KEEP SMILING/ but he never smiled. And he had poems about mother stuck up there and friendship and only God can make a tree and let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man. He’d recite you one of those poems—you couldn’t stop him—and he’d begin to cry. Gus liked to cry. He really enjoyed it. Next to doing something mean to somebody, he liked to cry. I went in his office many a time and found him sitting there with tears in his eyes. People said it was second childhood, but when it come to a dollar he wasn’t in his second childhood. The strangest

thing, when lie was close to eighty he started seeing a woman and everybody hoped and prayed she'd get him into a lot of trouble. She lived in a hotel on Lexington Avenue. She was an old busted-down actress of some kind, a singer. She'd sing and he'd cry; that was his idea of a high old time. He took me up there with him once to call on her. He wanted me to look her over and tell him what I thought of her, about like he'd ask my opinion on a consignment of jack shad. We hadn't hardly got in the door before she commenced to hang on the piano and sing. Oh, she was a noisy one. Gus asked her to sing 'I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen,' and by the time she got to 'the ocean wild and wide' he was crying. He hung around her a year or more and then he quit. I guess maybe the poor old thing tried to borrow a dol-.lar and seventy-five cents off him and it broke his heart.

1 he summer of 1921, Gus took a trip to Havana, Cuba, doctor's orders, and one morning there came a cable he was dead. Bright's disease. As soon as the news got out it put everybody in a good humor. Some tried to act like they were sorry, but they couldn't keep a straight face, and pretty soon the fellows all over the market were slapping each other on the back and laughing and old Mr. Unger that kept the stall next to mine shouted out, 'Hooray for the Bright's disease! ' Everybody was so glad for Charlie. Captain Oscar Doxsee had worked for Gus off and on for thirty years—he was captain of Gus's trawler —and I remember what he said when they

told him Gus was dead. ‘God is good,’ he said. It was prohibition, but little Archie Ennis the scallop dealer had

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a quart of whiskey in his safe, bourbon, and lie got it out and him and J and Captain Oscar and several others went over to Charlie's office to congratulate him. We figured a little celebration was in order. Well, what do you know: Charlie , was sitting in there with his head in his hands. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said to us, 'this is the saddest day of my life.' Oh, oh, oh, we were disgusted ! I've seen many and many a disgusting thing in my time, but that took the prize. 'Young man,' I thought to myself, 'the opinion your uncle had of you, he was right.' "

Mr. Bethea grunted. "Blood is thicker than water," he said.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Treppel, “I guess that’s one way of looking at it.”

Mr. Cusack came shuffling into the room. He’d finally made it.

“Well, look who’s here,” said Mrs. Treppel. “Old Drop-Dead Matty himself. Hello, Matty. Didn’t you drop dead yet?”

Mr. Cusack disregarded her. “Happy birthday, Hugh,” he said.

“Why, thank you, Matty,” said Mr. Flood. “Matty, this is Tom Bethea. Tom’s an embalmer.”

“A what?” asked Mr. Cusack.

“I’m an embalmer,” said Mr. Bethea. “I’m a trade embalmer.”

Mr. Cusack stared at Mr. Bethea for a few moments. “How do you do, sir?” he said respectfully.

“Pleased to meet you,” said Mr. Bethea. “I’ve heard Hugh speak of you. Sing us a song.”

“Oh, no!” said Mr. Cusack. “I ain’t in a singing mood.”

“It was good of you to come, Matty,” said Mr. Flood.

“Yes, it was,T. said Mr. Cusack. “I guess this is the last time I’ll ever come. I can’t stand those stairs no more. I’ve had some bad news. I was to the doctor for a checkup last Thursday and the way he diagnosed it, my heart’s some better but I got the high blood pressure.”

“I got the high blood pressure, too,” said Mr. Fass.

“I got it, too,” said Mr. Bethea. “Had it for years.”

Mrs. Treppel began to sing a children’s street song, a skipping song‘— “Oh, I hurt, I hurt, I hurt all over, I got a toothache, a gum boil, a bellyache, a pain in my right side, a pain

in my left side, a pimple on my nose.”

“Shut up, Birdy,” said Mr. Flood. “Come over here, Matty, and sit down. What can I get your”

“You can get me a glass of cold water,” said Mr. Cusack. “I asked the doctor what about whiskey and he said it was the better part of wisdom to leave it alone. I haven’t had a drink for six days. All I drink is water.”

“If you was to drink a glass of water, Matty,” said Mrs. Treppel, “it’d be weeks and .weeks before your stomach got over the shock.” “Now look here, Birdy,” Mr. Flood said, “don’t talk to Matty that way. I won’t have it. The high

blood pressure is a serious matter.” He got up from his wicker rocking chair. “Here, Matty,” he said, “take this chair. How do you feel tonight? Do you feel any worse than usual?”

“I feel irritable,” said Mr. Cusack. He slapped the pillow in the chair a time or two and sat down. “It makes me irritable to see people drinking and enjoying themselves,” he said. “If I can’t drink it, I don’t want nobody to drink it. I wish they’d bring prohibition back and enforce the living hell out of it. I got so I don’t approve of

whiskey."

Mr. Flood fixed himself a drink— half Scotch, half water, no ice— and went over and stood with an elbow on the mantelpiece. "I'm the same," he said. "I love it and I depend on it, but I don't approve of it. When I think of all the trouble it's caused me, I feel like I ought to pick some distillery at random and sue it for sixty-five million dollars. Still and all, there've been times if it hadn't been for whiskey, I don't know what would've become of me. It was either get drunk or throw the rope over the rafter. I've thought a lot about this matter over the years and I've come to the conclusion there's two ways of looking at whiske}--it gives and it takes away, it lifts you up and it knocks you down, it hurts and it heals, it kills and it resurrects—but whichever way you look at it, I'm glad I'm not the man that invented it. That's one thing I wouldn't want on my soul." He suddenly snapped his fingers. "He's the one!" he said. "I was lying in bed the other night, couldn't go to sleep, and I got to thinking about death and sin and hell and God, the way you do, and a question occurred to me, 'I wonder what man committed the biggest, ugli-

est sin in the entire history of the human race.' The man that invented whiskey, he's the one. When yon stop and think of the mess and the monkey business and the fractured skulls and the commotion and the calamity and the stomach distress and the wife heating and the poor little children without any shoes and the howling and the hell raising he's been responsible for down through the centuries—why, good God A'mighty! Whoever he was, they've probably got him put away in a special brimstone pit, the deepest, red-hottest pit in hell, the one the preachers tell about, the one without any bottom." He took a long drink. "And then again," he continued, "just as likely, he might've gone to heaven."

"The man that invented cellophane," said Mr. P ass. "He's the one."

Mr. Cusack hadn't paid any attention to Mr. Flood's remarks. "I got to he careful what I eat, too," he said.

"Matty," said Mrs. Treppel, "please take a drink and cheer up. You keep on, you're going to wish yourself right into the grave."

“Leave me alone,” said Mr. Cusack. He glanced at his wristwatch, and then he peered into every corner of the room. “Where’s your radio, Hugh?” he asked. “There’s a program coming op in five minutes I don’t want to miss.”

“I got no radio,” said Mr. Flood.

Mr. Cusack looked disappointed. “You should get one,” he said. “It’d do you a world of good. It’d be a comfort to you.”

“It wouldn’t be no comfort to me,” said Mr. Hood. “I despise the radio. I cannot endure it. If I listen to a radio for fifteen minutes, it turns mv stomach. Son,” he said to me, “you sit on the bed and let me have your chair. I’ll open some sea urchins and we’ll have a snack.”

He got out a fish jenife, a gut blade, he carries in a holster and began preparing the sea urchins. He had two or three dozen. Urchins are green marine animals, about the size and shape of a man’s clenched fist. They are echinoderms; they are thickly covered with bristly prickles. They are gathered by pitchfork close to shore on the southern Maine coast and shipped in discarded orange crates. P ulton Market handles two hundred thousand pounds a summer, but they are rarely seen in restaurants. They are eaten in the home by Italians and Chinese; Italians call them r.: G, or sea eggs. Mr. Flood cut the tops off ten. He had trouble knifing through the leathery rinds and he mutt-red to himself as he worked. “Sorry

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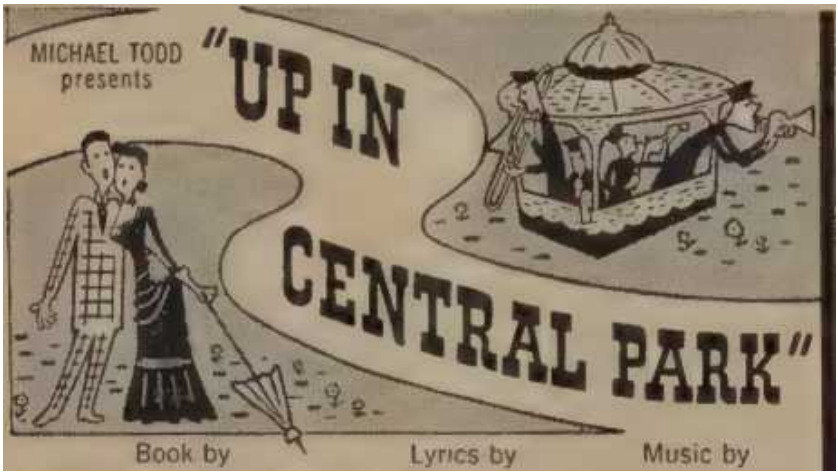

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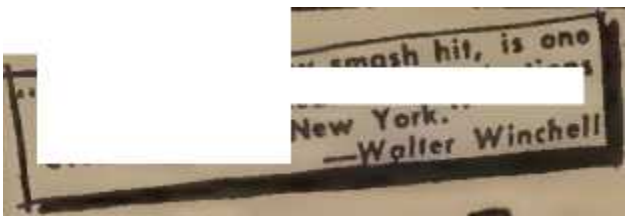

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damned knife," he muttered. "Stainless steel. They don't care if it's sharp or not, just so it's stainless, as if anybody gave a hoot about stains on a knife blade. I wish they'd leave knives alone, quit improving them. Look at it. Shiny. Stainless. Plastic handle. Only one thing wrong with it. It won't cut." Each urchin had a pocket of red roe, from two to five tablespoonfuls. Mr. Flood spooned the roe out and spread it on slices of bread. Urchins are inexpensive, around fifty cents a dozen, but in Mr. Flood's opinion their roe is superior to caviar, even the finest unsalted beluga. He sprinkled lemon juice on the roe. Then he fixed six plates. On each he placed three openfaced roe sandwiches, a slice of eel, a herring, and a mound of pickled mussels. Mr. Fass refused his plate. "Drinking makes me hungry," he said, "but it don't make me that hungry."

ALL the time Mr. Flood had been ˆ preparing the urchins, Mr. Cusack had been staring at Mr. Bethea. Finally he spoke up. "I hope you won't think I'm prying into your affairs, Mr. Bethea," he said, "but there's two questions I'd like to ask you."

Mr. Bethea stopped eating for a moment. "It'll be a privilege to answer them, Mr. Cusack," he said, "if they ain't too personal."

"What I was wondering about is your line of work," Mr. Cusack said. "How in the world, does a man ever come to take up that particular line of work?"

"Well, I tell you," said Mr. Bethea, "most of the embalmers of my generation started out as something else. Some were barbers and some were carpenters. I was a carpenter myself, a carpenter and cabinetmaker, and back in 190.8 I took a job with Cantrell Brothers & Bishop, on Little West Twelfth Street. That was a coffin factory — what we call a casket factory. I built high-qual

ity caskets for a year and a half, and you know how it is—an up-and-coming young man, you want to make something out of yourself. Every casket factory has a staff of embalmers, and I watched our staff work and I asked questions and naturally I was handy with tools and the upshot was, I became an embalmer. I'm a trade embalmer, a free lance. We're the aristo

crats of the trade—that is, the profession. All the overhead we have is a telephone. There's a multitude of undertaking parlors, little neighborhood affairs, that don't get enough cases to employ a steady embalmer. They just have a parlor with a desk and a pot of

palms and a statue of an angel and a casket catalogue. Oh, some will have a sample casket or two on the premises. And there's seven or eight of these parlors, when they get a case, they telephone me. Wherever I go, I have to leave a number where I can be reached. And I get on the subway and I go and attend to the case and I collect my seventeen dollars—we got a union and that's the union rate—and I go on home. That's the end of the matter. I don't have to fuss with the bereaved, the loved ones. Of course, these days, like everybody else, embalmers go to college. I went to college myself some years back, just to brush up on the latest scientific advances. There's two big colleges, the American Academy of Embalming and Mortuary Research on Lexington Avenue and the New York School of Embalming and Restorative Art on Fourth Avenue. They're the Harvard and the Yale of the embalming world. The past few years women have been flocking into the profession. You take the American Academy—a third of their students are women. I don't know. I may be old-timey, but the way I look at it, I just wouldn't have no confidence in a lady embalmer." "If she puts her mind to it and works hard," said Mrs. Treppel, "I bet a woman can embalm as good as a man."

' Present company excepted," said Mr. Bethea. "I didn't mean to be rude." He took the Scotch bottle by the neck and poured a big gollop in his glass. "I'm a disappointed man, Mr. Cusack," he continued. "If I had it to do all over again, I don't know as I'd choose embalming as my life's work. You don't get the respect that's due you. A

doctor gets respect, a dentist gets respect, a veterinarian gets respect, but the average man, if he's introduced to an embalmer, he giggles or he shudders, one or the other. Some of my brother embalmers don't like to tell their profession to strangers. They're close-mouthed. They keep to themselves. Not me. Deep down inside, I'm proud of my profession. I carrv a kit, a satchel, mv profession-

al satchel, and it's always been mv dream to have my name printed on it. I can just see it—'THOMAS FOSTER BETHEA, LICENSED EMBALMER.' But I can't do it. If I got on the subway, the people would edge away. I'd have the whole car to myself. The public

don't like to be reminded of death. It's going on all around them— like the fellow said, it looks like it's here to stay— but they want to keep it hid. We have to work like a thief in the night. I daresay there's not a one of you that's ever seen a deceased moved out of a New York apartment house or hotel. No, and you never will. We got ways." He smiled. "Oh, well," he said, "no matter how the public feels about embalmers, in the end some embalmer gets them all."

"You needn't be so happy about it," said Mr. Flood. "In the end, some embalmer's going to get you, too."

"That's the truth," said Mr. Bethea. He sighed. "It's a peculiar thing. I'm a veteran in my line. If you took all the deceased I've attended to and stood them shoulder to shoulder, they'd make a picket fence from here to Pittsburgh, both sides of the road. With all that in back of me, you'd think I wouldn't mind death. Oh, but I do! Every time I think about it in connection with myself, I tremble all over. What was that other question you wanted to ask, Mr. Cusack? "

"I wanted to ask, do you believe in a reward beyond the grave," said Mr. Cusack. "By that, I mean heaven or hell."

"No, sir," said Mr. Bethea, "I can't say I do."

"Well, then," said Mr. Flood, "what makes you go to church so steady? You're there every Sunday in the year, Sunday school and sermon."

"Hugh," said Mr. Bethea, "it don't pay to be too cocksure."

THE turn of the conversation made me restless and I went over and sat on the window sill, with my plate in my lap, and looked out over the rooftops of the market. It was a full-moon night. There was a wind from the harbor anil it blew the smell of the market into the room. The Fulton Market smell is complicated, a symphony of smells, and it is heady and pleasant to those who love the sea. I tried to dissect it. I could distinguish the reek ot the ancient fish-and-oyster houses, and the exhalations of the harbor. And I could distinguish the resinous smoke from the stacks of the lofts in which finnan haddies are cured (the

Start while you're young to establish a habit of beauty that will remain bright and shining through the years . . . don't take for granted that fresh bloom of girlhood . . . resolve to make it last ... so

in

maturity your mirror will reflect a lovelier you. Begin now with

Elizabeth Arden's routine for youth . . . keep your skin scrupulously clean, braced, supple . . . use makeup keyed to your life and your looks . . . the investment of a little care now will bring you tremendous dividends in years to come.

CLEANSE with Ardena Cleansing Cream, or, if your skin is oily, Ardena Fluffy Cleansing Cream, 1.00 to 6.00

BRACE with Ardena Skin Lotion briskly patted on, .85 to 15.00

GUARD with Ardena Velva Cream, 1.00 to 6.00

MAKE UP with Ardena Featherlight Foundation, 1.00 Illusion Powder, 1.75 Eyelash Pomade, 1.00 Bright Lipstick, 1.00

PRETTY YOUR HANDS with Hand Lotion, 1.00 Nail Polish, .75 (All prices plus taxes)

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SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER,
"Rise and shine, the water's fine, the sun is scorching your eyes out. Time for a tot aboard the bark Wanderer."
Whaler Bar
MIDSTON HOUSE

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> Staged by HASSARD SHORT g

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MOTION PICTURE

—RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL— 50th St. & 6th Ave. A BELL FOR ADANO GENE JOHN WILLIAM

TIERNEY * HODIAK * BENDIX

A 20th Century-Fox Picture SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

furnaces of these lofts burn pine and cedar sawdust), and the acrid smoke from the stacks of the row of coffeeroasting plants on Front Street, and the pungent smoke from the stack of the Purity Spice Mill on Dover Street. And mixed with these was the smell of The Swamp, the tannery district, which adjoins the market on the north. Mr. Cusack came over and took a look out the window. He returned immediately to his chair.

“I’m thankful to God I’m not an officer walking the streets tonight,” he said.

“Why’s that, Matty?” asked Mr. Flood.

“It’s a full-moon night,” said Mr. Cusack. “There’ll be peculiar things happening all over town. It’s well known in the Police Department that a full-moon night stirs up trouble. It stirs up

people's blood and brings out all the meanness and craziness in them, and it creates all manner of problems for policemen. A man or woman who's ordinarily twenty-five per cent batty, when the moon is full they're one hundred per cent batty. A full moon has a pull to it. Look at the tide; the tide is highest on a full moon. The moon pulls people this way and that way. With some, it's a feeble pull; they don't hardly notice it. Others just can't resist; they don't know what's got hold of them. They act peculiar. They act like bashi-bazouks. They pick on their wives and they get drunk and they insult people twice their size and they do their best to get into serious trouble. They look at black and say it's white, and if you don't agree it's white they hit you on the head. In the Department, we call such people full-mooners. It's been my experience that they're particularly numerous among the Irish and the Scandinavians and the people who come up here from the South. On a full-moon night the saloons are like magnets. The full-mooners try to walk past them and they get drawn right in."

"That explains a lot to me," said Mr. Flood. "I must be a full-mooner. I've started home many a night with no intention in the world of stopping off. It was the last thing in my mind. And four a.m. would come, and there I'd be, holding on to some bar, and I wouldn't half know how I got there."

"Exactly," said Mr. Cusack. "Some full-mooners get drunk and some get delusions. The Department is well aware of this. There's a glassed-in booth down in the lobby of Headquarters, the

information booth. They have a calendar hanging in there, and they always have a red circle drawn around the date of the full moon. That's to remind the officer on duty what's ahead of him. I had an accident when I was in the Department, broke my leg, and I was a year and a half convalescing, and most of that time they had me on night duty in the information booth. And every fullmoon night, I had visitors from all over. The full-mooners'd come trooping ' in. They'd step up and ask to see the Commissioner; no-! body else would do; There was one who al

ways came at midnight; he never missed. He'd ask for the Commissioner and I'd say, 'Lean over, sir, and whisper it to me. You can trust me.' And he'd lean over and whisper, 'They're after me!'

And I'd get out my pad and pencil and ask for the details. And he'd talk on and on and on, and I'd take it all down. And I'd tell him, 'Rest assured the proper steps'll be taken.' That'd satisfy him. He'd go away and I'd tear up whatever it was I took down and throw it in the waste-' basket. Next full moon, he'd be back again." Mr. Cusack laughed.. "Mr. Bethea," he said, "I recall one case that might be of considerable interest to a man in your line."

"What was that?" asked Mr. Be-' thea.

"It happened in 1932, the year before I retired from the Department," said Mr. Cusack. "At that time I was attached to the First Precinct. One '• morning around four a.m. I was patrolling on South Street, proceeding east, and a radio car pulled up and the j driver-officer informed me they were' j looking for two lads that stole an empty i hearse. It seems this big black hearse S had been parked in front of a garage i on Third Avenue in the Sixties, the Nineteenth Precinct. The lads stole it and proceeded south on Third. Just ahead of them was a Daily News truck, ■ delivering bundles of Daily Newses to newsstands. You know the way they , operate; they pull up to a corner where there's a stand and heave a bundle out on the sidewalk. At that hour a good many stands haven't opened, and the bundle lies there until the man that runs the stand comes to work. The lads in the hearse conceived the idea of collecting these bundles. The hearse would pull up and one lad would leap out, grab a bundle, and heave it in the hearse.

They went from stand to stand, doing tins. Headquarters was soon getting calls from all over, people that saw them, and it was put on the police radio. The , hearse/was last seen on lower Broadway, heading for the Battery. I told the driver-officer I hadn't observed no hearse, but I got on the running board and went along to help search the South Street docks. We hadn't gone three blocks before we ran into them. I hey had tile hearse backed up to the river, right beside the Porto Rico Line dock, and they were heaving the bundles of Daily Newses in the water."

"That was the right place for them," said Mr. Flood.

At this /moment, Mr. Trein, the manager of the Hartford, began to shout up the stair well. ' Is Mr. I . F. Bethea up there?" he shouted.

Mr. Bethea went to the door. “That’s me,” he said.

“You’re wanted on the telephone,” said Mr. Trein.

“I’ll be right down,” said Mr. Bethea. Then he turned to Mr. Cusack. “Please go right ahead, Mr. Cusack,” he said. “They’ll hold on.”

“I jumped off the running board of the radio car,” continued Air. Cusack, “and began to interrogate the lads. ‘What are you lads doing:’ I asked. One of . them, the littlest, heaved an-other Tilndle in the drink, and he said to me, ‘We’re having some fun. What’s it to you? ’ I asked them didn’t they like newspapers, and they said they liked them all right. So I asked them what in hell was they heaving them bundles in the water for. They said they be damned if they knew. I asked was they drunk, and they said they wasn’t. Maybe a beer or two. I asked was they nar-cbtit affdicts, and they said they wasn’t. So I turned to the driver-officer, and I said, ‘It looks to me they’re Reds, or I.W.W.s, or Black Hands. All those radicals,’ I Said, ‘are opposed to newspapers, the free press, and all like that.’ And the driver-officer said to me, ‘You sure are a thick one.’ He jerked his thumb upwards, and I looked up and there was a full moon up there. It was as round as a basketball, and it was so full it was brimming over. It was very embarrassing. I just wasn’t thinking. I should’ve known all along that those lads were full-mooners.”

—Joseph Mitchell

•

THAT’S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT [Headline in the Detroit Free Press} WAR WITH JAPAN PERILS

WORLD SERIES, BOWL GAMES

Marlboro
The Cigarette of Distinction
Ah, see what the Navy man chooses . . . luxurious Marlboro Cigarettes! Infinitely more smoking pleasure . . . so little more in price!
For Him or Her
PLAIN ENDS
IVORY TIPS
Specially for Her
BEAUTY TIPS
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
PHILIP MORRIS

Cigarette of successful men and lovely women

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Texas, Per/taps

In Japan it‘s a misdemeanor of the first magnitude to share the sunlight the Emperor walks in, so even the Japanese know very little about their military and industrial leaders who are leading them, rather quickly now, to perdition.

So little has been printed about these men that it's a tough job for Bob Heller, the producer of CBS’ Ten From Tokyo (Saturdays at 3:45 p.m. ewt) to collect biographical information. He depends mainly on the personal recollections and diaries of Americans who once lived in Japan. Inadequate as a thorough source, to be sure, but pretty revealing, you’ll agree, if you’ve heard the program.

Variety said of it: “Add to good idea, good production, acting and direction —which this show has —and you have something worth airing.”

★

The Seventh War Loan was the most successful of them all. The U.S. Treasury says so, and you’d know it anyway just from looking in your safe deposit box.

Radio helped a lot toward its success. The National Association of Broadcasters estimated the total dollar Value of radio’s free support of the “Mighty 7th” at $23,513,742.

The value of the programs contributed between May 1 and June 30 by individual stations and advertisers came to more than $16 millions; the value of the national “spot” and network-originated programs was more than $6 millions.*

Every week of the year KOIN, the CBS affiliate in Portland, originates and broadcasts a fast-moving radio program called Traffic Safety. It teaches vivid lessons on careless driving. Nine other Oregon stations broadcast recordings of the original

programs. That's perhaps why Portland won the National Traffic Safety contest for cities, and Oregon won it for states. They're two of the world's safest neighborhoods.

★Please remember to buy that War Bond

This is

CBS

...THE COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

NCE I was never subjected to the ministrations of the late Texas Guinan in a night club, my knowledge of the lady has always been based on hearsay.

Some of my informants, full of dampeyed and generally aromatic nostalgia, have referred to Miss Guinan with the sort of sentimentality that the soldiers of the Crimean War probably employed in post-bellum conversations about Florence Nightingale. On the other hand, some who have talked to me about the hostess have darkly emphasized the fact that she was as carefree in her attitude toward a customer's bankroll as Insull was toward a stockholder's cash. With such contradictory opinions of Miss Guinan jn mind, I approached "Incendiary Blonde," the Technicolor account of her career, in a state of impartial confusion. I departed from the film in the same condition. Miss Guinan, it seems, was a simple child-of the Southwest, driven by a broken heart to abandon a lucrative career as a rodeo rider and rush off to Broadway to establish a clip joint. At one time or another she married and divorced a newspaperman, appeared in musical comedies, and starred in some early movies. In relating all this, the scriptwriters of "Incendiary Blonde" have adopted a rather ambivalent attitude toward their heroine—one minute they are all choked up about her nobility and the next they are pointing out that she was a damned tricky operator. But if the heroine of the piece is somewhat baffling, the establishment she runs in Manhattan is even more so. T he miracle of Technicolor has transformed Miss Guinan's speakeasy, which was, I am told, pretty murky, into a sort of Spotless Town, all bright and clean and shiny. Then, what happens to the customers in this place is the sort of thing that happens to the customers of Olsen and Johnson, and is just as painful to behold.

In the role of Miss Guinan, Betty Hutton confines herself to two moods. She is (a) happy or (b) sad. This puts her one up on Arturo de Cordova, the hero, who remains as numb as a mummy

throughout. Only Remy de Gour-mont or Havelock Ellis could cook up an explanation for Mr. de Cordova's fascination for Miss Hutton. A modified form of necrophilia, perhaps. Besides Mr. de Cordova, Miss Hutton has to

contend with Bill Goodwin, a former radio announcer, who always sounds as though he might start plugging some soap, even in the midst of a determined love scene. "In

cendiary Blonde" offers Barry Fitzgerald as Guinan fere. He does what he can, but even he is presently overwhelmed by the dreariness of it all.

TAKE the editor of a cooking page who can't cook. Add a petty officer who loves food. Throw in a publisher who insists that the cooking editor entertain the petty officer for Christmas. Now you've practically got a turkey called "Christmas in Connecticut." Among the other ingredients are Barbara Stanwyck, Dennis Morgan, and Sydney Greenstreet.

—John McCarten

RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPT.

[From the Lewiston (Idaho) Morning Tribuneˆ

It was a proud and thrilled audience who heard Elizabeth Ann (Betty) Bollinger last evening, sing in the completely filled auditorium of North Idaho Teachers college, giving a program of French, German, Italian and English compositions, varied in theme, difficult, and musically exquisite. Equal to the demands of each num-uer, Miss Bollinger and her pianist accompanist, Elsa Petersen Hughes, gave a concert of high artistry.

They were presented by the associated students.

Miss Bollinger is a mixed bouquet of orchids, primroses and buttercups. She is the sophistication of well guided, obediently earned technique, and the naivete of youth at its first party. She is the headiness of a luxurious perfume, and the stamina of a glass of milk. She is the handclasp of a loyal, good friend, and the hesitant

smile of a shy infant. She is the blush of dawn's sun on a hilltop field, and she is the glow of a sparkling gem in a Cartier case. She is Elizabeth Ann Bollinger whom the leading musicians of the country have welcomed into their sacrosanct realm with brilliant praise and prophesies. She is Betty Bollinger, Lewiston's daughter, whose head is unturned by the successes and adulation bestowed upon her by the largest cities of the west. She is Betty Bollinger who loves better than anything to come to her home town, to her family, and her childhood friends. She is Betty Bollinger who will obligingly stand for hours singing difficult arias for her mother's friends while her own friends are gathering at the coke fountain for chatter and juke box music. She is Betty Bollinger modern as the "Samba," ancient as music, and as far into the pathway of tomorrow as the volume of her luscious voice, singing on and on into the stars.

How many of these do you own ?

If you look under your car, you'll probably find a couple of gadgets something like this one.

They're shock absorbers.

They take the sting out of sudden bumps and jolts. They make a

rough road smoother. ,

And if you're wise, somewhere in your desk, or bureau drawer, or safe deposit box, you have a lot more shock absorbers. Paper ones. War Bonds.

If, in the days to come, bad luck strikes at you through illness, accident, or loss of job, your War Bonds can soften the blow.

If there are some financial rough spots in the road ahead, your War Bonds can help smooth them out for you.

Buy all the War Bonds you can. Hang on to them. Because it's such good sense, and because there's a bitter, bloody, deadly war still on.

ˆX AU THE BONDS YOU CAN... K££P ALL THE BONDS YOU BUY

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

LETTER FROM LONDON

July 27 (by cable) Mr. Churchill's National Government came to an end yesterday not with a whimper but with a bang. Perhaps the loudness of the explosion after these ten pent-up years startled even those who had set it off. The Labour Party headquarters had naturally been optimistic, but the general betting had been on a small Conservative majority. What no one had expected, apparently, was the routing of the Conservative Party on such an overwhelming scale. The counting day was a queer, sultry, stormy one, with sudden, warm rain spurting down and washing the chalked "Election Sensa-tidn" off the news-sellers' boards and soaking the papers that people stopped to read in the street, some of them peering incredulously over the shoulders of others. It was a quiet day, too. People did not seem elated, even those who had cause to be. They read their papers and walked soberly on. 1 he people who had won this enormous victor}' went on with their jobs of selling fish, punching tickets, standing in queues, or driving taxis as calmly as though they did not know what was happening. If this was a revolution, it was the best-controlled one in history.

The Tories had little to say. The first couple of hours, as the results came in over the ticker tapes—a monotonous string of "Lab" gains with not a single "C," for Conservative, among them— were surprising but not disastrous. It was not until lunchtime, when the crumble had obviously become a landslide, that gloom began to pile up around

the tickers in the West End clubs and the big hotels. Few Tories who watched the now plainly threatening figures crowding in had much to offer beyond a long, low, despairing whistle. The favorite consolation, as the figures still marched, seemed to be the dubious one that Labour would undoubtedly make a mess of it. This was before it became quite clear that Labour was in with a strength which ruled out the possibility that, in the event of a big enough mess, the Party might be thrown out next year. The list of Ministerial victims lengthened as in a purge. Brendan Bracken's defeat was not unexpected, and not unpopular, either, for even some Tories had never shared the Prime Minister's

liking for him. What was unexpected was the polling of 10,500 votes by Mr. Churchill's Independent opponent, a farmer named Hancock, in what had been thought would be a walkover for the Prime Minister. The tide of Labour washed away a part of Anthony Eden's former enormous majority but left him still comfortably high and dry at Westminster. The prestige of the famous plan could not save the Liberal Sir William Beveridge, who went out, together with Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Liberal Party chief. Another of the surprises of the election was the smallness of the Liberal gains. The Liberals had been expected to do well, but they too went down before the Socialist rush. Common Wealth, the ersatz Socialism that took uneasy root in the discontented period before the Second I ront, was also torn up by the Hood.

The dilemma of the Beaverbrook Evening Standard and the Rothermere Evening News, which had to dish up the unpalatable facts in large type, was very evident. Both wriggled uncomfortably in their editorials. The Standard spoke of "the perhaps natural desire on the part of the people not so much for a change of government as one of parties and personalities" and eased its feelings by featuring a photograph of Max Aitken, Beaverbrook's

son, who got in for the Conservatives at Holborn. The A rrey observed that No. 10 would be a big change for Mrs. Attlee after "their modest villa at Stanmore," where, something like Mrs. Truman, she was doing the housework and looking after the hens. But the opposition

press comment all sounded thin and fatuous beside the oxerpowering testimony of the figures in the adjoining columns.

One of the extraordinary features of that queer, dramatic, dreamlike day was the almost complete absence of talk about the loss of Churchill. His name was heard surprisingly seldom; instead of one man, the National Government had suddenly become a party. When the whole house goes, the central beam is only part of the general disaster. What happened yesterday was a demonstration not of the British people's ingratitude to Churchill but of their lack of faith in the weathertightness of the house he carried. Their memories stretched back to Munich and they did not care for what they remembered. The Tories had made great capital out of the terrific welcome Churchill had got on his election tours round the country, but it is now obvious that the crowds who cheered him cheered him as war leader, and did it wholeheartedly, just as wholeheartedly voted against him a few days later as part} man. Many of his supporters say frankly that they wish he had decided to retire in his

hour of triumph, after V-E Day. People who are not his supporters think that their best weapons in the election, and his own worst enemies, were his friends.

THE evening of the counting day, the Labourites gave themselves up to jubilation at Central Hall, in Westminster. The number of people who would have liked to be there would have overflowed the vast Albert Hall, which the Party had tried to take for the occasion. T he unlucky ones who could not

Our hand has never lost its skill!
Schaefer
America's Oldest Lager Beer
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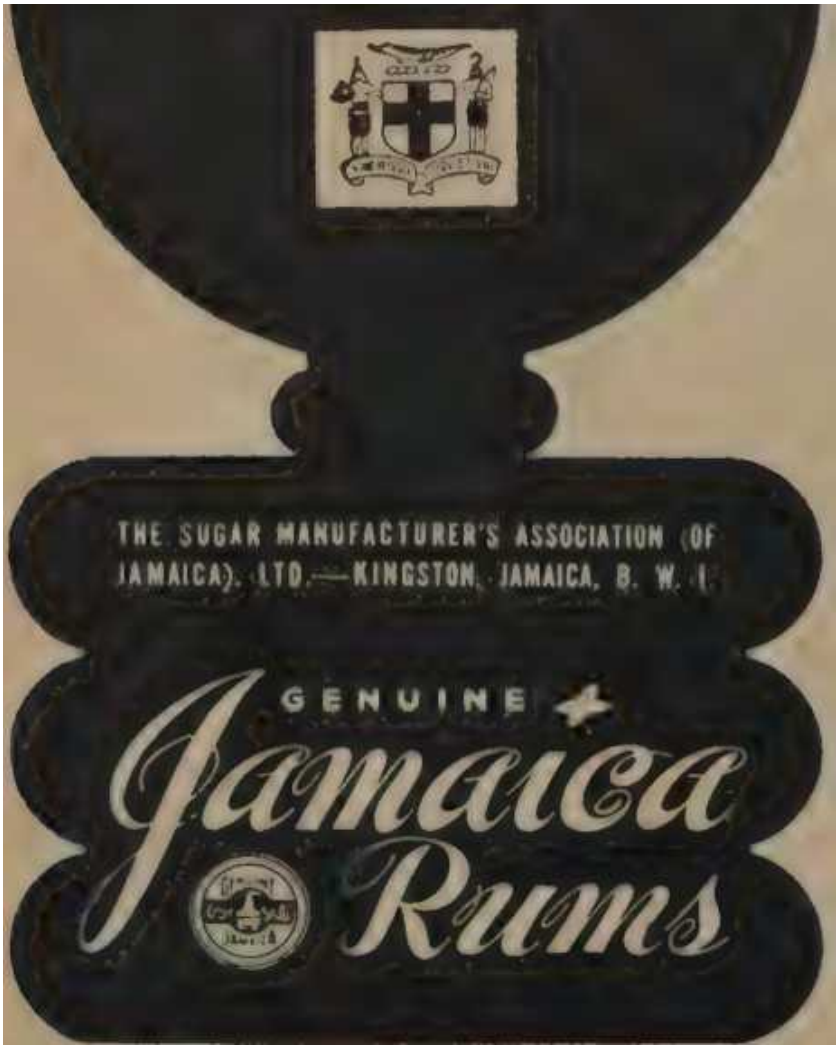
'JAMAICA" makes the best in RUM

The French capital has earned a reputation for the finest in fragrances,. — quality perfumes at their best.

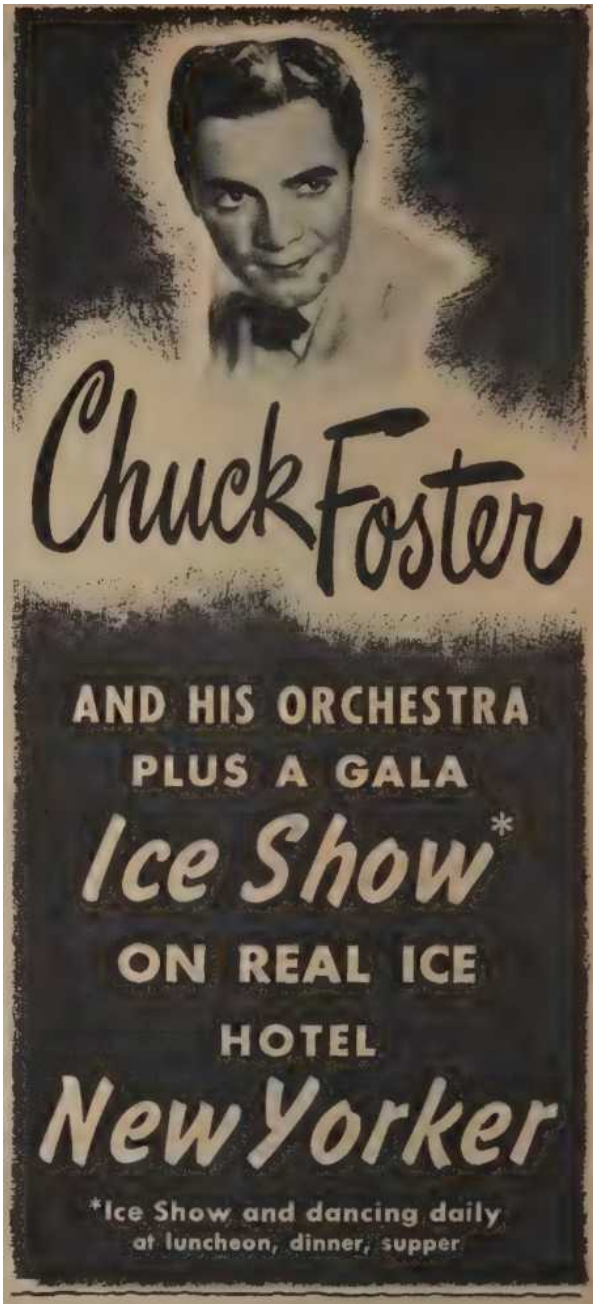
In the same way JAMAICA RUMS have won the acclaim of those who insist upon finer rums for their cocktails, highballs, and liqueurs. The centuries-old, pot-still method and rigid British control assures you a smoother, richer-drink. Since 1661 JAMAICA RUM has been the "Byword' of connoisseurs — "Buyword" for greater satisfaction!



get into the relatively modest-sized Central Hall milled about in the street and watched the ticket-holders arrive while waiting for Clement Attlee and the other Labour leaders to turn up. Around the corner, in Whitehall, a small crowd waited hopefully and in silence for a possible glimpse of Mr. Churchill. Inside Central Hall, the winners poured up the double staircase, laughing and chatting in a holiday mood. Many were wearing red-and-yellow Labour Party cockades and others had got out red-and-blue favors left over from V-E Day and pinned them on their coats. Women wore red carnations and knots of geraniums; young girls had scarlet jackets

or hair bows. It was like an enormous party, quite a contrast to the grim and bitter atmosphere of the election meetings. From the platform, on which newsreel lights were already trained and where cameramen waited by the dozen, a cheerful, perspiring gentleman in a white jacket warmed up the audience, as it settled itself, with a little community singing, accompanied on the organ. The crowd sang "Swanee River" and "Clementine" and finally Blake's "Jerusalem." Above the platform hung an enormous map of the London constituencies, festooned in Party colors, and on it were the words "Well Done, Electors of London" and the information that, out of London's total poll of 1,351,958 votes, Labour had done its Jerusalem building to the tune of 770,715.

After everybody had settled down, the Labour Party's London organizer, Hinley Atkinson, opened the proceedings by introducing all the new London Members, two of them women. Each one was given two minutes at the microphone and was relentlessly gonged out by Atkinson if he overstepped his limit. The biggest hand and the brightest battery of flashlights were given to Sir F. N. Mason MacFarlane, tall, stooping, and limping, who had trounced Bracken handsomely at North Paddington. After an interval of duets by a couple of baritones, Harold Laski, the chairman of the Labour Party National Executive Council, was greeted with a pandemonium of cheers and laughter when he described himself as "the temporary head of the Socialist Gestapo." He went on to say that his Party's extraordinary triumph was the country's best guarantee of good relations with the Soviet Union, of help for the Spanish comrades, and of no help at all "to detain monarchs" who were unwanted in other European states. This last statement was received with tre-



AND HIS ORCHESTRA PLUS A GALA

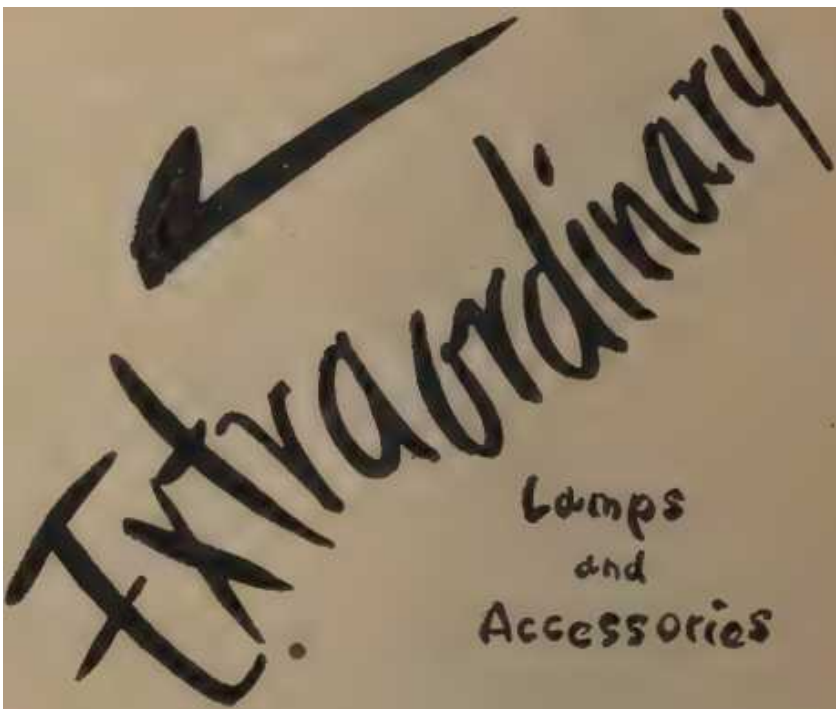
Ice Show

ON REAL ICE

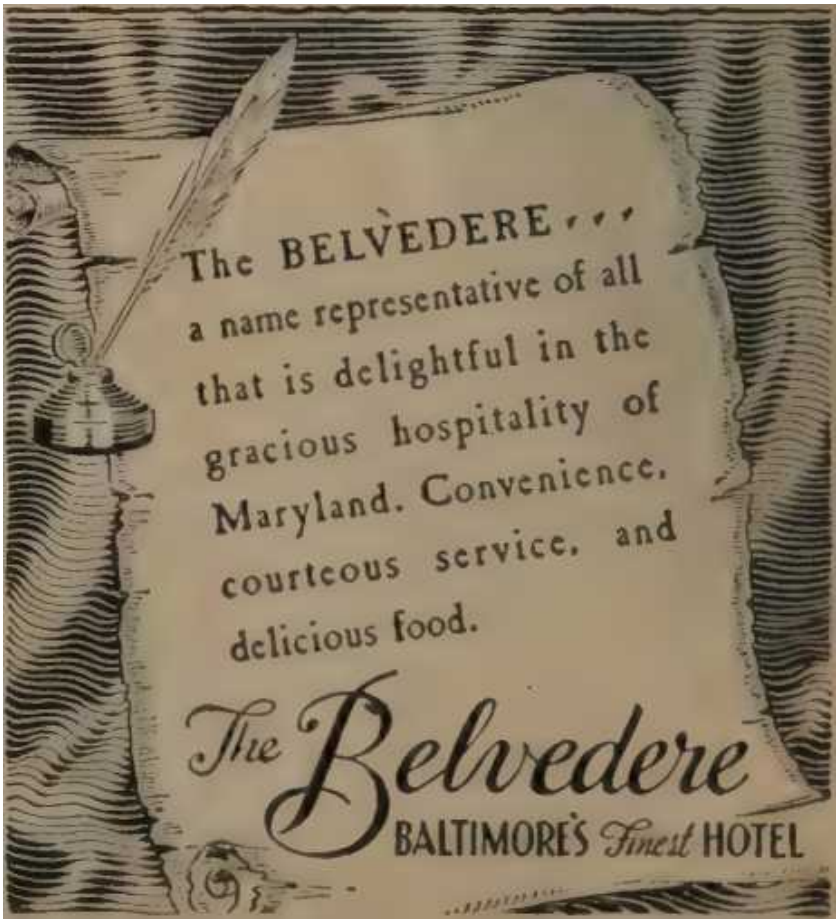
HOTEL

Newyorker

*lce Show and dancing daily at luncheon, dinnerˆ supper



James AmSTER-1406.53ˆ5€ pl8-1866



mendous approval by the audience, some of whom—a paradox that might puzzle foreign observers—had been yelling their lungs out outside Buckingham Palace only a couple of months back. The crowd also nearly raised the roof in the cheers for Churchill proposed by Laski, who was now in a position in which he could afford to turn the other cheek,

Soon afterward the Labour leaders filed in with their wives—Bevin, huge and benevolently grinning; Morrison, with his cockatoo crest of hair wilder than ever; and finally the new Prime Minister, Clement Attlee. For several minutes it was impossible to distinguish any one voice in the din. The Prime Minister stood, looking pleased, moved, and a little worried by the incessant popping of the

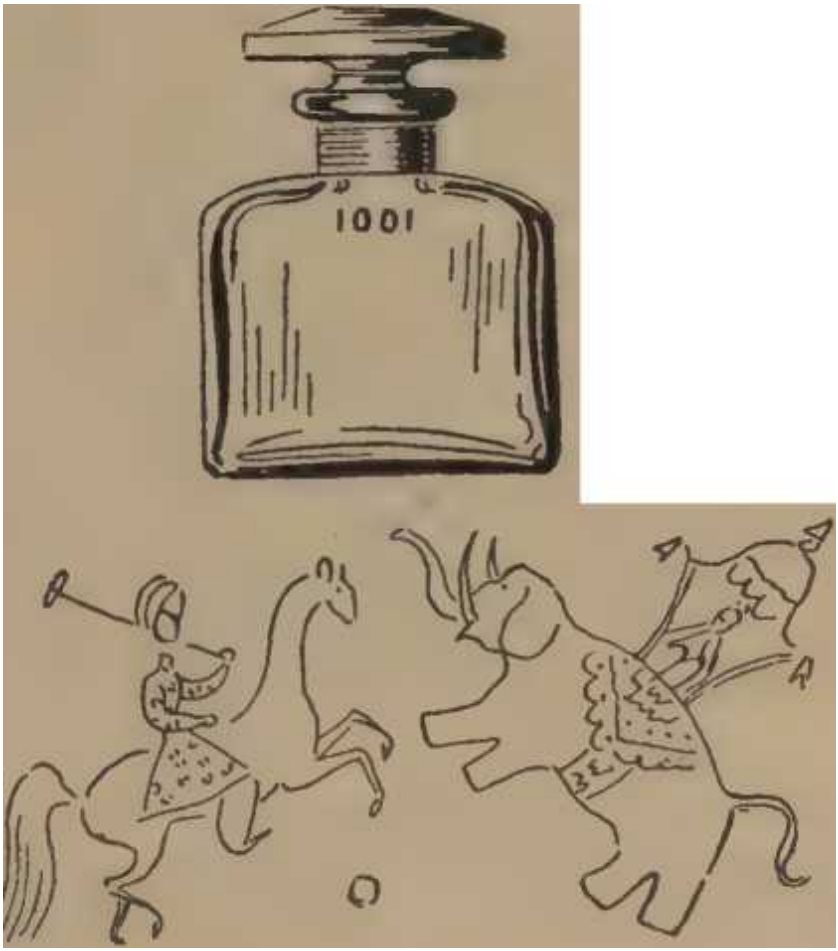
flashlights and the shouts of “Good old Clem!” He put his hand up uncertainly in the V sign that was so much a Churchill trademark, then took it quickly down, as though he had made a gaffe, and he would not repeat the gesture, even though the photographers tried to get him to. Mrs. Attlee, slim and pretty in a red hat and a long black coat, stood beside her husband, looking happy and proud. The crowd struck up “For He’s a Jolly Good Fellow.” Attlee, touched and nervous, waited in front of the microphone, moving his lips unconsciously, like an actor following the speech that leads up to his cue. The biggest applause during his firm, sincere, impressive, and short speech was accorded the statements that the Government would do all in its power to prosecute the Japanese war, that the Socialist program aimed primarily at achieving world security, which would banish war forever, and, finally and simply, that “this evening I have accepted His Majesty’s commission.” When Attlee finished, he sat down and lit a pipe. Morrison and several of the other Labour members were also smoking pipes. The only cigar on the platform belonged to a Labour peer. It seemed like a symbol.

Outside the hall a completely orderly and now much bigger crowd was doing some community singing on its own while it waited for Attlee and the rest to come out. They’ were mostly quite ordinary Londoners, the same nondescript, heroic nonentities who had patiently endured the blitz and the rest of the trials and were now celebrating the nation’s gigantic vote of confidence in them. It was their day, and for a long time to come it should be their chance.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

01 PERFUME

By MARY CHESS



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BERLITZ

THE RACE TRACK

That Horse Again

PERHAPS Stymie isn't just play -ing hookey from Class C, as I insinuated a few' weeks ago, after he won the Brooklyn. His performance in the Butler Handicap last Saturday at Jamaica was absolutely first class. He carried a hundred and twenty-one pounds, gave weight to everyone except Rounders, and ran most of the mile and three-sixteenths along the inside rail, where the going is poorest. (The condi-tion of the track was set down M w as "good" in the charts, but the wp course looked as muddy as) 1 anything I've seen this muddy year.) As a race, it was the Brooklyn all over again. Haile set the pace, the Helis entry of Rounders and Olympic Zenith thoughtlessly burnt itself out by chasing him, and Stymie came up with a spectacular rush at the end to win his second $50,000 number this season.

The Butler was another feather in the cap of Hirsch Jacobs. Stymie was the thirty-fourth winner he has saddled this season. His thirty-third, by' the wav, was Moon Maiden, an old standby, who beat a first-rate collection of mares in the Comely Handicap earlier in the week and picked up $15,700. Jacobs is behind schedule, for he usually has at least sixty winners by the end of July. However, I wouldn't be surprised, purses being what they are now, if his current collection of horses hasn't already won more money than the huge stable he campaigned in 1936. That was his big year, you may recall, when he saddled 177 winners, who earned $155,789. Stymie, all by himself, has won around $100,000. I can't go any farther into the mathematics of the situation than that, for Diogenes Checkpoints burned out the bearings of his adding machine as he tried to total Empire City's parimutuel handle.

JUST before the Fleetwing Handicap, as First Fiddle passed by on his way to the post, a trainer who had another horse in the race

remarked, “I wonder what on earth they’re running that one for!” No doubt he was thinking of the Yonkers Handicap, in which First Fiddle didn’t seem able to raise a good gallop. Well, the trainer got an answer to his wonder. First Fiddle was away last, but he went around his field at the stretch turn (“like a hoop around a barrel,” one horseman said) and overtook all competition. I expect that the

reason he ran so well was that Longden rode him. He’s a crotchety beast, as so many grays are. One of his whims is that he must be saddled facing the rear of the stall, with his head in a corner. He goes into conniptions otherwise. It’s plain, too, that he’s conniptiony about who rides him. Longden certainly has been more successful with him than any other rider.

It would be difficult to find much wrong with the way War Kilt took the (1 Demoiselle Stakes, unless you y J had a ticket on Hypnotic, or Edified, who was such a tip. I shall reserve judgment on War Kilt, however, until she meets Beaugay. Another delightful little number, one that should add interest to the Schuylerville and the Spinaway at Belmont next month, is Boojie, who won her first start at Jamaica last week. She has a lovely head and straighter front legs than her sister, Boojiana, and she can really run. Among those who finished behind her was the much talked about Our Colors, a full sister of War Admiral. Our Colors is bigger than her brother, and looks much more like Man o’ War than War Admiral did when he was her age. While we’re on the subject of relationships, I doubt that Count Speed, who also made his first appearance last week, is going to be another Count Fleet. I must say, though, that he is a much handsomer animal than his famous brother.

A WANDERING outsideman reports that last autumn a colt by Balladier out of Mata Hari took a blue ribbon at an impromptu yearling show at Dixiana. The judges must have had a premonition. Last weekend, the colt, who has since been named Spy Song, won the valuable Arlington Futurit}' bj' five lengths. —Audax Minor

•

Mrs. Natalie Kalmus, color director of the Technicolor Corp, today revealed that she and her husband, Dr. Herbert T. Kalmus, president of the corporation, have been divorced for several months.

The Kalmuses have been married for 25 years.

“We never discussed anything except Technicolor,’ Mrs. Kalmus said. “When that subject ran out, we found we had nothing to talk about.”—Hollywood Citizen-News.

Come to think of it, there isnt much else.

OF ALL THINGS

THE Tokio government evidently thinks that our surrender-or-else ultimatum is just a joke. After what cannot have been very careful consideration, the Japanese have plumped for “else.”

It must he admitted that Stalin is a steady worker at his job. Unlike some fellows, he never even knocks off to listen to election returns.

The disaster at the Empire State Building gave us a preview of what is more than likely to happen here in the next war. It’s just the sort of thing the Nazis were dreaming about before we woke them up.

•

Henry Morgenthau’s signature, statistics reveal, was affixed to more than a trillion dollars’ worth of paper money and bonds during his term of office. Although his autograph has no scarcity value, it appears to be highly prized by collectors.

•

Mussolini’s widow has told an interviewer that she wishes her husband had emigrated to America, as he once talked of doing. The chances are, though, that Italy’s loss would not have been our gain.

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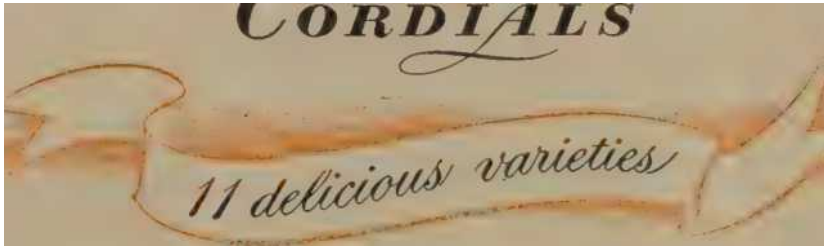


It is obvious that Earl Browder has completely lost control of the American Communist movement. After taking a hammer to his policies, the comrades gave their old leader the sickle.

•

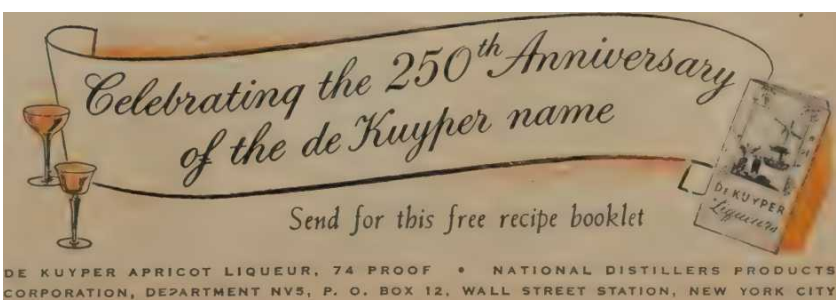
The O.P.A. announces that Ration Book No. 5 will be ready for

distribution in December. The enormous popularity of the earlier works in this series proves that you don't have to get up fancy-looking volumes if there is something really worthwhile between the covers.

..AZ.,, You need no "points" to buy these world-esteemed liqueurs. And you'll find them inexpensive. So let deKuyper Cordials distinguish your rationed entertaining with tmra-tioned quality and taste. De Kuyper Cordials, for eleven years, have been made in America identically as in Holland for centuries. The Apricot is especially delicious, and your guests and family will enjoy ten other choice varieties just as much —either straight or in mixed drinks and cocktails. Ask for de Kuyper Cordials at any good dealer's.

Editorial writers are highly interested in a survey showing that, during the recent disappearance of the city's newspapers, the customers missed the editorials almost as much as they did- the comics. Considering the wav the public acts at elections, these gentlemen can be pardoned for having wondered whether anybody cared.

—Howard Brubaker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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FA5HION5

IF you can manage to give a hoot about fall hats in the middle of summer, you will be heartened by the new custom collections. There is young and

attractive off-the-face headgear everywhere you go. Some nonsense is still about, as always, but in general it looks as though it would be fun to buy hats once again. John-Frederics, for example, offer some enchanting things called Cheek to Cheek millinery. A Cheek to Cheek (must I go on saying that?) is a small, pert half hat that you clap on one side of your head, where it is supposed to flatter your profile. One such, a dark felt, is caught up with a quill and has a chin strap to anchor it securely. Another is a fat double roll of bright hatters' plush (I mean hatters' bright plush) with a chou coming well below one ear. It is tied on your head with matching veiling. They are awfully young but a bit wicked, in a ladylike way. John and Fred, when the mood

is upon them, can be as practical as they are resourceful. Take the new velours numbers they are showing, turn up the brim, and you have a Breton; sweep the brim down and you have a wide-brimmed sailor. I especially liked one in Kelly green that has gold-kid leaves encircling the crown. Derby crowns appear frequently in the collection. The most successful of them is. on a tailored black felt that has somewhat less brim than the usual bowler and a brown veil cascading down the back to give it softness. These crowns are not as satisfactory when the brims are wide, for then the hats begin to

look like the sort of thing you're apt to sec in a Provincetown tearoom. It's always hard to find fur hats that are not clumsy, but John-Frederics have thought up some little darlings. T he things are surprisingly light affairs of mink, leopard, or Indian lamb, and they have open crowns and turned-up brims. T hey are all quite wonderful,

even though they have fur visors, which I think is carrying

matters too far. Just in case you're beginning to think the boys are settling down, I'd better add that they have taken some old copies of PM and the Herald Tribune and made them into an open-crown bonnet. This remarkable montage is held together with gold mesh studded with glittering sequins. It's possible, of course, that they don't really mean it.

Sally Victor, who has always liked the idea of young hats, is out with a brand-new young calot. She calls it that, at any rate, but it's really a combination cap and beret. It comes well down over the head and has a short, gathered back. It appears in several versions, ranging from felt for daytime to black net and jet for evening. Very different and very dreamy. This season, most of her bonnets—she has always been partial to bonnets and no one can do them better—are tailored, in combinations of pearl-gray felt and brown fabric. One has speckled brown wings sprouting across the front of its graceful crown. A fancier business has

ˆOh, he'll get used to it."

golden-brown ostrich peeping above its rippled double brim. Exquisite is the word for this one. A steel-gray felt decorated with chalk-white wings, instead of her favorite brown, has somehow crept into this group. It is well worth a second and even a third glance. As a matter of fact, I love every one of these bonnets. Before I forget, for evening there is a dashing swami turban—just swirls and swirls of brilliant rayon satin—that you can wear from January right on through December.

I illy Daghe is fond of a well-round-

-ˆ ed silhouette. Among her new ideas are cuff-shaped fezzes, but so wide and curved that I doubt whether any Turk would know what they are. One, in tailored black felt, has a red bull's-eye, outlined with heavy gold-thread embroidery, at one side. Several more elaborate confections are sprinkled with jet beads and passementerie. Her bumper berets are slightly slimmer. Some are in

a felt the color of kasha cloth, a favored shade here, and usually trimmed

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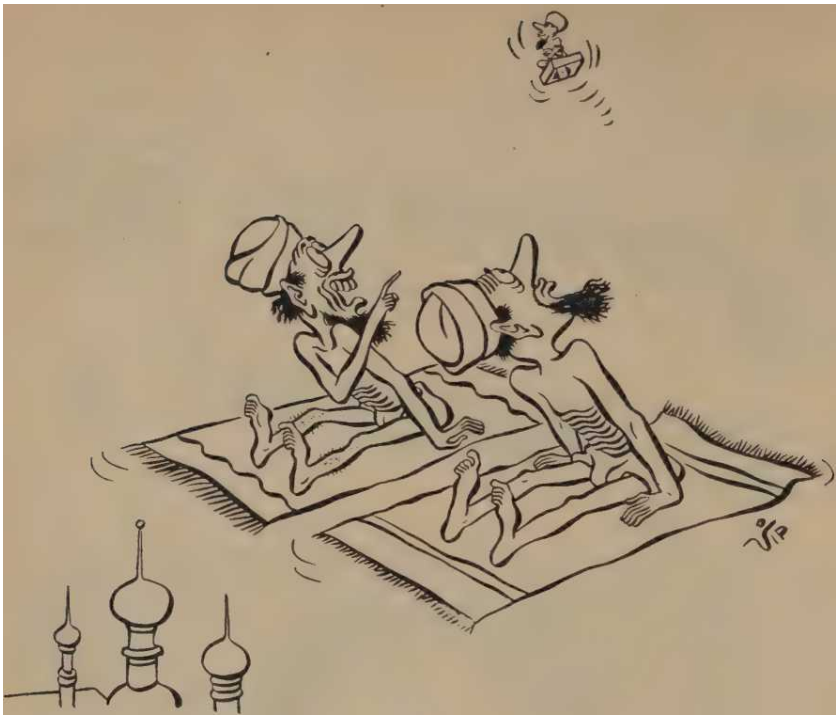

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with a red-embroidered flower; the embroidery is tailored but not at all Tyrolean. Others are made entirely of flat feathers that droop gracefully over the hairline. I think you will like them. Dach < 's latest cloches, which are felt, too, have skyscraper crowns. One is merely swathed with black rayon satin. Another has a band of gold felt and nailheads at the center of the crown. More formal jobs are dressed up with such trappings as turquoise, royal-blue, and orchid ribbons, beads, softly colored flowers, and a pastel feather duster.

Some of this may sound hysterical, but it's actually sort of lovely. I'm afraid, though, that these cloches are meant only for willowy girls who know exactly how to carry themselves. Among the cocktail and dinner hats, my favorite is a wide-brimmed bonnet in teal-blue felt, a color that Dache, for reasons of her own, calls Presidio. It has floppy bright-blue and brown bows across the front, a twist of bright-green ribbon, and a bronze veil, all of which is very likely to make you irresistible. Then there are black felt halo turbans, which achieve width by means of taffeta loops applied to look like niching. Dache uses, quite successfully, clusters of black burnt goose feathers to simulate aigrettes on her smaller black halos.

Bergdorf Goodman's major triumph in their new assortment of hats is a small, chocolate-brown felt sailor. The shape is good and the fabric is pressed in some ingenious manner that gives the effect of stitching. There's a jaunty black lace passementerie bow on the deep round crown and the edge of the miniature brim is trimmed with the same material to give it a lilt. It gave me a lilt, too. Bergdorf has every sort of hat you can think of. A green felt beret has a cluster of small brown feathers and green bows shooting off the front. The crown of a large gray felt with a rolled brim is decorated with midnight-blue ostrich feathers. A black velvet chef's cap has, quite unexpectedly, a small taupe felt brim. A greige profile hat has a flat, round crown, a highish peaked brim, and mercury wings crossing at the front. Very gay. And, for a .springlike touch in autumn, there's a large, navy-blue Breton trimmed with red geraniums.

Walter Florell wants women to reveal their eyes this season, wear their hair down, and look as young as possible. I'm not sure I know why Mr. Florell feels that way about eyes and hair, but that's the way he feels and I'm

only passing along the word. With this ideal in mind, he has concocted an Alice-in-Wonderland sailor that has a wide, flat crown and an off-the-face brim. It's young to the point of being childish, almost Alice-in-Gagaland. You may have it in sunset-gold rayon velvet or in green felt with deep-red dahlias plunk at the hairline. A brown felt with a pleated brim that has matching ostrich wreathing

the high crown to make it look still larger is known here as a Grown-up Bonnet. A nice hat, even so. Another sailor, which Flor ell chooses to call the Horseshoe, possibly because the brim is shaped like a horseshoe, is made of aqua-blue felt and has two big pink roses nestling in a bow of striped taffeta ribbon in the front. I thought it was pretty, and it's typical of what you will find on the premises. Typical, and a lot more wearable than some of the frippery I've just been talking about. —M. M.

Mr. Grainger urged a greater decentralization of performance of great works of music in the interest of more composing of American music. He said music lovers, particularly in great cities, are too likely to pay attention to the work of composers who frequent great cities in Europe than their native composers. He cited the work of Arthur Fikensher, for many years director of music at the University of Virginia.

"He is, I believe, the greatest composer in the United States today," Mr. Grainger said, "and one of the three or four greatest in the world. He is 76 years old and a native of Illinois. Yet he has never had his major works performed. Decentralization would end that situation."

Mr. Grainger will play Tschaikow-ski's "B Flat Minor Piano Concerto," and two solos, Sibelius' "Romance" and Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2," at the Water Gate Concert.—If ashington Star.

You see?

A BACKWARD GLANCE AT BROOKLYN

[Essay written by a boy at a fresh-air camp} My First Cow

I saw my first live cow. In Brooklyn we don't have cows. We got colored fellows there, but no cows. I rode a horse on his back today. I never rode a horse alone before. I was awfully afraid of snakes, but no more now. Chief Al and Chief Gene told me the snakes are more afraid. I was afraid and scared of bugs and spiders, but no more now. I was afraid of the noises at night. They scared me. A guy told me birds bit people. But now I like birds now. I play with

them. They don’t bite people. I caught a turtle in the water today. He got away on me. I used to be afraid of turtles before. There is a tree in Brooklyn; but it has caterpillars on it.

—Joseph Lionton io

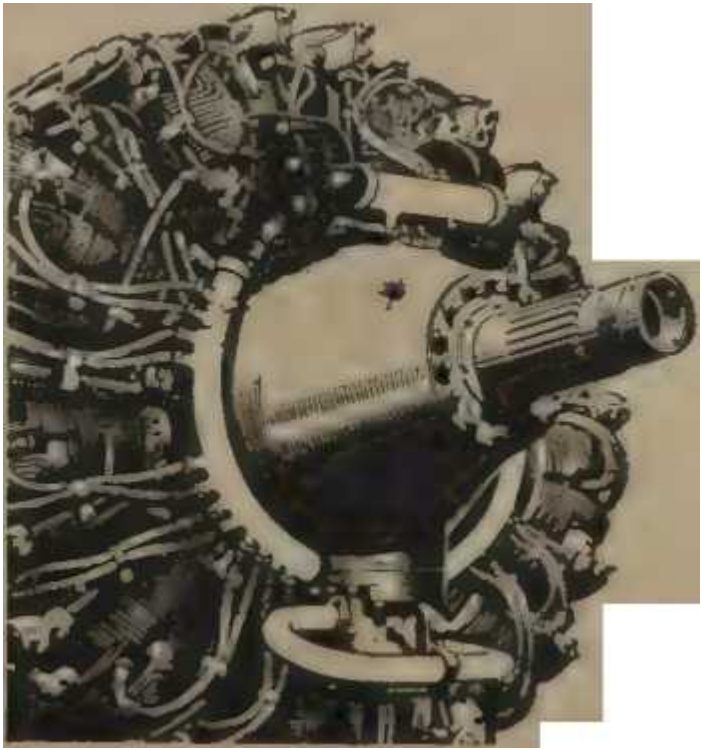
Ration book in hand, a woman clearly in no mood for trifles marched into an airlines office in Boston. She flipped over pages of red and blue points, triumphantly tore out an airplane stamp for rationed shoes and whacked it down on the counter. "There’s my priority”, she announced. "I want a seat on the next plane to Chicago”.The ticket agent is still dazed. You just don’t get them that way.

• o •

You may want no part of priorities, but unless you travel by bicycle you may find them a problem in the next few months. Right now, all traffic seems headed one way: west. Until the shift to the Pacific is over, even canal barges will be crowded. And that means priorities for plane travel. They are issued mostly to top military personnel, ferry pilots, production experts and service men on leave before going overseas.

Since V-E Day, traffic patterns of the nation have been sharply changed. Priorities are extremely heavy on some routes, mainly west, and lighter on others. But they do not apply on flights of under two hours, such as New York to Boston or Washington. It’s first come, first served, except for connecting passengers. There’s

only one thing to do about priorities: pick up the phone and call an airline office. They will tell you the exact facts. Always, first considera-



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tion goes to the earliest reservations, of to those traveling farthest. That’s a good thing to keep in mind.

• ••

On the brighter side, more Cyclone-powered equipment is coming into use. Two new types of planes, with far greater passenger capacity, may be in use before too many months. One is the Curtiss Commando, powered by Wright Cyclone 18's, and which will carry 36 passengers at 240 miles per hour.

• ••

The other, also powered by Cyclone 18's, is the mighty Lockheed Constellation. It carries 55 passengers, cruises close to 300 miles per hour. Since planes are in use from 12 to 15 hours a day, the speed of these two means many more trips per month. To be used by most airlines. Commandos and Constellations and Cyclones will do much to ease the plane travel problem.

Finally, more of the Douglas transports are coming back into use, after a hitch in the Army. So be patient, and if dubious about priorities, pick up the phone. It's the safe way.

WHY THIS OY* WAY YEEO HELP WITH *

Rum Collins
Notice his pleasantly rounded chin, his full lower lip! Signs of a "good mixer", but not detail-minded. Needs exact directions—like this grand recipe for a Rum Collins*—full-bodied, rich, flavourful, when made with
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LETTER. FROM BEKLIN

July 23 (by wireless) XCEPT in the black market, in the night clubs that are simply adjuncts to it, and in the labor pool of ladies who use the night clubs as

hiring halls, hardly any Berliners seem eager to accept money in return for goods or services right now. Not long ago I arranged to have the young wife of a certified agronomist who lives near the press camp where I am billeted, in southwestern Berlin, do my laundry. When she brought it back, I asked her how much I owed her, and she said she didn't know what it was worth. I pulled out some marks and she looked disappointed. Didn't I have something to eat that I could spare—a chocolate bar, perhaps—or maybe a few cigarettes? I have encountered a lot of this reluctance to

accept cash and a preference for barter all over southern and western Germany. InBerlin it is even more pronounced. In every part of the city there are bulletin boards plastered with little handwritten or typed offers to swap. These are a few of the offers on the swapboard nearest the press camp: a pair of men's heavy shoes for pipe tobacco; a Siemens electric icebox for a Leica or Contax camera; food or cigarettes for an English dictionary or a cigarette lighter of good quality; a rabbit hutch and a garden hose,

both in first-class condition, for a stud rabbit; twenty Macedonia cigarettes for a pound of sugar; twenty-five cigarettes for a bottle of German brandy; tobacco for Russian lessons; and—this presumably from someone with an eye to a career—a beautiful old china cabinet for an evening dress, evening shoes, and some opera music scored for a soprano.

Clothing is one of the scarcest commodities in Berlin. Not only have the clothing stores no stocks at all, but tailors are running out of material for patching. When a woman I know sent her husband's four-year-old suit out to be mend

ed, it was returned to her untouched because the tailor had no more buttons or thread and didn't know when or where he could get any. This woman recently traded her bridal veil to get a pair of shoes for her daughter. Not long ago she came into what is looked upon now as a rich inheritance. An aunt of hers died, leaving her a considerable amount of clothing. The only trouble was that the things were far too big for her, so she took them to

an old woman who had run a little grocery store until it had been bombed out and whom she warmly remembered as the only person in all Berlin who had never snarled at her once throughout the war, even though she is half-Jewish, but had always been poiite and kind. The old woman was tall and fat, and the aunt's clothes fitted her exactly. In return she gave my friend some potatoes and a few bottles of schnapps she had salvaged from the rubble in the cellar of her grocery.

Alongside the offers to swap there are always many appeals for people who plan to visit other parts of Germany to take letters with them. There has been no postal service since the surrender, and nearly every family has at least one member who hasn't been heard from

yet. The situation is responsible for notices like this one, which is posted on a downtown swapboard: "Is your missing husband, son, or friend alive? Is he dead ? I can look at his photograph and answer the question, yes or no. Free of charge or for twenty grams [forty-four thousandths of a pound] of genuine tea, if that is agreeable to you."

Most Germans you talk to will tell you that they have plenty of money, and often they will prove it by showing you large rolls of marks that they carry with them. Bombed-out property owners were paid generous damages bv their government, and quite a few have hung onto part or all of this mone)'. While the fighting was going on, war workers in Berlin got what were

for Germany high wages, but owing to the almost total lack of consumer goods, there was little to spend the money on. Consequently, many of them have a considerable portion of it left.

FOR the average Berliner, the city has been all but bone dry since 1943. The beer available to him was (and is) less

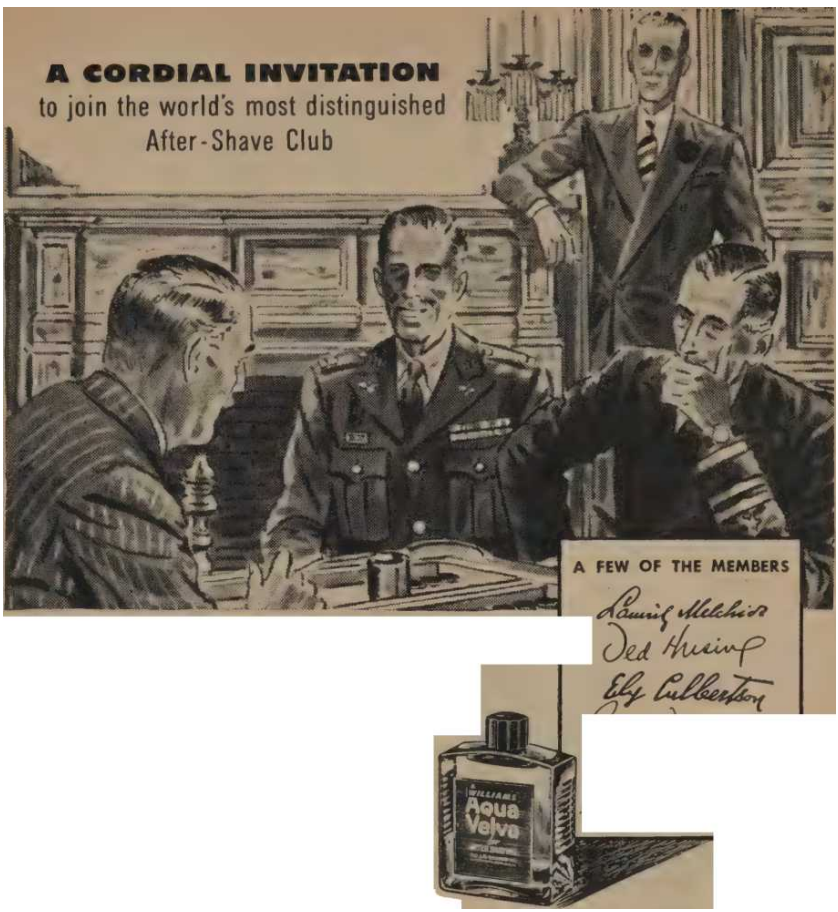
than two per cent alcohol, soapy, and unfit to swallow. Every family was allowed to buy a bottle of wine or

spirits for the Christmas season, but that and the beer were all there was to drink. A number of Berliners died during the war from drinking wood alcohol, and it has already killed several of our G.I.s. The Wehrmacht was supplied with beer that ran up to eight and nine per cent alcohol and was excellent, but the soldiers really

didn't do too well at that, for the wine and spirits were cornered by the S.S., which operated in the black market on a big scale. There was an organization in the Keithstrasse called the Volks-deutsche Mittelstelle, or German People's Supply Office, which was merely a front for S.S. black-market operations. One of its principal sources of revenue was liquor. When the Wehrmacht was winning, the Mittelstelle dispatched large convoys to conquered countries, and the trucks came back loaded down with looted bottles of prime stuff. The haul ran into hundreds of thousands of bottles, but the S.S. held them for important Party men, generals who played ball, industrialists of the same category, and proprietors of luxury hotels willing to pay what was demanded. It was only when the Allied armies got on German soil that these vast stashes were broken open and it became known that the Reich had been bulging with drink while the citizenry had been going around with parched tongues. Just before the Russians took Potsdam, some S.S. troopers went into the cellar of a hospital there, took out thousands and thousands of gallons of cognac and kummel in splits, and threw them into the Havelsee. This lake is only thirteen feet deep where the bottles were dumped, and almost everybody in Potsdam who could swim went diving for them. A swimming instructor of my acquaintance, who lives in Grunewald, got up one dawn, walked the five miles to the lake, spent most of the day underwater, and walked home after sunset with all the cognac and kummel splits he could carry.

Nobody in Berlin today can legitimately buy enough food to feel really filled up. In theory, everyone gets a twelve-hundred-calory-a-day diet, but in practice there has never once been enough food for that in the two and a half months since the city fell. The chief

difficulty is transportation. The food situation in Berlin is somewhat like the one in Paris last winter, when Parisians starved although there was food not very far away. The Russians hold all the food-producing terrain in this part of Germany, but they do not have much transportation, even for themselves, and anyway the Red Army is living off the land. The crops I have seen while travelling through the agricultural regions look pretty good. Barring disasters, I am informed, the people in German cities should have enough cereals to get by, at least, this winter. The real shortage will be in meats



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and fats, because the Germans, after eating up all the edible livestock in the countries they overran, ate up their own. A veteran Social Democrat, who suffered greatly from the Nazis, told me that many of his fellow-countrymen had their first doubts about winning the war when the supplies from the Ukraine stopped coming in.

TO be sure, food, as well as drink and clothing, can be bought on the black market, but if you reckon the mark at ten cents, as our Army Finance Department does, the prices are enormous—$200 for a bottle of popskull schnapps, $100 for a bottle of wine not worth pulling the cork out of, $120 for a pound of butter, $90 for a pound of lard, $50 to $60 for a pound of coffee, $25 a pair for silk stockings, $7 a pair for stockings made from shredded wool, and so on. In an effort to keep American cigarettes off the black market, the Second Armored Division's judge advocate general has just ruled that supplies bought in Army Post Exchanges remain the property of our government until they have been consumed by the soldier who buys them. This naturally means that a soldier who lets such commodities get into the black market is disposing of government property and running the risk of a severe penalty.

The standard ninety-mark, or nine-dollar, meal in one black-market restaurant here is a plate of completely bodiless soup like that served in the grimmer American houses of correction, two small slices of roast meat of questionable parentage, a dab of pudding the size of a golf ball and depressing even to look at, a cup of ersatz coffee, and a thimbleful of colored alcohol known to those who have had it before as Schwindclkognak. At the celebrated Femina night club, the standard meal costs seventy marks. It is the same as the dinner at the place I just mentioned ex

cept that there is no Schwindclkognak and that instead of the roast whatever-it-is you get a Koenigsberger Klops, which is the German version of our boarding-house meat ball and is held together by a starchlike substance that tastes like low-grade sawdust. Paris clip-joint prices may be higher, but what you get in them is not swill. A hostess at the Femina, who looks like one of the girls George Grosz used to draw so wonderfully during his Berlin days, told me that the

Standard meal they put out at a club called the Rio Rita is cheaper. “It costs only sixty-five marks,” she said sourly.

The clientele willing and able to pay the prices in these places is a mixed one. First, there are the Sc hie her, or black marketeers. Then, the night clubs also get quite a play from Russian officers, who presumably have learned about high prices in the expensive Moscow hot spots. Many of the patrons in these Berlin joints are members of the American occupational forces, who, although they never eat the meals, go for the floor shows, the dancing, and so forth. The rest of the customers—and these are few—are ordinary Berliners out on one dreary last fling.

AS the dust settles, the difference -A A. between the Germany of today and the Germany of immediately after the last war grows

increasingly impressive. Take the matter of occupation. Last time, a comparative handful of French, British and Americans nestled for a few years in a few cozy corners along the upper Rhine, leaving the enormous rest of the country to do pretty much as it liked. This time, Germany is blanketed with soldiers, some of whom fought their way here from Egypt and North Africa and some of whom battled through from Stalingrad and even the Caucasus. One day these men will go home, but others will come to take their places. Then there is the matter of bombing. Last time, the air attacks did scarcely more than chip Germany in its southwest corner. This time, Allied air power has crunched every city and town of economic importance, and nearly all the power, plants and communications systems that kept them going. I doubt that it is possible to explain to those who have not seen Berlin how beat-up it is. For some reason, photographs do not

show the astounding ruination fully. Be sure to see a wonderful Russian documentary film called “Berlin” when it reaches New York. It gives an excellent idea of what the Red Army’s heavy artillery did to the city. There is little, however, in the picture about the working-over it got from the R.A.F. and our Eighth Air Force. The slow, inefficient Russians began showing the film here this week, but rhe' fast, efficient Americans don’t seem to have any picture at all to show

the Germans how they got to Berlin.

This immense city is spread out over more than three hundred and forty square miles. Like Paris, it is divided into arrondissements, or what the Germans call Verwaltu.ngsbez.irkc. There are twenty Verwaltungsbezirke, and the bombers and Mosquitos didn’t skip any of them. Consider the matter of a place to sleep. Greater Berlin, in the spring of 1939, had 1,600,000 dwelling places—houses, apartments, hotel rooms, and so on. By late summer of 1944, the last time anything like a reliable count could be made, 400,000 of these dwellings were nothing but rubble, 800,000 had been damaged beyond repair, and 100,000 needed repairs to make them habitable. Only 300,000 were still usable. This, mind you, was in the late summer of 1944, when the Eighth’s bombers still had six months to go on their clobbering. Modern Berlin’s greatest years of

building activity were between 1927 and 1930, and not, as Doctor Goebbels used to claim, during the reign of "the greatest architect of all time." In those years about 40,000 dwellings were built annually. If you adopt that figure as a maximum, and grant, for the sake of argument, adequate supplies of skilled labor, transport, and materials, it will take thirty years just to replace the 1,200,000 destroyed and hopelessly damaged dwelling places. This doesn't take into consideration the large numbers of industrial and business buildings, government offices, hospitals, schools, and so on, which were also destroyed and will have to be replaced. •

Before work on the 1,200,000 dwellings can be started, the Schuttfrage, or rubble problem, will have to be solved. It has been estimated that there will be about forty cubic yards of rubble on the site of each damaged dwelling pulled down, which, added to the rubble already on hand, will give the Berliners thirty or thirty-five million cubic yards of the stuff to dispose of. That means, so I'm informed, ten million truck loads or three million freightcar loads, and, on a basis of ten trainloads of fifty cars apiece every day, it w 11 be twenty-four years before Berlin is cleared of the rubble from those 1,200,000 dwellings alone. One plan is to dump the debris in the Tiergarten, Berlin's largest park, build a mountain out of it, and plant it with greenery, but this scheme is still in the discussion stage. Quite a Frage, the Schuttfrage.

Sehuttschippen, or rubble shovelling,

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has become the principal occupation of Berliners. The Russians have set thousands and thousands of women working at it in bucket brigades of from fifty to a hundred. Some of these are supplied by the Soviet Labor Office and are paid seventy-two pfennigs, or seven and a fifth cents, an hour. The others are women who were formerly members of the Nazi Party and who how work eight hours a day, every day, with no remuneration except two meals. Many of these unpaid K _ workers are the middle-aged, middle-class women who from time to time gath-ered before the Reichskanzlei, which was Hitler's White House, put their arms around one another's waists, and swayed from side to side, singing, "Homeward, homeward, we aren't going home until the Fuhrer speaks." They would chant this over and over again, until Hitler came out on the balcony and waved at them, at which they would almost swoon with ecstasy. It is interesting to learn what great support loveless, or at any rate unlovely, women of this sort gave the Party. I've been told that Goebbels would not let Hitler marry Eva Braun because that would, have caused these women to drop their I uhrer like a shot. Now, working together on the rubble details, they hate one another. They are forever ratting on each other to the foremen, also

former members of the Party, who march them off to work every morning. “She didn’t shovel yesterday. Make her shovel overtime.” “I did too shovel.” “She’s a fine one to talk. Last Tuesday, when she said she was too sick to shovel, she went to the movies.” Every day each foreman has to break up several hairpulling matches.

The other afternoon I was sitting with a friend in his damaged apartment, which was being repaired. Two roustabouts were going in and out, lugging washbowls, sections of pipe, tables, and chairs. One was tall, husky, and toughlooking, and the other was short, bald, and stupid; they made me think of the old piano-moving act in vaudeville. When they had finished, my friend nodded toward the door through which they had departed and said, “Party officials.” Their wages also, he told me, were two meals a day. This man, a first-class architect who was never either a Nazi or a soldier, is working on the problem of rebuilding the city. He once earned fifteen hundred marks a month, which was quite good for Germany.

Now he is on a salary of a hundred and fifty.

ONE of the jobs of our Military Government here will be to understand the Russians. Shortly after the Americans moved in, on the Fourth of July, one of our Military Government captains showed up at breakfast one morning with a puffed jaw and skinned knuckles. It developed that the night before he had called on some members of the Russian Military Government, who had welcomed him handsomely and then set him down with three pretty Russian

Wacs at a table loaded with bottles. Soon three Russian captains came in and sat down, too.

After several toasts, one of them, who spoke some English, reached over, felt the American's muscle, and said, "American captain pretty toff, hey? I think Russky captain pretty toff, too. Come, vee box." The Russian thereupon sprang from his chair and struck a pose resembling that of a prizefighter in an early-nineteenth-century sporting print. The American protested that he didn't want to box, but the three Wacs and the two other captains insisted so enthusiastically that he finally accepted the challenge. After a few seconds of sparring, the American, who knew a little about boxing, could see that the Russian knew nothing. Nevertheless, though the Russian was playing, he was playing with clenched fists, and the American presently took a terrific belt to the jaw, so he settled down, belted back, and stiffened his opponent. Then, thinking that he was in real trouble, he resolved to fall bravely before the combined onslaught of the other Russians, but they all simply applauded. The American, puzzled, lifted and revived his late opponent and assisted him back to the table, where everybody, including the vanquished, shook the victor's hand and pounded him on the back. After more toasts, another of the Russian captains insisted on boxing the American, who again protested but again was obliged to box and again ended up by cooling his adversary. After more applause and more toasts, he knocked out the third Russian captain. Then, in great amity, everybody settled down to some uninterrupted toasting and relations-cementing. The American had a wonderful night, but he would like somebody to explain to him the Russian point of view.

Every Berliner has a story of Russian plundering to tell, but the only Rus-

sian plundering I have seen is the plundering of American watches. Few of the thousands of Americans in Berlin today have watches any more, for the Russians have been plundering them relentlessly at three and four hundred dollars a watch. Our Army postal clerks have had to handle so many requests to send money orders home that an embargo has been placed on Russian occupation currency until the clerks can get their paperwork cleared up. The report here

is that an Ingersoll will buy two cows in Russia.

Russian soldiers crawl all over the shattered Reichstag building, scrawling their names and addresses in almost inaccessible corners with chalk. In the process their uniforms usually pick up rubble dust or rust from twisted girders. As the men leave the building, they are spruced up by three Germans posted there to brush them off. Sometimes the Russian sentries on duty at Hitler's chancellery will let souvenir hunters in without a murmur, and at other times they won't let them in at all. After careful observation, I have deduced that the other times are when some Russian officer stationed there has decided to take a bath in Hitler's tub. The Chancellery plumbing has, of course, been knocked out, but a couple of Russian G.I.s are always on hand to heat water over a fire in the garden.

Apparently the Berliners insist on regarding the Russians as big, bad children. The other day I was sitting in the non-Nazi architect's apartment while he was writing a letter. Suddenly there were a lot of shots outside. "What's all that shooting?" I inquired in alarm. "Oh, it's only the Russians," he replied, without even looking up. "W hat arc they shooting for?" I asked. "Oh," he said absently, still with his attention on his letter, "they're just playing."

—Joel Sayre

WHICH PAGE OF "PM" D'YA READ?

At this point I would like to say that a coiffeur is a man who does hair-dos and not what you have on your head when he is done, as so many of my colleagues seem to think, that is a coiifure. A woman who does your hair is a coiffeure. I hope you will pardon this little French lesson, but I am awfully weary of reading in fashion columns that Mrs. Whoosis had a magnificent blond coiffeur with gardenias. —PM, June 17, page M-17.

Superficially, with her careful coiffeur, her sharp eyes, her chiseled features and her cultured voice, Mrs. Bingham reminded me a little of Clare Boothe Luce.

—PM, same day, page M-14.

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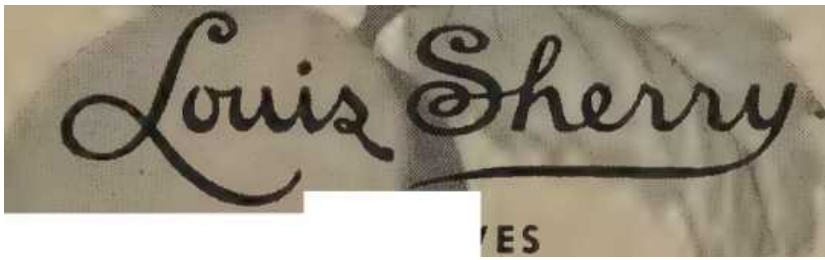

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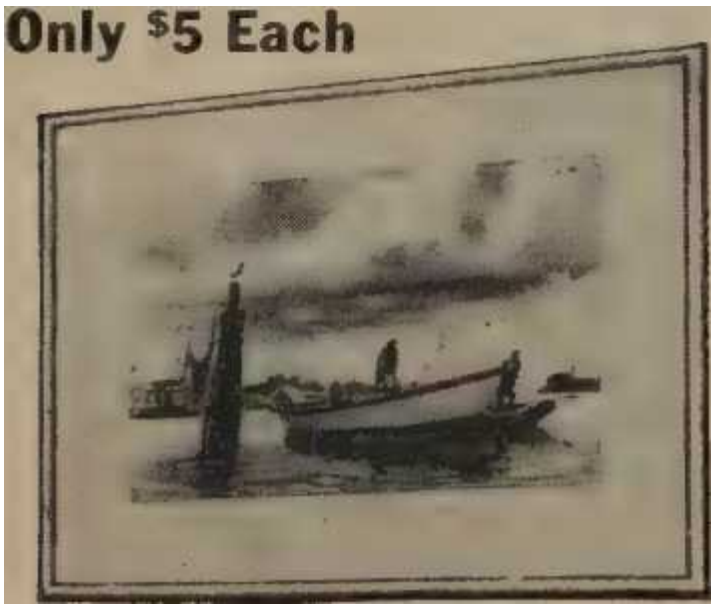

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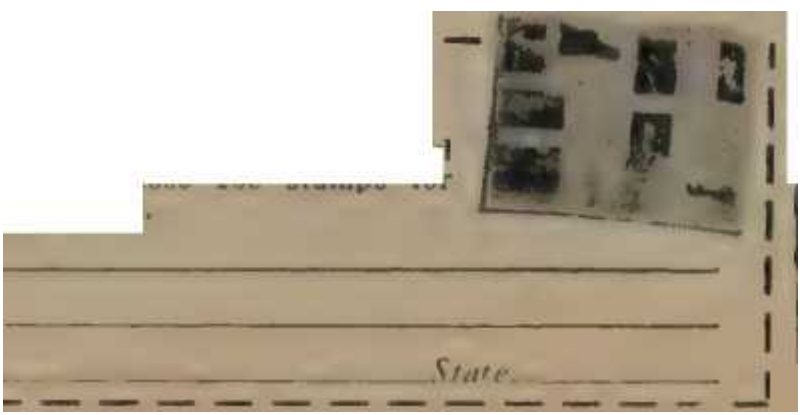

FEUD

WHEN you have malaria, the attacks hit you on alternate days. The dark-brown Negro engineer from Chicago had his “good” days the same time I had mine, and we’d sit on his cot and play cassino all day.

Lieutenant Donavan,the nurse,liked to kibitz the game. She was a large, plump, good-natured woman, with heavy, varicosed legs. She was full of corny jokes, which she told in a loud voice, and there was always a smile on her face and a sort of twinkle in her eyes. The smile was a silly one most of the time, but she worked hard and took good care of the boys and everybody liked her. Some guys even enjoyed her jokes.

She was kibitzing our o;ame when they brought in a tall, sharp-featured sergeant, his thin face an atabrine yellow. She told him to take the empty cot next to the Negro engineer's and then looked at his papers. "My name is Donavan," she said to him. "Feel pretty bad, Eddie?"

He was having a chill and was shaking a little. He didn't say anything at all. He picked up the pajamas that were laid out on his cot and went to the latrine to change. Donavan said, "Talks too much, doesn't he?," and filled a water bottle and left it on the table beside his cot. It wasn't really a table but a bomb rack painted white.

A delirious soldier at the end of the ward started to moan, and Donavan went down to look at him as Eddie came back. The hospital pajamas were too short for Eddie. He threw his clothes on the floor, sat on the cot as he took off his shoes, then got under the blankets. His teeth were chattering now.

When Donavan came

J^

back, she looked at Eddie's clothes and smiled and said, "If you weren't feeling so bad, I'd make you pick these up. That's no way to leave your things. Here." She took two blankets from another cot and spread them over him. "Still cold?" she said.

He didn't answer, just looked at her. She folded his clothes neatly and carried them to her office. In a moment she returned with three pills. "Take these and try to sleep," she said. "This is one place where they want you to get all the sack time possible."

“Leave me alone,” he said, his teeth clicking.

She poked him gently. “Sergeant, jou have to take these pills.”

He raised his head and swallowed the pills quickly when she poured out a cup of water for him. Then he stretched out . and closed his eyes. All of us knew that he would soon be sleeping and that later he would run a temperature and throw the blankets off.

'

The colored engineer whispered to me, “That’s a mean bastard.”

“The first day is always bad,” I said. ' “No, no, he’s the mean kind,” the Negro said.

Donavan was standing behind us. . Suddenly she giggled. “If you’d stopped whispering and watched your cards,” she told the engineer, “you could have built eights. Taken in the good two of spades that way.”

THE Negro engineer and I were playing stud poker on his cot, using matches for chips, when this Eddie started to sweat. He kicked the blankets off. Donavan rushed down the aisle and picked them up and put them on an empty cot. She asked us, “You boys playing for money?”

“We’re playing for cigarettes—if we had any. When’s PX day?” the colored boy asked.

“Tuesday. Now, don’t let me catch jou playing for money,” she said, giving us a big wink.

She went down the aisle to look at ; the delirious guv, who was quiet now, and this Eddie opened his ej'es. “What’s the matter with her?” he said.

“Nothing. She’s a good nurse,” I said.

Eddie said, “All this goddam phonj' fussing over a guy. You don’t see no nurses going out with enlisted men. Fat old bag.” .

The engineer looked at me and grinned.

Just before lunch, when '

the ambulatoiy patients were downstairs getting trays for us, the Vampire came in. He was called Dracula, the Bat, Lugosi, and Peter Lorre. He was a small, slender T/5 with a sort of girlish face. He came around the ward everj' morning and pricked our fingers to get . a blood smear. He put his little white box down on Eddie's cot* and Eddie asked, "What do you want?"

"Blood, chum," he said, taking out a rubber tube to tie around Eddie's arm. "I have to take a big sample the first time."

.

"What the hell for?" • ,

"See if you got malaria or something

else," the Vampire said. "Roll up your sleeve."

"I got it. You don't have to test me," Eddie said nervously. "I had it twice in Italy last summer."

Donavan came over. "We have to take a specimen of your blood,' she told him. "My heavens, how long have you been in the Army?"

Eddie glared at her with his feverish eves. "Three years, and every time I get the needle I pass out. I can't stand it going into me."

The Bat started rolling up Eddie's sleeve. "Got to do it, chum," he said.

Donavan sat down on Eddie's cot and wiped the sweat from his face with his towel and spoke to him gently. "That's all a state of mind, big boy. It doesn't hurt. And we do have to look at your blood. Maybe you don't have malaria, just sand-fly fever."

"I have malaria and I can't stand a needle," Eddie said.

"It won't hurt," Peter Lorre said, tying the rubber hose tightly above Eddie's elbow. He slapped the joint a few times till the vein showed. "Make a fist," he said. Eddie didn't move his hand, so Donavan shut it and held it shut. The Vampire cleaned the skin over the vein with

alcohol. Then he neatly injected the needle and started pulling up on the plunger of the syringe, filling the tube with bright-red blood.

Eddie stared straight up at the cracked ceiling. As Donavan said cheerfully, “Now, you see. There’s nothing to it,” Eddie suddenly vomited all over himself. Then he fainted.

The nurse quickly and expertly caught his arm, so that the needle didn’t break off or tear the vein. The Bat had about a half a test tube full of blood. Donavan said, “That will be enough.”

The T/5 loosened the rubber tube, put some cotton around the needle, and pulled it out. He held the cotton over the puncture for a moment. “Some boy!” he said, putting the syringe into his box, and walked away.

“Oh, shut up,” Donavan said. “Damn, what a mess.” She gently let Eddie’s arm down on the bed and straightened his pillow. She took his pulse, then went for clean linen.

When she returned, Eddie had come to. She smiled and said, “If you feel up to it, change into this pajama top and get into the empty cot.” He stared at her sullenly for a moment and she said, “Well, come on, I want to clean up.”

He changed pajama tops and got into the other cot, watching her as she put fresh sheets and blankets on his old bed. “You ought to get over that,” she said.

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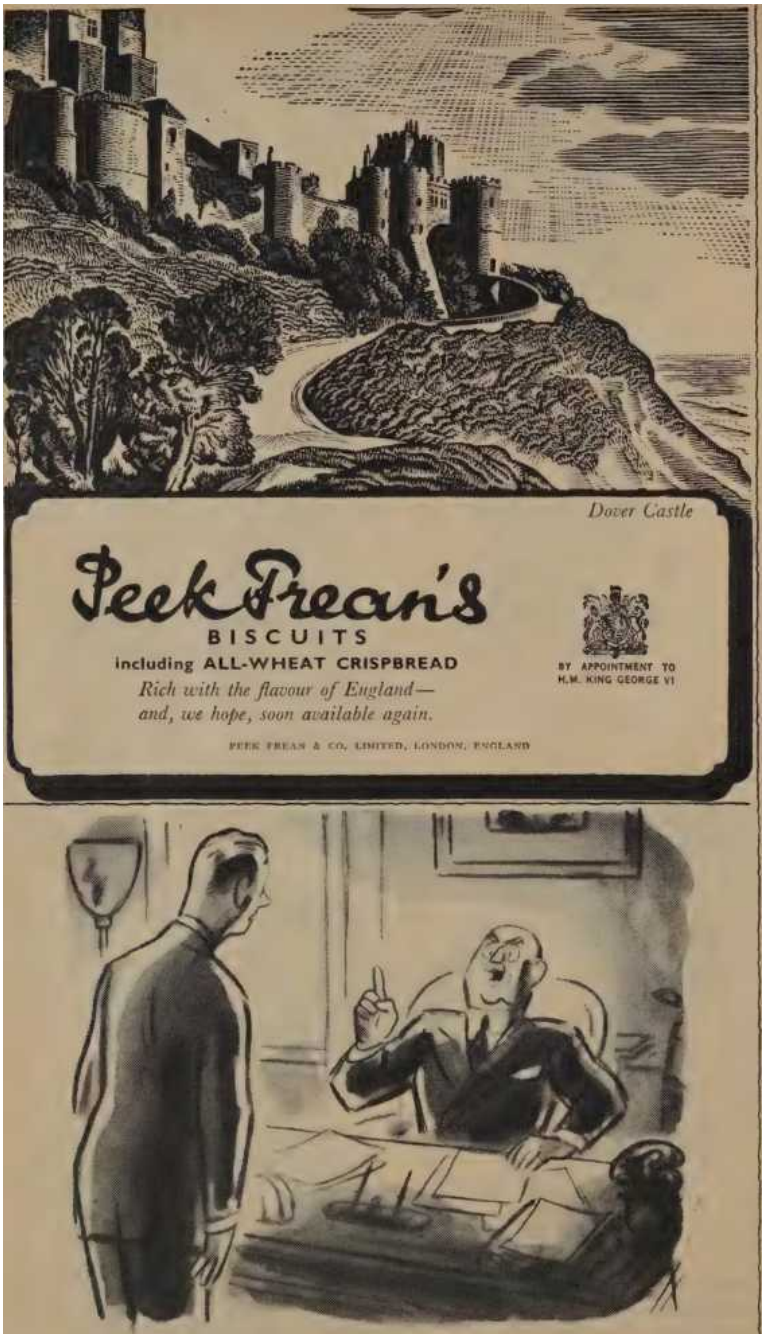

"Nothing to it. Really comes because you think about it too much."

When Donavan took the soiled sheets away, Eddie said, “Smart, isn’t it? Guy has malaria and they send him to the Pacific. I’ll get even with that bitch.”

“What do you mean, ‘bitch’?” the colored soldier said, shuffling the cards. “If she hadn’t caught your arm, you’d still have that needle up there.”

Eddie looked past the Negro and said to me, “She didn’t have to make all that fuss and keep talking about it. Giving me a sob story. I’ll get her.”

“Aw, stop it,” the engineer said casually. “You came in to get cured, didn’t you? She’s a good nurse. Not her fault if you can’t take it.”

Eddie said something under his breath and turned his back on us. The engineer dealt the cards.

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The regular rest period came after lunch and all patients had to stay in their cots and sleep or read the old magazines. The delirious guy went off again and Donavan gave him some pills that quieted him.

She passed Eddie's cot twice, and he kept watching her, and once I thought he grinned as she went bY-

After a while, he closed his eyes and began to moan. Somebody said, "Another guy off."

As Donavan came over to his bed, Eddie said quickly, in a loud, clear voice, "O.K., Joe, O.K. Let's try those two broads over there. Best I seen on the Via Roma. Hey, Sigorinia, quanta costa; We go to your room."

Donavan got a little red in the face as she bent over Eddie and took his pulse again. He was almost talking into her face when he began going into details about the room and the girls. He undressed the girls, joked with them, got into bed with them. Nothing was left out, and he used all the four- and five-letter words he knew.

Donavan finally let go of his hand and stood up, her plump face now a deep, embarrassed red. She looked around the ward for a moment, as though she didn't know what to do. Most of the soldiers were sitting up, some of them grinning.

Eddie kept on talking dirty and Donavan suddenly went into action. She ran to her office, actually running down the aisle with short, clumsy steps. She filled a hypo with dope and started for Eddie's cot, this time walking.

He must have been watching her through , half-opened eyes, for he stopped talking, turned over, and then sat up and shook his head. As Donavan

came up, her face still red, Eddie looked at the needle and asked, "Something wrong? "

"You were delirious."

Eddie lay back on his pillow. "Was-I? Guess I got it bad this time. Hope I didn't make too much of a racket."

Donavan stared at him for a moment, her face angry. "You said plenty!" she said. "Plenty!" Her voice was a bit shrill. She went back to her office.

Eddie smiled at the engineer and pulled the blankets up to his chin.

The engineer came over to my cot with the cards. He said softly, “That son of a bitch was faking.”

“Sure he was faking,” I said. “We can’t play cards now—rest period still on.

“Hell with that. It’s no wav to treat Donavan. She’s a fine nurse.”

We turned and looked at Donavan, sitting in her office. Her big face was back to its normal pink. She sat at her desk, holding her head in her hands.

“Think she knows he was faking?” the engineer said. “He sure stopped when he saw her coming with that shot.”

“I guess she knows,” I said.

Donavan raised her head and looked down the ward. Eddie was faced the other way and didn’t see her. She reached for the portable phone in her office and turned the crank till the bell rang. Then, as if she were answering a call, she said in a loud voice, “What? You dropped it? That’s too bad. You 11 have to take it again tomorrow morning, then.” It was a phony call, of course.

Donavan walked over to Eddie’s cot. She smiled as she passed the Negro and me, and said, “I’ll give you boys your back rubs in a little while.” She stopped at the foot of Eddie’s cot and asked, “Are you awake?”

Eddie had begun to shake again. He raised his head. “Me?” he said.

Donavan put some extra blankets over him and said, “I’m sorry, they dropped your blood. Have to take it again.”

Eddie’s thin face went a sickly yellow. “Now?”

“If you’re real cold, I’ll get you a hot-water bottle,” she said.

“Take my blood now?”

“Oh, no,” Donavan said happily. “Tomorrow morning. Don’t dream about it. I’ll get you some pills for your chill.” She turned and walked away, the usual smile on her face.

The colored boy said, “Hot damn! I feel like standing up and clapping.”

—Len Zinberg

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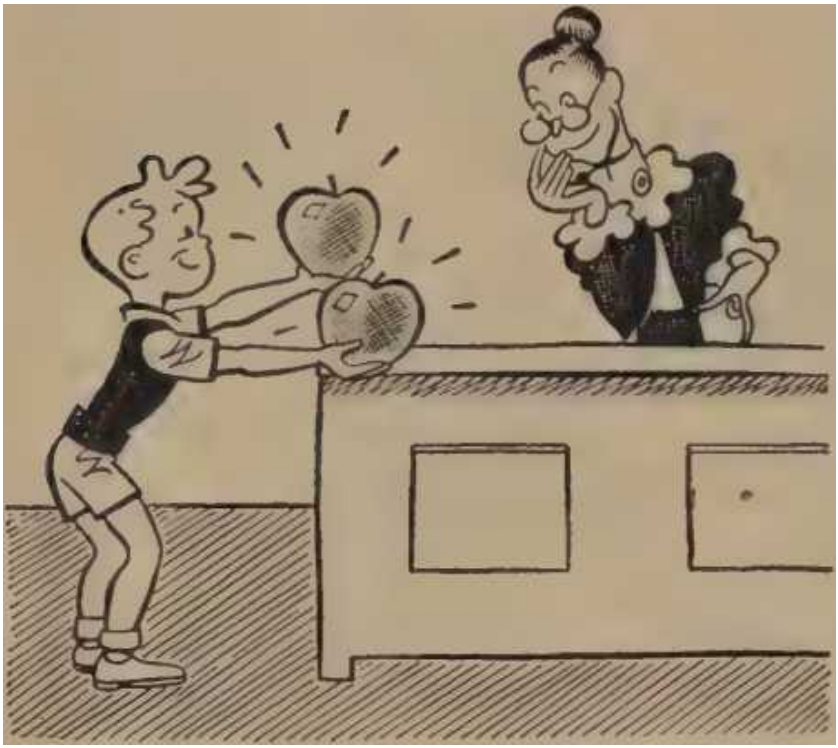

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July 26 (by wireless) ERTAINLY it is incorrect to call Marshal Petain's trial for treason, in the Palais de Justice, one of the greatest trials in history. The

trial is turning out to be merely one of the greatest lessons in history, pedagogically speaking, the French people have had since June, 1940. It was then that there began the particular chapter of French history whose details most French citizens are only now learning about, five years later. The lesson is being recited ad lib by expert witnesses like ex-Premiers Paul Reynaud

and Edouard Daladier and ex-President Albert Lebrun in the court

sessions, and next morning the French newspapers are giving the text to the ignorant citizens. Each sad passage is headlined in a manner that history books perhaps should copy. “Audience Instructed” was one of Paris-Pres se’s opening headlines, followed by a subhead explaining that “the disastrous events of. the year ’40 are still not fully known except by a small number of initiates.” In the same didactic spirit, La Voix de Paris ran the headline ˆRevelation Sensationellc de Daladier ” plus a subhead that gave Daladier’s government’s figures on France’s 1939 air force, and then, in the article that followed, went into the Marshal’s previous request for a reduction of armament appropriations, his lack of interest in those military modernities tanks and anti-tank guns, his peacetime domination of the French Army chiefs, and so on. Le Monde featured Reynaud’s revelations about those last, complicated, disorderly days of the Republic in Bordeaux, under a subhead saying “Prisoner Petain’s Plot to Seize Power Via an Armistice.” Other journals have featured the fact that, in Bordeaux, Petain had ready in his pocket, like an extra handkerchief, a tentative list of names for his prospective autocratic cabinet. The collaborating policy arranged at the Montoire meeting between Hitler and Petain also got a big front-page play. Even the Battle of Verdun was slipped into the court lesson and into the reporting of it, together with the little-known fact that, according to General Joffre, its hero was not the pallid, handsome, prisoner Marshal, alive and in his armchair before the jurors, but a minor, now-dead general named Nivelle. And, finally, the French armistice of 1940 hit the front page, after the Marshal’s unattractive, sour, stammering, black-robed

chief defense advocate, the bdtonnier Payen, angrily inquired if anyone present in court so much as knew the armistice terms, and after the charming, smiling Presiding Judge Mongibeaux leaned down from his bench, rather like an elegant host catering to his guest’s whims, to ask if perchance there was a copy of the armistice in the house. At that point, the terrifying old Prosecutor of the Republic Mornet, who wants Petain’s head and has said so, leaped up from his box to recite by heart those armistice clauses that gave to the Nazis the right to occupy

two-thirds of France. “That’s unfair!” the defense screamed. “You’ve

no right to begin with the worst part." "I have a right to begin where I choose and my good memory dictates," the prosecution snarled back. The red and black robes recalled the face cards in the trial scene of "Alice in Wonderland," but in the Paris trial scene there was no gentle humor, no awakening from a dream.

The general outline of French history from 1940 to today, most of the details and anecdotes, and certainly more documentation than has yet been cited in court have long been familiar to all the American journalists who have been sitting on their press bench with pencils idle in the heat and, listening, have refreshed their memories. There are four reasons the French did not until now know their own facts. In June, 1940, when France was falling, people and newspapers were fleeing Paris, as if to avoid the country's collapsing on them physically. In the confusion, the June events were only fragmentarily or inaccurately known. After Petain settled firmly into power in Vichy, he was at first too beloved for anyone to tell the truth and later it became too dangerous to tell. At the time of the Riom trial, at which some of the witnesses in today's court were then prisoners, audaciously giving the same news of France's fall (as a means of expressing faith in America), the excellent underground Riom reports were sent out to the United States but had little circulation in France. And after the liberation last summer, when the truth about France's past could have been told, the exalted French were interested only in her future. Anyhow, there wras a paper shortage, which would have prevented printing this vast stale news even if anyone had been interested in doing it. Now, during these long, hot hours of Petain's trial, the old news is datelined

afresh; it is as good as, it is worse than, new. The French absorb it hungrily or cynically, as proof of this or as negation of that. It embodies everything that French democracy is now up against.

There are already three important rumors about the way the trial will end, and all are untrue. The first two are that the French penal code forbids the execution of a man over seventy and that the special legal weight of a high court such as the one Petain is being tried in makes impossible a reprieve of the death sentence. The third false rumor is that General de Gaulle is against the death

sentence. Lots of Parisians say that they would be satisfied if the old man's buttons were cut away —that is, if he suffered military degradation, a punishment perhaps worse than death to him—since they are sick to the depth of their souls of eternally hearing about Le Marechal.

UNDER the complicated but fair system by which the French Ministry of Information parcelled out the tickets to the courtroom, which seats only about six hundred, my first ticket was for Tuesday, the second day of the trial. The initial visual impression was not of the white-faced Marshal but of the picturesque, scarlet-colored opening of the court that had assembled to try him. This began with the filing in of the five red-robed judges, black velvet hats in hand, and ended with the entrance, loudly announced, of Monsieur le Procureur General. Preceded by it major domo (a sort of kindly, bald court butler in a worn dress suit), Prosecutor Mornet rushed into the room, past the red-robed Bench, and toward his private little pulpit—a torso bent almost horizontal with age, eagerness, and speed, his pointed gray beard and peaked nose leading, his blood-colored robe trailing behind like a sanguine silhouette from a sketchbook of Goya. One's mental impressions of the court accumulated more slowly. To an American, whose judges are supposed to be impartial arbiters, the active, witty, worldly, and openly anti-Pctain comments of handsome Presiding Judge Mongibeaux seemed a strange foreign novelty. It seemed equally odd that once a deputy juror interrupted witness Reynaud to back him up in some statement; that two resistance jurors jumped to their feet to protest angrily against what they called Petain's batonniePs insults to their cause; that the same batonnier accused Reynaud on the stand of calumny, then of "remaking his political virginity;" that both Prime Min-

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isters were allowed to quote what somebody said somebody else bad said; that both were allowed to talk by the hour, often of events long before their political time; and, above all, that they were allowed to interpret their own part, their nation's part, the Marshal's part in any event whatever—that they were, indeed, encouraged to stand, with the eyes and cars of the world watching and listening, while they mixed memoirs and politics into their lecture on, and version of, recent I' rench history. It would appear that this peculiar academic treatment, in this particular place and court, was clearly the only procedure by which the final verdict could be reached. As Daladier declared on the stand, with the brutal candor of an Homme EEtat newly sworn for that afternoon to the whole truth, "'['here is no connection between justice and politics."

DURING Reynaud's endless testimony that day, he spoke, among a thousand other things, of the fact that tlie poet Paul Valery, once Petain's friend, had delivered the address of welcome w hen the Marshal waas finally received into the French Academy. Tuesday, just before midnight, the body of Valery, who had died bravely of cancer, was escorted, to the beat of muffled military drums, through dark streets to a flambcaux-lighted outdoor catafalque, where it lay, keeping its own last nocturnal vigil over that great view' of Paris between the Trocadero hill and the Tour Eiffel. Valery was the greatest living French poet, as Petain had been the greatest living French Marshal; they were of the same vintage and at one time they had been equally appreciated, each for his special flavor. While in Vichv, Petain dismissed Valery from his post in that curious institution of scholarly Paris exiles, the Centre Universitaire Mediterraneen of Nice. De Gaulle later reinstated him. In 1 943, the elderly poet joined the clandestine litterateurs of the resistant Comite National des Ecrivains. On that Tuesday night, there were only a handful of us waiting on the curb as, in a •sudden red flare of

Bengal lights, like an apotheosis, the dead poet was carried from the Church of Saint Honore d'Eylau. Two once-great old men of France had just been lost forever, and a period of French history had indeed come to its end. —Genet

•

The temperature of the planet Saturn is 238 decrees below zero, reply.—The jMirror.

C-can't r-rcplv.

BOOK5

O.K.y Zanuck, Take It Away

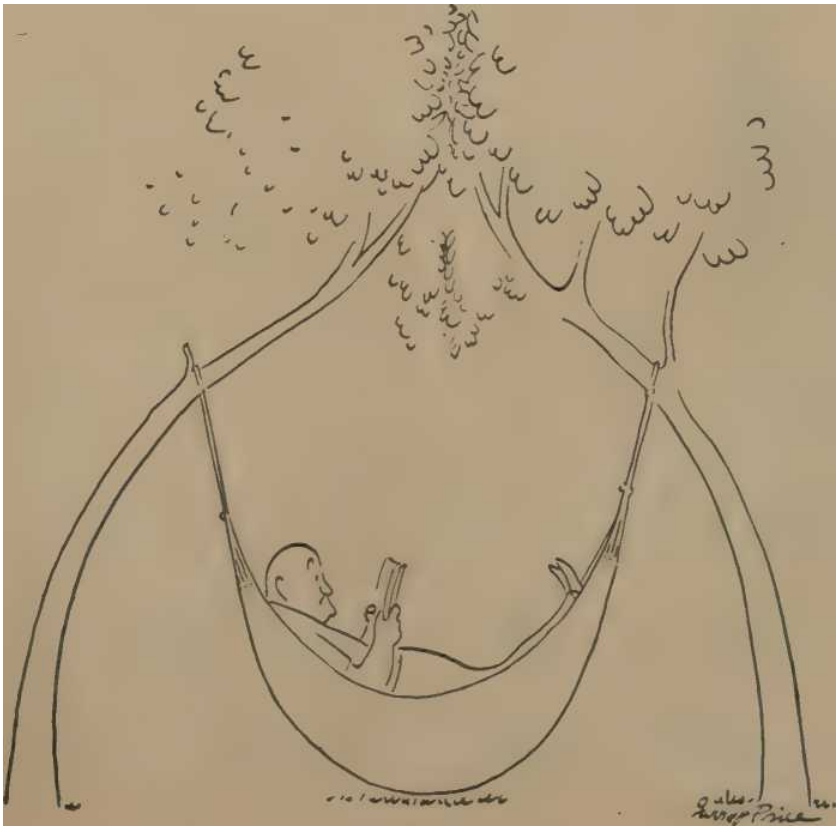
THE career of Miss Gertrude Lawrence, up to now, has been a good deal like a superior moving picture—

profuse in love, nicely arranged in a scale of mounting grandeur, and offering altogether very handsome opportunities for an all-star cast, bathed in Technicolor. The heroine has even furnished her own shooting script—a 238-page book about herself called “A Star Danced,” a title, of course, that would look lovely in lights. The strictly stylistic qualities of this document need very little discussion. It seems obvious that Miss Lawrence wrote it herself, composing, if a sample on th'e jacket can be trusted, in a round, maidenly hand on taupe paper with white ink. Apparently she was also somewhat pushed for time, since the useful dash is the backbone of her punctuation and the curly ampersand serves her faithfully as a connective. Nor is she an author whose ear is outraged by cliches—the waters of the world are the Seven Seas to Miss Lawrence and Timbuktu is her favorite symbol for all that’s far away—or one to be daunted by the persistent recurrence of a word or sound. As early as her second page she writes, “And I might see Richard. That thought brought me out of bed and under the shower in one swift leap. From then on the next two days were one mad rush, winding up with the final leap to the airport,” and her prose is full of girlish echoes to the end. This contempt for elegant variation, for the patient, hopeless struggle for felicity, is actually one of Miss

Law-re nee's most endearing young charms. She is a handsome woman, with a fine, arrogant spirit; a slavish attention to syntax would become her as oddly as a sunbonnet.

While the style of "A Star Danced"' often suggests a young lady writing her parents from a camp in the Adirondacks, the content is rich and worldly and the point of view a winsome blend of Edward VII and Noel Coward, with brisk, practical overtones of Anita Loos. Miss Lawrence was

born in Clapham, a section of London where it doesn't pay to be too nosy about other people's business, and she was christened Gertrude Alexandra Dagmar Klasen, for her father was Danish and these were royal names. Her early days were useful chiefly to establish her beyond any question as a character in a moving picture. There was Father, who sang huskily at smokers and in music halls, and drank, and pres-entlv abandoned his family for the less confining society of a minstrel show, where he took up with an amiable girl called Rose. Father was an artist, with all that implies in domestic confusion. Mother was also of the profession, though only dimly, since all her daughter seems to recall is that she was obliged to pad her thighs to land a job in the chorus. She was, in fact, mainly notable for her erratic selection'of mates; after the Danish Thrush came Dad, a gambler of quite spectacular incompetence, who kept his family nervously alert for the sheriff. Of them all, the most vivid in her memory is Grandma, an imposing matriarch, who bred in her descendant that deep pleasure in royalty which was eventually to make Miss Lawrence regard the second World War primarily as a crusade to restore Edwardian securities. "The day will inevitably come," she writes at the height of the blitz, "when the established, comfortable, peaceful life, which every British person considers no more than his due, will return." And again, on a note of wonder, "The war has altered some as



pects of British life unbelievably. Daisy's door was opened by her husband, Lionel. Butlers have become extinct, even in Eaton Square." Once, by some hideous mistake and in the presence of the commander of the Fleet, she drank the King's health in water. "I felt like some miserable figure in a Bateman drawing!" she confesses.

Miss Lawrence herself was distinctly a cinema personality. A plain, thin child (they stuffed her hopefully with Scott's Emulsion and Parrish's Chemical Food, but she remained defiantly flat), she compensated for these deficiencies by following the traditional Hollywood patterns for the early behavior of a star with incredible fidelity. "Suddenly," she writes in fond remembrance, "as against a black-velvet backdrop, the past came back to me, and I saw myself as a little girl, dancing on a sidewalk in Clapham . . . holding out my brief skirts." The music, suitably enough, was provided by a wandering organ grinder, discordant but picturesque. She made her

first sovereign singing to a Bank Holiday crowd on the sands at Brighton. " 'It ain't all honey, and it ain't all jam,' I carolled lightly, twirling on my toes with my skimpy pink frock held out as far as it would stretch." Sometimes the manager of a theatre gave her a pass to the gallery, where she sat transfixed, dreaming the customary dreams. She went to a school for professional children, where she met Noel Coward, "a thin, unusually shy boy, with a slight lisp," and where the clangor of Bow Bells was summarily erased from her accent. She appeared in Christmas pantomimes and in one of Max Reinhardt's earlier scuffles with "The Miracle;" she went on tour in the provinces, and once, when her employer vanished with the receipts, she put in a week as a barmaid to pay her board; in the end, the talent scouts caught up with her and, in almost less time than it takes to tell (seventy-seven pages), she was understudying Beatrice Lillie in one of Andre Chariot's revues.

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a little watch. It might even be said that it is more than all there,

for Miss Lawrence is no girl to be content with the usual complexities of life or the accepted cliches of any rise to triumph in the theatre. When Miss Lillie obligingly fell off a horse and her understudy's great chance came, she was notably pregnant (she had married a dim, elderly character named Frank Howley in what appears to have been no r .

more than a fit of abstrac-tion) and only by reminding herself of the brave tradition of the theatre was she able to JmKI/i get herself out on the stage, ˆJˆw tightly laced but still indom-itably bouncy. Needless to say, she was magnificent. The child, whose sense of timing was also admirable, contrived to be born during one of the worst Zeppelin raids of the war, and Mr. Howley, having performed his whole function somewhat after the manner of the male spider, disappeared without a trace. It is almost permissible to suspect that Miss Lawrence ate him.

Before her marriage, she had been engaged to a young barrage balloonist identified only as Peter. "Whenever I would look up and see the big balloons bobbing lazily above the roofs and spires, like bubbles rising in an enormous glass of champagne, I had a cozy feeling of protection," she writes on page ninety-three. "My boy was up there looking out for me and for our city." Peter, a correct young man, took her to meet his parents and gave her a dia-mond-and-sapphire ring (subsequently hocked by Howley), but he had one fatal defect—the theatre bored him sil-ly. In spite of the sense of security engendered by having a fiance in a balloon, Miss Lawrence was quite unable to imagine herself as a suburban housewife. "The more I thought about Peter and the life he pictured to me . . . the more certain I became that it was not the life for me. So I broke our engagement. Peter took it hard, but gallantly." Like the spectral Howley, Peter was a mistake, and Miss Lawrence was to make others. They were, however, to be on the grand scale, and so was her life.

STNCF the book, like its author on her way to her shower, leaps madly back and forth in time, it isn't easy to keep Miss Lawrence's adventures in any rational sequence. Here she is flying the Atlantic on her way to entertain the troops in France. "How strange," she thinks idly, "was the knowledge that far below was the stretch of

tossing gray ocean I had crossed so many

times." Here she is standing with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to whom a foolish rumor has her engaged, in a crowd outside Buckingham Palace, waiting for news of George V. When a bulletin announces that the King is dead, she is gratified to see a tall young man sweep of! his hat as tears run down his cheeks. "His voice," she notes, "told me he was an American.[5] He was only a colonial, but he wept. In fact, her A m- * thoughts at this period turned often to the United States. "I found a tremendous inter-est in America—a genuine curiosity about what Americans thought, what they were doing and how the}' felt about the British. Everything sent from the U.S.A, hail become extraordinarily valuable and desirable. I don't suppose that at any time since the reign of James I, when the first British colonies were established in America, has the world beyond the Atlantic held out such riches as it does today. The British are rediscovering America."

Once Miss Lawrence came into her dressing room at a London theatre to find the Duke of Kent trying on a foolish blond wig before her mirror while the Prince of Wales was democratically annoying her maid. "P.W., as his intimates referred to him, had fulfilled all the promise I had found in those early photographs of him which I used to pin up beside my mirror. He was debonair, amusing, charming," she writes, adding, more or less cryptically, "At that time, during the early twenties, no one in London had even heard of Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson." It was about this time that she met Captain Philip Astley, who was "everything a knight in armor should be. He was born at Chequers, which is now the official country home of all British Prime Ministers. He was christened in the robes of Oliver Cromwell, and educated at Eton and the Royal Military College, added to which he was desperately good-looking and had unparalleled charm. We had to fall in love with each other. It was as natural and instinctive to us both as it was for us to breathe." Captain Astley was more durable than his predecessors, lasting for almost sixty pages, hut then she found to her horror that he, too, was only feebly stirred by the theatre. There were other considerations, of course. "His career was as important as mine, and it would have been wrecked had he married a divorced woman. Though I was his wife, he could not have brought

me to Court, since etiquette forbade this. He could not

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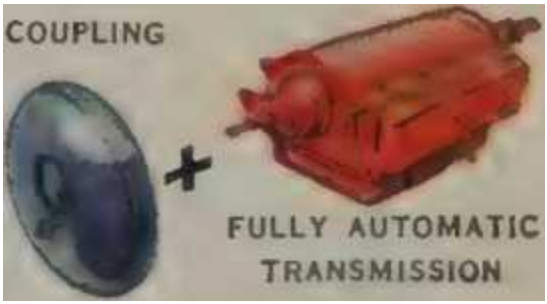

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have entered the Royal Enclosure at Ascot—something which is extremely important to English people of Philip's position. . . . [His] income was not sufficient to pay the heavy expenses of his clubs, his uniforms, and all the obligations connected with his career in Court circles and to support me and a growing daughter." Also, he called Miss Lawrence Dormouse, but she does not list this specifically as a grievance. Anyway, Philip was out of the question.

Fortunately, it was precisely at this vacant moment that Bert 'I aylor, a young man who she enthusiastically but incorrectly thinks was the son of the president of the New York Stock Exchange, came into her life. "This tall, dark-haired, stunning-looking American was like someone one only reads about," Miss Lawrence notes happily. "With a snap of his fingers, a glance, a quiet word, he had the power to bring about miracles. A banker in Bert's position could, and not infrequently did, make a profit of fifty thousand dollars in a

day's trading on the Stock Exchange ; and, exhilarated by this achievement, on his way uptown to his club he would drop in at Cartier's and spend a part of the day's bag on a gorgeous bauble to please the lady of his heart. Is it any wonder that Bert Taylor, who moved habitually in this fantastically luxurious world, should have swept me off my feet?" The dark, repetitive fates, however, were still dogging Miss Lawrence, and it was only a little while before she found herself involved in a familiar and disgusting conversation. "When I come home in the afternoon, I'm tired," said Mr. Taylor, obviously not in the tone of a man accustomed to pass fifty-thousand-dollar miracles. "I want to relax, have dinner, play i a little bridge or something, and 1 then get to bed at a decent hour.

I don't want to sit around alone V all evening until your show is over \ to take you out to supper, and then sit up half the night." Like Captain Astley, he also had a pet name for her. It was Peaches. When the circumstance that he seemed to be engaged to someone else (Captain Astley, too, had had a tiresome way of making alternate arrangements the minute her hack was turned) made it clear that Bert would never do, Miss Lawrence was somewhat discouraged. "Would 1 always be too late for happiness?" she asked herself wearily.

For a while then, she had only more or less dispassionate admirers —William Rhinelander Stewart, who was also capable of quiet miracles and once sent

a florist with orders to plant a garden in her back yard; Jules Glaenzer, the head of Cartier's New York branch and "one of those wonderful people, rare in any country and any society, who—though not artists themselves—are creative in their ability to encourage and develop artists of every sort;" Alexander Woollcott, a big, untidy man, with a lap like a lawn, known to her with fond derision as Uncle Aleck; Ernest Hemingway, who made her think tolerantly of "a rather mischievous small boy whose pockets are full of bits of string, old rusty nails, chewing gum, and maybe a pet toad or two;" George Gershwin, whose only interest in life unfortunately was his own music; and the young Prince of Hyderabad, or Baby, who, with the rather disconcerting humor of the mysterious East, gave her a miniature cannon, which fired lighted cigars, and a gold

kidskin bag containing betel nuts.

In this emotional vacuum, the theatre was always a great consolation to Miss Lawrence. In John van Druten's "Behold We Live," she felt that she had reached a milestone in her career. "I, who had begun in light musical comedy and revues, was now starring as a dramatic actress in a serious role with other truly great actors," she writes, though without the italics. "If there is another actress on the English stage who could give the performance you did on Monday night in Edinburgh, I don't know her," Charles B. Cochran told her after a tryout of Noel Coward's "Private Lives," and Mr. Coward himself sent her a specially bound set of all his plays, bearing the inscription "For Gertie, with my undying gratitude for her exquisite, polished, and sensitive performance of Amanda." Ill in a hos-j pital in Toronto and deluged with flowers from all over the world ■ J (Florenz Ziegfeld sent his daily, on ice), she realized for the first J time that "there was something wonderful in being somebody." The most impressive tribute ever paid her had been the one at the final New York performance of the 1924 "Chariot's Revue." "The whole house stood up and cheered us. They pelted us with flowers. When the audience was finally pushed out of the theatre, several hundred of them merely adjourned to the stage door, where they formed such an imposing mob scene that traffic was clogged in Forty-second Street. When Bea and I came out, laden with flowers, to get into our waiting taxi, we found the roof of the vehicle packed with the more ardent revellers, who escorted us

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"BIO HIM I!

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[1] through the streets of New York singing our own songs to us."

Eventually the script was finished, except for a suitable fadeout, and soon that was provided, too. Happiness came to Miss Lawrence when she was trying out "Skylark" at a summer theatre on Cape Cod. Her producer was Richard Aldrich, a tall young American (all Miss Lawrence's beaux, of course, were tall and young) whom she had met casually in London several years before. "Richard and I took our time," she writes with a rather settled and matronly air. "We both wanted to be very, very sure. I had made one mistake in marriage. I did not want to make another. It was curious about Richard—it was as though he combined in one person the different

things I had found and admired in Philip Astley and Bert Taylor. He was Boston and Harvard, and had been a banker, but above all he loved the theatre. He was the first man in my life who understood what my career in the theatre meant to me— the first man who really understood me. And so we were married." It was perfect. The only note, in fact, that might conceivably distress the Hays Office came in the form of a rather questionable telegram from that perennial bachelor who had always followed her career with passionate, if slightly sardonic, attention:

Dear Mrs. A., Hooray, hooray, At last you are deflowered. On this as every other day I love you—Noel Coward.

—Wolcott Gibbs

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Fates Are Laughing, by W. P. Crozier (Harcourt, Brace). Roman society in the reigns of Tiberius, Caligula, and Claudius, in a lively, extremely informal, yet learned novel. The author, the late editor of the Manchester Guardian, lacks the delicate irony of Robert Graves and he has belabored the plus-sa-change idea too hard (this being, after all, a fairly easy point to get), but he has at the same time created a vivid story of life in the early decades of the Christian era and an understanding of the human motives that underlay it. In spite of some rather awful fixed-up climaxes and occasional melodramatic dialogues, the book is as readable Rs it is informative.

The Stranger, by Maria Kunce-wiczowa, translated from the Polish (Fischer). With considerable sub-

I have had a terrifying experience!

BV T 1? T T T T T F R T T -author of "the interpreter's house", "the delectable r □ 1 I\ U 1 XT £ A □ L' < 1 mountains" and two dozen other books

HIS IS how it was. One day in New York I met a Pole named Arthur Szyk.

He had had an interesting history. Born in Warsaw, as a young man he had fought in the Polish army, and then he had become a famous miniaturist. His cartoons show the latter fact: the detail, the precise, jewel-like quality.

When the Germans struck at his native country, he had been living in England for a number of years, and before he could take a breath, all his immediate family in Warsaw had been wiped out-murdered—including his aged mother, and all his wife's immediate family—eight—had been wiped out, except one brother serving w ith the Russian army. With that, the miniaturist became a

cartoonist, dedicated to fighting the horror that was threatening the world. And because he had dedicated himself, he came to America, as it seemed to him that America was the strongest fortress of democracy extant. People who are really dedicated do not as a rule talk much about it. People who have tasted the dregs of W'retchedness and horror are as a rule silent It is the unscathed who argue. The cartoonist is a small, round, smiling, gentle man.

You have heard the wise and ancient Chinese saying that "one picture is worth a thousand words." In the last war there had been the cartoons of Rae-makers, the great Belgian, and the cartoons of Bruce Bairnsfather, and it had been generally agreed that they had been worth at

least fifteen divisions. Well, this Pole had made some drawings of the Germans, of the Japs, of Mussolini; wonderful drawings, these, by a wonderful artist. But a few words were necessary, and so I was asked to do them. I was asked to do them because, before the last war, I had gone to a German university, and because, ever since, German "kulture" had troubled and alarmed me.

V Mi His drawings terrified me, although tliey were beautiful! I would think of the cartoonist, and his wife, and the millions and millions in Europe who know now what murder is. Gentle people like the cartoonist; good people; people who had done no harm. For the cartoonist and his w ife are only two amongst a multitude. And

I kept thinking about the creeping horror, too, and how unless we learned to face it, and analyze it, and realize it, and hate it for what it is, with the bitter and unbending contempt it deserves, sooner or later it would catch up with us again.

fying? J do. So I went back to North Carolina, and wrote a long comment about Arthur Szyk's drawings, to put into a book which would tell America the origin, the real design, of the creeping horror that twice within thirty years has threatened the world. Twice within thirty years! More than forty times w ithout due cause the Germans have attacked Europe. Of late, attacking the whole world.

Now, the significance of this, the real face of the horror, what is back of it, and what it has done to the world, and what it will continue to do unless finally checked, is at long last, and after many centuries, known to all nations engaged in fighting it except ourselves. You do not have to tell the Poles, the Russians, the Greeks, the Norwegians, the English, the French; they know by dreadful, intimate contact. But w'e Americans are still somewhat

aloof, even too many of our fighting men. We do not know what it is to have our wives and daughters raped, we do not know what it is to have our houses burned, and our neighbors shot. We do not know starvation and hopeless disease, and concentration camps, and the cold despair of unreturnable insult. But that Pole, Arthur Szyk, seeks to tell us, in his beautiful and terrifying drawings; and I have tried to help him in writing the text of the book to be called "Ink & Blood."

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will later be followed by a cheap edition. But this first edition will be beautifully produced, handsomely printed on all-rag paper, bound in levant morocco, and each copy inscribed to the purchaser by Arthur Szyk. And this first edition will be limited to one thousand copies only, at twenty-five dollars per copy. This is the first, and the only, announcement of what may become a priceless limited edition. So this is your chance, to fill out the Order Form now and reserve your copy:

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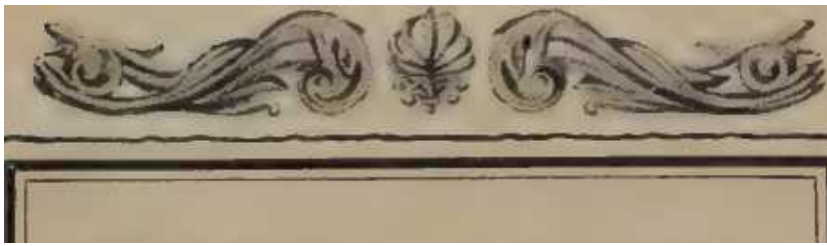

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tlety, the author conveys the tangle of emotions in the heart of an egocentric woman who builds her entire life around dreams of an unfulfilled love affair. In an imaginative introduction, Storm Jameson suggests that the Polish heroine, whose life has been twisted by a childhood exile to Russia, is a sort of symbol of Poland and that the lack of security, the memories of defeat, the unsatisfied hungers of the undisciplined girl are a reflection of the history of that unhappy country. An interesting study, even without the allegorical significance Miss Jameson attaches to it.

So Well Remembered, by James Hilton (Little, Brown). Mr. Hilton has cut out for himself quite a job by taking on, as a central character, a dull and highly moral middle-aged fellow and making him extremely likable. The novel is mostly concerned with this hero, his admirable interest in slum clearance, and his strange wife, who leaves him to marry another man. In time, the second marriage produces a son, who is badly shdt up in the war and thus affords Mr. Hilton an opportunity for some of his mild hut sincere moralizing. Not much of a story, really, but turned out as deftly as you would expect of an author who knows all the tricks of narrative.

Identity Unknown, by Robert Newman (Ziff-Davis). A wounded

American soldier regains consciousness in an Army hospital in Italy without being able to remember his name (his identification tag has been shot off) or anything of his past. Four dog tags were found at the scene of the engagement in which he was wounded, and when he is returned to the United States, he makes a pilgrimage to the families of the soldiers whose names are on these tags, in the hope that one of the men will turn out to be himself. This potentially moving theme of a man searching for his past has been made into a sticky little confection which Hollywood has already claimed as its own.

GENERAL *

The Dawn of Liberation, by the Right Honourable Winston S. Churchill (Little, Brown). The right honourable author can turn out a right honourable piece of rhetoric when he gets up a head of steam, which doesn't seem to be a hard job for him, and this collection of his speeches, messages, and broadcasts during the fifth year of the war pro

vides some notable examples of that old and compelling art. It also provides a glimpse of history in the making, history after the making, and some revealing insights into the workings of one of the most interesting minds of our time. A companion volume to the recent Prime Minister's "Blood, Sweat, and Tears," "The Unrelenting Struggle," "The End of the Beginning," and "Onwards to Victory."

The Japanese Nation, by John F. Embree (Farrar & Rinehart). The Japanese nation has been examined, reexamined, and re-reexamined so many times by so many people and from so many points of view that anv further activity in that direction would seem rather unnecessary. Mr. Embree, however, proves that if a writer knows his subject and knows more about writing than merely how to put periods after sentences and arrange sentences into paragraphs, he can always add something to what has been said. The author adds a great deal in this book, which outlines the Japanese social structure and shows how that structure is related to the behavior of the Japanese. All in all, perhaps the best book by an American on the subject.

China's Crisis, by Lawrence K. Rosinger (Knopf). China today, by

one of the Foreign Policy Association's experts on the Far East. Mr. Rosinger goes over the usual ground —China's military, political, and economic position—but he turns over the good earth with much more than the usual skill. His analysis of China's place in the world, and its relations with the powers that have come to be known as the Big Three, alone makes his book worth reading.

Poor Man's Doctor, by Lewis R. Tryon (Prentice-Hall). The story of a man who has spent most of his life practicing medicine among the farmers and miners of Pennsylvania, with time out to fight typhus in Estonia after the first World War. Dr. Tryon's candor and informality, and his picture of our miners and how they live, more than make up for his book's lack of drama and the slapdash, happy-go-lucky writing.

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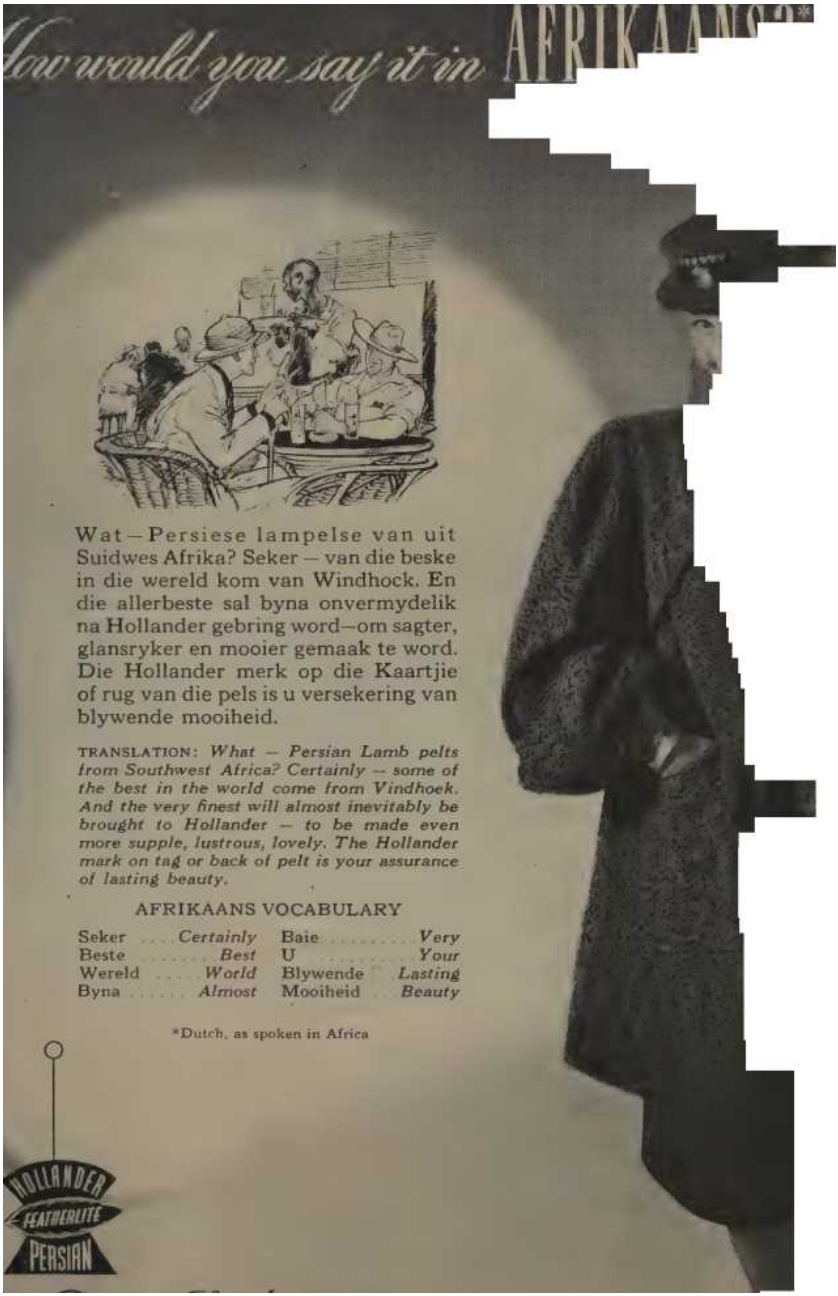
How would you say it in AFRIKAANS?*
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Beste ... Best
Wereld ... World
Byna ... Almost
Baie ... Very
U ... Your
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Baie

*Dutch, as spoken in Africa

Blywende Mooiheid

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Certainly . . . . Best . . . World . Almost

. . Very . . Your Lasting Beauty

TRANSLATION: What — Persian Lamb pelts from Southwest Africa? Certainly — some of the best in the world come from Vindhoek. And the very finest will almost inevitably be brought to Hollander — to be made even more supple, lustrous, lovely. The Hollander mark on tag or back of pelt is your assurance of lasting beauty. t

Wat —Persiese lampelse van uit Suidwes Afrika? Seker — van die beske in die wereld kom van Windhoek. En die allerbeste sal byna onvermydelik na Hollander gebring word—om sagter, glansryker en mooier gemaak te word. Die Hollander merk op die Kaartjie of rug van die pels is u versekering van blywende mooiheid.

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WORLD'S LARGEST BLENDERS AND DYERS OF PRECIOUS FURS

THE THEATRE

(E. and W, mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. Reopens Mon., Aug. 13. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 140.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her older sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. The cast includes Augusta Dabney and Lenore Lonergan. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. anil Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading role is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. Cl 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35-)

The Late George Apley—An adaptation of the Mar-quand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is

still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe in the title role. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father-—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big show about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. The cast includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein JI have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with highly agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44. W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Marinka—The tragedy at Mayerling has been provided with a happy ending and set to music. Rather routine but probably fair enough for the hot months. With Joan Roberts. Harry Stock-well, Romo Vincent, and Luba Malina. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)
Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the

Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein 1J and Richard

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR.

OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 18.

Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With

Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (Martin Beck. 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—-An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a good job. With Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2130.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Tee," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center. 6 Ave. at 49- CO 5-5474- Sun. Eves, at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places at which you'll find dance music, and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before

DEPARTMENT IN THI5 I55UE

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THE NEV YORKER

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ADVERTISING * SIBICRIFTIONJ. BRYANT 9-6300 EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-6200

starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice or less.) Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra playing its polite dance music in this cool and subterranean summerhouse.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An old favorite is again in business, especially when Cardini (one of our more expert magicians) is onstage. Henry King's orchestra for soothing dance music.

Cafe Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)— Paula Laurence, Josh White, Beatrice Kraft, and Edmond Hall's band in a fine demonstration of what night life should be like. Closes for the summer on Sun., Aug. 12.

Cafe Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737) —This timeless cavern has Imogene Coca and her cantankerous comedy, jazz piano by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson, and music by John Kirby's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Here the dress-for-dinner contingent is making its last, desperate stand. Joe D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Newly reopened, and newly redecorated in the opulent Larue fashion. Music by the bands of Eddie Davis, who will tiever need redecorating, and Gil Murray.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and most luxurious sunken living rooms, fitted out mostly with a chromium-plated clientele. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band play non-stop music.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, up to his old mind-reading business (very neatj, is in the elegant Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra plays pleasantly for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Cafe Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Jimmy Savo, all in his finest disarray. Music, as if that were necessary, by Garwood Van's

orchestra. ... Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The way heaven would look in the hands of a good interior decorator. Reasonably celestial dance music by Paul Sparr's orchestra.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The elaborate Cafe Lounge presents a lot of vocal choruses accompanied by the sweet music of London's Roy Fox and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every day.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—At least, it keeps the kiddies off the street. Eric Correa's orchestra and Alberto Linno's rumba band are on hand all evening.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Jane Pickens doing a standard soprano act at the supper hour on the Starlight Roof. George Olsen's orchestra takes care of the dance music all evening, and Mischa Borr's orchestra helps out at supper. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the coo rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing. .. . i-z-a club, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): strictly for conversationalists, who will be only mildly interrupted by Roger Stearns' genteel piano; no dancing. . . . spivy's roof, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy, still talking those songs about what shouldn t happen to a dog, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets; no dancing. ... Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Dick Smart and a show full of delectable young ladies who sometimes seem tired of it all; dance music by Joe Ricardel's orchestra. . . . casino russe, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is— well—Russian entertainment; Cornelius Co lol-ban's orchestra. ... el chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): good Spanish dishes and even better Spanish music. . . . Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): a routine show, with Mitzi Green, plus Enric Madriguera's lush orchestra and Joel Herron's matter-of-fact one. . . . astor roof, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000) : large, cool, and full of helter-skelter young people, egged on by Gene Krupa's orchestra. . . Essex house, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300) : Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . NEW YORKER hotel, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Chuck Foster's orchestra

and an ice show. . . . Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Woody Herman's orchestra. . . . Roosevelt, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Warm weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its open-air deck and its tremendous view of the harbor, has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXI, No. 26, August 11, 1945. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1945, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada. $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

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indicated—At nick's, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Russell. Miff Mole, and their compatriots making the temperature twenty degrees hotter inside. . . . village vanguard, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): hard to tell from a hole in the ground, but nicely fitted out with Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. ...DOWNBEAT, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Benny Morton and his teammates. Billie Holiday, and Al Casey's new trio; dancing. . . . onyx, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith's trio, and Hot Lips Page huffing, puffing, and blowing the house down. ...jimmy ryan's, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio that includes Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing.

At Fresco—The claremont inn, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600): just for the coolness and the fine view of the Hudson. Dance music by a couple of small orchestras. . . . tavern-on-the-greeen, Central Pk. W. at 67 (RH 4-4700): a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then.

A few sidewalk cafes: brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; fifth avenue hotel, 5 Ave. at 9; longchamps, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

Groups—At the babcock, 38 E. 57: new paintings by members of the gallery's group; also, a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . contemporary arts, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who

have had their first one-man shows here. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Fri., Aug. 17. . .. ferargil, 63 E. 57: oils and water colors from Thomas Eakins to the present. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . kootz, 15 E. 57: the gallery's group, including such artists as William Baziotes, Fernand Leger, and Byron Browne. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . kraushaar, 32 E. 57: a summer show by Louis Bouche, Russell Cowles, Iver Rose, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . midtown, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . milch, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Sept. 15 . o'connor, 640 Madison, at 59: a miscellaneous group of European and American artists, including Velasquez, Ghislandi, Rosa Bonheur, and George Luks. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . passedoit, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, Jose de Creeft, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . perls, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Sept. 8. . . . rosenberg, 16 E. 57: nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Aug. 31.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—The Greek collection, arranged in a new setting to show the development of Greek art; also, prints and drawings by Goya; and (through Sept. 3). an exhibition, sponsored by the Treasury Department, of paintings and drawings of the war in the Pacific, by American artists. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.

Museum of Modern Art, ii W. 53—Fourteen paintings by van Gogh, owned by the artist's nephew (through Aug. 26); also, a large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture (through Nov. 4). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 p.m.; through Sept. 15.

War Art—Paintings centering on the activities of the U.S. Medical Corps, by twelve American artists, including Joseph Hirsch. Peter Blume, John Steuart Curry, and Francis Criss; sponsored by Abbott Laboratories: International Bldg., mezzanine floor. Rockefeller Center. Weekdays ii am. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 6 p.m.; through Sun., Aug. 12.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Final programs (tentative)— Philharmonic-Symphony: Alexander Smallens conducting, through Sun., Aug. 12; conductor to be announced. Mon. and Tues.. Aug. 1314. Soloists: Mischa Elman, violin, Aug. 9; John Corig-liano, violin, Aug. 12. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 p.m. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 p.m. over WNYC. Fifth Avenue buses marked "Stadium" leave Washington Square at frequent intervals weekdays be-

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 18.

tween 6:44 and 7:32 p.m. and Sun. between 6:31 and 7 :3i p.m.)

Berkshire Festival—The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Aug. 11, at 8:30 p.m., and Sun., Aug. 12, at 3:30 p.m. Soloists: William Kroll, violin, and Jascha Veissi, viola, Aug. 11; Robert Casadesus, piano, Aug. 12. (Tanglewood, between Stockbridge and Lenox, Mass.)

Goldman Band—Final concerts—Fri. and Sun., Aug. 10 and 12, at 8:30 p.m. (Central Park Mall.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the polo grounds: Giants vs. St. Louis, through Sat., Aug. u, at 2:30 p.m.; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Sun., Aug. 12 (doubleheader), at 2:05 p.m., Mon., Aug. 13, at 8:45 p.m.. and Tues., Aug. 14, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Wed., Aug. 15 (doublebeader), at 1.30 p.m., Thurs., Aug. 16, at 8:45 p m., Fri. and Sat., Aug. 17-18, at 2:30 p.m. . . . ebbets field: Dodgers vs.

Cincinnati. Thurs., Aug. 9 (doubleheader), at 1 :3c p.m., Fri. and Sat., Aug. 10-11, at 2 :3O p.m. ; Dodgers vs. St. Louis. Sun., Aug. 12 (doubleheader), at 2:05 p.m., Mon. and Tues., Aug. 13-• 14, at 2:30 p.m.; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Wed. through Sat., Aug. 15-18, at 2:30 p.m.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Jake La Motta vs. Jose Basora. middleweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Aug. 10; Johnny Greco vs. Tony Janiro, welterweights, 8 rounds, Fri., Aug. 17. (Preliminaries at 8:30 p.m.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

Golf—Metropolitan Amateur Championship, match play rounds. Garden City G.C., Garden City, L.I., Sat. and Sun., Aug. 11-12.... Long Island Golf Association Mixed Foursomes Championship, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I., Thurs., Aug. 16.

Racing—Saratoga meet at Belmont, weekdays at 1:15 p.m., through Sept. 1. (United States Hotel, Travers Stakes, and war-fund benefit day. Aug. 11; Whitney Stakes, Aug. 15; Alabama Stakes, Aug. 16; Saratoga Special, and Saratoga Handicap, Aug. 18.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 a.m. and 1:10 p.m. and Sat. between 10:45 a.m. and 12:4g P.M.

Tennis—Eastern Grass Court Championships, Westchester C.C.. Rye, N.Y., through Sun., Aug. 12.

Trotting—At Goshen. N.Y., Thurs., Aug. 9, at 1:30 P.M. For information about trains, call the Erie Railroad in Jersey City. Journal Square 2-4600. ...Saratoga, N.Y., weekdays at 8:15 p.m.; through Aug. 25. . . . Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., daily, starting Fri., Aug. 10. at 8:40 p.m. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

Yachting—Marblehead Race Week, through Sat., Aug. 11. . . . Championship Regatta on the Sound: Huguenot Y.C., Sun., Aug. 12 at 2 p.m.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the Chrysler bldg., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of U.S. Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets,

and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 p.m., continuous showings of recent Army and Navy films. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., II A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunair-structor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.; through Sept. 15.

Flower Show -An exhibition of gladioli: Horticultural Society, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor), Thurs., Aug. 9, from 10 A.M. to 5 p.m.

Housing-—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 7 p.m.; through Sept. 30.

Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104— Prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built some of New York's early omnibuses, horsecars, subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in documents, photographs, and uniform equipment: Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.; through Sept. 30.

Planetarium—"A Trip to the Moon" is the title of the August lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 p.m.; Sat. at 11 a.m. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 p.m.; Sun. at 2, 3 > 4, 5, and 8:30 p.m.

ON THE AIR

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, Sun., Aug. 12, at 3 p.m., WABC. , . . Stadium Concert, Fri., Aug. 10, at 8:30 p.m., WNYC, . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Aug. 11, at 8:30 p.m., WJZ. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra. Sat., Aug. 11 and 18, at 5 p.m., WJZ. . . . Fritz Kreisler, Mon., Aug. 13, at 9 p.m., WEAF.

Sports—Boxing: Jake LaMotta vs. Jose Basora, Fri., Aug. 10; Johnny Greco vs. Tony Janiro, Fri., Aug. 17; at 10 p.m., WOR. . . . Racing: Travers Stakes, Sat., Aug. 11; Saratoga Handicap, Sat., Aug. 18; at 4:15 p.m., WEAF.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8 p.m., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Wed. at 10:45 p.m., WJZ. ... Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 p.m., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues, through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 p.m., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from Europe), Sun. at 1:45 p.m., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 p.m., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 p.m., WEAF. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 p.m., WABC. ...Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 p.m., WHN. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 p.m. (starting Mon., Aug. 13), WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

Along Came Jones—Gary Cooper on horseback again in a mildly amusing Western cooked up by Nunnally Johnson. With Loretta Young and Dan Duryea. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Tues., Aug. 14.)

A Bell for Adano—This version of John Hersey's novel loses some force by emphasizing the comedy, but it's still worth seeing. With John Hodiak, Gene Tierney, and William Bendix. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., Aug. '5-)

Junior Miss—Sally Benson's series about a little girl who tries to rearrange life in terms of the cinema has been very pleasantly adapted for the screen. With Peggy Ann Garner. (Rivoli, B'way at 49-)

Rhapsody in Blue—The life of George Gershwin as it might have been if he hadn't wasted so much time playing the piano. The old songs, however, still sound fine. With Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

The Way Ahead—This account (not a documentary) of how young Englishmen were trained for war is a fine and exciting picture, though unfortunately dated With David Niven. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., Aug. 10. ... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 12-14.)

Without Love—It's hard to believe that Philip Barry would recognize this Donald Ogden Stewart version as his Broadway play, but it's still very lively and amusing just the same. With Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Wed., Aug. 11-15.)

Wonder Man—Danny Kaye as twins in a stylish ghost story with incidental music. Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, and Allen Jenkins are in the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

REVIVALS

Arrowsmith (1931)—Sinclair Lewis's story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. With Helen Hayes and Ronald Colman. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50: through Sat., Aug. 11. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; Sun. through Wed., Aug. 12-15.)

Chapayev (1935)—Russian melodrama of a minor revolutionary hero. In Russian. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., Aug. 15.)

48 Hours (1944) — British film about an imaginary invasion by German paratroops. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and Elizabeth Allan. (Normandie, Park at 53; through Fri., Aug. 10.)

The Great Moment (1944) — Biography of the first painless dentist. Betty Field and Joel McCrea. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; and 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Thurs., Aug. 9.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and James

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You naturally hear Coca-Cola called by its friendly abbreviation "Coke". Both mean the quality prodi uct of The Coca-Cola Company.

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THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY. AUGUST 9. THROUGH SATURDAY. AUGUST 18.

Gleason. (Normandie, Park at 53; Sat. and Sun., Aug. 11-1)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame (1939)—Charles Laughton, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Maureen O'Hara in medieval Paris. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 12-14.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 11-13.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Thalia, B way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 10-13.)

Our Hearts Were Young ano Gat (1944)—Innocents abroad in the 1920's. Gail Russell and Diana Lynn. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., Aug. 10.)

Passage to Marseille (1944)—Adventures among the Fighting French, with Humphrey Bogart and Michele Morgan. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Aug. 11.)

The Song of Bernadette (1944)—The story of I.ourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., Aug. 9. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Aug. 10. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 10-n. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues, through Thurs., Aug. 1416.)

Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 9.)

That Shall Have Music (1939)—Now called "Ragged Angels." Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Sat., Aug. 11. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; Sun. through Wed., Aug. 12-15.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Aug. 10.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Bronte moors. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 10-13.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 p.m. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 p.m. on the following schedule—thurs., aug. t: "Public Enemy" (1931),

with James Cagney. . . . fri. through sun., aug. id-12: “Madchen in Uniform” (1931), with Dorothea Wieck. . . . mon. through thurs., aug. 13-1*. “Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise” (1931), with Greta Garbo. . . . from fri., aug. n: “Wild Boys of the Road” (1933), directed by William Wellman.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Service Men—New York City residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers’ Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, Municipal Bldg., Room 1836, Chambers St. (WO 2-5600, Ext. 167).

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of. the moment. At the civilian defense volunteer office, i E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men to give as much time as they can spare, during the day or evening, repairing and painting furniture for Army recreation centers; women to work one morning or afternoon a week as nursery assistants and recreation aides in child-care centers. . . . red cross, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work four daytime hours a week as dietitians’ aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses’ aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . .

AMERICAN women's VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): men and women to serve as hospital aides, assisting disabled patients to and from physiotherapy wards; women to act as recreation leaders with young people's groups in settlement houses. . . . united hospital fund, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least eight hours a week, day or evening, as aides in children's wards, or, during the day, as clinic and library aides; men to give as much time as they can spare during the day or evening as orderlies. . . . American women's hospitals reserve corps, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

Harvesters—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during late August and September. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

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Salvage—Food cans, as well as wastepaper which is vitally needed for plasma, ammunition, and medicine containers, should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two red ration tokens for every pound you turn in. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs ano Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas continues to be acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66, New York 21, has issued an appeal for old sheets, pillow cases, or other white material which can be used for hospital dressings. . . .American Relief for France is collecting clothing and bedding to send to destitute families overseas. Contributions should be sent to the organization's workshop, at 15 E. 24, New York 10. . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. They should be mailed to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220. .. . The American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps, 817 Madison, at 68, New York 21 (RE 70100), has issued an appeal to stamp collectors and business houses to send in foreign and unusual domestic postage stamps, which will be distributed to hospitalized veterans who wish to start collections. . . . The Red Cross is asking for portable radios, typewriters, records, and camera equipment for military hospitals. Contributions should be sent or taken to 315 Lexington Ave., at 38, New York 16. . . . The Army needs dogs weighing fifty-five to eighty-five pounds and from fourteen months to three-and-one-half years old for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. The appeal is direct'd locally to suburban dog-owners only, until the rabies quarantine in New York City is lifted. For information, write to the Chief of the Remount Branch, Office of the Quartermaster General, Washington, D. C.

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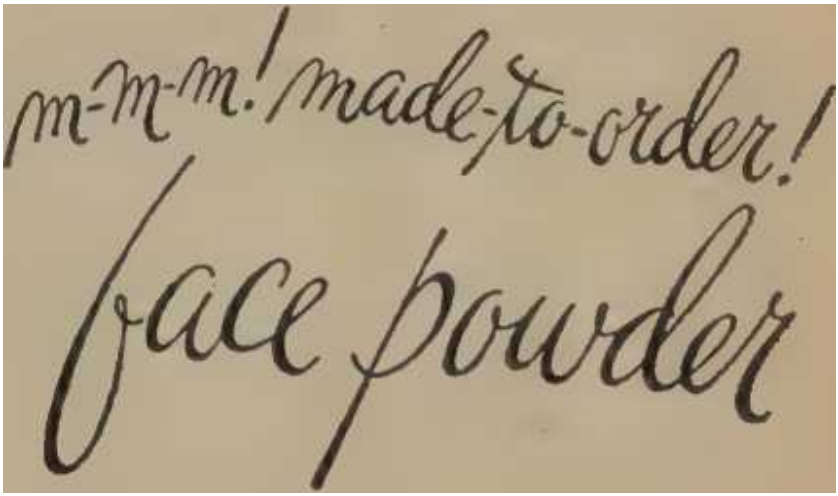

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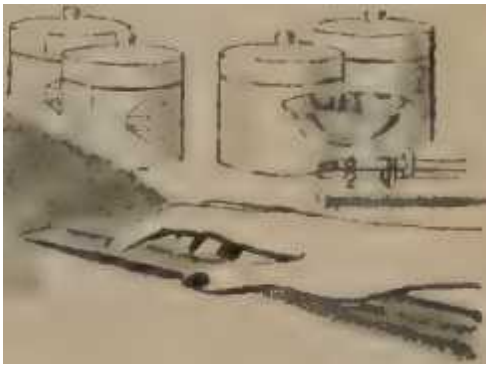

LON 0 O N

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B’way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—wonder man, Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen.

Capitol, B’way at 51 (CO 51250)—“Anchors Aweigh,” Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly.

Criterion, B’way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—Through Tues., Aug. 14: "A Thousand and One Nights,” Evelyn Keyes. Cornel Wilde. . . . From Wed., Aug. 15 (tentative): “Bewitched,” Phyllis Thax-tcr, Edmund Gwenn.

Globe, B’way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—Through Fri., Aug. 17 (tentative): “The Great John L.,” Greg McClure, Linda Darnell.

Gotham, B’way at 47 (CI 5-9516)—“Why Girls Leave Home,” Pamela Blake, Lola Lane.

Hollywood, B’way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—rhapsody in blue, Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Tues., Aug. 14: along came jones, Loretta Young, Gary Cooper. . . . From Wed., Aug. 15 (tentative) : “Back to Bataan,” John Wayne, Anthony Quinn.
Paramount, B’way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—“Incendiary Blonde,” Betty Hutton, Arturo de Cordova.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600) — Through Wed., Aug. 15: a bell for adano, Gene Tierney, John Hodiak, William Bendix.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (Cl 7-1633)—junior miss, Peggy Ann Garner, Allyn Joslyn.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—"Captain Eddie," Fred MacMurray.

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., Aug. 15: "The Valley of Decision," Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Donald Crisp.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—"Christmas in Connecticut," Dennis Morgan, Barbara Stanwyck, Sydney Greenstreet.

Victoria, B'way at 46 (CI 6-7429)—"Don Juan Quilligan," Joan Biondell, William Bendix.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL. ETC.

Alden, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)-—Through Sat., Aug. 11: "Mister V," revival, Leslie Howard; also "One Heavenly Night," revival, Evelyn Laye, John Boles. . . . Sun. and Mon., Aug. 12-13: "Lost Angel," revival, Margaret O'Brien; also "I Cover the Waterfront," revival, Claudette Colbert, Ben Lyon. . . . Tues, and Wed., Aug. 14-15: "Molly and Me," Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley; also "The Stars Look Down." revival, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave.
Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50 (EL 5-8790)—Through Sat., Aug. 11: Arrowsmith, revival, Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman; also they shall have music (now called "Ragged Angels"), revival, Jascha Heifetz. ...Sun. through Tues., Aug. 12-14: the hunchback of notre dame, revival. Charles Laughton; also "You'll Never Get Rich," revival, Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth. . . . From Wed., Aug. 15: "A Song to Remember," Merle Oberon, Paul Muni.

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (GR 5-9738)— Revivals—Through Tues., Aug. 14: "Pagliacci," Richard Tauber; also "Claudine" (in French), Blanchette Brunoy. . . . From Wed., Aug. 15: Chapayev (in Russian) ; also "Marseillaise" (in French), Pierre Renoir, Louis Jouvet.

55th Street Playhouse, 154 w. 55 (CO 5-9438)— Revivals—“Volga-Volga,” Russian musical film; other film to be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)—Through Fri., Aug. 10: “A Song to Remember.” Merle Oberon, Paul Muni. ... From Sat., Aug. 11: “Halfway House,” Fran90i.se Rosay, Mervyn Johns.

Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—“Military Secret” (in Russian).

Thalia, B’way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Revivals— Thurs., Aug. 9: “Private Worlds,” Charles Boyer, Claudette Colbert; also “Break of Hearts,” Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer. ... Fri. through Mon., Aug. 10-13: mayerling, Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux; also wuthering heights, Merle Oberon. Laurence Olivier. . . . From Tues., Aug. 14: “Waterloo Bridge,” Vivien Leigh, Robert Taylor; also “The Stars Lock Down,” Margaret Lock wood, Michael Redgrave.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Through Fri., Aug. 10: our hearts were young and gay, revival, Gail Rus-sell, Diana Lynn. . . . Sat. through Mon.. Aug. 11-13: the informer, revival, Victor McLaglen. . . . Tues, and Wed., Aug. 14-15: ' They Met in the Dark,” Joyce Howard, James Mason.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660) — Through Sat., Aug. 11: “The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young. Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall; “The Brighton Strangler,” June Duprez, John Loder. . . . Sun. through Tues., Aug. 12-14: to be announced. . . . From Wed., Aug. 15: “Pillow to Post,” Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet; also “Escape in the Desert,” Philip Dorn. Helmut Dantine.

Lcew's 42no Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865) — Through Sat., Aug. 11: “Son of Lassie,” Peter Lawford. Donald Crisp; also “It’s in the Bag,” Fred Allen, Jack Benny. . . . Sun. and Mon., Aug. 12-13: "The Horn Blows at Midnight,” Jack Benny, Alexis Smith; also “Flame of Barbary Coast,” Ann Dvorak, John Wayne. . . . Tues and Wed., Aug. 14-15: “Road to Alcatraz,” June Storey, Robert Lowery; also “One Body Too Many,” Jack Haley, Jean Parker, Bela Lugosi. Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Wed., Aug. 15:

"Bring On the Girls," Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, Eddie Bracken; also "Min-

AT THE MOVIE HOU5E5

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 4, UNDER “MOTION PICTURES.”

istry of Fear,” Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds. Trans-lux 52no Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)

■—Through Fri., Aug. 10: "The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall. . . . Sat. through Mon., Aug. 11-13; "You'll Never Get Rich,” revival, Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth. . . . From Tues., Aug. 14: "Till We Meet Again,” revival, Barbara Britton, Ray Milland.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Through Fri., Aug. 10: Re hours, revival, Leslie Banks, Elizabeth Allan. ... Sat. and Sun., Aug. 11-12: here comes mr. Jordan, revival, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains. . . . Mon. and Tues., Aug. 13-14: "Diamond Horseshoe,” Betty Grable, Dick Haymes. . . . From Wed., Aug. 15: "The Clock,” Judy Garland, Robert Walker.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Through Fri., Aug. 10: the it steps, revival, Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat. . . . Sat. through Mon., Aug. 11-13: “The Clock,” Judy Garland, Robert Walker. . . . From Tues., Aug. 14: “Desert Song,” revival, Dennis Morgan, Irene Manning.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)— Through Wed., Aug. 15: “China Sky,” Randolph Scott, Ruth Warrick; also "The Body Snatcher,” Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)-—Through Fri., Aug. 10: the way ahead, David Niven. . . . Sat. through Wed.. Aug. 11-15: “Practically Yours,” Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)— Through Fri., Aug. 10: the song of Bernadette, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price. . . . Sat. through Wed., Aug. 11-15: without love, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)— Through Wed., Aug. 15: “Bring On the Girls,” Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, Eddie Bracken; also "Ministry of Fear,” Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., Aug. 9: “Earl Carroll’s Vanities,” Constance Moore, Dennis O’Keefe; also “Dillinger,” Lawrence Tierney, Edmund Lowe. . . . Fri. and Sat., Aug. 10-11: the song of Bernadette, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price. . . . Sun. and Dion., Aug. 12-13: “The Stars Look Down,” revival, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave; also “One Heavenly Night,” revival, Evelyn Laye, John Boles. . . . From Tues., Aug. 14: “The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall; also "The Brighton Strangler,” June Duprez, John Loder.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)— Through Sat., Aug. 11: “Till We Meet Again,” revival, Barbara Britton, Ray Milland. . . . Sun. through Tues., Aug 12-14: the way ahead, David Niven. ... From Wed., Aug. 15: “Practically Yours,” Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)— Through Mon., Aug. 13: “China Sky,” Randolph Scott, Ruth Warrick; also “The Body Snatcher,” Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi. . . . Tues, and Wed., Aug. 1415: “Th, Bullfighters,” Laurel and Hardy; also “Mr. Muggs Rides Again,” the East Side Kids.

Loews 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)— Through Fri., Aug. 10: “The Horn Blows at Midnight,” Jack Benny, zXlexis Smith; also

“Flame of Barbary Coast,” Ann Dvorak, John Wayne. . . . Sat. through Tues., Aug. 11-14: “This Man’s Navy,” Wallace Beery; also “Counter-Attack,” Paul Muni. Marguerite Chapman. ...Wed., Aug. 15: “High Powered,” Robert Lowery, Phyllis Brooks; also "Penthouse Rhythm,” Lois Collier.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., Aug. 13: “Son of Lassie,” Peter Lawford, Donald Crisp; also “It’s in the Bag,” Fred Allen, Jack Benny. ... Tues, and Wed., Aug. 14-15? “Road to Alcatraz,” June Storey, Robert Lowery; also "One Body Too Many,” Jack Haley, Jean Parker, Bela Lugosi.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3 (CH 3-9019)—Thurs., Aug. 9: the great moment, revival, Betty Field, Joel

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McCrea; also "Practically Yours,” Claudette Colbert. Fred MacMurray. . . . Fri. through Sun., Aug. 10-12: “The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young. Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall; also “The Brighton Strangler,” June Duprez, John Loder. . . . Mon. and Tues., Aug. 13-14: "I’ll Be Seeing You,” Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple; also “Escape in the Fog,” Otto Kruger. . . . From Wed., Aug. 15: “Counter-Attack.” Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman; also “This Man’s Navy,” Wallace Beery.

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs., Aug. 9: the great moment, revival, Betty Field, Joel McCrea. . . . Fri. through Mon., Aug. 10-13: “Practically Yours,” Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray. ... Tues, and Wed.. Aug. 14-15: “Counter-Attack,” Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., Aug. 13: “Son of Lassie,” Peter Lawford, Donald.Crisp; also “It’s in the Bag,” Fred Allen, Jack Benny. ... Tues, and Wed., Aug. 14-15: “Road to Alcatraz,” June Storey, Robert Lowery; also “One Body Too Many,” Jack Haley, Jean Parker, Bela Lugosi.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350) — Thurs., Aug. 9:

stage door, revival, Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou; also "Swiss Family Robinson," revival, Thomas Mitchell, Freddie Bartholomew. . . . Fri. through Mon., Aug. 10-13: "The Enchanted Cottage," Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall; also "The Brighton Strangler," June Duprez, John Loder. ... From Tues., Aug. 14: the song of bernadette, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 2 3 (CH 2-3440)— Through Mon., Aug. 13: "China Sky," Randolph Scott, Ruth Warrick; also "The Body Snatcher," Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi. . . . Tues, and Wed., Aug. 14-15: "The Bullfighters," Laurel and Hardy; also "Mr. Muggs Rides Again," the East Side Kids.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., Aug. 11: passage to Marseille, revival, Humphrey Bogart, Michele Morgan, Sydney Greenstreet; also "When You're in Love," revival, Grace Moore, Cary Grant. . . . Sun. and Mon., Aug. 12-13: "The Chicago Kid," Otto Kruger; also "Ten Cents a Dance," Jane Frazee. . . . From Tues., Aug. 14: "This Man's Navy," Wallace Beery; also "Counter-Attack," Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman.

77th Street, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Sat., Aug. 11 : "The Horn Blows at Midnight," Jack Benny, Alexis Smith; also "Flame of Barbary Coast," Ann Dvorak, John Wayne. . . . Sun. through Wed., Aug. 12-15: Arrowsmith, revival, Helen Hayes, Ronald Colman; also they shall have music (now called "Ragged Angels"), revival, Jascha Heifetz.

R K (J. 81st Street, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)— Through Wed., Aug. 15: "China Sky," Randolph Scott, Ruth Warrick; also "The Body Snatcher," Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi.

Loew's 83ro Street, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)— Through Wed., Aug. 15: "Bring On the Girls." Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, Eddie Bracken; also "Ministry of Fear," Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds.

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696) — Thurs., Aug. 9: the song of bernadette, revival. Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price. . . . Fri. through Mon., Aug. 10-13: "Diamond Horseshoe," Betty Grable, Dick Haymes; also "The Scarlet Clue," Sidney Toler. . . . Tues, and

Wed., Aug. 14-15: “Forever and a Day,” revival, all-star cast including Ida Lupino, Brian Aherne, Merle Oberon, and Charles Laughton; also "The Fallen Sparrow,” revival, Maureen O’Hara, John Garfield.

Stoddard, B’way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—-Through Tues., Aug. 14: “This Man’s Navy,” Wallace Beery; also “Counter-Attack,” Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman. . . . From Wed., Aug. 15: "Son of Lassie,” Peter Lawford, Donald Crisp; also “It’s in the Bag,” Fred Allen, Jack Benny.

Riverside, B’way at 96 (RI 9-9861)— Through Wed., Aug. 15: “China Sky,” Randolph Scott, Ruth Warrick; also “The Body Snatcher,” Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi.

Carlton, B’way at 100 (AC 2-3862)—Through Mon., Aug. 13: “The Clock,” Judy Garland, Robert Walker; also “Gentle Annie,” Donna Reed, James Craig. ... From Tues., Aug. 14: “Sudan,” Maria Montez, Jon Hall; also “That’s the Spirit,” Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie.

Olympia, B’way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Wed., Aug. 15: “Bring On the Girls,” Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, Eddie Bracken; also “Ministry of Fear,” Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds.

Nemo, B’way at no (AC 2-9406)—Through Wed., Aug. 15: “China Sky,” Randolph Scott, Ruth Warrick; also “The Body Snatcher,” Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi.

Loew's 175th Street, B’way nt 175 (WA 7-5200)--Through Tues., Aug. 14: “Bring On the Girls,” Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, Eddie Bracken; also “Ministry of Fear,” Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds. . . . Wed., Aug. 15: “The Frozen Ghost,” Lon Chaney, Jr.; also "Jungle Captive,’• Otto Kruger.

Coliseum, B’way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Mon., Aug. 13: “China Sky,” Randolph Scott, Ruth Warrick; also “The Body Snatcher,” Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi. . . . Tues, and Wed.. Aug. 14-15: “The Bullfighters,” Laurel and Hardy; also “Mr. Muggs Rides Again,” the East Side Kids.

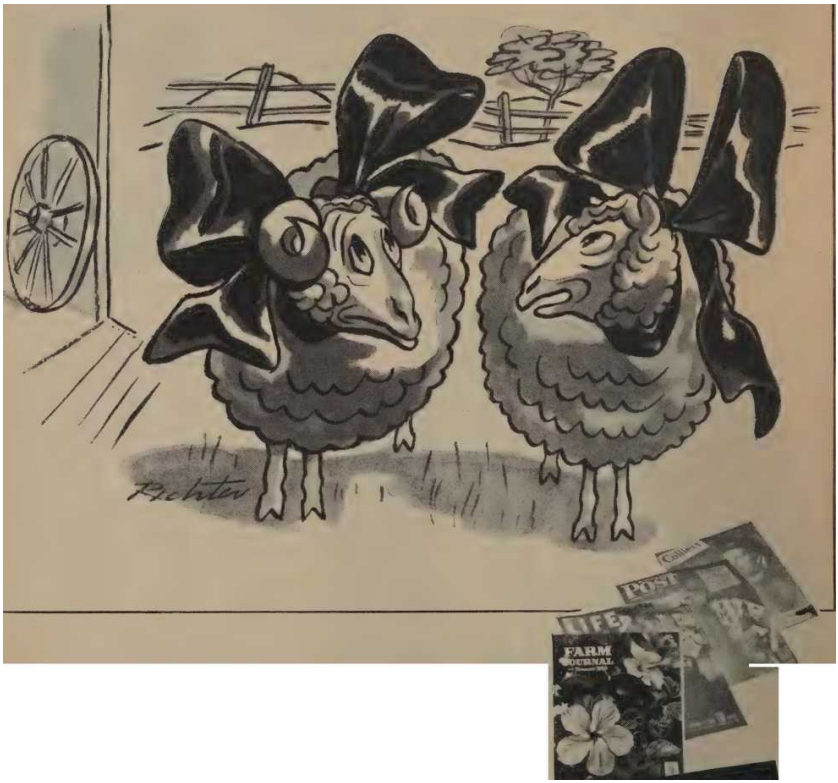
Choice Coffee... Enduring emblem of hospitable homes

The two estates of Henry Stephenson, Esquire ... at Burnham, Buckinghamshire, and CoxLodge, near Newcastle-on-Tyne ... were typical of the hospitable homes of England's gentry under George III. In such stately residences the artisans of the era found a receptive market for their crafts: 1 lepplewhite, Sheraton, and the brothers Adam, for their furniture; the Royal Academician, Jolm Hoppner, for such lovely canvases as his portrait of Henry Stephenson's daughter Elizabeth, the Countess of Mexborough; and silversmiths like the renowned Richard Bayley, for such exquisite coffeepots as the one below, which bears these hallmarks ® SB 3B £B and which proves that then, as now, fine coffee was the hallmark of hospitality in fine homes.

Today, coffeepots of Bayley's craftsmanship are hallmarks of hospitality in fine American homes. But in all its history, this pot has never contained coffee to equal that which Mrs, John Whitridge, Jr., serves. A volunteer worker in the Servicemen's Lounge maintained in the Grand Central Station by the Travelers Aid Society of New York, Mrs. Whitridge pours Yuban Coffee for her guests . . . coffee that was once the private blend of America's greatest coffee merchant . . . blended from the world's choice sources of supply. Famous for its fine flavor, its distinctive character, and rich aroma, Yuban has been known as "the guest coffee," for generations.

YUBAN

"I wish they'd stick to Farm Journal and not get ideas from Vogue"



Not that Farm Journal ignores the aesthetic side of rural life. Its editors are strong for well-painted buildings and good furniture and rugs, and cheerful curtains at the windows. Every month there is a very up-to-date department of fashions and such things for women and girls. (In the 2 J 2 million farm families which subscribe to Farm Journal, there are more than 5 million females.)

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YOU AND FIFTY MILLION OTHERS...

"We’re going to Colorado when it’s over” ... "I want to take the children East to see the folks” . . . "How I’d love to go to Cape Cod for a month” . . . "Aunt Helen wants us to visit them in Chicago” . . . "Wouldn’t a few weeks in California be great” . . . "Just to go somewhere on a train.”

You hear it everywhere—the vast, repressed longing of travelloving American people. Except for necessary and business trips, most good patriots are staying home, yielding place to soldiers and sailors and the war-busy. But there’s no harm in dreaming. And you may be sure that the railroads, performing a gigantic war task so magnificently, are planning new and more modern trains, new travel comforts and luxuries for you when the emergency is over.

J

"""""""" = «- > .« of Watw

"I'd forgotten how high the mountains are.'

Budd, originator of the modern, stainless steel streamline train, will present still more advanced designs. They will be built of stainless steel—the strongest known structural material used in railway cars. They will embody the latest scientific developments in air-conditioning, lighting, seating and sleeping accommodations. Budd builds entire trains, including reclining chair sleeper-coaches, sleeping cars of all types, diners,, tavern, lounge and observation

cars. You will see these new Budd-built trains of gleaming stainless steel on the country's most progressive railroads, taking their place with the famous Stainless Fleet which revolutionized railway passenger transportation before the war.

EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING CO.

PHILADELPHIA

DETROIT

< > „«»

'Don't call—Just let me sleep.'

Originators of stainless steel lightweight trains, ALLSTEEL* auto bodies < nd highway truck trailers. Designers and makers of airplane and marine structures. Inventors of the SHOTWELD* system of fabricating hi-tensile steel. *reg. u.s. pat.off.

AMERICAS STRENGTH IN WAR AND PEACE-THE PARTNERSHIP OF MAN AND WOMAN

J! E needs paper for the job ahead

SHE sees that he gets it

V-E D W did not lessen the ' ^ need for paper. Indeed,

the turn-around for the intensified war against Japan has actually increased ihe need for paper. Millions of items must he protected for the long trip to the Pacific Theater by double and even triple wrapping.

Thal is why patriotic women are continuing to cooperate with the Paper 'Troopers or other local salvage organizations to get every scrap of waste paper, periodicals and newspapers back into the fight. V omen also help by using their own

shopping bags, by carrying purchases home unwrapped and by reusing paper bags and cartons as long as they will last.

McCall’s Inspires Women in 3,500.000 Homes

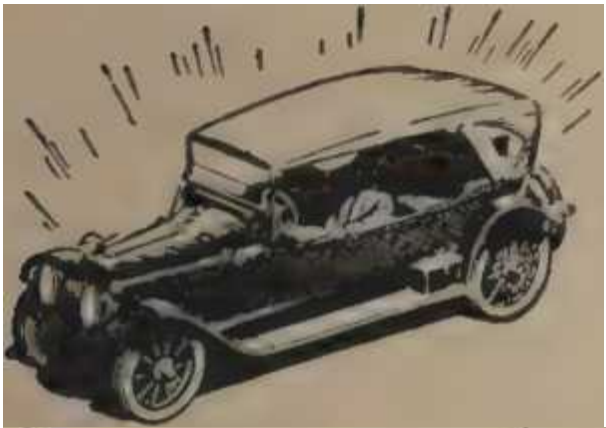
In approximately 3,500,000 homes women look to McCall’s for guidance in the adjustments and responsibilities of wartime living. 'Thus, they know that paper is still America's N o. 1 Ci ideal If ar Material, and they continue to do their part to help meet the

shortage.

(Magazines use only 4% of all paper and much of that is salvaged for re-use. McCall Corporation, along with other publishers, has instituted practices which arc saving thousands of tons of paper. Because there are not enough McCall's to go around, readers help, too, by sharing their copies with friends.)

McCall's

THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE

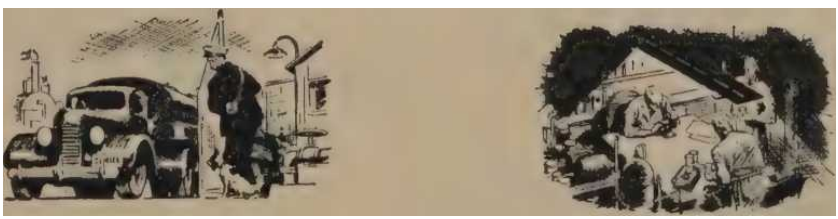


!• In 1915, this $4,850 touring car was a good automobile — one of the best money could buy. In 1915, Union Oil made a good line of greases—8 different types “to meet every lubrication need.”Today, the lowest-priced cars are far better than that 1915 car. And they sell for about 14 as much.

2« Today, Union Oil makes 78 different greases for industry instead of 8! And their quality is equally superior. This doesn't mean the car manufacturers and ourselves weren't doing the best we knew how in 1915. But it does prove the value of competition.

3. After all, people were quite satisfied with 1915 automobiles and greases—in 1915. If no improvements had been introduced we'd be satisfied with them today. For we'd know of nothing better to compare them with. But fortunately the manufacturers weren't satisfied. Not that they were any more idealistic than the average citizen.

Number of different grease* made by Union Oil



4e But each one knew that if he could put out a little bit better product than his competitors, he could get more business. So they all kept racking their brains for improvements. Progress, from year to year, was gradual—as it always is. But in 30 years, these combined improvements made a phenomenal total.

5# As a result, the American oil and automotive industries today have completely outstripped the rest of the world. No monopoly-private or governmental — could have accomplished as much. For there simply aren't the incentives to better your product when you already control all the trade.

6« So as long as there's still room for improvement in an industry, the only way to guarantee maximum progress is to have an economic system that guarantees maximum incentives. Our American system provides these to a degree no other system has ever approached.

UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

This series, sponsored by the people of Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and wky American businessfunctions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you havetooffer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

AMERICA'S FIFTH FREEDOM IS FREE ENTERPRISE

DUSTING POWDER
EAU DE COLOGNE
Fragrance that whispers of
Spring . . . quiet, cool,
clean . . . the assured woman's reassurance
that she is charming and lovely all
day, every day, in action
or in repose.
Germaine Monteil

the assured woman s reassurance

day, every day, in action

Spring. . . quiet, coo/,

that she is charming and lonely a//

THE TALK OF THE TOW

Notes and Comment

STEAM FROM THE BUBBLING Caldron: Tests conducted at

Northwestern University have proved that the most easily heard word in the English language is “strawberry.” Five hundred queen bees have been stolen from a man in Georgia— presumably by someone who wanted five hundred queen bees. In Seattle, a man has divorced his wife because her hair aggravated his asthma. While a boy in Illinois was constructing a seven-foot model of the Eiffel Tower out of toothpicks, a man in Kansas City was setting fire to his house to rid it of ants. After the war, lipstick will come in several flavors, including wintergreen, coconut, and absinthe. A dogcatcher in Amherst resigned

the other day after being accused of catching only little dogs. And it has been established beyond reasonable doubt that looking at motion pictures raises the body temperature, irrespective of whether or not it elevates the mind.

WE have never believed that there was anybody in the Senate named Bilbo and we don't for a minute believe there is anybody in Brooklyn named Miss Piccolo. As for Vito Marcantonio, it is as unlikely that there is a Marcantonio as that there is a Marconnelly or a Marcopkins. That old clown the New York Times has been making up the Bilbo-Piccolo-Marcantonio-dago yarn out of whole pulp. However, it i. probably a good idea to have a fictitious character in the Senate typifying race

hatred and bigotry, and the sooner the word "bilbo" gets added to the language the better. We are goins: to sit down this afternoon and compose a sharp note to Joe McWilliams, starting "My dear bilbo."

THE Empire State Building accident supplied the answer to a question that has often been in our thoughts: "What happens when the cable of an elevator breaks?" The answer, apparently, is that the elevator falls and the automatic safety device almost, but not quite, lets you die. If is probably to be expected that a race of atom-smashers is content to ride in elevators that almost (but not quite) fall without interruption.

WE were struck by a remarkable sentence in a Gimbel's ad the other day—an ad featuring phonographs. "They wind up," cried the ad writer enthusiastically. "You don't have to bother about whether your house current is right." This sudden encomium placed so cheerfully on the old crank handle, this unexpected pat on the Past's pretty little head, came as a complete surprise to us, and we suspect it came as a shock in merchandising circles. Just where this reactionary movement might lead, if it were to gain momentum, nobody would dare guess. How about the almost forgotten carpet

sweeper? “You can go anywhere with it—no bothersome cord dogging your footsteps, no dreary, monotonous moan, no blowing of hard-to-get fuses.” How about the delectable old icebox? “It’s absolutely noiseless. No straining at

sticky ice trays, no tiresome defrosting, no worry over the escape of deadly gases.” Believe us, Gimbel’s has hold of something big, if it only knew it. Bigger than anybody realizes, even in his soberest moments of reflection and recall.

A FEMALE friend of ours recently moved into a small apartment so full of defects as to be really quite charming. One rather obvious feature was that the place lacked kitchen shelves. After watching the pitiful and on the whole rather frightening preparations her husband made for remedying this defect (he went out and bought some twenty-penny spikes and a bottle of New England rum), our friend decided she would manage without kitchen shelves. She got looking around the apartment and observed that the bookshelves in the living room had four or five inches of space behind the books. Quieting her husband, she

arranged her supply of canned goods neatly. For extra convenience, she alphabetized everything. Asparagus is behind Sherwood Anderson, cherries behind Conrad, peaches behind Proust. She is as happy as a child about all this.

THE American Museum of Natural

History missed a nice chance when it housed the exhibit of the Thoreau Society. It should have added that passage from the "Journals" that goes: "I hate museums; there is nothing so weighs upon my spirits. They are the catacombs of nature. One green bud of spring, one willow catkin, one faint trill from a migrating sparrow would set the world on its legs again. The

life that is in a single green weed is of more worth than all this death."

.Anyway, it was a nice chance.

Aftermath

HE claims office that the Judge Advocate of the Army Air Forces

has set up in the Empire State Building had investigated about a hundred claims when we called around one day last week—twenty-eight for personal injuries, the rest for property damage. None of the relatives of the dead had filed claims up to that time. We found that the Judge Advocate's power to pay is limited to $1,000 on any claim; for anything above that, Congress must approve. The office has twenty investigators working in and from the building, and half a dozen Signal Corps photographers. The claims they had looked into ranged from the loss of a handbag by a stenographer to the wrecking of a boiler owned by De Luxe Negligees, Inc., of West Thirty-second Street. There is a disposition on the part of businessmen who suffered minor damage to take the viewpoint that this is no time to be nagging the Air Forces. Leo H. Newman, an optometrist, lost a couple of letters out of his neon sign, but he

didn't enter a claim and is indignant that the News said he did. Lieutenant Colonel James A. Travis, who is in charge of the claims office, told us that he had been getting fine cobpera-tion from everj body. We gathered that the Empire State Building itself may make the biggest claim against the Air Forces, but that seemed not to be absolutely certain; the Empire State will have to have it out with the insurance companies, and it may be that they will stand the cost. They probably will if it is decided that they insured against such damage, for the government doesn't ordinarily remunerate insurance companies for losses.

The individual who suffered the largest property damage was, of course, the sculptor Henry Hering, whose studio on top of a building across the street was wrecked, along with most of its contents. We called around to see him and found him digging around the debris. "Been going golfing in Scarsdale every weekend for forty years now," he said, "and the day of the crash I decided the weather was no good. Fellow comes in to clean up for me said I ought to go anyhow, and I went. Otherwise I'd have had that engine right in my lap. Didn't hear anything about this until I was on the seventeenth tee, when

a boy came running out with the news that mv studio had been destroyed. That was all he knew. I figured I must have forgotten to put out the light under the gas heater. It was kind of a relief to find out that I'd remembered to turn off the damned heater, but, on the other hand, I guess it wouldn't have made much difference if I had left it on. f irst thing I thought about when I got in here was my golf-club models —brassies, drivers, No. 4 and No. 5 woods. Designed a set of clubs before the war that Butchart, the greatest golf-club maker of them all, thought were the best he'd ever seen. Only turned out thirty-six sets because of the war, but I've got a patent on them, and, believe me, they're going to be popular once I can get them into production. Anyhow, the clubs were all mixed up in this pile of stuff, and I couldn't dig around for them until the airplane parts had been removed. Must have been forty Army men around at the time. Now that things are calmed down a little, I've been able to find fifteen of the clubs, but I'm still looking for the other eight. Most of my sculpture, of course, is ruined— about a hundred thousand dollars' worth of it. But I still have my health and

a couple of good lawyers. Soon as I get some of this ruin straightened out, I'll go back to work." He paused thoughtfully. "Had a bust in there of David Graham Phillips. Just finished it late in '44 and couldn't get bronze to cast it in. Worked two years with photographs to get the likeness. Oh, well . . ." He resumed digging for his golf clubs.

Mystery Woman

HERE is a girl in the Village who reads the Herald Tribune but can't

he bothered to dress and go out early on Sunday just to get it, so she has a deal with a newsstand man on 1 welfth Street; he saves a copy for her, even if she doesn't come until evening. It's always waiting, marked "Miss X."

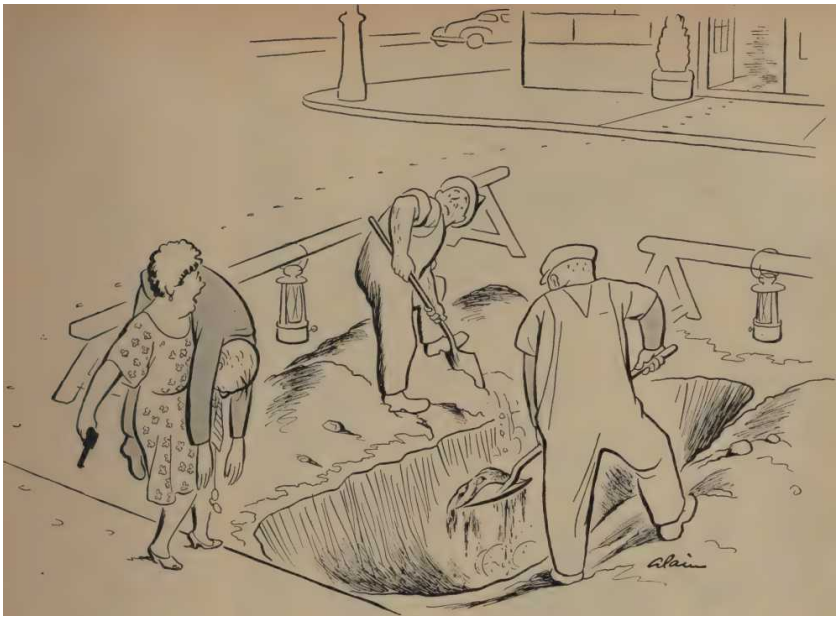
H igh Juggler

1AST week we finally found the small J inside room on the third floor of the Hotel Astor where Lew Folds, the

juggler who' tosses assorted objects around in the prologue of "Carousel," lives, and knocked on the door. Mr. Folds, with whom we had an appointment, shouted to us to come in. We found him in

his shirt sleeves, balancing on his chin a white stick at the top of which was a spinning tray. “At your service,” he said, and the tray fell off the stick. We had to duck smartly. Keeping a wary eye. on our man, who soon began to toy with three Indian clubs, we asked him about the current state of the juggling profession. “There are only about fifteen high-class juggling acts in the U.S. right now,” he told us. “That made it tough to fill the spot I’ve got in ‘Carousel.’ The producers must of looked over half a dozen applicants before I turned up with the high tricks they wanted.” We asked him to explain high tricks. “That’s the kind of juggling,” he said, “that you can see plain over the heads of the cast. I toss clubs and balls right up to the overhead lights in ‘Carousel’ and I also do a little magic. Since it’s a period piece, though, I can’t use all mv stuff. Besides the clubs and balls, I only use a high hat and tray in the show, where I’d ordinarily throw in plates, tambourines, parasols, fans, and a couple other props. I think I hold the American record for bouncing balls—six at one time. I’ll show you.” Mr. Folds, whose room is strewn with the paraphernalia of his trade, got six balls out from under a pillow on his bed and commenced bouncing them furiously on the rug. “The fellow downstairs may not like this,” we suggested. Mr. Folds ignored our remark and said, “This rug is too slow. Come on into the bathroom.” We followed him there and he demonstrated on the tile floor that he is indeed master of big-scale hall bouncing. We congratulated him. “I’m no Rastelli,” he said modestly. “There was a juggler—stand on one hand, balance three balls with the other, and maneuver something else with his feet. Nobody like him now. He had the most expensive act in the Wintergarten in Berlin in 1925. Of course, he was a third-generation juggler; I’m only a first-generation man.”

When we asked Mr. Folds about his career before “Carousel,” he responded by handing us a brief autobiographical account of himself written in longhand on Astor stationery. “Put it together to save you time,” he said. We ran over the first page of his autobiography while he practiced keeping five halls going overhead. “Born,” the manuscript began



11 Ido you mind?"

briskly, "Mura St. Martin, Hungary, Nov. 26, 1906. Came to America at age of 7. Lived in Sarajevo, Bosnia, where my father was mayor. This was the scene of the assassination that started first World War. My father was also newspaper editor of American Hungarian Daily in Cleveland, O., about 1914. Also lived on farm. Worked in stove factory, was also in trucking business and also a welder. Took up dancing for a hobby and turned pro. Teamed with 7 different partners with no success." We inquired about this failure. "I work alone," said Mr. Folds, "I do all right. I work with a girl, right away my heart and duty get all mixed up. It's the Hungarian in me. It was a girl, though, got me into juggling. Mickey Du Vali—God bless her— taught me how to juggle three balls when she was on a bill with me in Rochester in 1939. Took me six months to work up to five balls and three years more to work up to six balls. Then I finally gave up dancing entirely. If I

try for seven I'll have to train for about ten more years. Some jugglers figure an even number of objects is harder to handle than an odd number, but I've got as many lumps on my head from dropping three clubs on it as I ever got from dropping four."

Mr. Folds is unique among jugglers in that he arrives onstage in full dress with all his equipment concealed under an opera cape. He has designed a belt to hold his trays, clubs, balls, and parasols. He feels as comfortable, he says, as the average man does in his undershirt. “Funny thing about me in full dress,” he remarked. “Everybody thinks I look like Dracula when I get into one—I mean like Bela Lugosi when lie’s Dracula. One time when I was in Philadelphia, Lugosi was playing there and I went backstage to see if I really did look like him. I talked Hungarian to him and he was real friendly. He looked like me all right, only older, so I figure I must look like him when he was playing Dracula.” ‘Does it bother

you?” we inquired. “What the hell?” asked Mr. Folds rhetorically. “It’s probably a break. Maybe I’ll wind up as the first combination juggler and monster.”

Business

AT the end of a concert at the Lcw-■4 1 isohn Stadium the other night, we were glad to note that a couple of ushers ahead of us were applauding harder than anyone else. We had just begun to work up a little homily about where the true lovers of music are to be found when one of the ushers stopped applauding. “Keep clapping, dope,” the other said sharply. “One more encore and we’re on overtime.”

Fust and Fair

WE happened (nobody’s business why) into the Court of General Sessions one recent afternoon just as Judge James Garrett Wallace was

ˆNow, Pm going to depend on you to tell me when to stop."

starting in on the task of passing or adjourning sentence on forty-two felons, an assignment he finished in two hours and eleven minutes. According to a court attendant with whom we spoke, this is a course record. The rush came about, he told us, because Judge Wallace was leaving the next day for a month's vacation in Maine and had decided to wind up his unfinished business. The total of the sentences imposed amounted to a hundred and nine years and three months to two hundred and thirty-nine years and six months, according to a rough tabulation we kept. The attendant added that of all the judges in General Sessions only Wallace could have presided over so many cases in a single month and thus have

given himself so many sentences to pass. “Never known anyone like him,” the clerk said. “He can dispose of almost any trial in half a day, and he can pass even the longest sentences in five minutes flat. Of course, he has the sentences pretty well figured out before he gets down here. He’s not only a very fast man, he’s a very fair one.”

We were surprised to find the airconditioned courtroom a rather festive place. Each of the convicted men was brought into the courtroom only long enough to be sentenced, and their lawyers, most of whom were sprawled in the jury box and at the counsel tables, were apparently old friends who took advantage of the occasion to joke, gossip, and talk shop. Mrs. Sara Speaks, a

prominent criminal lawyer with several clients bound up the river, sat in the first row of spectators’ seats and crocheted doilies between appearances before the bench. Three persons who had been robbed and a woman who had been raped had shown up for the final appearance of the criminals against whom they had testified. Otherwise, the atmosphere was practically Rotarian.

Judge Wallace stayed or adjourned sentencing in the cases of twelve of the forty-one men and one woman who appeared before him. Uncertainty about the prisoners’ criminal records was responsible for most of these adjournments, but postponements were granted to two men who had been shielding accomplices and had decided to come clean and bargain for a reduction of sentence. All the men took their punishment calmly. The woman, who had been engaged in a series of burglaries with a boy friend, fainted when she got a year and three months. Five of the men were veterans with honorable discharges. A sixth was a sailor who had stolen a taxi and cruised around town picking up fares to help finance his shore leave. A convicted robber of thirty-three, who had never before committed a felony, was given a suspended sentence. He was one of the three men in the whole group

with no criminal record. Two felons addressed the Court in their own behalf. One promised to go back to his aged parents in Puerto Rico and the other said he had been totally unconscious the night he climbed a fire escape to the third story, jimmied a window, and robbed an apartment. Neither statement made any impression on Judge Wallace.

The last man sentenced was a forger. He was brought over from the federal jail, where he was awaiting trial on half a dozen other forgery charges. Judge Wallace sentenced him to two and a half years in state prison, apparently to be served when he completes several decades already owed on sentences in other states, plus whatever sentence he receives from the federal courts. During his sentencing the question arose wheth-

M NEWHHP

er he was an unregistered alien. According to the Court's information, he had been born in Vienna; his attorney claimed that he had been born in New Orleans and had a photostat of a birth certificate in his pocket to prove it. "Probably a forgery," Judge Wallace said, but he stayed sentence and ordered the certificate to be investigated. Then court was adjourned. As Judge Wallace was leaving the room, he turned t< > his entourage and said, "After all this rain, we ought to get some pretty decent weather during the next month."

Short Short

WHILE more or less patiently holding onto a phone in his office last Thursday, a Washington friend of ours heard the following even-tempered exchange between two long-distance operators:

"I have a priority."

"So have I."

"But it's my turn, Honey." That settled the argument.

Spam Man

ZE had a drink Thursday after-▼ V noon with Jay Hormel, the man responsible for Spam, when he happened to be in town. Mr. Hormel (accent on the first syllable) is a stocky, swarthy man who looks something like a goodlooking Indian chief, and he is tired of being identified as the man responsible for Spam. He feels sure that hehasheard all the Spam gags worth hearing and thousands of Spam

gags not worth hearing, and on occasion he has the drawn, trapped air of a man who knows he is certain to hear a good many thousands more. In his office at the Hormel plant in Austin, Minnesota, he keeps what he calls his Scurrilous File, in which he dumps the letters of abuse that are sent to him by soldiers everywhere in the world. “If they think Spam is terrible,” Mr. Hormel told us, “they ought to have eaten the bully beef we had in the last war. Maybe that’s where the verb ‘to beef’ came from. Maybe the verb ‘to spam’ will come out of this war. Nothing would surprise me any more.” He blinked his eyes. “The language people use!”

Mr. Hormel toyed with his drink for a moment, then went on. “As a matter of fact,” he said, “Spam is only a small part of our business. We’ve been running a respectable slaughterhouse for fifty years. Our gross has doubled every five years since we started; last year

it was over a hundred and thirty million dollars. We didn’t even get around to putting Spam on the market until 1937, and before that we’d put up canned ham, chili con came, soup, chicken, and the Dinty Moore line of spaghetti and meatballs. Sometimes I wonder if we shouldn’t have . . .” Mr. Hormel didn’t finish the sentence. We got the distinct impression that being responsible for Spam might be too great a burden for any one man. “It’s all right,” he said defensively in a moment. “Damn it, we eat it in our own home.” He shook his head and added, “Trouble is, we eat a lot of things in our home that other people won’t eat. My wife is French—I married her after the last war—and she likes calves’ brains and stuff like that.” He straightened his shoulders. “I don’t care,” he said. “Spam’s fine food. There’s nothing in it but shoulder of pork and chopped ham and the know-how of cooking it— none of the mysterious ingredients soldiers claim to have found in it.” We offered Mr. Hormel a pretzel stick and, to steady him, asked him where the name Spam had come from. “Well,” he said, “we’d been working on the problem of canning a nonperishable pork product for a good many years and at last we solved it. Then we had to find a name. We drew up a list of specifications for it. The name had to be short, both for display purposes and so we could run it in one-column ads. It had to be different from any of the words associated with drug products. It had to be nondescriptive and copyrightable. Finally, it

had to be pronounceable in practically any language. We offered a prize for the best name and had everyone in the plant—

we have around six thousand employees —trying to think of something really good. At a New Year's Eve party at our house a fellow felt sufficiently inspired. As if it was nothing at all, he said, 'Spam.' I knew then and there that the name was perfect. In a couple of months we got our advertising campaign under way. And if I do say so myself, we made use of one of the first singing commercials ever developed."

We warned Mr. Hormel that it was perhaps enough to be responsible for Spam without going around boasting that he'd used one of the first singing commercials, but he smiled the bitter smile of a man who has been compared to Hitler and Hirohito. "It's too late now," he said. "In fact, we're going ahead with something new —a shortening that we intend to put on the market soon. What do you think of when you hear the name Spam?"

"Something to eat," we said.

Mr. Hormel shook his head. "You think of Spick," he said. "That's what we're going to call our new product. The veterans will have a fine time with that."

Plight

A YOUNG woman we know recently dislocated her shoulder and had to keep' her elbow strapped to her side. Not wanting to wear anything so conspicuous as a length of bandage or a piece of old sheeting, she bound it with a small leather belt. On her first day out, a motherly-looking saleswoman in a department store leaned over the counter and said gently, “Excuse me, dearie, but do you know you got your arm caught in your belt?”

TOWN HOU5E-II

HATE meetings of any sort,” ■ Jack Tremaine said as soon as he came into the library. “I hate bulletin boards and bylaws and restrictions and schedules and punctuality. My father wanted me to be a soldier and he put me in military school when I was eight years old and I didn’t get out until I was sixteen and I’ve hated schedules and bulletin boards and planned living ever since then.” His beautiful wife had followed him into the library. Pete and Esther Murray and Carol and Larry H\ler were already there and Larry was drinking a whis-key-and-soda. He offered no one else a drink.

It had been hot in the city that day, but the blinds of the library had been drawn, and now, in the late evening, the tall room was as cool -as a cellar. Once the three couples had settled themselves, it occurred to Larry that they looked like the remains of a family, separated by age and fortune, brought together in a gloomy house to hear the provisions of a will. It was the housing shortage that had brought them together. None of the three couples had been able to find an apartment in the spring, and they had decided to combine and rent a town house on one of those bleak side streets leading east from Central Park, where stained limestone-and-marble houses stand like a deposit left by the great fortunes of the last century. Before the housing shortage had driven the families together, their friendships had been the half-forgotten friendships of schools and colleges, and as Esther Murray often said—she was the most serious of the three women— they were only living together because a lack of city planning, heightened by the financial debauchery of the nineties, had been precipitated into a housing crisis by inflation and the war.

“I hate meetings, too, Jack,” Carol Hyler said, “but we simply had to get together. We’ve got to do something about the kitchen. Larry and I cannot afford, on a lieutenant’s pay, to eat in a restaurant every night, and if we’re going to share the kitchen, we’ve got to make some plans.”

“I knew we were going to have to do something about that kitchen,” Esther Murray said. She was a thin-faced girl with an intellectual air, the daughter of a Unitarian minister. Her darkening red hair looked as though it had been curled with rags, and she wore a lacy cotton dirndl that showed her bony arms.

“Couldn’t we get another cook?” Jack Tremaine asked haughtily.

“No, dear, we can’t,” his wife said, and she turned and smiled at him.

“The only thing I can think of,” Carol said, “is some kind of program where we share the work. I know we’ve tried this before and it’s been a failure, but I think we ought to give it another try.”

By “failure” Carol meant bitter quarrels and accusations, forgotten obligations, scorched ironing boards, and broken heirlooms. No cook would stay with them for more than a week, and when the women tried to help one another in the kitchen there was always trouble.

“Cooperation is the only solution,” Esther said. “The trouble with this house has been our unwillingness to realize that this is a cooperative arrangement, a cooperative dwelling. We haven’t approached our problems in a cooperative spirit.”

“Now, I’ve gone into this thing,” Carol said. “That’s why I wanted to talk with you all. We can get one of the students from the Hunter summer school to come here five times a week and set the table and wash the dishes. We’ll give her twenty dollars a month and her dinners. I can get a cleaning woman to come in twice a week and keep the kitchen decent. That will cost about twelve dollars a month. We don’t seem to be able to cook together, so why don’t we take turns cooking? I’ll cook on Monday, Lucille on Tuesday, Esther on Wednesday, and we’ll each check the staples bn our particular

day and buy whatever is needed. It may not work, but at least we can give it a try."

"It sounds dandy to me, dear, it sounds dandy," Lucille Tremaine said, and she looked at her wristwatch. She had the prominent, disarming forehead of an infant and a child's light, fine hair. Her grandfather—or maybe it had been her great-grandfather—had

been rich, and the legend of his wealth seemed to have given her a gentle and very expensive grace. She wore a simple dress and a cool and bitter perfume.

"I don't see why we can't get a cook," Jack Tremaine said. "Everyone I know has a cook."

"They have more money than we have, dear," Lucille said.

"It may cut into my classes, but I'm willing to try," Esther said. She

was taking night classes in Spanish and the modern dance.

“It sounds all right to me,” her husband said, and wiped the sweat off his head. At thirty, he was a bald and a heavy man, and his weight troubled him in hot weather.

“Why don’t you let me start?” Esther said suddenly. “I’ll start on Monday. I’ll have supper ready at six o’clock.”

“Six o’clock!” Jack Tremaine said. “My God! I’m not out of the bathtub before seven.”

“Let’s make it half past seven, shall we?” Carol said. “I’ll tell the girl and the cleaning woman to come on Monday.”

“I’ll have supper ready at half past seven, then,” Esther said.

“We’re all well-bred people, aren’t we?” Jack Tremaine said. “Even if we can’t get a cook there’s no reason why there should be any unpleasantness about dining, is there?”

“Everything will work out all right if we learn to cooperate,” Esther said. “We have a lot to gain and nothing to lose. The only reason we’re living together is because a lack of city planning has been precipitated into a housing crisis by inflation and the war.”

There was nothing to say after this, but all six of them remained where they were, enjoying the cool of the room.. They had paid for the privilege of sitting in a town-house library with many fierce disagreements, but now all past unpleasantness seemed remote. “We’ve got to run along, dear,” Lucille said to her husband. Then, to the others, she said, “We’re going down as far as Fiftieth Street, if anyone’s going our way. If we can find a cab.” No one was going their way and the Tremaines said good night. Then the Hylers went up to their bedroom to play gin rummy. The Murrays went up a little later, turning out the lights in the library. While Esther put her red hair up in curlers, Pete read aloud to her from Brill’s lectures on Freud, a subject that interested them both. They had read as far as the chapter on Breuer’s cathartic method. “ ‘In my eagerness to

reproduce the psychiatric scene at the beginning of the century,’ ”

Pete read, “ ‘I have reported what surged through my mind in as orderly a fashion as possible under the circumstances . . .’ ”

DURING the month that had preceded the meeting in the library, Larry and Carol Hyler had eaten all of their meals in restaurants, and it seemed to Larry that he had been hungry all month. He was a lieutenant in the Army Transportation Corps and the only tenant of the house who was in uniform. He was stationed in Brooklyn, after a year at sea, and he never found time to eat more than a doughnut for breakfast or a sandwich for lunch. It struck him that the plans for cooking Carol had proposed were simple and sensible, and, when he approached the house on that Monday evening, he looked forward to eating at his own table instead of in one of the expensive and dismal restaurants in the neighborhood.

There was a pleasant smell of cooking in the hall when Larry unlocked the door. This was reassuring. He went upstairs to say good night to his small son, and then he and Carol joined the Tremaines in the library for cocktails. Pete Murray came in later and poured himself a glass of beer. At half past seven they went down to the dining room, where they found Esther waiting for them at a table set with a simple and palatable meal.

“A quiet dinner at'your own table is the keystone to a civilized life,” Jack Tremaine said, helping himself to chops. He had the imperious table manners of a man who feels he is above blame. He put an ice cube into his soup and attacked his salad with a knife. “Of course Lucille and I dine out a great deal, but we don’t have as many invitations now that everyone’s in the country, and I hate eating in the places around here.”

“They’re grim, simply grim,” Lucille said. “All the women talk to themselves.”

“There was an old man at the Brunswick who talked to himself,” Carol said. “The hostess told us he was a kleptomaniac. He was always trying to make off with the silver.”

“Kleptomania is very common with the old,” Esther said. She ate with a slow and polite hand and the others spent some time waiting for their dessert while she cut her meat into little pieces and put

them into her mouth.

Lucille cooked dinner the following night. It was a hot night and they made a meal of soup, salad, and rolls. Lucille

“Madam, we got no floor with electric toasters.^

had baked the rolls herself, and this had excited her so that she had lost her appetite. “I get terribly excited when I cook,” she explained. “I get so excited that sometimes I cry, I just cry. Once I tried to make a Mornay sauce and it curdled and I cried and cried.” It was Carol’s turn next. She seemed to look on cooperative cooking as a challenge. There was a chilled cream soup, a casserole made of wine, oysters, scallops, and shrimps, an avocado salad, and, for

dessert, strawberries. Esther's second meal was simpler than her first, but it was sensible and filling. Lucille made a shrimp jambalaya on Friday. On Saturday both the Tremaines and the Hylers went to the country. On Monday Carol cooked chicken breasts with ginger and at the table commented on how much money she and Larry had saved during the week of communal dining. "Everyone knows that communal living is much more sensible and economical," Esther Murray said. "I could have told you that." It was Lucille Tremaine who seemed happiest

about the success of their arrangements. It was her first brush with serious housekeeping and that their plans worked at all seemed to her magical. "We have divine meals and it doesn't cost a cent and everyone should live together," she told her friends.

IT was in the third week of the new regime that Larry Hyler began to feel hungry again. Once Lucille Tremaine had learned to make rolls, she made them all the time, and when she cooked dinner there was never anything but rolls, a thin soup, and a salad. Carol, it seemed, tried a more difficult dish each time her turn came around, and some of them were more indigestible than filling. There were cassoulets and souffles, calves' brains and mushrooms, steak with artichokes, and crabmeat in wine. Esther Murray's interest in Spanish and the dance became more and more intense and her meals more and more simple. She was still enthusiastic about cooperation, though. "Cooperative living has got to be accepted sooner or

later," she said at the table one evening late in their third week. She scratched her arm vigorously on the edge of the table, a reminder to the others that her self-conscious manners had been the first to go. No one could remember exactly when it had happened, but she had

lost her self-consciousness, and with its loss she seemed to have transported the dinner table—or her part of it, at least— bodily from the dining room, with its flowers and candles, into the hard light of the kitchen. She ate as though she were participating in a contest, trying through practice to pare seconds and minutes from her eating time. She smacked her lips, overloaded her fork so that it sometimes spilled its load before reaching her mouth, and scratched her arm on the edge of the table. “Cooperative living has got to be accepted sooner or later,” she went on. “A highly individualized way of livingis expensive and impractical, and privacy is not worth what it costs. Cooperative dining rooms, cooperative nurseries, cooperative kitchens, cooperative houses will all have to be accepted sooner or later. The servant class is gradually being absorbed by the middle class. In another decade there won’t be any servants. Labor-saving appliances are not going to solve everything, and people have got to learn to share one another’s work.”

Esther had cooked the dinner that night and the main course was a thick-skinned fish that tasted of drains. Larry had tried a few mouthfuls and then had given up. He had been hungry when he came to the table and the poor meal put him in a bad temper. He was still hungry. He noticed that the Tremaines had also stopped eating and were waiting for a chance to excuse themselves. “After the war I’d like to join a big cooperative,” Esther said. “Just think of the advantages you’d get for the loss of a little privacy. Doesn’t anybody like my fish ? ” she asked suddenly. “If the

fish isn’t good, it isn’t my fault. The man in the fish market said it was good. Well, I can’t be tied down to a kitchen stove, not for anyone. I’m late for my class as it is.” She got up from the table and took her hat and purse from a table near the door. “Good night, Pete,” she called to her husband. “I’ll be back at eleven. There’re some apples in the icebox.” Her gentle, absent-minded husband continued to eat his fish. The Tremaines excused themselves and the Hylers followed. Larry was so hungry that before going to bed he went downstairs and drank a quart of milk. While he was there, Jack Tremaine came down to make a sandwich for Lucille.

NEXT day Larry planned to eat a large lunch, but the threat of an inspecting general kept him at his desk most of the day and at noon

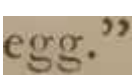
he had only a sandwich and a container of coffee. That night, when he came home, he noticed that the double doors of the morning room were closed, and behind them he could hear the muffled, excited talk of people who are drinking. He had lived in New York long enough to know that storm of conversation well; he had heard it before, like the roar in an enormous sea shell, in the halls of remodelled brownstones and the corridors of apartment buildings at six and seven and eight o'clock. He went on upstairs. His son had been put to bed and Carol was waiting for him in their bedroom. She explained that the Tremaines were entertaining but that Lucille had insisted upon cooking dinner for the house, since it was her turn. He and Carol went down to the library. It had been understood from the beginning that any one of the couples in the house could entertain without inviting the others, but sitting in the library that evening with the doors to the party across the hall shut in their faces, Larry

and Carol looked for an instant to one another like servants waiting in a pantry.

Larry mixed some Martinis. "I had a doughnut for breakfast and a sandwich for lunch," he said. "These drinks hurt." Carol found a box of cheese crackers in the library pantry and he ate all of them. He was still so hungry that there was a keen pain in his stomach. At eight o'clock the pitch of talk in the morning room had only heightened and Larry mixed another shaker of drinks and opened a jar of peanuts.

The Murrays came into the library a little after eight. "Isn't there going to be any dinner? " Esther asked waspishly, and Carol told her what she knew. Esther opened her Spanish grammar. Her husband stood by the window.

"I've got to have something to eat," Larry said after a while. "If they don't come out of there in another five minutes I'm going downstairs and boil an



As he spoke the doors of the morning room opened and the

Tremaines and six drunken guests moved across the jtall and started down the stairs, talking and laughing in loud, shrill voices. Lucille Eremaine motioned to the Hylers and Murrays to come along. A light chafing-dish supper had been arranged on the sideboard in the dining room, and after the Tremaines and their guests had served themselves the Murrays and the Hylers helped themselves to the remains, which amounted, in Larry's case, to a spoonful of lobster sauce on a piece of toast. Anger and hunger must have been written on his face as he stood at the edge of the noisy crowd, because Lucille called to him over the heads of her guests. "I hope there's enough to eat, Larry," she said. "We're going on to the theatre and I thought a chafing dish was such a good idea." Then she turned again to the man on her right, who was telling a long story about how

fa Io. Torr Ox

the Radnor Hunt had ridden a fox into his swimming pool.

Larry knew that he could count on a

■ˆ filling meal the next night because it was Carol's turn to cook, and when he came home he found her in the kitchen working at a table covered with eggshells, herb jars, the stained pages of an Escoffier cookbook, half-empty wine and liquor bottles, flour, butter, dirty saucepans, and orange rinds. Her hair was stuck to her forehead with sweat.

"Hello, darling," she said. "Can you smell it?"

"What?"

"Try," she said, "just try and smell it. It's so strong it's making me sick."

"I can't smell anything," Larry said.

"You're not trying," Carol said. "Come here. Look at this." She lifted a cover from a pot at the back of the stove. Whatever it was was covered with mold. "It's that lentil soup Esther made," Carol said. "She won't throw it away and she won't put it in the ice

box. She just lets it sit there and mold and the smell is making me sick." She covered the pot and went back to her work. "You have time to take a bath if you want. Dinner won't be ready until a quarter to eight. It will be the most wonderful dinner you've ever had," she said bitterly.

Larry took a bath and then went down to the library and made a drink. Carol called to him a little before eight, and just then the Tremaines and the Murrays came down from their

"It must be nice to have your husband home again!"

turing toward the table and the wreckage of the meal. "Pearls before swine."

"Take it easy," Larry said. He was tired himself. "The mistake you make is in working too hard. Just give them simple things."

"I can't cook simple things," Carol said angrily. "I've never been able to cook simple things and you know it. If you don't like my cooking you should have told me before this. You must have suffered a lot in the last six years. Why didn't you tell me my

cooking was bad? Why don't you go out and eat at the corner drugstore?"

'I d be happy to eat at the corner drugstore!" Larry shouted. "I'd be happy to eat there or anywhere else where I don't have to

rooms. Then they all went into the dining room and seated themselves at the table. Carol and the girl who washed the dishes put on the soup. It was a cold shellfish soup. Carol's face was dark when she sat at her place. She didn't touch her soup.

"I told the Halsteads we'd be out on Friday night," Lucille said to Jack. "Mother's going to Hyannis on Wednesday."

"Did you read the letter from Harry?" Esther Murray asked Pete. She had wolfed her soup ano was ready for the next course.

"I read the letter," Pete said.

Caro] and the girl removed the soup plates and brought in a platter of duck cooked with herbs, wines, and fruit. Carol only picked at her food, Larry noticed.

"If we go out to the Halsteads' on Friday," Lucille said, "we'll miss Helen's wedding."

They won't notice," Jack said. "It's going to be a big wedding. Did you buy them a present?"

"I got them one of those salad bowls with a silver-handled fork and spoon. The girl said they could return it."

"Harry said that he might come to New York in the fall," Esther Murray told Pete. She spoke with her mouth full.

"I know," Pete said. "I read the letter."

The girl cleared off the plates and Carol went into the kitchen to finish the dessert. She returned with a baked Alaska, which Larry served.

"I wonder if Mother's closing her house," Lucille said. "If she's

going to Hyannis, I guess she must be closing the house."

"Please, may I be excused?" Esther said, and she and her husband left the table. The Tremaines followed.

"I feel that we outfit to 2:0 to Helen's o o

wedding," Lucille said as they went out the door. "Perhaps we can tell them that I'm sick . . ."

Carol slumped in her chair when the door closed. "I worked over that meal since eight this morning," she said, "and I lay in bed last night planning the damned thing. I had to shop in six stores to get the food, and that duck has been marinating since noon. I had to Hirt with the butcher on Madison Avenue to get the butter and I had to walk over to Second Avenue to find small onions, but if I'd put hamburger and canned peas in front of them they wouldn't have known the difference. You'd think at least one of them would say something about the dinner. Pearls before swine. Look at it," she said, ges-

fight to get something into my stomach. All I want is a little hot food. All I want is to be able to come home at the end of the day and get a little hot nourishment."

"Don't shout," Carol said. "They'll hear you."

"I don't care if they do hear me!" Larry said. "All I want is a little hot nourishment and if I can't get it here I'll get it at the corner drugstore."

"Please, darling, please don't shout," Carol said, and tears filled her eyes. "They can hear everything you say up the dumbwaiter, and if you shout it will be all over town that we're not getting along together. We can't even quarrel, we can't even have a family quarrel."

ON the following night, Larry was

so hungry on his way home from Brooklyn that he bought a bag of salted peanuts at a subway stand and ate them on the train. They left a metallic taste in his mouth. He could hear some activity in the

kitchen after he let himself in, and as he came up the stairs the library doors opened and Carol stood there. She looked very serious. “Come in here for a minute, darling,” she said.

Jack and Lucille, as well as Carol, were in the library. Lucille was drinking straight whiskey. “Larry, dear,” Lucille said, “you won’t believe me.

You simply won’t believe what I’m going; to tell you.”

“Tell him,” Jack said. Jack was standing by the fireplace.

“You will not believe what I’m going to tell you,” Lucille said. “You know tonight was my night to cook dinner. I bought squab. They’re not hard to cook, and Jack’s like a wild thing in the night for squab. Well, I went downstairs at about seven to rustle up the dinner and there she was.” Lucille leaned toward Larry. “There she was, washing her hair in the kitchen sink.”

“Did you ever hear anything like it'” Carol said.

“Every time the doorbell rings I think it’s the Board of Health,” Jack said.

“Washing her hair in the kitchen sink,” Lucille said. “I did social-service work in Boston all one summer and I want to tell you I never heard of such a thing. I refuse to cook dinner in a kitchen where someone’s washing their hair. I refuse to go into a kitchen where someone’s washing their hair. I told the summer-school girl she needn’t come any more, and as far as I’m concerned the cooperative arrangement is off. Jack and I are going to have our meals sent in.”

“Isn’t it terrible?” Jack Tremaine said. “The things you find out about people when you have to live with them. Now, you know you could sit beside her in the theatre and you’d never know she washed her hair in the kitchen sink. ˆ ou might even have lunch with her, you might meet her at a party and you’d never know.”

“There she was,” Lucille said, “with her head under the tap and red hair all over the dish

to Carol. “Let’s call the whole thing off ourselves and eat in restaurants.”

“Not me,” Carol said. “We can’t afford to have our meals in restaurants, for one thing, and, for another, I’m not going to give in to her. If she wants to make a battlefield out of the kitchen I’ll meet her halfway. I’m paying rent on that damned kitchen and I’m going to use it.”

“I’m hungry,” Larry said. “It seems to me that I’ve been hungry ever since April.”

Larry looked up at the tall limestone

■ˆ fagade of the town house when he came home the next night and wondered what it would hold in the way of disagreements and food. As he passed the Tremaines’ bedroom door he could hear the noise of china and silver and he supposed they were enjoying a meal some restaurant had sent in. On the way up the stairs to his own bedroom he smelled frying meat. It was an alien smell to find in the hallways of a house that had been built by some nineteenthcentury merchant as a measure of his success. Larry wondered if it had been railroads or oil wells or the grain elevators of Kansas that had paid for the stained-glass skylight and the panelled walls and the holy-water stoup in the vestibule. He opened the door to his bedroom and heard the hiss of frying meat. He found Carol sitting on the edge of the bathtub, frying lamb chops on an electric plate.

She looked contrite and pretty when he kissed her, and she made no explanation. She had on a fresh dress and wore

a cloth flower in her hair, the chops smelled good, and he asked her nothing. “If you go down to the kitchen and get an ice tray we can have some drinks,” she said. “I brought up the shaker and the things.”

He went downstairs and when he entered the kitchen he saw the reason for Carol’s defeat. Esther and Pete Murray and their small daughter Ramona were there. There was nothing violent or disorderly about the scene, but there was a sense that the Murrays

had taken possession of the room. Pete Murray was sitting at the kitchen table, drinking beer and reading an evening paper. Esther was bathing Ramona in one of the set tubs. The child was crowing with pleasure and splashing water onto the floor. Esther sang to the little girl as she sponged her. Her voice was small and pleasant and the song was an English song that Larry had heard before, and in the song a man promised his girl the keys to Canterbury and that all the bells of London would ring to make them merry if she would be his bride, his joy, and only dear, and walk along with him anywhere.

—John Cheever

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[From the Alice (Tex.) Echo]

Cal Bowers, best all around athlete at William Adams High School last year, has joined the navy and is now awaiting his call. He will be missed greatly in all young circles. Some more than others.

drainer. They used to live in a cold-water tenement. She told me they used to live in a cold-water tenement and she always washed her hair in the sink there and she didn't see why she should change."

"You'd never know she lived in a tenement just by looking at her, would you?" Jack asked. "You just can't tell about people's looks

any more."

"I'm hungry," Larry said, and he turned

NOTE5 FOR A FILM BIOGRAPHY

I WENT to see "Rhapsody in Blue" the other night, and as an intimate friend of George Gershwin's I was struck by the fidelity with which it followed his life. Ah, the memories it brought back! That night when the Rhapsody had its first hearing, when George rushed from the concert platform straight to the bedside of his dying music teacher, dear Professor Frank! It was I who buttoned his greatcoat about him on that historic occasion, I who whispered into his ear, "Mind the snow, George." (I was a little hurt that this was left out of the picture.) Too, I recalled so well the sweet Julie Adams—Julie, who sang the leads in all of George's shows and who fell in love with him so helplessly, so self-sacrific-ingly. I saw Julie just the other day, and we chatted over old times. She is in the Wacs now, still sacrificing. And what a pang went through me when I heard the screen figures of George and Ira once more playfully referring to each other by those pet names that I knew so well, "Mr. Words" and "Mr. Music." It was a bit of life, I tell you.

As I pondered upon this and other screen biographies, thinking, too, of the coming life stories of Cole Porter and Jerome Kern, it occurred to me that the picture companies, desperate for subjects, might someday be offering up their millions for the story of my own

life. Fearing that the bidding may be something less than spirited, and always with an eye to a couple of million dollars, I am taking the liberty of pointing out a few of the more dramatic episodes in my life, and suggesting how they may be enhanced for the greater enjoyment of the picture-going public. For the guidance of the producers I shall first describe each episode as it actually took place, then sketch in a few small adornments. These are purely suggestions, and

I am sure that the screen writers will find ways to enlarge upon them.

Episode No. 1

The faets: As a little boy of seven, in Pittsburgh, I wheedled a penny out of my father and went across "Walnut Street to Shornhorst's grocery store, where I bought some candy. I then returned home.

Suggested treatment: When I am in the middle of the street a runaway horse comes along, dragging behind it a buggy

in which are a man and a little girl. The little girl, a beautiful child with golden hair, is crying out with terror and clinging desperately to the side of the buggy. Without a second's hesitation I throw myself at the foaming beast and drag it to a stop about a block farther down, just in front of a house on which there is a placard reading, "Stephen Collins Foster, American composer, was born in this house on July 4th, 1826." The camera moves slowly along the walk and up to the placard, which dissolves to reveal a Mississippi levee scene in which a group of darkies are singing "Old Black Joe." There follows a medley of Stephen Foster melodies, with Lena Horne and Bill Robinson. When this is over, the camera comes back to the street, and the man, who has now had time to get out of the buggy, says, "My boy, you don't know what you have done. I am James B. MacFarlane, the richest man in Pittsburgh, and this is my daughter Beatrice." I am lifted up into the buggy and taken to the big house on the hill, where an enormous party is in progress, with Sousa's Band to play the dance music. Mr. Sousa plays "Stars and Stripes Forever," followed by a medley of all the other famous Sousa marches, during which the camera shows highlights of the American Revolution, the War of 1812, Perry on Lake Erie, the fight between the Monitor and the Merrimac, and finally Teddy Roosevelt and his Rough Riders going up San Juan Hill. At this point Mr. MacFarlane says, "It so happens that President Roosevelt is in Pittsburgh this very dav, campaigning for reelection, and I have asked him to drop in." We then hear a great cheer in the street, and Teddy Roosevelt enters. Sousa's Band strikes up "Hail to the Chief," but Roosevelt raises his hand and says, "No! My favorite song is 'Shine On,

Harvest Moon,' just the way Nora Bayes ami Jack Norworth used to sing it down at Tony Pastor's." So Mr. Sousa's Band plays "Harvest Moon," and the camera cuts to Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth at Tony Pastor's. After that everybody is introduced to Teddy Roosevelt, and Mr. MacFarlane says, "This is my daughter Beatrice. She is only six years old, but we think she has a very good voice and we would like her to sing for you." Little Beatrice sings "My Dolly's Face Is All B'oken," and

at the finish there is a closeup of Mr. Sousa, who is heard to remark, "That little girl will be a great figure upon the concert platform."

Then it is my turn to be introduced to the President, and Mr. MacFarlane tells how I stopped the runaway horse, and Mr. Roosevelt says, “My boy, that is in the finest American tradition. I would like to help a boy like you. What would you like to be when you grow up?” There is a long pause, and then I say, “Nothing.” Everyone agrees that I have a good chance to make it. Then Mr. MacFarlane says to Mr. Roosevelt, “Mr. President, what do you think of the future of the world?,” and Mr. Roosevelt says, “We have just finished a great war with Spain and J hope that it will be the last of all wars. But America must be prepared, for I fear that we will have a great war with Germany in 191 7. I wonder,” he says, “what the war songs will be like in those davs.” As he is speaking, the music strikes up and we hear a medley of war songs from 1917 —“Over There,” “Tipperary,” “How Ya Gonna Keep ’Em Down on the Farm,” etc.—and at the same time the camera shows great guns booming and shots of the battlefield. When I get home my father says, “Where the hell have you been all this time ?,” and I say, “I stopped a runaway horse and was at Mr. MacFarlane’s house on the hill and President Roosevelt was there.” Of course Father thinks I am lying and he turns me over his knee and spanks me with a hairbrush as we fade out.

Episode No. 2

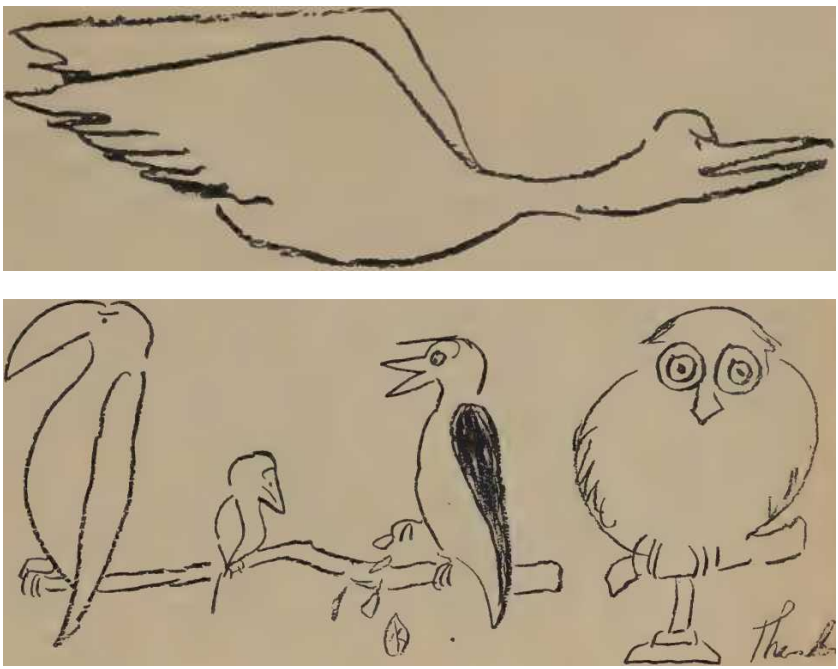
The faets: I took a short trip to London. One day I went to the offices of the American Express Company, where I was expecting a money order from home for fifty dollars, which I badly needed. The clerk said he didn’t know anything about it, and would I please not block the line?

Suggested treatment: Before I can think of an answer to this crack, a distinguished, white-haired old gentleman enters, accompanied by a beautiful girl. He goes right up to the cashier’s window and says, “Bleakley, I will take a hundred thousand pounds, please.” The clerk says, “Yes, Mr. Ambassador.” This gives me a hint. It is James B. MacFarlane, now our Ambassador to England. I say to him, “Mr. Ambassador, you don’t remember me, do you?” He says, “No.” Immediately, however, the beautiful young lady says, “Oh, but I do! You are George S. Kaufman, who stopped that runaway horse and saved our lives so many years

ago." "How wonderful!" says the Ambassador. "You must live at the American Embassy while you are here!" Naturally, I agree, but before we leave the Express office the Ambassador turns to' Bleakley and says, "I think I will take along those three shares of stock that you are holding for me." "Three shares for the Ambassador!" cries Bleaklev, and everybody gives them, resoundingly. (A certain amount of comedy is necessary in a picture of this sort.) Anyhow, on the way to the Embassy, we drive along the Strand, and presently the Ambassador says, "There is the famous Savoy Theatre, where Gilbert and Sullivan presented all their celebrated, operettas, beginning in 1881." /Xs he speaks, the front of the Savoy Theatre slowly changes to the way it was in 1881, and the fashionable English ladies and gentlemen of the day are shown arriving at the playhouse. Presently the strains of the English anthem are heard, and everyone comes to attention. It is Queen Victoria, accompanied by Disraeli. As they enter the theatre, Disraeli is heard to remark, "Your Majesty, it is essential that England should control the Suez Canal, or we face war with Germany in 1914 and again in 1939." After a medley of all the Gilbert-and-Sullivan operettas has been played, we continue our drive toward the Embassy, and the Ambassador, looking out of his car, says, "Oh, there is Albert Hall!" "Let's stop and talk to him," I say, "because I know his brother, Frank Hall." (As I have said, a certain amount of comedy is necessary.) The Ambassador explains that he means the famous concert hall, adding, "My daughter Beatrice, who is now a well-known concert singer, is giving a recital there this very evening." At this we dissolve to the interior of Albert Hall that evening. There is, of course, a fashionable audience, and the camera pans slowly along the lobby, revealing the Prince of Wales, Lady Astor, Winston Churchill, Ramsay MacDonald, Stanley Baldwin, Rudyard Kipling, and Gilbert Miller. Then the Ambassador and I are shown in a box, all read}' for the concert to begin. The strain that we are under shows in our faces—will Beatrice make good before this distinguished gathering? Beatrice sings "Ave Maria," which brings an ovation from the crowded house, so she sings "Ave Another Maria." After the applause has died down, the Ambassador turns to me and says, "By the way, Mr. Kaufman, what about your career? What became of your wonderful plan to do nothing?" "I think I have suc-

OUK NEV NATURAL HI5TORY

A CROUP OF BIR.DS OF THE WESTERN HEMI5?: EE"



(Left to right') the Whited Sepulchre; the Misfit; the American Playboy, or Spendthrift, also sometimes called (southern U. S. A.) the Common Blackguard; a Stuff ed Shirt; and (above) a Termagant.

ceeded in it pretty well," I reply a bit stiffly. "Indeed you have," says the Ambassador graciously. "Your teachers must be very proud of you." The camera then cuts to two of my teachers, back in Pittsburgh. One of them, Miss Hornaday, is running a two-balls-for-a-nickel concession in Kennywood Amusement Park, and the other, Miss Funk, is in jail. It is Christmas Eve and Miss Funk is singing "Silent Night." The camera then comes back to Albert Hall and after the concert we all go to a famous night club, where Gertrude Lawrence, Beatrice Lillie, and Noel Coward are performing. Noel Coward does a medley of all his song hits. In the middle of the last number there is a terrific disturbance out in the street and everybody rushes to the door. '1 he Ambassador, looking at the building across the street, says, "The lights are going out in the

Polish Embassy ! ” Germany has marched; it is war!

Episode No. 3

The facts: Two weeks ago I carried a couple of shirts around the corner to

the Chinaman. He said he would have them ready on Thursday.

Suggested treatment: I sail for China, where James B. MacFarlane is now our Ambassador and his daughter Beatrice is giving recitals in the Chinese music halls. The Ambassador gives a party for me at the American Embassy, where the famous Chinese composer, Tinkle-Foo, is one of the guests. After a medley of Tinkle-Foo’s compositions has been played . ..

But that’s enough to give the general idea. The picture compank", will please line up on the left.

—George S. Kaufman

0

Amateur Art Student wants to purchase 3 Dimensional Cross Section study of Female Body. By cross section I mean a number of the type a magician hypothetically makes, if he sawed from head to foot, 20 or 25 times, or like sawing a tree trunk. State price. Box 950-K.—Adv. in the Saturday Ret ie-.'.'.

You’ve certainly got us in the spirit of the thing, anyway.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

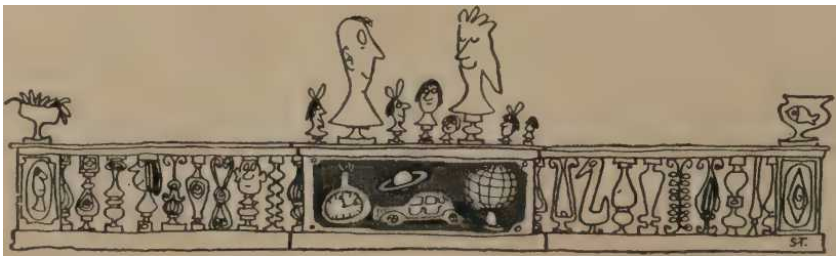
WELCOME HOME, JOHN AND MARG

FOR many English penpie the war seemed to begin with their first sight, in September, 1939, of the evacuated London children, either waiting on railway platforms with bundles in their hands and labels pinned to their coats, or arriving, dazed but still cheerful, at some village clearing station. This mass migration was recently repeated, but in reverse. In a single week, the government brought thirty-seven thousand children into London on special trains from all parts of England and restored them to their families. I got permission to travel on one of these trains, in company with a hundred and thirty children who boarded it at Bridgwater, a pleasant old country town in Somerset. My most constant companions were a couple of evacuees named John and Margaret Day, fifteen-year-old twins who are natives of West Ham, a section of London down by the docks, and who had been in the country for five and a half years. I had met them the day before, and I was planning to stay with them right to the point at which they left off being country kids and officially became cockneys again.

The Days had been billeted four miles outside Bridgwater, in North Petherton, a long, straggling village chiefly remarkable for a magnificent old church. I had gone down to North Petherton ahead of time, and the afternoon before they left, I was invited to call to have a talk with Mr. Rogers, the village butcher, with whom John and Margaret had been staying. It was a hot day, and the place was still and drowsy as I walked along. The vicar came out of a little baker's shop, carrying a cake in his hand; the church clock struck the quarter in a rich, leisurely way; and a tabby cat slept in a cottage bed of snapdragons. After this, I thought, West Ham was going to seem somewhat overcrowded. Mr. Rogers' establishment, at the other end of the village, was like a doll's butcher shop set in a little yellow house. Because it was

Monday afternoon, when the butcher shops in this area are closed, the tables and hooks were bare and scrubbed spotless. Mr. Rogers, in clean white shirt sleeves, was waiting for me. He was a big,

gray-haired, bespectacled man, and he looked kind and dignified. He and I went through the shop into a small parlor full of shining bits of brass and mahogany. Mr. Rogers said that John and Margaret would be in directly. “September first, 1939,” he said. “That’s when they came to me. They were only little nippers of nine then. It’s a long time.” He said that he had lost his wife a year ago and that a daily woman came in to look after him. Because it was too much for the woman to manage, Margaret slept out at a neighbor’s and came in for meals. “My wife was always very proud of John and Margaret,” he said. “When they first arrived, they were sickly—they’d been in one of these sunshine homes for children. The good country food and the fresh air worked wonders. Later on, Margaret got rheumatic fever and missed a lot of her schooling, but my wife nursed her round from that. I think it’s been a wonderful thing, this evacuation of London children. From all points of view, I mean. My wife and I were West Country people, brought up in country ways that you might call simple, I suppose, and we had no idea how some poor Londoners lived. It was a shock, you know. Some of the worst cases down here made your heart ache. Well, they’re going back now with plenty of new ideas on soap and water and so forth. But how are they going to get on when they get back? That’s what I wonder.” He shook his head. “Take my two,” he said. “I got John a job as errand boy down at the grocer’s here. He’s happy as a king, John is. He doesn’t much fancy the idea of London again. I wrote and told his mother that she must try and get him a job which keeps him in the fresh air as much as possible. His mother’s a widow, a very nice woman. She’s been down here to see the children. But they’re going to miss the fresh air and the fields. Yesterday they had their last Sunday dinner with me. We went out in the garden and picked four pounds of raspberries and red cur



rants and brought them in and stewed them ourselves. I couldn’t

help wondering to myself when they were going to get a feed of fresh fruit like that again.

The twins came in at that moment and, after shaking hands with me, sat down on the edge of their chairs and looked at me expectantly. They were exceptionally tall for their age, but otherwise they were not particularly alike. Margaret wore glasses and had shoulder-length brown hair. She looked very nice in her blue-and-white cotton . frock and bobby socks. John had a thatch of dark hair and a wicked, engaging grin. Mr. Rogers regarded them proudly. “Do you know what John’s been doing?” he asked. “He’s been sewing—making a little case for a knife he bought in Bridgwater. He’s wonderfully quick with his hands— carves little model planes quite skillfully. Go and get one to show, John. Hurry, now.” John went off and brought back a model of a night fighter, which he handed to me, smiling sheepishly. “You’d better let me pack up the models for you, John,” said Mr. Rogers. “The packing that’s going on! I don’t know how we’ll ever get their things in, 1 in sure.

“I’ve got a sailor’s kit bag for my stuff,” said John.

“I’ve got a tea set,” said Margaret. “I brought it down when I come, and only one piece got broken since. I never . did find out rightly who done it, either.” She looked at John, who stared into space.

“And the books they’re taking back!” said Mr. Rogers. “John’s got two that were given him, each costing a guinea, all about aircraft. I’ll have to box them up and send them on after you—that’s what I’ll do.”

I asked them how they, felt about seeing London again, and John said, “When I come, I thought this was a crazy place, but I don’t now. I like it best.” He looked disturbed as he sat working his new knife back

and forth in its case.

“Well,” said Mr. Rogers in a deliberately cheerful voice, “it’s only natural. They’ve made a lot of friends here, and five and a half years is a long time at their age. They’ve

got on well with our North Petherton children. There's a little girl of five at the house where Margaret sleeps who's going to miss Margaret. Oh, yes, she is going to miss Margaret." Margaret said nothing, but her eyes flickered behind her glasses.

I said that I would be at the Memorial Hall, where the children were assembling, at eight-thirty next morning, and after saying goodbye to Mr. Rogers, I went back to the village pub, where I was staying the night. That evening, as I was taking a stroll through the village, I saw Margaret. She was the center of a knot of girls dressed in Girl Guide uniforms. Margaret still wore her cotton frock, but she had a Guide hat clapped on the back of her head. She was shouting happily.

NEXT morning, as we stood among the piles of luggage in the Memorial Hall, I said to Margaret, "I saw you with the Guides last night."

She K'SSˆd- "Miss Cooper fell in the stream," she said. "We was tracking, and Miss Cooper tried to jump the stream, and she fell in, smack. My, she was wet!"

I said that I supposed that she would join the local troop of Guides when she got home. "I dunno," she said evasively, and the conversation petered out there. Her hair was tied back with red-white-and-blue ribbon, undoubtedly saved from V Day. John, who was amiably shoving and being shoved by another boy in one corner of the room, wore a neat navy-blue raincoat. Reading the labels on the luggage, I spotted his bulging kit bag among the collection of suitcases, trunks, and oddly shaped brown-paper parcels to which a young woman was tying labels that had "EVACUATION RETURN PARTY" and the owner's name and address on them. The children wore the same sort of labels pinned to their coats. The colors of the labels varied according to the district to which they were returning. The Days wore the blue labels of the West Ham party, and so did a couple of

“Why is this, ci gar any better than that cigar?”

biggish, sandy-haired boys called Eddie and Gerald. The boy John had been shoving was another West Ham evacuee, named Leonard. He was a smaller boy, in short pants; he had watery eyes and the bland expression, nicely balanced between cheek and beautiful innocence, of the born cockney. He and the four other West Hamites kept together as the roll was called by the wife of the North Petherton doctor, Mrs. Beggs, who was the chief billeting officer. While this was going on, I had a talk with the village schoolmistress, who had come down to say goodbye to the children. 1'here were under a dozen children in the North Petherton contingent, and she explained that this was because so many of them had already been fetched home by parents. “We started off with about four hundred, I think it was, in 1939,” she said. “The people round here have been wonderful to them. Lots of the children are going to come back as soon as they’re big enough, I feel certain. They’ve learned to love the country. When they first came, it was all very strange to them, and they used to pull up the vegetables

in the allotments and bring them home, thinking they were wild, you know. And the stomach aches from stuffing green cider apples! But they soon learned."

The bus that was to take us to Bridgwater station turned up, and the smaller boys began to squeal and scuffle excitedly. Margaret, who had been moodily holding the cardboard box that contained her tea set, started to scuffle too, as though it might lift her spirits. One bigger girl of about sixteen, who was with her younger brother, was trying not to cry, but her round pink face and round blue eyes were woebegone. "In 1939 they were crying just as hard at the idea of coming here," Mrs. Beggs said, dashing past with a handfid of papers. "Now, start getting the luggage out, everybody!" A group of village women, some with babies in push chairs, were waiting outside, by the iron railings, to say goodbye. One or two of them were tearful. A little boy, extraordinarily neat and holding a large bunch of red sweet Williams, was in the midst of a harrowing parting with his foster mother. Sniffling, he climbed aboard the

bus; his foster mother stood flapping a handkerchief and trying valiantly but unsuccessfully to smile. The rest of us got aboard too.

"Goodbye, children!" called Mrs. Beggs. "Happy journey!"

"Goodbye, Mrs. Beggs!" the children called back.

The bus started, all the women by the railings waving and shouting last-minute instructions.

"Cheerio, North Pctherton!" Margaret shouted. She fell back in her seat and began scanning the cottages and gardens for some final familiar figures to wave at.

THE bus drew up outside Bridg

water station, alongside other buses that were setting down parties of chattering, labelled children holding suitcases and parcels. The clerk of the Bridgwater Rural District Council, Mr. Blay, and his chief billeting officer, Mr. Dewar, whom I had already met, were rushing about and sorting out the children according to their labels, with the assistance of several other billeting officers and some

London schoolmasters and schoolmistresses who had come down to act as train escorts. I had been taken on as an extra escort (the ratio was one escort to every twelve children) and was adorned with a large blue label. “Blue this way!” someone shouted, and we obediently trooped into position on one side of the station yard. John shouted goodbye to some friends who were marching off into red and yellow groups. Margaret, who seemed alternately in high spirits and depressed, was still mounting guard over her tea set. “Mr. Rogers wouldn’t say goodbye this morning,” she told me. “ ’E just put ’is ’and on our shoulders like this”—she laid a hand on my own shoulder—“and then ’e turned away without speaking. ’E gave us two pounds each last night.”

Leonard, who had been watching the proceedings with an air of superior cunning, like a small fox terrier, suddenly slapped the suitcase he was carrying and shouted, “I’ve got a whop-pin’ great piece of ’am in ’ere!”

“So’ve I!” cried Margaret, cheering UP-

“They killed the pig specially for me,” said Leonard. “I’ve got eggs, too.”

“Where’d you get ’em?” asked Eddie, who had a little down along his upper lip and looked as though he was about to shoot out of his clothes in all directions.

A HUNDRED MINNOW

A hundred minnows, little-finger length, Own the slim pond. In sets they make Maneuver: all one way

Change-minded, yet of one mind where clear water Clouds with their speed an instant;

All one speed, one purpose, as they veer

And suddenly close circle; and some leap— There! at an unseen fly, There! at nothing at all.

Brown minnows, darkening daily

Since the thin time, the spring,

Since nothingness gave birth to such small bones, Beat the soft water, fill

The wet world; as one,

Occupy movement, owning all August, Proud minnows.

—Mark Van Doren

“The ’en laid ’em,” said Leonard simply.

“I’ve got a chicken in mine, and a lot of bird’s eggs,” said Eddie, slapping his box. “Keep clear of my bird’s eggs, you kids, see?”

Mr. Dewar, the chief billeting officer, came up to me. He was a military-mustached man in a sporty check coat and a pork-pie hat. “Shan’t be sorry when today’s over,” he said. “It’s a game getting them off. We’ll still be left with some even then. These are only the kids who’ve got homes to go to and whose parents haven’t been bombed out, and so on. Two of these boys are taking a couple of young geese back to London with them. Want to come and have a look?” I followed him over to an automobile, out of which two boys were lifting a wooden crate from which an irritable hissing noise was coming. “Are you going to be able to keep them all right at home?” asked Mr. Dewar dubiously. “We’ve got grass in our back garden,” one of the owners said optimistically. “Geese don’t want nothin’ much but grass.”

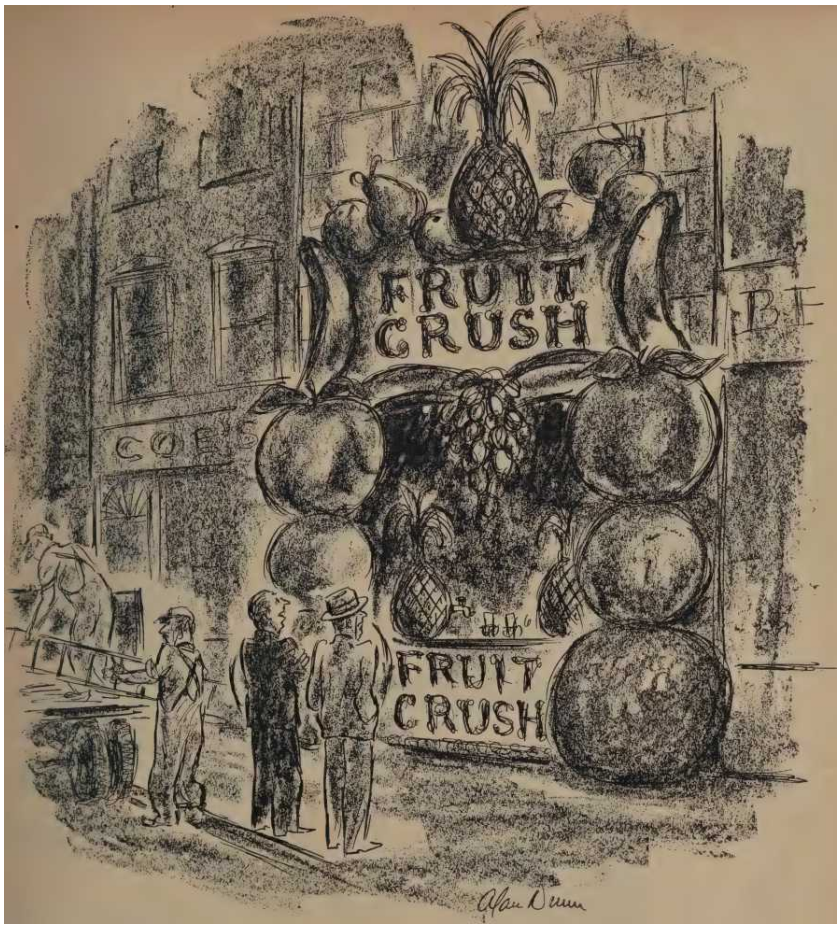
The billeting officers were beginning to shepherd the children into the station by groups. Just before our blue party moved, a smart-looking young woman in the uniform of the St. John’s Am

bulance Brigade trotted up, accompanied by one of the officers. She singled out the tearful fair girl and her brother, parted the hair on each of their heads, and peered hastily at their scalps, inspected the palms of their hands, and trotted off again. “They didn’t come for their medical on Friday when we all did,” Margaret explained. I asked why their heads and hands had been inspected. Margaret said it was for scabies, a skin disease that evacuees had frequently introduced into country schools.

Fhe spirits of our party mounted rapidly as we got past the barrier and onto the platform. A number of women with shopping baskets on their arms had gathered on the footbridge over the tracks to watch. “Look at ’em staring! ” cried Margaret contemptuously. “Nosy, aren’t they?” An old porter was ambling among the children, chaffing them in a slow, West Country voice. “How many orchards you been in, eh?” he was saying. “How many cider apples you eaten, eh? And now you’ll forget us all back in Lunnon, I suppose?”

The train came in. It was long and shabby, and sections of it were already crowded with children who had been picked up further down the West Country. The children on the platform raised a cheer, and the children on the train piped up in reply. Following the directions of a man with a megaphone, we got ourselves settled in

our carriage. In my compartment, which had two long plush seats facing each other, big enough for four people a side, there were the Day twins, Eddie and Gerald, Leonard, myself, and an old lady evacuee who for some reason was being taken back to London on the chil-



“Now for the acid test—does it sell more Fruit Crush?”

dren’s train. She was a Mrs. Brown, from Barking, aged eighty-seven, and she had been staying with a married daughter in Somerset since the flying bombs drove her out of Barking, in 1944. “I didn’t mind the other sorts,” she said, “but with them things cornin’ over, and the sireen goin’ every blessed minute”—she

leaned forward, working her almost toothless jaws

agitatedly—"well, it was no better than a livin' death, that's what it was, dear."

The train remained in the station for a while, taking on the luggage. The children had immediately prized open the small sliding windows and were hanging their heads out to watch. The Days, being tall, could see out easily; so could Eddie, who had stowed away his bird's eggs and a curiously bulging

sack on the rack. "Potatoes at the bottom, boots on top," he explained, patting the bulges. When the train finally pulled out, there was a thin chorus of cheering. Everybody on the platform stood waving and smiling—the old porter and his mates, the local officials, the billeting officers. The last thing the children saw of Bridgwater was a blur of friendly, smiling faces,

calling "Goodbye, goodbye! Good luck! Come back some time!"

AS the train gathered speed, the chil-■ˆ * dren drew back from the windows. They seemed to be experiencing a slight letdown. But John quickly produced a paper bag full of pieces of cake and passed it around. Mrs. Brown accepted a piece, opened her worn leather handbag, and placed the cake carefully inside, closing the clasp with the air of one providently stowing away victuals for a dangerous voyage. This was only the first installment of an almost constant flow of food and drink during the four hours of our journey to Paddington. All the children had come provided with thick country sandwiches of bread and cheese or jam, packed by their foster parents that morning, and sticky paper bags of sweets were circulated frequently. The Days had packages of dates and chocolate. Finally, official refreshments were to be served by the escorts, just in case anyone got hungry. Before long, the children, their interest in food temporarily slack, were at the windows again.

We had not gone many miles before a competent lady in a plaid tweed coat, who turned out to be the chief train marshal, dashed down the corridor, shouting in at our compartment, "Keep your heads in from those windows, can't you?" The children drew their heads in until she had disappeared, then glanced at me, grinned,

and put them right back out again. They kept them there most of the way to London. After a while, Leonard sat down beside me, his hands on his scratched brown knees, his face wearing its sharp, innocent fox-terrier expression. When I asked him what he wanted to do most after he got home, he said, “See all my sisters.” He pointed to Eddie and Gerald and said, “See them boys? They’ve got twelve brothers and sisters in their family. There’s five of ’em Eddie and Gerald ’aven’t even seen. There’s some new ones in mine, too, I expect.” He

looked worldly and bored. Then he leaped up and announced that he was going to the lavatory. He came back inside a minute, saying, “Someone in there ’as put up a little notice on the door sayin’ ‘Engaged.’ They’ll be married soon, I suppose.” While he waited, he amused himself by standing in the corridor, making faces at some prim little girls in the next compartment.

Before we had reached Bristol, all the bigger boys were black and John had a cinder in his eye. I extracted it with a corner of a handkerchief. Margaret said, “You’ll be sweeps by the time j ou get ’ome, all of you,” and virtuously ran a pocket comb through her hair. The children surveyed the passing fields with the expert eyes of the country dweller. When they yelled, “Look at them poppies in the wheat!,” or, “Coo, what a big field of barley!,” it was wheat or barley, all right.

“It’s pretty,” said Margaret, sighing.

Eddie, whose voice ranged between a bass bark and a tenor squeak, said that he and Gerald had been on a farm and they had liked it fine.

“I done farm work,” said Leonard. I done three days’ potatoing, and they give me ten and sixpence for it. The

lady I live with give me a pound. I got one pound, thirteen shillings, and ninepence."

"Well, I got over two pounds, so there," said Margaret. "Mr. Rogers give me two pounds." Her face darkened and she looked out at the fields, blinking swiftly.

An escort down the corridor from us, a pretty, dark girl in a tweed suit, looked in to ask me to lend a hand with the refreshments, which were now being given out. I followed her up the train until we got to the guard's van, where half a dozen W. V. S. workers in green overalls were standing behind tea urns, churns of milk, and cartons full of individuallyˆ wrapped buns and sandwiches. Carrying a large jug of milk and a box of buns, I started to work my way back. Small boys, self-elected assistants, raced ahead of me, giving out paper cups. All the children in my carriage said yes to the milk except one individualist who said, "Naow, I 'ate it," and remained firm about it, even though older, motherly little girls urged him, "Go on, Bertie, do! It's lovely, like ice cream—honest!"

By the time I sat down again, Margaret had produced from somewhere a grubby, obviously much-loved “Guide to Somerset.” She turned the pages

ˆy # y # ˆ

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slowly. .Leonard looked over her shoulder, his head on one side. “ I he Quan-tocks,” he read. “I been there! That’s where the farm was where I did pota-toing! They give* us strawberries and cherries there! ”

“Did you go to the Cheddar Gorge?” asked Margaret. “Oh, it was lovely. They’ve got stalactites and stalagmites. One bit looks just like a little village where it’s reflected in the water.”

“Nether Stowey,” Leonard read. “I know it! I been there ! ”

“Nether Stowey was the ’ome of the poet Coleridge,” said Margaret in a guidebook voice.

“I seen ’im!” said

Leonard. “Coleridge, a chap with long ’air. I seen ’im walkin’ down the street there.”

“Don’t be barmy,” said Margaret. “Coleridge is dead, silly.”

“Well, I seen ’im,” Leonard insisted, “or, anyway, ’e was a poet, cos ’is ’air was ’anging round ’is shoulders. Thads where Aunt Ettie comes from,” he said, banging a finger down on a photograph of a whitewashed and thatched village. “Aunt Ettie is the lady I live

with," he said, blinking his sandy lashes.

"You'll be able to show your mum where you been, dear," said Mrs. Brown to Margaret.

"Yes," Margaret said in a flat voice, and shut the book. She jumped to her feet, hit her twin a crack on the back, and cried, "Lemme look out of the window now, can't you?"

The children began to sing, in ragged, wavering bursts. They sang "Bless 'Em All, Bless 'Em All" and "Roll Out the Barrel." Their favorite was "I'm Up From Zummerzet, Where the Cider Apples Grow." When we stopped at a station, they yelled out of the window to men working on the tracks, "Hi, Mister, what's this place? Is it London yet? What's the time, Mister?" Whenever signalmen or linesmen caught sight of the train filled with singing, waving children, their expressions would change and they would smile and wave and make the V sign. Porters waved, and stout countrywomen waiting at crossings flourished their baskets; the green English countryside was giving the children a sendoff in the best Rene Clair manner. •

AS we got near London, the ten--4 X $_{s}$jon grew. I suggested that everybody try to tidy up. John's face and

dren seemed dark! " said modest-sized

hands were smudged, his hair was bristling wildly, and his tie was under one ear. In four hours a mysterious thing had happened: starting out a country boy, he now looked like a London kid again. The approaches to Paddington are hideously funereal, and the chil- overawed. "Coo, isn't it Leonard. Pointing to a building, he said, "Coo, look at that whoppin' great 'ouse!" To an eve that for five years had been accustomed to measure by Somerset standards, it was mammoth. When the long train slid into the station, one of the train marshals came along the corridor, warning us not to get

out until we were told. This would have been impossible anyway, because we had been locked into the carriages. Presently a porter came running along and unlocked us. The children tumbled out, chattering, squeaking, stretching themselves like puppies let out of

a hamper. John took charge of the basket Mrs. Brown was carrying and Eddie helped her off the train. After a few minutes' wait, we got the order from the train marshals to move off, and the cavalcade trooped along the platform. The heavy luggage had been taken care of at Bridgwater, but every child carried something—brown-paper parcels, string bags from which bottles of preserved fruit or jars of jam bulged, bundles of sweet peas and roses, such little treasures as kites and butterfly nets. Mrs. Brown toddled along, spry and beaming, beside John. We streamed up a ramp, halting two or three times as the pathway grew congested. The organization seemed first-rate. One by one, a fleet of red London Passenger Transport double-decker motorbuses drew up alongside the curb outside the station, loaded up with children, and moved off. We lost Mrs. Brown there. She was put on another bus.

The Days, Eddie and Gerald, Leonard, and I clambered to the top deck of our bus, which moved off as soon as we had sat down. Another escort, a young woman in a red mackintosh, told me that we were heading for the first dispersal point, a London County Council school in Bow. There the children would be fed, sorted according to their labels, then sent off by bus again to their district dispersal points, which were their local schools, where their families would take over.

In twenty minutes we got to the first

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school. The children had been fairly quiet ou the trip. They looked as though they found the noise, the crowds pushing along the pavements, the traffic hard to take. Margaret started to read out the name over every shop front aloud, apparently preparing to get familiar with this new town as if it were no larger than cozy North Petherton. Presently the never-ending string of shops seemed to oppress her and she stopped. A lady in a fashionable hat, waiting at a bus stop, saw us approaching and stepped forward, raising a languid finger. She was astonished when the bus swept past. "Don't she look funny?" said Leonard, equally astonished. At last we drew up behind another bus outside the school, and the children and I scrambled out. A man who was plainly the headmaster was waiting to welcome them, along with half a dozen women teachers. John

and Margaret and the rest clattered into the school and upstairs to a big classroom, where they sat down at long trestle tables laid with a cold supper. This seemed to me fine organization, too. Just at the proper moment, when their spirits might have been sinking, the children's stomachs were being stoked up comfortably with food and drink. One of the teachers suggested that I sit down and eat too. We had a bit of corned beef and a sausage roll, vegetable salad, bread and butter, fruit jelly, and custard. The children had orange drinks. John caught my eye and winked. He was merry and excited. I don't believe that he was thinking of North Petherton at all. Margaret was saying resignedly, "I suppose Mum will want us to get all cleaned up and go round pavin' visits to everybody in our street." Eddie addressed an imaginary hostess in a mincing imitation of an English upper-class voice, "Aw, h'are yew, Mrs. Jones? Quaite browned off, I see, Mrs. Jones. Tut, tut!" The other children giggled.

Presently the West Ham party was collected in a small classroom decorated with brightly colored pictures of "Four and Twenty Blackbirds," "Bopecp," and so on, and we waited for the roll to be called again. The children sat patiently, clasping their bundles with the now familiar, pathetic resignation of the experienced refugee in the process of being shipped somewhere else. A young woman teacher entered and started the proceedings by crying briskly, "Now, who wants to go to the lavatory?" After that, the children came up to her one by one and she entered their names and addresses of their

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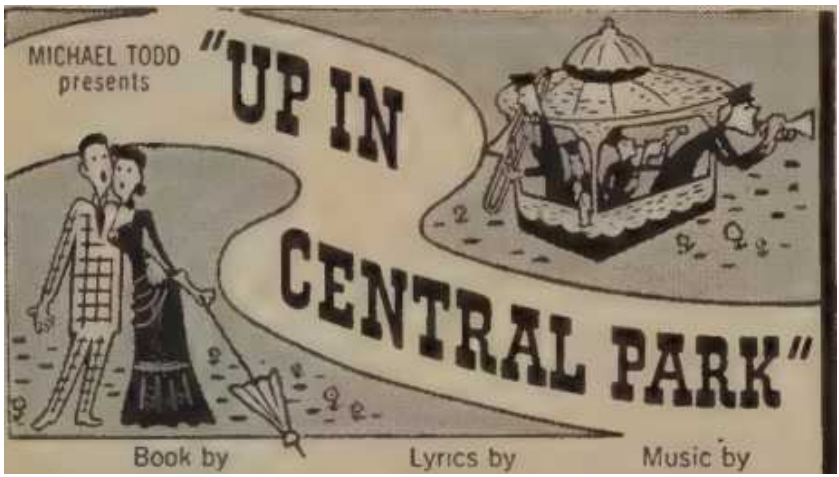

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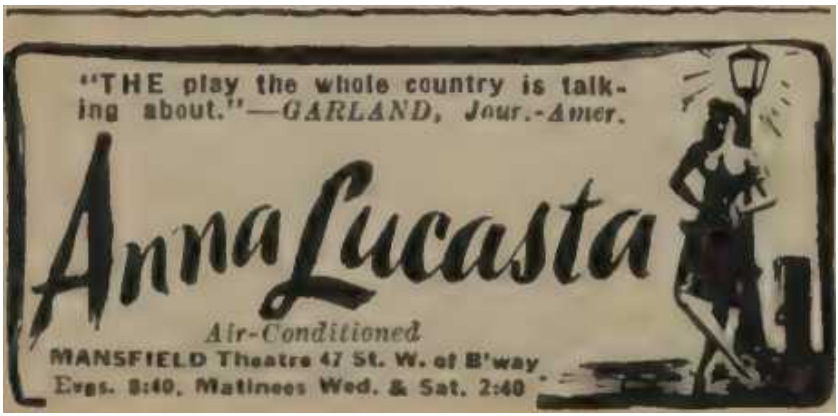
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labels on index cards. It seemed improbable that any of the returning evacuees would get lost in transit.

The Days and I trooped out again and boarded our last bus, which was going to take us to the school in Plais-tow, a district adjacent to West Ham. We sat on top once more, and the bus rolled along slowly but swaying a great deal. The children were now very subdued. Plaistow is right down by the docks, in a section that was as badly bombed as any. The ruins stretched mile after mile, only slightly more grim than the dingy little houses that were standing; ragwort and loosestrife had sprung up, yellow and pink, among the chaotic eruption inside the shell of an old church. I had forgotten that most of the children had never seen a bombed area. They were completely silent for a while, and then they began to gasp: “Look at that! Coo, look at that!” “Oh, oh! O-oh, look what they done to the church! Isn’t that a shame?” “Coo, used there to be ’ouses there?” “Course there was ’ouses there!” “Then what ’appened to the people livin’ in them?” “They was all dead, with their ’eads blown off, I

suppose. Oh, oh! LoGook!" As they talked, they kept darting from one side of the bus to the other. By the time we reached the docks, the novelty had worn off and they sat quietly but still staring as though they could not believe their eyes.

Presently a yip from Eddie told me that we were getting near the end of our journey. "Look!" he shouted. "There's the old Majestic!" It was a cinema. The children, squealing, read out loud the billings of the week's program, and next week's, too, as though they were intensely thrilling. Everybody began to jump up and down and watch for other landmarks.

"There's the West Ham Park!" cried Margaret, as we passed some trees and flower beds.

"We used to go and watch the trains there!" hollered John, pointing

to a railway bridge. “Remember, Maggie ? ”

The bus rumbled on, and suddenly, in a voice breaking with excitement, his eyes starting out of his head, Eddie bawled, “There’s your mum, John! Look! There’s your mum wavin’! ” On the pavement by the entrance of a school building stood a very tall woman, a little round gray felt hat pulled down on

her head, and a pretty, young girl in a red jacket, both waving desperately. Our bus pulled up alongside them. “That’s my mother! That’s my sister!” gasped Margaret, floundering to the side of the bus. “’Alloa, Mum!” The tall woman looked exactly like John. She smiled up at Margaret and called out, in a rush, a question that sounded as though it had been in her mind for days: “Are you glad to be back?” The twins called down sturdily, “Yes! ” Their mother’s face relaxed and became altogether happy.- The Days ran down the stairs and fell into the arms of their mother and their elddr sister, who hugged John, tweaked his tie straight, and ruffled his hair in one comprehensive gesture.

THERE seemed no point in looking after the Days any longer, so I went into the school, whose main classroom was quickly jammed with excited, reunited families and parents anxiously searching for children to be reunited with. One of the masters was smilingly calling for silence. I saw Mrs. Day come in with the twins and heard her say proudly to the master as they pushed their way through the crowd, “Look at the tall new daughter I’ve got, Mr. Marshall!” Parents and children were all asking questions and not waiting for the answers, laughing, and apparently trying to cover years in a few minutesˆ Eddie and Gerald were next to me, manfully puffing cigarettes offered them by their mother, a rather goodlooking red-haired woman. I spotted Leonard after a moment. He was standing beside his mother und a girl, who was obviously one of the grownup sisters he had been wanting to see. The sister was carrying a large, pale baby, probably one of the new brothers or sisters for whom Leonard had been prepared. He still wore his self-contained cockney air of being ready for anything and he was staring pierc

ingly and critically at the baby. The schoolmaster had finally succeeded in getting a moment’s silence. He climbed up on a table and said that he would read the names of the children and that the

parents must then come up and sign what I gathered was a sort of receipt for them. One of the first names he yelled was Day. Mrs. Day called out, “Here!,” and made her

way, smiling radiantly, to the table.

The escort girl in the red mackintosh : appeared at my elbow. She said, “If you want to see an evacuation problem, look over in that corner. The little boy didn’t want to come home, and his foster parents didn’t want to let him go, but his real parents insisted. Before they got him safely on the train, he got away once, and he had to travel with the train marshal in case he tried to give them the slip again. His parents seem nice people, don’t they? It must be awful for therff.” The little boy, who was about ten, was standing against the wall, clasping a small suitcase. He had an expression of absolute despair and was staring sullenly at the ground. His father, a soldier, was glancing round cmbarrassedly, as though he wished he were somewhere else. The mother bent over the boy, evidently asking him some questions. She was a young, pretty woman, but at the moment she was obviously cross and wretched. Frowning helplessly,'she asked the boy something, and I saw his lips form the word “No.” He did not look at her. She straightened up, glancing angrily at the other family parties round her. The child set his small suitcase on the floor and sat down on it, trying to make himself very insignificant in his corner. Suddenly he turned his face to the wall and laid his forehead against it in a quiet, curiously adult movement of grief.

I was not sorry to hear Mrs. Day’s voice beside me. “John and Margaret say you’re the lady who travelled up with them and that you sa\v Mr. Rogers in North Petherton,” she said, shaking hands warmly. “Oh, , they’ve had a beautiful home there! Mr. Rogers is a good man, he is. I’ll get thenf-fc sit down and write to him tonight. I’ve missed them terrible—I’m a widow, you know, and it’s been just me and the girl alone all through the blitz and the flying bombs and then these rockets—but I wouldn’t think of them cornin’ back, even when it seemed quiet. I left them until the last, because I knew

what it was goin’ to mean to Mr. Rogers to lose them, and their letters were so lovely. I almost didn’t like to fetch them back now.”

Mrs. Day said that her home was just behind the school and asked me to come and see it. The twins were still gabbling away with their elder sister and being hailed by old friends. Mrs. Day and I walked out of a side door into a street of shabby little houses. I guessed the house immediately, for it had flags over its doorway and, among the flags, the inscription, elaborately worked

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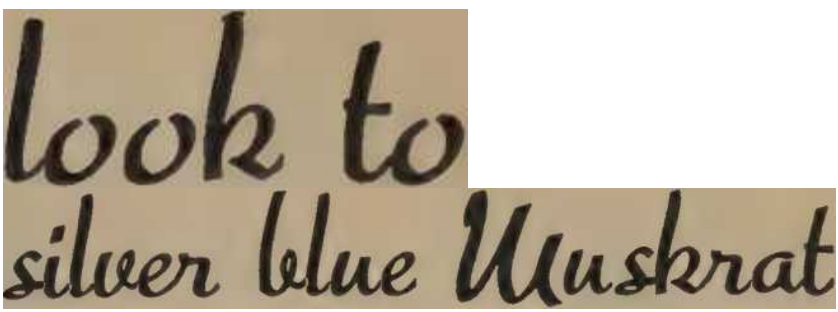

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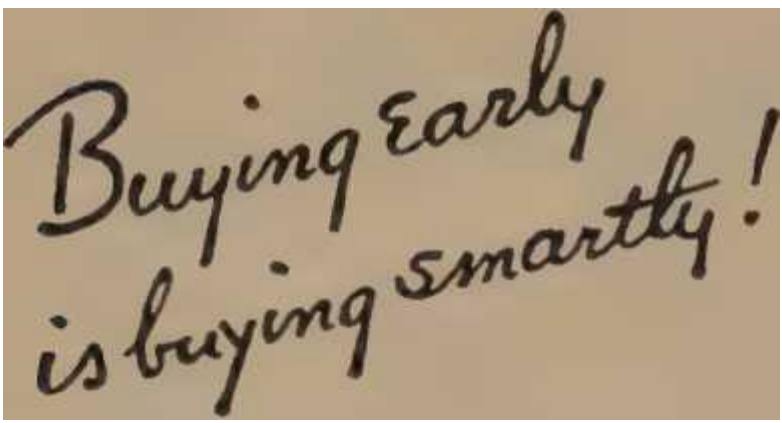

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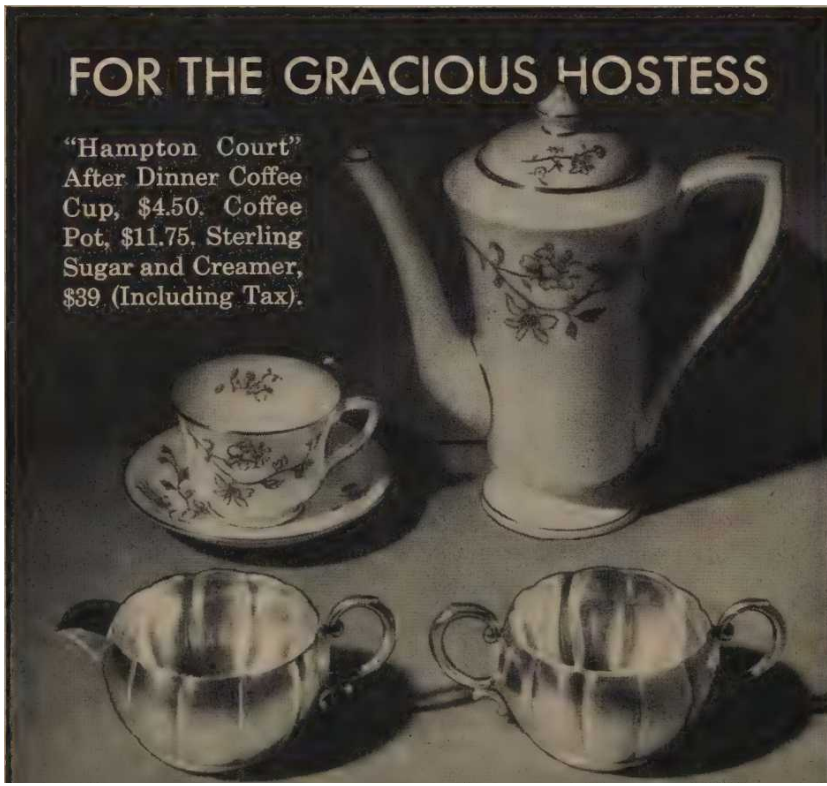
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out in red-white-and-blue wire, “WELCOME HOME, JOHN AND MARG.” “The girl did it,” said Mrs. Day, smiling proudly, “but she ran out of wire, so she could only put ‘Marg’ instead of ‘Margaret.’ ”

Elie inside of the house was shabby, too, as though the bombs had shaken it about. The paper was hanging off the walls in places and Mrs. Day said apologetically that the place needed a lot of fixing. In the back kitchen the tea kettle was on the hob, and at the center of the table was a large fruitcake, covered with a plate to keep off the flies. “I saved up some rations and made it for their treat,” said Mrs. Day. “Stay and try a piece with us, do.” But I said I had to go. Before I left, Mrs. Day showed me photographs of her two older sons, who were in the Army, one in Africa, the other in Germany. She also had snapshots of a spectacled little girl and a grinning little boy, whom I tried to recognize as John and Margaret. “ That’s what they looked like when they went to North Petherton,” said Mrs. Day. “Sort of difficult to believe now, isn’t it? ”

As Mrs. Day and I stood in the doorway, the twins came flying down the street, arms linked with their sister’s. They said, “Cheerio,” grinning shyly, and we all shook hands. They were dishevelled but appeared to be immensely happy.

After I had walked a short distance down the street, 1 glanced back at the house. The flags and the sign welcoming the children home made a fine spot of color in the drab row of houses. Mr. Rogers’ doll’s butcher shop in the quiet North Petherton street was a long way off. It must have seemed very quiet there now.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

Q. When walking down the street with one or two men, who walks where?

A. The man always walks on the side nearest the street. That goes back to the days when men’s swords interfered with a lady’s stride. You walk in the middle if you’re lucky enough to have two swains.

—Homan’s Home Companion. Where did they wear those swords?

•

RIP VAN WINKLE DEPARTMENT

[From the World ("Call Me Flash") Telegram, July 18, 19J5\

Providence, R. T.—Election commissioners report that in the event of a close election Nov. 7 it is possible that voters will not know who is President until Rhode Island counts its soldier's ballots on Dec. 4.

THE KACE TRACK

Dog Days

ALTHOUGH there were plenty of AA races at Jamaica last week, there isn't a great deal that can be said about them except that they were races. Even the Wakefield Stakes, won by Misleader, and the Nancy Lee Purse, won by Price Level, offered no reason for thinking that the breed of race horsesissuddenly improving. And the Questionnaire Handicap, won by Eurasian, wasn't anything to get excited about, either. The only horseplayers who were really pleased with the Questionnaire were the cliche experts who always back the outsider in a three-horse race and who

believe that a stakes winner eventually runs back to his best form. There were five runners in the Questionnaire, but tote tickets were sold on only three entries. This was because of the five horses, two each had been entered by those two friendly old claiming-race rivals, Hirsch Jacobs and Sol Rutchick. The winner, Eurasian, is a Rutchick runner, who hadn't done much since he galloped off with the Travers Stakes in 1943. He didn't win one of his eleven starts last year and had won only one out of ten this season. In the Questionnaire, though, he led for the entire mile and five furlongs, barely outlasting Olympic Zenith, who seems to be always in the money but seldom a winner. The cliche experts did all right.

WELL, here we are at Belmont again, and, while it may not have quite the charm of Saratoga, it's certainly the next best thing. The schedule of the stakes races, particularly those for the older horses, has been rearranged, so you'd better get out your pencil. The United States Hotel Stakes, which will bring out some of the better two-year-olds, and the Travers, in which Pavot won't have Gallorette to worry about, will be run this Saturday. The Whitney Stakes is down for August 15th. Devil Diver, who was retired permanently last week because of an old foot injury, won't be in it. Gallorette isn't in the Alabama Stakes on August 16th, and Busher, who won the Arlington Handicap in Chicago last Saturday, isn't likely to be on hand for it, either. (If you want the winner, my guess is Price Level.) The Saratoga Special and the $50,000 Saratoga Handicap, usually run later in the

month, are booked for August 18th. The Spinaway, for which Beaugay, War Kilt, Boojie, and Mush Mush are among the two hundred and twelve eligibles, comes on August 23rd. The Saratoga Cup, traditionally a last-day-of-the-meeting fixture, has been moved up to August 25th, changing places with the Merchants and Citizens Handicap.

MY heart has been sad for the breeders of thoroughbreds, who have been in dithers for weeks lest the bottom drop out of the yearling market because of O.D.T. restrictions on ship

ping race horses, but it is back to normal again. Wayfarers home from the Keeneland sales in Kentucky tell me that everybody bid on everything. Even a one-eyed colt, they say, brought $6,700. Four

hundred and five yearlings were sold for $3,134,150, an average of $7,739 a head, which is an all-time high. Although she had lively competition from Mrs. Dodge Sloane, Mrs. Elizabeth N. Graham again won the Miss Keeneland Sales title hands down. She bought eleven colts and five fillies for $310,ˆ00. (In 1918 the two hundred and seventy-four yearlings auctioned off at Saratoga brought $303,370, and one of them was a colt named Man o' War.) She paid $46,000 for a Blue Larkspur-Risk bay filly, a half sister of Beaugay, who has done so well for her Maine Chance stable; $41,000 each for two colts, one by Blenheim II out of Black Wave, the other by Blue Larkspur out of Faucille d'Or; $33,000 for a colt by Blenheim II out of War Risk; $31,000 for a colt by Eight Thirty out of Decolte, and $30,000 for a colt by Heliopolis out of Evening Tide. Only one animal went for less than four figures. That was a filly by Kayteekel. Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., gave $700 for her. But then, one of Mr. Chrysler's hobbies is, I am informed, the collecting of curiosities.

—Audax Minor

"That you, Venegas?" A soft, purring voice spoke, in excellent English with a cultured American intonation.

"Yes," said the Argentine in an English far less perfect.—From "'Steps in the Dark," by Marten Cumberland.

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NOTE5 ON LIBERATED MILAN

July 29 (by wireless) WHEN I first saw Milan, at the beginning of May, it looked like a slice of hell. Some of the shabby green trams were running and some of the inhabitants were going about their routines, but the whole place seemed stunned and stopped, and the bloodless, undernourished people, dressed in any old cloth that could protect their skins, seemed to have been fixed, by the long months of the German oppression, the Allied bombings, and the fierce civil war, in a condition of permanent strain. The children, especially, were appalling: they had acquired, as they were growing up, expressions of indignation and apprehension which were now as much a part of their faces as malnutrition was of their bones. The halfgrown boys in their teens, exhilarated by getting a chance to let themselves go against somebody, were cruising around in cars with machine guns, looking for Fascist collaborators t< > shoot. A hotel in which the Germans

had tried desperately to fortify themselves was still surrounded by

barricades and barbed wire. And Americans who invaded the S.S. headquarters found the Germans' police dogsand por-

nographic pictures, and over the whole city hung the stink of the killing of Mussolini and his followers, the exhibition of their bodies in public, and the defilement of them by the crowd. Italians would stop you in the bars and show you photographs they had taken of it.

The Albergo Diana of those days, taken over for the American Army, had the grisliness of all reminders of the old holiday tourist Europe as one finds them still clinging to the carcass left by the recent convulsions and blastings. The cool, white-tiled corridors of bedrooms, the views of the Villa d'Este, the coy little plaques in the wall that in

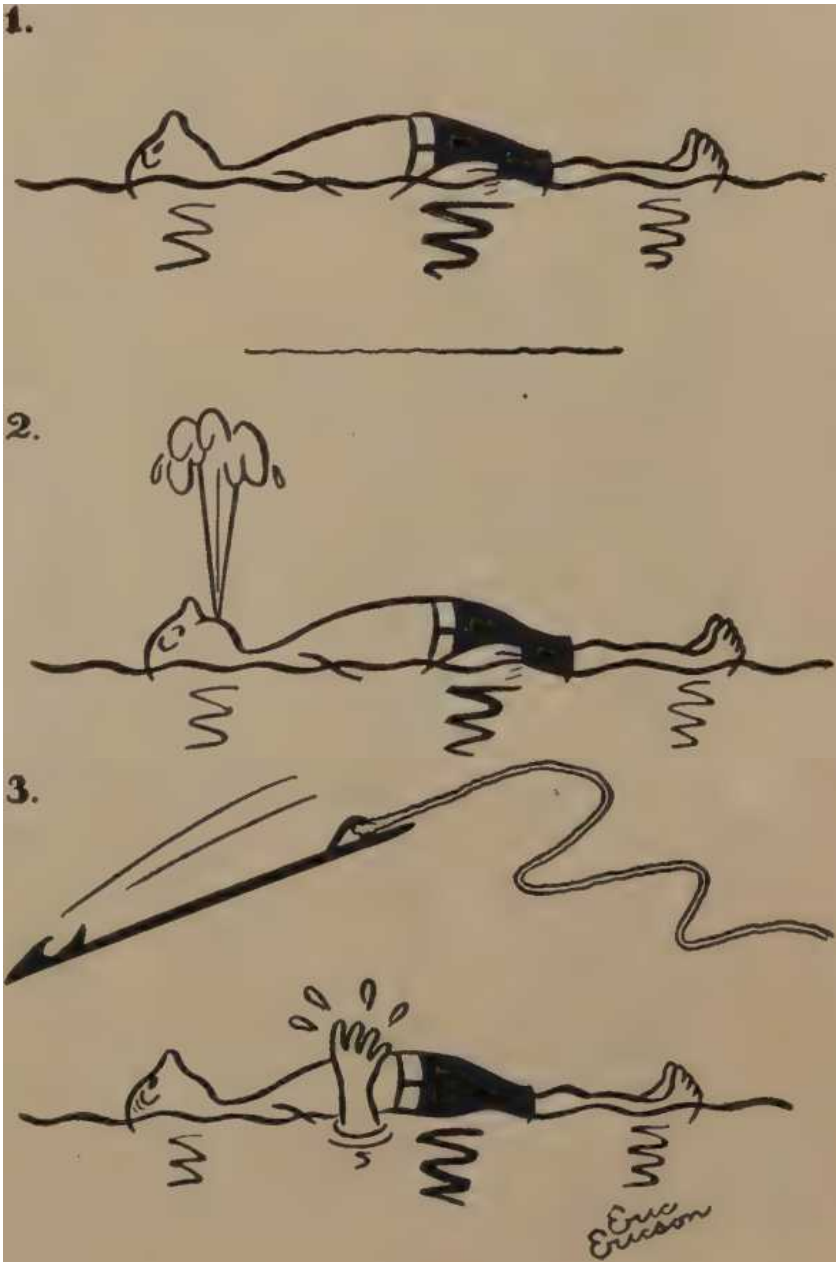
dicated by a series of pictures (thus avoiding complications of language) which button you were to press for the waiter, which for the valet, and which for the chambermaid—all these comforts and amenities of the traveller seemed sickeningly stale and mendacious, like the few old shopworn volumes of Tauchnitz novels that some of the bookstores had brought out for the Allies. And the

desk clerks, lift boys, and waiters, though they were going through all their old motions and speaking an adequate English, as they had just been speaking an adequate German, were somewhat upset by the new arrivals (they would probably not have been surprised to have had to receive the Japanese next) and had little to accommodate them with. The maitre d'hotel, in full dress in the dining room, was presiding over homely dinners of bully beef and Army greens, reinforced by large, hard wafers that rather resembled dog biscuits and were the sole local contribution.

Today, however, two months and a half later, the Diana is completely transfigured. A rest hotel for American soldiers, it must be one of the pleasantest places in Italy. The hotel people have got back into their smooth routine, and it seems quite natural to the guests to be well taken care of. The food and wine are by far the best I have had since I have been in Europe, and you eat, to

the accompaniment of music, at wicker tables with blue-and-white-checked cloths, in a charming outdoor dining room full of the

leafage of plants and vines and shaded by chestnuts and oaks,



in the branches of which is suspended a sort of decorative roofing of Japanese mats. There is an admirably equipped bar and a great

atmosphere of parties and dates. The guests are capturing and bringing to dinner some remarkably good-looking girls.

THE women here, in general, are marvellous. They don't have the natural chic which is almost universal in Rome, but they are on a much higher level. 1 hey give—like almost everything about Milan, in contrast to almost everything about Rome—an impression of independence and strength. They have broad backs, and there is a splendid type, with blond—often but not always dyed—shoulder-length chevelure. I was impressed by one girl on a bicycle who, riding without hands, put her arms up to smooth back her done-up, pale-blond hair; and I passed, at a table on the sidewalk, where she was having a drink with a man, what seemed to me one of the prettiest girls I had ever seen

anywhere, another blond, with lively brown eyes and provocative arched eyebrows, who was wearing on her bare feet, instead of the usual wooden clogs, a pair of red-leather, high-heeled

shoes that she had somehow succeeded in getting hold of. She made me imagine what would be possible for these women if they really had clothes and cosmetics.

WHEN I was here just after the arrival of the Allies, the walls were covered with bills that said, in English, "Hurrah for the Anglo-Saxon Liberators." But there were also inscriptions of a different kind, painted, it is said, by the Fascists, and they are still left up, though the others have disappeared: "Museo DistruttOy Casa Incen-diata dai Liberator} Anglosas-soni. Milanesi, Riflettete!" And

they have invented a play on words: "A nglosassoni" "Assassin}." These reproaches meet you all over the city, wherever buildings have been bombed. And it is true that the Allies attacked Milan as indiscriminately as the Germans ever did London. Most of this damage was done in August, 1943, when we were trying to force Badoglio's hand by a series of bombings that could hardly

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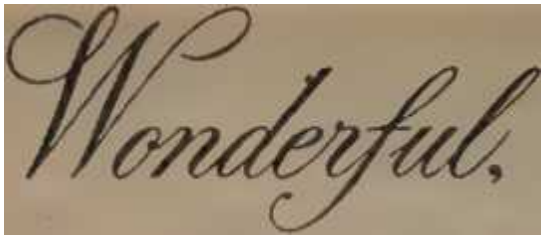

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have hit more cultural monuments if the policy had been to destroy them. La Scala has been gutted, the finest churches are half reduced to rubble, some of the best sculpture on the cathedral has been shattered, and of the refectory containing Leonardo's "Last Supper" there is nothing left but a shell.

Though La Scaia

is blind and silent, the Scala orchestra and opera company are still performing in other A places. I went to a Scala \

concert in the courtyard V \1 of the old Sforzesco cas- « K4P tie, with its heraldry of gold-crested blue dragons devouring anguished victims and its immense and once formidable moat, now comfortably planted with cabbage and squash. The orchestra played Bloch, Ravel, and Debussy, and Hindemith's symphony "Mathis der Mahler," and the delicate and subtle pieces were traced with an exquisite faithfulness that made much of the music in New York seem vulgar. The place was jammed, and the Dirge of the Bloch Concerto Grosso was incongruously disturbed by the roarings of people who were besieging the doors. I got into conversation with an exceptionally well-dressed man sitting next to me. He didn't care much for modern music, and Hindemith was way beyond him. He had been very much alarmed, he said, by a report that the Allies were to leave. They mustn't go away, he insisted ; he was uh borghese, and he was sure that if they did, there would be terrible civil war and the Communists would bring in the Russians.

A BOOK in a bookshop is called

“Arrigo Beyle, Milanese.” Stendhal adored Milan and wanted this inscribed on his tombstone. He must have loved the boxes of La Scala, the long, solidly built-up streets, the pale pinnacles of lace on the Duomo,. the peculiar dry blue of the sky—sent pre uh poco stanco, as a poem in a Roman paper said the other day—the mountains beyond the town, as I saw them the first time that I came here: a purified, dimmed slate blue, designed in sharp lines but presented in a softened perspective, with the silvery snow on their ridges; or, as I have seen them on this second trip, scarcely by a shade darker than the blue of the sky behind them, so that the mottling? of snow seem a pattern on a background of taut

silk. I forget about Stendhal’s adventures in Milan. He came here first with Napoleon’s army, and he would have fallen in love with some countess. He would have done his incessant, inexhaustible, illegible, cipher-screened writing that made up his secret and personal life, and he would have been sustained from with-

- out by the energy, the

sound relations, the up-

■ right spine of the city.

f It does not seem out of

keeping here to find a statue of Leonardo or a

■ / street named after Dante,

(1 whereas in Rome the

monument to Giordano .

I ˆ Bruno appears to have

fallen into ignominy in the squalid and swarming market of the square in which he was burned.

T SAW another of those horrifying children: a very tall and ill-fed

boy in absurd short pants—probably because he had no others—with drawn face, frowning brows, glazed-blue eyes. They look as if they had been frozen by the Gorgon.

UNDER the patched glass of the big Galleria, where the Milanese go in the afternoon for ices, vermouth, and cakes, I sat down, at one of the outside cafes, with a young American officer, a tall fellow in a forest-green uniform, who had been hammered into hardness and seriousness by his experiences of the war. He seemed to have been principally engaged in laying mines against the Germans and in detecting and digging up the enemy's mines. I already had some sort of idea of what this exceedingly dangerous work was like, as I had been down along the coast in Littoria, which is still planted with thousands of mines, ours and the Germans' both, so that large areas of that important region are still impossible for cultivation. The little pins that explode the mines are so sensitive that the wind bowing the grass is sometimes enough to set them off, and the mine dig? gers and the malaria-control workers, as well as the fishermen and the country people, are constantly getting blown

Up'

This lieutenant explained to me at length the mechanism and technique of mines, drawing me little diagrams and showing a very keen interest in his subject. There was the German kind that had two charges, the first of which blew it out of the ground and the second of which caused it to burst in the air and

scatter enormous pieces of shot like ball bearings. Later, the Germans had improved on this with thick, jagged pieces of wire that gave a "terrible slash." The Americans had taken over this idea and turned out a model that was even worse. Hunting mines was a very delicate business. There was one kind that had a hole in the pin that you could pass a wire through to prevent it from going off, but if they didn't have that, you just had to take a chance. You dragged them out of the ground with long ropes and exploded them at a distance with T.N.T. If there were fragments of shell around, the mine detectors weren't much good, because they responded to the presence of any kind of metal. For the "Bakelite jobs" that the Germans used later, the detector was no good at all. Then there were quantities of dummv mines that the Germans had put in to

fool us and that had to be removed with just as much care as if they had been real ones. In the case of the leaping mines, you could see what was coming and throw yourself on your face, and one man who had done this had survived and got the Purple Heart. Another had thrown himself against the mine to protect the men who were with him, and they had named one of the new bridges after him. The lieutenant said that he had once been blown yards away from where he was standing, and that once, after one of these incidents, when he had gone over and started to talk to his men, he had suddenly fainted av ay. With booby traps, you had no guide: you just had to suspect everything. Once a Britisher and an American had gone into a suspected house to search it room by room. The American had sat down on a bed and the whole house had blown up and left him among the ruins holding a piece of the bed; the I iglishman, who had been downstairs, had suffocated under the heap before they could get him out.

But in spite of the shortcomings of the Germans, you did have to hand it to them: all these mines and things were wonderful work. The lieutenant had acquired a clockwork time bomb of the kind that had destroyed the Naples post office a week after the Germans had left. He talked about it as if it were a rare book or print—said that there were only seven or eight extant. It was made beautifully —all of aluminum. He had set it without the explosive, and it had gone off within two minutes of the time. I realized, in talking to him, how the younger generations of Americans are being affected by the war. During the last war, in which we were less

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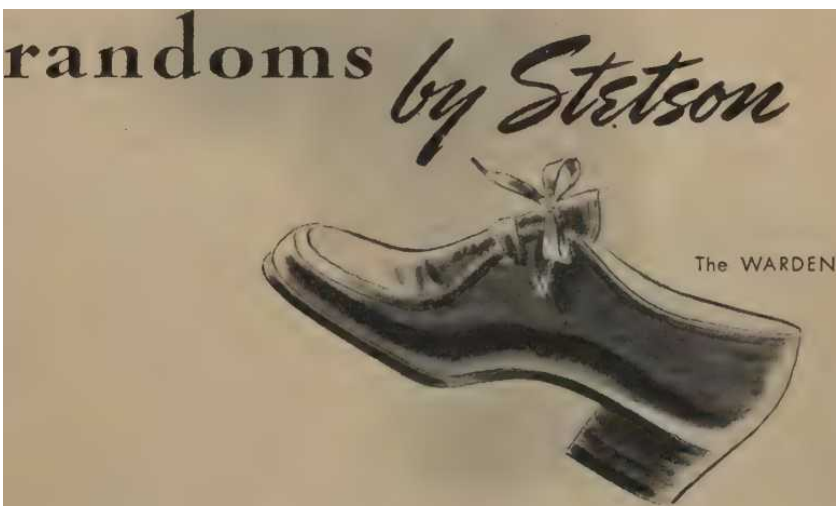

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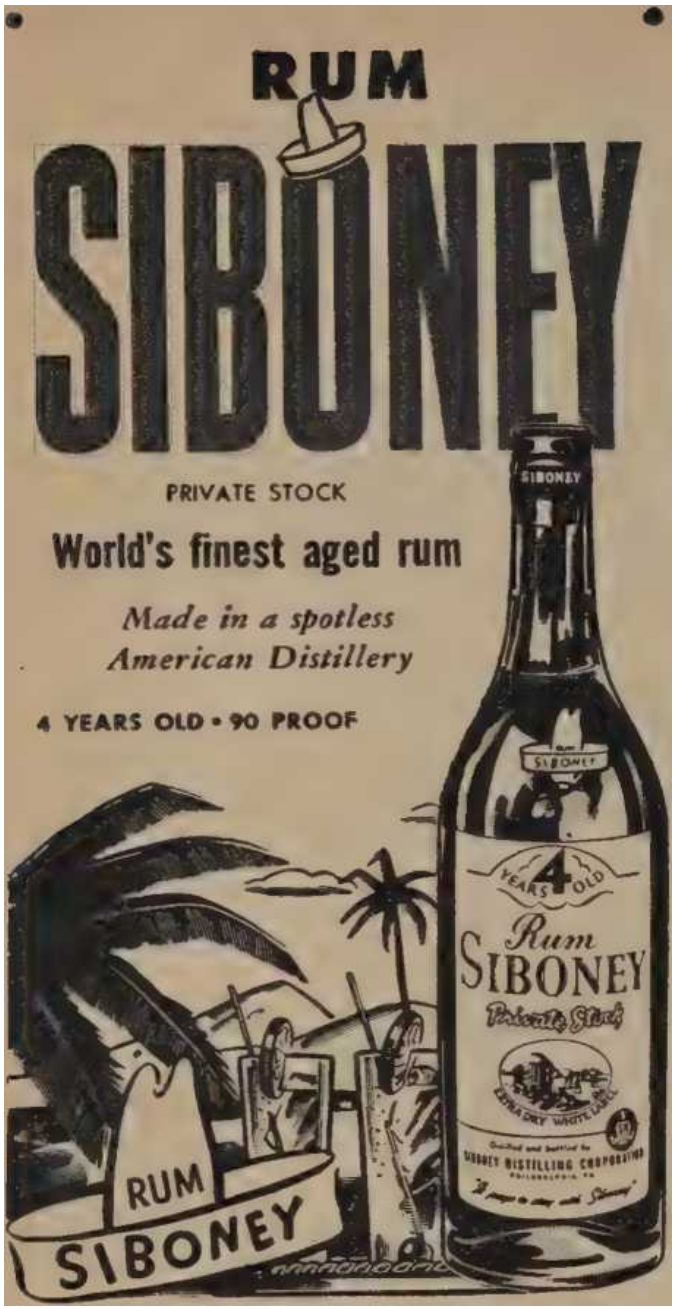

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deeply involved, there was a 'humanitarian reaction against the practice of war itself, hut in this one the German methods have ended by making everybody more callous and by interesting the practical Americans in the technical side of war-making, as if mechanized, large-scale homicide were a desirable aim in itself.

The lieutenant did not think much of the Italians, who, he said, had laid down on the war just when the critical moment had come. He told me that, a few nights before, he had walked out of a bar with

an Italian girl and run into a gang of young men who wanted to grab her and shave her head—a penalty which has been sometimes indicted for going out with Allied soldiers—'but he had called some other Americans out of the bar, and they had completely cleaned up on the Italians. He said that it was the best fight he had had since he had been in Italy.

THE following day, in the Galleria, an Italian at the next table spoke to me in very good English. He was neat, precise, gray, and well dressed—evidently some sort of businessman. He felt very strongly that the Allies ought to stay and keep order in Italy. The working classes were threatening trouble—not because they were naturally bad but because they were misled by their leaders.

A TRANSLATION of Karl

Marx's "Das Kapital" has appeared in almost all the bookstores. It is

queer to see it displayed in dows between a new translation of Catullus and a new edition of Rimbaud—and along with Gide's "L'lm-moraUste" and Bar bey d'Aurevilly on dandyism. The Italians seem to have been cut oft during their twenty years of Fascism from the main cultural currents of the world, and, though they are translating contemporary / books, their reading is still rather out of date. It is had discovered Marx at the

the win-

as if they same mo

ment as Rimbaud, and just as in literature they regard the fin de sieele as very advanced and daring, so in politics they are still in the period when Communism was seriously Marxist: they don't know that in the Soviet Union Marx and Lenin have gone by the board and

that the Russians, for better or worse, are unlikely to encourage or support a really subversive working-class movement.

The class lineup that you find in conversation with the people appears even among these bookstores. A sign in one of the shops in

the Galleria says, “Libri socialistic non si vendono qni.”

I WENT to one of the American officials in the Allied Military Government. He was a big, agreeable, well-meaning man. I arrived at a moment of crisis. “Here’s the story,” he said. “There was a jailbreak in the prison last Tuesday and thirty-six men escaped— all Partisans but none of them political prisoners; they were all in for regular crimes that ranged from robbery to rape. The guards were Partisans, too, and now I’ll have to change them for Carabinieri, which I’ve been wanting to do all along. But now, according to the reports we get, there’s going to be a demonstration—it’s supposed to start at four o’clock right outside in the square, and then march to the prison and protest.” Who were doing the demonstrating, I asked. Why, a lot of Italian war prisoners who had just come back from Germany. But what was the point of the protest? “Why, they’ll probably be demanding more food. They want to show people they are starved—they certainly do look it,” he added. But what was the connection between that and the jailbreak? I did my best to pin him down but got no satisfactory answer, and I felt that he really did not know. “They are always having demonstrations,” he said.

At this moment— like a scene in a play —a large British security man entered, with a small, red-faced, and bewildered American major in his wake. “There’ll be no demonstration,” said this representative of Allied police power, a quiet-spoken fellow of enormous girth and menacing, strong-arm

aplomb. “We’ve been over to their headquarters—they’re just across the square. I told ’em that if they marched to the jail, we’d have a reception committee there, and we’d extend to ’em the hospitality of A.M.G.—we had cells there empty and ready for ’em, where we’d be glad to put ’em up. When we came in, they were loungin’ all about, and I told

’em to stand up and show some cour-t?sy. And there’s not goin’ to be a demonstration. They were buzzin’ about after I talked to ’em like a lot of blue flies. It was just like when we talked to Togliatti [the leader of the Communist Party and Minister of Justice in the new Parri government]. He thought he was goin’ to make a speech, and then he decided not to make one.”

The security man went off to the prison—just to make sure, as he said— and the major remained behind. The] > igh official showed me a handful of literature which announced a giant demonstration —presented as a public festivity—in celebration of Bastille Dav. The invitation to the high official had on it a curious symbol that I had already seen on all the posters advertising this celebration with which the city was plastered; and it dawned on me now that this thing that looked a little like the head of a bird was the Phrygian liberty cap, the symbol of the French Revolution, drawn, however, in such a way that it was not necessarily recognizable and might perhaps be explained aw ly as an arbitrary decorative design. The officers, too, had been puzzling over it and seemed to regard it with some suspicion, and when I suggested mv explanation, the major, perturbed and dazed, cried, “Does that mean the French Revolution?” The major presently left us. “In my opinion,” said the A.M.G. official, “the sooner we get out of Italy, the better for all concerned. When a baby is learning to walk, you have to let it fall down—you have to let it make its mistakes by itself.”

IMADE a point of taking part in the big turnout in celebration of the Fourteenth of July. While I was sitting on a curb in the park waiting for things to start, a man, recognizing me for an American by my correspondent’s uniform, came and sat down beside me and immediately began to talk to me volubly in some patois that was hard to understand. I made out that he wanted me to know that he had always been against the Fascists. He showed me his Communist card apd told me how he and his father, who was blind, had suffered at the hands of the regime and how the workers had had their own methods of dealing with the Fascists in the factory. An American journalist told me later that this had several times happened to him: people like this think that showing their C.P. cards to Americans will give proof of their sincere anti-Fascism and recom-

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By Meredith Moulton Redhead, Ph. B.

Baby Food Counselor oi Heinz Home Institute

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mend them to the anti-Fascist liberators.

Suddenly people, with many children, began to swarm across the grass from behind me, and I had to get up, as I was in their way, and move with the crowd, too. -As it rapidly became thicker and thicker in the vicinity of the triumphal arch, where there was a platform for music and speeches, I managed to move back rapidly, and I finally made my way through the park and eventually back to the hotel through the streets at the center of the city. All the way I had to squeeze through the solid mobs pushing in the other direction. It was prodigious: I had never seen a city where the streets seemed so filled with people. There were said to have been a million of the

million and a half that populate Milan and its environs. But they were simple walking around—they were not particularly celebrating anything. There were a prize ring and a little circus, some pop stands and some ice-cream carts, and two small blimps moored above the park with the inscription “Fraternita.” There was a band, and the crowd here and there would clear a circle around three or four dancing couples. The voice from the loudspeaker sounded rasping, metallic, and grim. “ Attenzione! Attenzione! ” it would command again and again. “Ballate!,” it would exhort the people in a tone that recalled that of the loudspeaker that in the Olsen and Johnson “Hellzapoppin” used to announce to the darkened audience that the spiders were about to descend. “Questa e la notte della liberta. Gli uotuini liheri sono allegri!” But there was little spontaneity or gaiety, and in that threatening and didactic tone I recognized the impersonal voice—the same everywhere—of

the Communist Party, as 1 had already recognized, in the methods with which the demonstration had been publicized and engineered, the hand of its efficient direction.

A young public-relations man, newly arrived in Milan, who took me around in a jeep, kindly explained that the occasion (the first Bastille Day ever celebrated in Italy) was an attempt to make up to France for the so-called “stab in the back” of Mussolini’s attack upon her. “What are those things they are wearing?” he asked. It was the Phrygian liberty cap, which a large

number of the strolling men and women had pinned to their lapels and blouses.

SICK of contemplating mines and bombings and reading about Italian politics, oppressed by the feeling you have in Europe of being submerged in wreckage and mess, I bought a new book on Stravinsky by Malipiero in a series on contemporary composers. But what I found in it was disappointing. Malipiero admits a certain admiration for the Stravinsky of “Le Sacre du Prin-temps,” but he does nothing but grumble and scoff at the music that his subject has written since. The whole tone is old-fogeyish and grumbling, as if Malipiero were peevish with Stravinsky for outstripping him in reputation and engaging

in musical adventures which he (Malipiero) cannot understand (the twelvetone scale of Arnold Schonberg, he says flatly, “is not music”). You feel the cultural backwater of Fascism rippled and rather inconvenienced by the presence of live spirits outside. Malipiero cannot forgive Stravinsky for talking about music as his “metier” and describing himself as a craftsman. W hy on earth, complains the Italian, with the warm lights of the opera house behind him and the sound of its applause in his ears, does Stravinsky not call himself “a musician”? The atmosphere of the book is as stale as that of an old opera house, and it is characteristic of the Italy that we now find at the end of Mussolini’s regime.

But there are elements of vitality in Milan that you are not aware of in Rome. The young people who have worked in the underground and who have helped to drive the Germans out are perhaps the only group in Italy who are serious, energetic, and enthusiastic. These

people may have as little idea of what the Soviet Union was up to while Mussolini was keeping them blacked out or what England and America are up to as Malipiero has comprehension of the aims of the later Stravinsky; but there are elements among them who count on the Russians and elements who count on the Americans, and since my second visit to Milan the elections in England have given them cause to count on British labor. But, since the Germans have been expelled, the main American contribution to following up the "liberation" of Italy has consisted of

a few U.N.R.R.A. supplies and naming one of our telephone exchanges Freedom; and, after our arming and encouragement of the Partisans through the period when they were serving our purpose, we are now taking their weapons away, forbidding them to make political speeches, and throwing them in jail if they give any trouble. Now, it is true that, since the departure of the Germans, the Partisans in the North have been guilty of some ruthless and probably unjustified bloodshed: they are supposed to have killed some twenty thousand people. But the new Italian revolution is something more than a savage vendetta, and it is hardly, I believe, a movement whose impetus can be curbed at this point. The Partisans, according to the A.M.G., have not been completely disarmed; they have hidden a great deal of equipment, and we have no means of knowing how much they have got, since they have the arms that they took from the enemy as well as the ones we gave them. And they have developed their own methods for maintaining the strength of their political movement.

How the Partisans are doing this I soon came to see. I had continued to be puzzled by the problem of the Italian ex-prisoners from Germany who were to protest against the local jailbreak, and I had asked a number of people about it. Nobody seemed to be able to explain, and I began to get a distinct impression that there was something there that the Americans hadn't grasped and that the Italians didn't want to reveal. At last I found an American correspondent who had been a long time in Italy and who was exceptionally well informed. He had been pondering on similar problems. There had been, he said, in the last month or so, a whole series of demonstrations that did not seem to have much relevance to their pretexts: festivities, protests, strikes. Even the undertakers

had once been called out. He had finally reached the conclusion that the Left parties of the governing “federation” were systematically organizing the people, who had lost the habit of mass action under Fascism, and exercising them in a series of turnouts which would prepare them for an eventual crisis. These demonstrations were always perfectly well conducted, and if the authorities intervened, as in the case of the protest which I had just seen nipped, they simply called them off.

I put to him another question which I had already tried on Allied officials. Was there anything in the following statement, which I had found in the

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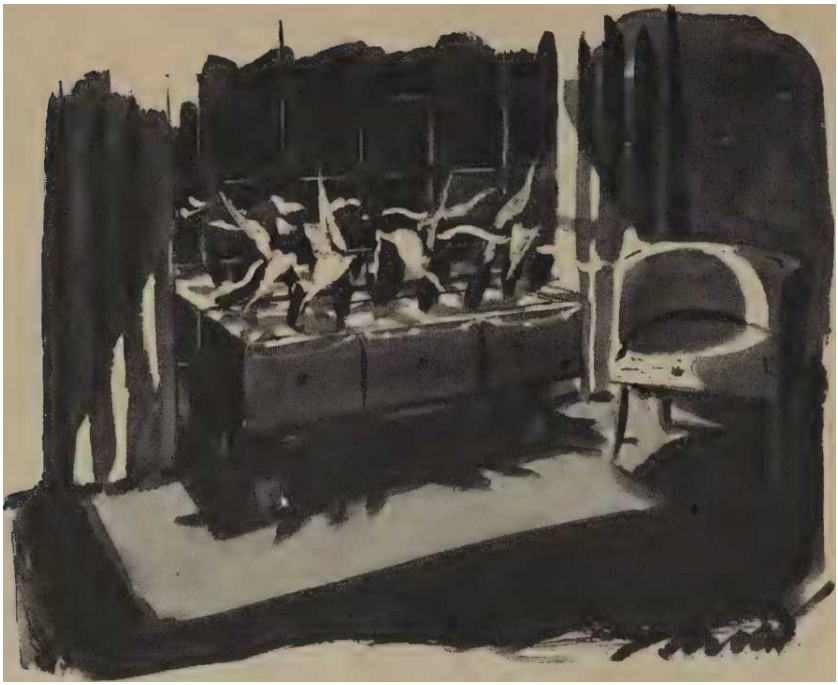

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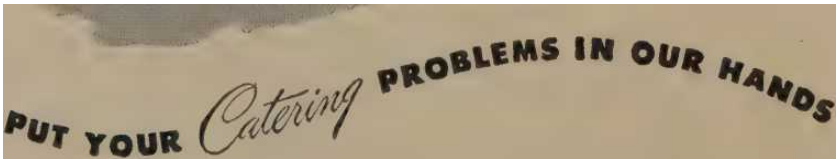

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SH€RRy-N€TH€RlAN D

FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET, NEW YORK 22

English liberal weekly, the New Statesman and Nation, of June 16, 1945? — In a revealing dispatch last Tuesday, a special correspondent of The Times stated bluntly that A.M.G. has refused to recognize decisions of the local liberation committees [in northern Italy] which had successfully captured and taken over nearly all the industrial plants before the arrival of our armies. In the cause of ‘efficiency,’ managing directors such as Valletta, of Fiat, who collaborated actively with the Germans, are being reinstated, under the threat that the Allies will not release coal and other raw materials to factories run by workers’ councils.” The amiable A.M. G. official I had visited at the moment of the averted demonstration had told me that, whereas he couldn’t say specifically about Valletta, whose factories were in Turin, he could positively assert that this kind of thing was not being done in Milan, where it was the policy to allow the Italians to purge their Fascist officials. But the newspaperman had just come from Turin and he told me that it was perfectly true that these companies had the same old management. Valletta now sat in an office with a real-estate sign on the door, but from that office he still ran his factory. “The greatest shock I had,” said my friend, “was when I found out that the Fiat stock was all owned by the original people.”

THE general impression I got from talking to people in Milan, including two of our top officials, was that tlie ideal our policy was aiming at was to keep Italian industry going enough to relieve unemployment, and to weaken the appeal of the Left, but not to allow it to revive sufficiently—since the factories themselves are in excellent shape—seriously to compete with England. Many Italians, I found, shared this impression.

THE morning before I left, I visited

two sights that I had not yet seen. The place where Mussolini's body and those of Clara Petacci and the members of his staff were exposed after the executions is not one of the city's great squares, as the reports may have led you to suppose, but a small crossroads in the working-class section. They were hung by the feet, in a gas station, to the thing under which the cars stop, and the names that indicated which was which are still painted there in crude black letters. The station is closed and deserted, and now and then somebody wanders up to stare at it. At the other

end of the city, behind a mountainous heap of rubble, is the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, where Leonardo painted his "Last Supper." It is always being said that the picture was already in bad condition and that the bombing did not do it any harm. But, after all, most of the building went down: there is nothing but a husk of four walls, which has been sketchily roofed in for shelter, and an immense amount of debris must have fallen upon the picture, which, besides the fresco at the other end, also in very bad condition, is the only recognizable object surviving. There is, at any rate, almost nothing left of the "Last Supper" but a grease spot—a vague and incomplete phantom, which, however, does assert its reality in a curious and poignant way. From a distance, the three windows behind the figure of Christ, dim though they are when you approach them, do still seem to give a vista on a landscape of peace and shining light. And the subtleties of green and blue, faded and half effaced, the lovely modelling of an open hand, where the faces can hardly be seen, bring into the bare place an element which we pathetically like to call human, because 'it recreates and ennobles, though it represents relatively so small a part of the activity of human beings and though it appears in any intensity so rarely.

In any case, both these spectacles are typical of what you find in Europe.

—Edmund Wilson

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT
[From "The IF arid, the Flesh, and Father Smith," by Bruce Marshall]

Far away out along the bend of the railway line, at the junction of the golf course and Sir Dugald Ippecacuanha's estate, a puff of smoke appeared above the trees, and a miniature worm of train rolled tinily along the embankment. —Page 29.

Then, far away out along the bend of the railway line, at the junction of the golf course and Sir Dugald Ippecacuanha's estate, a puff of smoke appeared above the trees and the train that was to bear him away came rolling tinily along the embankment.
—Page 65.

Below them, far away out along the bend of the railway line, at the junction of the golf course and Sir Dugald Ippecacuanha's estate, a puff of smoke appeared above the trees and a miniature worm of train rolled tinily along the embankment.

—Page 165.

... far away out along the bend of the railway line, at the junction of the golf course and Sir Dugald Ippecacuanha's estate, a puff of smoke appeared, and a miniature worm of train rolled tinily along the embankment. —Page 190.

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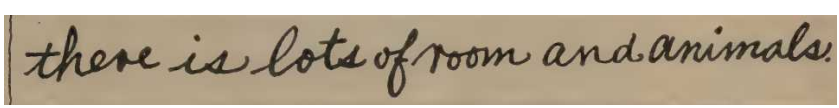

The Journal's Mr. Fixit can and does!

The 12ˆ year old Portland, Oregon boy who scrawled his plea in red ink on crude note paper is spending the summer on a friendly Oregon ranch. In the fall he'll return to the city a huskier and happier boy, thanks to Mr. Fixit of The Oregon Journal, whose daily column fairly vibrates and sometimes sings with the liveliness of its human contents.

tlMr. Fixit" is Mrs. Lois P. Myers, whose white hair and inimitable flowered smock are the disarming camouflage of a hard-working Journal editor. An editor who distills a warm, pulsing column from a whopping mail bag of over a thousand letters monflily! It's timely, because it mirrors the changing tempo of world events as reflected in Portland's own community ... HmelesSy because it deals with human problems which remain pretty much the same through changing years.

The contents of "Fixit" letters are as varied as human personalities and circumstances can make them ... a

Represented by REYNOLDS-FITZGERALD., Inc. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, San Francisco, los Angeles

housewife wonders how she can locate a sister who "came out to

Oregon eight years ago” ... an army wife in a war plant must have day care for her children ... a young war veteran wants a house and a particular kind of job. All letters get attention—and a markedly high per cent of them reaps positive results, either through mention in the column or behind-the-scenes phone calls made by the resourceful Mr. Fixit.

The Continuing Study of Newspaper Reading says of The Journal’s "Mr. Fixit" column ... "it is an

institution with readers of The Journal, dedicated to their problems. It gathered an exceptionally large audience; that is, 60% of the women." The "Fixit" column is only one of The Journal’s distinctive features that make this big city daily great... make il sought after by its readers. Put these together and there’s little wonder why The Journal is Portland's preferred newspaper offering advertisers the largest circulation in its history, both daily and Sunday.

ˆJOURNAL

PORTLAND, OREGON

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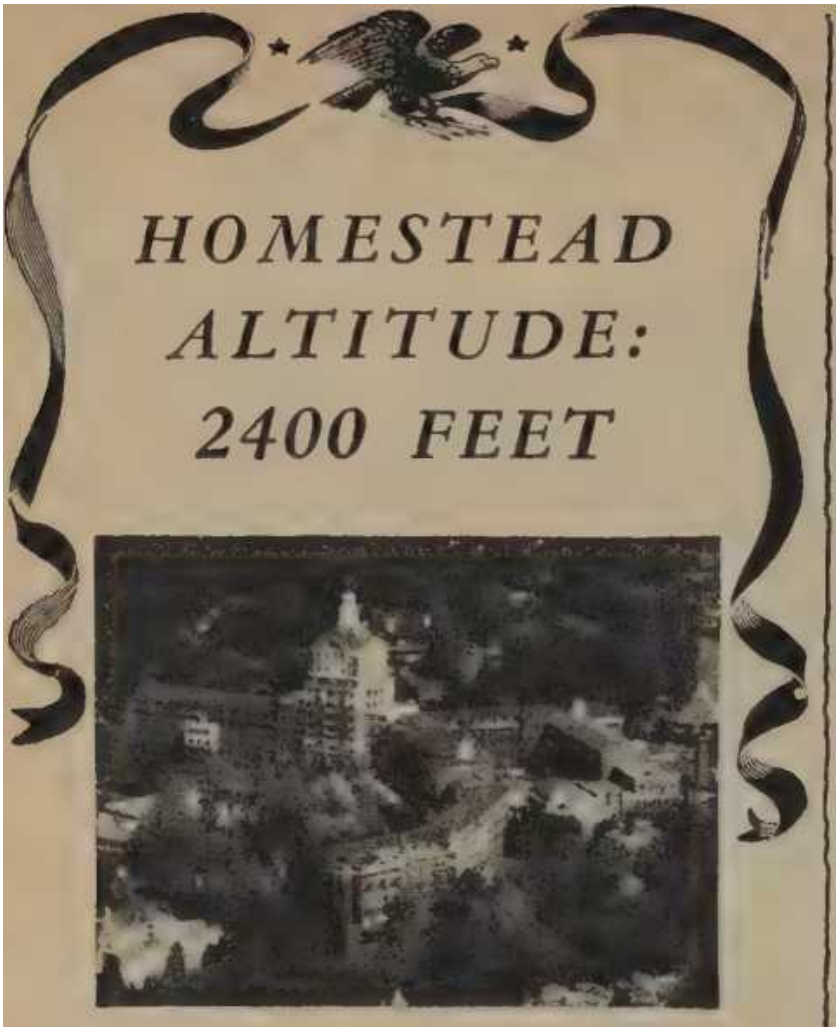

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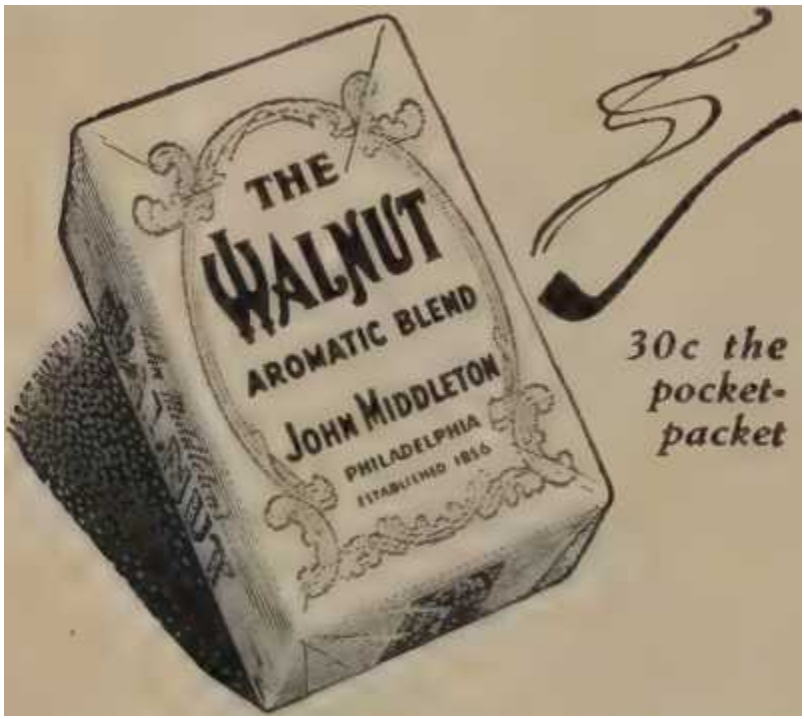

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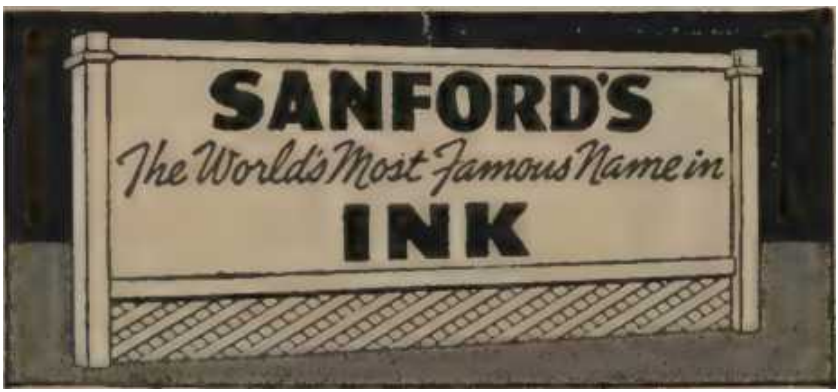


ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOU5E

Carole Stupell, 507 Madison Avenue (52nd), has cornered a collection of Portuguese glazed ceramic tableware which even in days of plenty would be worth going a good bit out of your way to see. I'd say that with this group, which is made up of bowls, plates, platters, and covered

dishes in the shapes of various vegetables, the potters of Portugal, though they have not yet acquired the fame of the French and Italian experts, have come into their own. Among the larger pieces are salad bowls, centerpieces, and covered serving dishes for hot

foods. Among the smaller things are covered pieces of the kind that would make wonderful hot-sauce dishes, as well as the sort of bowls that the stores love to call Covered Soups. There are also butter dishes (all right, cottage cheese, then) and lovely little plates. The cabbage designs seem the most successful. I especially liked an enormous covered dish, which looks like a gardener's dream of a prize-winning cabbage and has a matching plate and a ceramic ladle, and a huge cabbage-leaf salad bowl with nice high sides to permit the most abandoned tossing of your salad before serving. The bowl is $26, to give you an idea.

Some unusual figurines, big enough for table and mantel decoration, are around here, too. They are made of fabric molded with all the minute delicacy of detail of fine porcelains and then shellacked to rigidity. There are Breton peasants, Central American types, and Chinese and Javanese dancers and nautch girls. The dancers, with their skirts and scarves swirling and their fragile throats, ankles, and even fingers hung with bangle jewelry from which real stones blaze, are the most colorful of the group. Some of the figures are merely decorative, but others hold coffers that can be cigarette boxes or baskets that can be candleholders, and the heads of still others support platters that you are expected to heap with fruits when the figures are used as table decorations.

Stupell has a thing called a tete-a-tete table, made of some sort of

wood treated to look like bamboo, that might come in very handy for a light meal on a sofa or in bed. T he top, an oblong set with brick-colored tiles, is supported at only one end, so the other end can be

pushed over a bed or a sofa seat. It's $25.

THE Carol Janeway department at

Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Avenue (53rd), is still well stocked with the young artist's fine tiles and ceramic tableware. At the moment there are

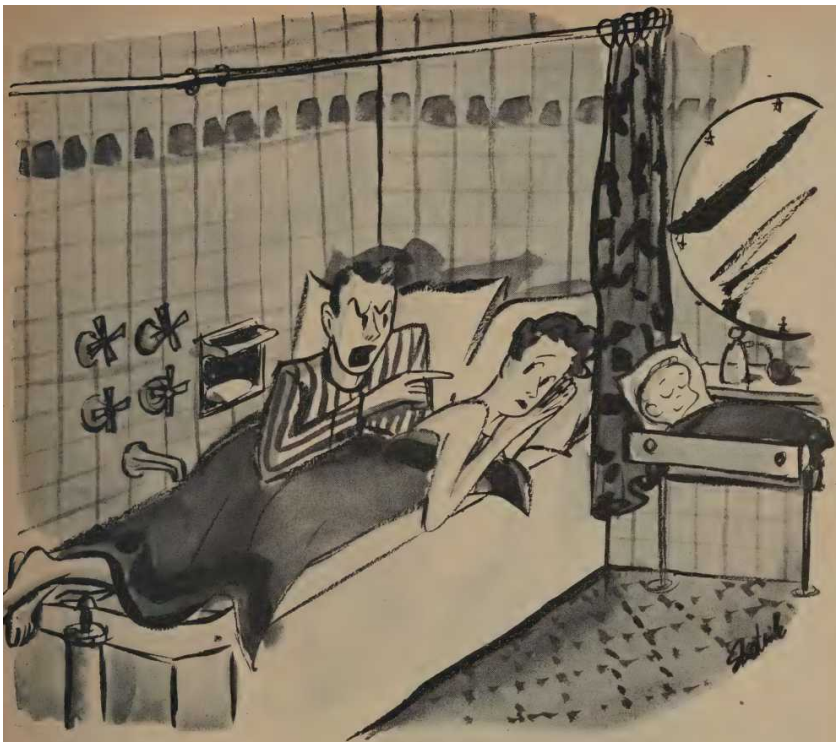
some new tea tiles that are particularly handsome examples of Janeway's talent for combining fantasy and functionalism. The tiles are decorated with her characteristically imaginative fairy-tale creatures in her usual brilliant colors under a high glaze, but

the shape of the pieces is entirely new. The edges are rolled under at two ends, so that the tiles can be easily picked up. They are $6 apiece. Among the other nice Janeway things are white tile bookends decorated with bluebirds and mounted in blocks of pale wood. They're $15 a pair. Her flowerpots with matching saucers start at $ 1 0. Tea and coffee sets in a petunia pattern on white are enchanting, but you should be warned that they run into plenty of money. I liked her doorknobs best of all. They are $21 a pair and I wouldn't blame the most confirmed nomad if he bought a set just in case he might someday have a door to put them on.

Jensen is also showing the more restrained tilework of Nellys, who uses nothing but Grecian designs and never lets you forget that she is Greek. Her formally executed classic motifs and her Greek warriors and dancers in their beautiful tunics appear on wood-framed trivet tiles, tiled trays, dinner plates, and other useful objects. A single tea tile, mounted in wood, is $5 or $6. Your weekend hostess should find a dozen uses for it.

THOSE English bone-china breakfast sets of which people never seem to get enough are back again at Alfred Orlik, 680 Fifth Avenue (53rd), and in what by present standards is abundance. You can have single and double services in the Crown Staffordshire Daisy

pattern, an early-morning charmer with especially freshlooking daisies spattered upon peach or turquoise, and with the pot cover and muffin dome topped by flower knobs. Or you can have these services in pale turquoise or peach painted with mixed flower sprays, which are perfectly beau-



“I tell you, we've economised long enough, Agatha.

Let's get some furniture in Macy s Midsummer Furniture Show."

Have you been living a shabby existence, putting up with dog-eared furniture, and too little of it, because you felt the time was not ripe to find interesting things at reasonable prices? Take heart, chums. Macy’s Midsummer Furniture Show, now going on, dramatically proves that you need wait no longer to make your home something to come home to joyously, something to entertain in proudly.

Whether your needs are large or little, Macy’s Furniture Show has something for you. What a production! It ranges from traditional to

modern, from a one-room apartment to a shining glass house! There's a fine collection of modestly priced maple, which homemakers

have been hungry for since the early days of the war. There's a great variety of headboard beds, and occasional tables, and chairs. Forward House and Quality Street are a-glow with charm. There's a riot of enchanting Peter Hunt chintz, and a row of slightly mad and very merry chairs—like the T owelling Tub Chair, the Ottoman - Built-For-Two, the eyelet iced Mother-and-Daughter Chairs, and the Sewing-Box Arm Chair. Even if you're going to wait before you buy, because your man isn't yet home from the wars, give yourself a treat and come see the best Furniture Show yet. We've actually much more stock than last year and prices are geared, as usual, to make 94 cents act like a buck.

Now more than ever, it's smart to be thrifty.

macy's

MACY'S

tiful and plainly designed for the lass with the delicate air. All of

these sets include the footed Continental eggcup for one boiled egg served in its shell. Services in the mixed-bouquet pattern have the shapely Rockingham-style coffeepot. Orlik's bone-china table lighters, ball-shaped to snuggle in the hand and painted with flowers and things, are an investment for any household. They have a Swiss mechanism that works perfectly. The patterns match china desk sets ami separate inkwells and ash-trays.

PEOPLE who are interested in primitive art would do well to drop in at the Eerargil Galleries, 63 East 57th Street, where a series of paintings done on wooden planks by an elderly nineteenth-century artist who was largely concerned with whales is now on view. The pieces would look handsome incorporated in a panelled wall, or wonderful hung just as they are in an informal room. The whales, spouting and cavorting, are shown against backgrounds of blue seas and skies, icebergs, full-rigged ships, and cream-puff clouds. The pictures are around thirteen by seventeen inches and start at $75. Probably only one person in a hundred would have just the right spot for a pair or a group of the things, but I thought I'd let him know. —B. B.

Dear Mrs. Post: My name is Mrs. Broadcast, but I am known professionally as Margaret Daily Broadcast. How should I be introduced and how spoken to?—From Emily Post's column in the Columbus (Ohio') State-Journal.

With a snicker.

JAU THORPE ©ˆ

Coffee was served, and Chatsworth produced a formidable red morocco leather case of beautiful workmanship, as big as a pocket Testament, which contained his cigars. They cost live and sixpence each, he informed us. I refused, but Bergmann took one, lighting it with his grimmest frown.

—From a story in Harper's Bazaar. No match?

Natural nutria, light and lovely, newly fashioned with gracefully tapered sleeves, a stemlike waist. From our new collection of custom-made furs.

24 WEST 57 NEW YORK

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORf OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Naugatuck (Conn.) News]

Charleston, R. I.— (UP) — Here's a narrow escape that' two-year-old Margaret Morton will tell her children about in years to come. This morning, while she was sleeping in her upstairs room, in Groton, Conn.

LETTER. FROM PAKI5

August 3 (by wireless) T is extraordinary that the treason trial of Marshal Philippe Petain reached its sixth day in the Palais de

Justice before it bumped into a few completely objective facts. Up to then the trial had been coasting along on the airy, wary personal opinions of some of the most famous and least disinterested politicians in France—those who had been running the country during the already culpable nineteen-thirties, before the Marshal took over at Vichy. The little-known, fact-giving witness was General Paul Doyen, who had been the French president of the

Wiesbaden Armistice Commission until he was sacked, early in the occupation, by the Vichy crowd for telling them that they not only should but could resist German post-armistice pressure. The important facts, which, the General declared, made "a recitation painful to French ears," featured Germany's unprotested illegal annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, which, though it happened in August, 1940, was still news to Paris in July, 1945. They also included the ensuing Nazi demand for all French war material in North Africa, as feed for Desert Rat Rommel's campaign against Wavell in Tripoli, and the Vichy Government's promise to comply, which General Weygand was able to sabotage by slowdowns. And they detailed the subsequent German demand for the Levant airfields, plus the port of Bizerte, and Vichy's compliance, which by this time no one, either military or civil, could slow down. The climax of General Doyen's declarations was that the Marshal, after kicking out Dauphin Pierre Laval in early December of 1940, "thereafter had at Vichy a free road to defend what could be defended of France" against the Germans, but that "of his own choice he had elected otherwise."

The importance of Doyen testimony (aside from his revelation that the elegant Marshal, during the first Christmas at Vichy, which was to have been so happy, referred to Laval as "a dung heap") lay in the fact that it was indeed fact, based on the Wiesbaden documents, and that it dealt with the Petain of the occupation, surely the period in which the charge of treason will have to be localized if it is to be made

truly legal. One of the weaknesses of the prosecution up to then had been that its political witnesses had droned on about the prewar anti-republicanism of the Marshal, as if that in itself was a crime during the Third Republic, which unfortunately it was not. The prosecution's other great weakness had been that it had achieved only a single, oblique reference to that historic telegram from President Roosevelt which requested Petain's aid for our invading Allied troops in North Africa, and to the Marshal's reply that he would resist any invasion, and to his not resisting the Germans when they invaded his unoccupied France a few days later, on November 11, 1942. To the French populace, confused by its old mixed love and hate for the Marshal and addled by the current

tarradiddles in court, that November 11th has become Treachery Day just as significantly as July 14th became Independence Day.

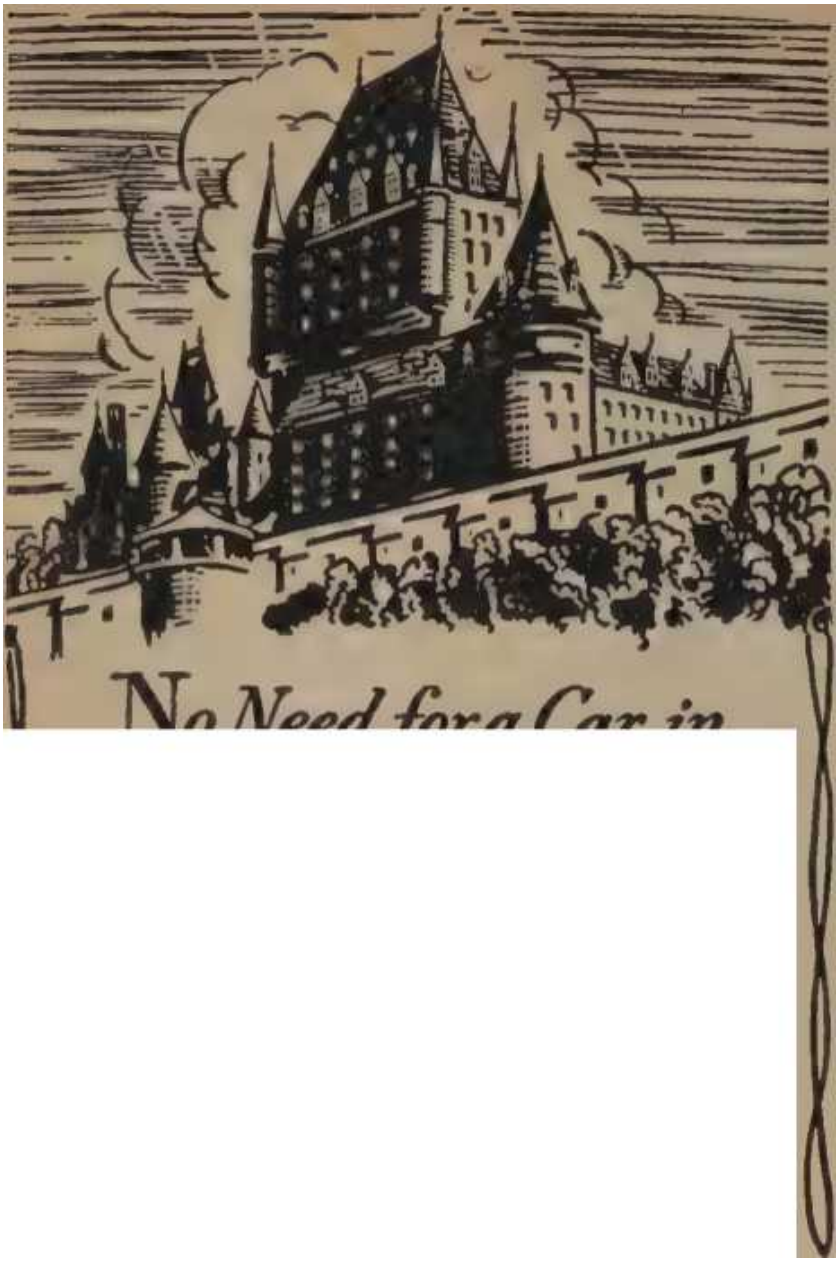
One thing the populace has certainly disagreed with the prosecution about is the delay in calling to the stand some of the resistance families that lost men and women in the struggle, tortured or shot by Petain's militia or sent by them to die more slowly, scarred and starved, in Nazi concentration camps. One such resistance relict presented herself early this week on the sidewalk before the Palais de Justice gate. She was a middle-aged country mother, sweating in her heavy mourning in the after

"In triplicate, please."

noon heat. She told the Palais guard that one of her sons had been beaten to death by Vichy legionnaires, that the other had perished in the concentration camp of Nordhausen, and that she wanted to speak to the Marshal. When an American reporter urged the guard to let her enter (so-called "spontaneous witnesses" are admitted to this strange high court), the guard refused, saying, "She might assassinate him. Then his death would be my fault." Later that same afternoon, Colonel Charles Chau-drey, the resistance hero celebrated under the Homme de guerre of Gregoire, did indeed

speak to Petain in court. Chaudrey pointed an accusing finger at Petain and cried, “If there remains in him even a little love for France, let him, before he pays with his life, fall to his knees upon her land and ask its pardon! ”

FOR the American press, the most ticklish moment in the trial came during the reading of the pro-Petain letter from Admiral Leahy, our former ambassador to Vichy. To this communication, which interrupted one of the many installments of Reynaud’s uncomplimentary evidence against the Marshal (the defense had shrewdly cut in with Leahy’s praise, to prove Reynaud wrong), the sly little mouse-faced politician came back with a gallant pun. “Ambassadors are polite enough to forget the truth. C'est la courte memolre



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qui fait la court oisie diplomatique." The Parisian press seemed almost bashful about acknowledging the existence of the Leahy note. Both France-Soir and Ce Soir lied about it politely. The first briefly described it as "a rather reticent letter, which could cut both ways." The second did its job in a bigger way, explaining, truthfully enough, that the defense considered that it had had a big stroke of luck in the Leahy document but that all Leahy really had said was that Petain should have resisted the Germans more, even if France suffered more. Only Le Monde actually quoted the Leahy letter intact, but it did so without comment, which its conservative bigbusiness readers could eas-ily make for themselves.

What with the touchi-

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ness of Franco-American relations and the French people's angry memory of what they called our State Department's misleading backing of Vichy in the early days, it is just as well that the populace here never reads Le Monde and so missed Leahy's choicer paragraphs, translated into lovely French. Example: '7'avals alors et fai maintenant la conviction quo votre but principal etait le blen et la protection du peuple abandontie de Fratice . . . Avec l^{y} expression de mes sentiments personnels et avec les vceux que votre activite dans la periodc d^{y}occupation par l^{y}ennemi puisse etre rvaluee a sa juste valcur par le peuple franfais, je demeurr tres sinccrement a VOUS$_{y}$ Leahy."

Petain was in no position to have the best lawyers in the land come running to his help, but his trio of defenders still seems peculiarly, unnecessarily poor, lacking tact, teamwork, grace, and, with one

exception, brains. His chief, batonnier Payen, has a scattered, jerky mind, and an unfortunate tic which makes his mouth pop open and shut like a bullfrog's. Petain's second man, maltrc Lemaire, raises unimportant legal points in the loud, declamatory voice of the Comedie-Frangaise. The youngest Petain defender, maltre Isorni, has brains, but they don't seem at their best at the bar, where his bad habit of continually interrupting everybody seems to distress even his client, as Judge Mongibeaux classically and courteously calls old Petain. All that can be said for the defense is that no one, at any rate, has yet accused the pro-Petain trio of having had anything to do with the re

sistance. Yet all the court's major anti-Petainist witnesses have had to admit, under cross-examination, that once they were pro-Petain, in that they trusted what is now constantly called his prestige and authority. As Leon Blum thoughtfully told the court, "There is a Petain mystery." The judges now trying Petain for his life once perforce swore allegiance to him as their Unoccupied France chief of state. Even old Prosecutor Mornet had to admit, after first denying the fact with an indignant screech of "Infamy!," that he had accepted an invitation to sit on Petain's scandalous Riom trial bench, though he later refused to take his seat. And even the two juries, one chosen from the resistance, the other from those rare

parliamentarians who in Bordeaux had voted against giving the Republic to the old, autocratic Marshal, even the juries—like those of the French Revolution, out to get heads—are packed and proud of it. So far, the trial has tarnished everyone it has touched. An atmosphere in which all the men seem faintly fallible and all the methods slightly illegal has established itself as the natural air to breathe in the small, stuffed, shoddy courtroom.

Of all the testimony of the big political figures, what Leon Blum had to say against Petain was the most intellectual, clear (if complex), and unequivocal. All the politicians were asked by the Presiding Judge if they thought Petain had committed treason and what they thought treason consisted of. Blum's definition was best: "An absence of moral confidence was the base of the Vichy Government, and that is treason. Treason is the act of selling out."

TAKING advantage of one of the admirable, odd privileges given to

them in this high court, entitling them to insist upon hearing from anyone they chose, the resistance jurors insisted on summoning the newly returned Pierre Laval. Laval's name is a well-known palindrome—as the French say, it reads the same forward and backward, so how can you tell if he's coming or going—and Parisians had bet that Laval, being too dangerous to both the defense and the prosecution, would not be called to talk. He was called, and he talked. He entered the courtroom as if its complete silence were dangerous to

him. He carried his gray hat and his worn brown briefcase in his hand, in confusion and in a low voice asked where the witness stand was, and, when he saw that it was only a carved, cane-seated parlor chair, .deposited his hat and briefcase on the seat and stood erect. He was at first unrecognizable. The fat of his face is now gone. His oily, Moorish hair is now dry and gray and his mustache is the color of tobacco juice. His crooked, stained teeth make a dark, cavernous background for his large lips. Until he spoke, he was some other man who had been announced as the infamous Pierre Laval. The buxom dandy of other days had turned into an unprosperous stranger, a worn, brownskinned, worried-looking country fellow, with watchful, inelegant, careful gestures. Above his habitual white string tie, his large, low white collar ruffled around his thin neck, which was hung with loose wattles like those of a brunette turkey cock. His dappled, gray-and-white-striped suit was so large for his frame that it looked borrowed. The moment he started speaking, the interesting phenomenon ended. His voice, his vocabulary, his alert and vulgar mentation were the same as ever.

For thirty-nine minutes by the clock, Laval talked without a stop and without ever answering Judge Mongibeaux's opening inquiry, "When did your political relations with Marshal Petain begin?" The only insulting thing Laval said about the Marshal was that Petain had never known anything about politics. Then, like any successful black-market businessman telling another how he got his start, Laval confided, "Politics has to be learned. It's not something you just catch on to. It has to he studied to be good. You've got to learn it all the way up. Now, me, I began at the bottom and took on every job on the way to the top." He also recited a confidence about the Duke of Windsor, then the Prince of Wales, with whom he must

have had, years ago, a curious conversation about the problem of Mussolini and the Abyssinian War. " 'You ask your father about it,' I kept telling the Prince," said Laval. " 'You go ask your father the King and he will tell you.' But the Prince, he kept saying that his father was a king and so wasn't a politician. Petain was like that. War and Les Invalides were his element." Inflexible, wax-faced, motionless as usual, Marshal Petain, from his worn black-leather easy chair, watched his former Dauphin's back. The two men did not speak, upon finding themselves together in the same

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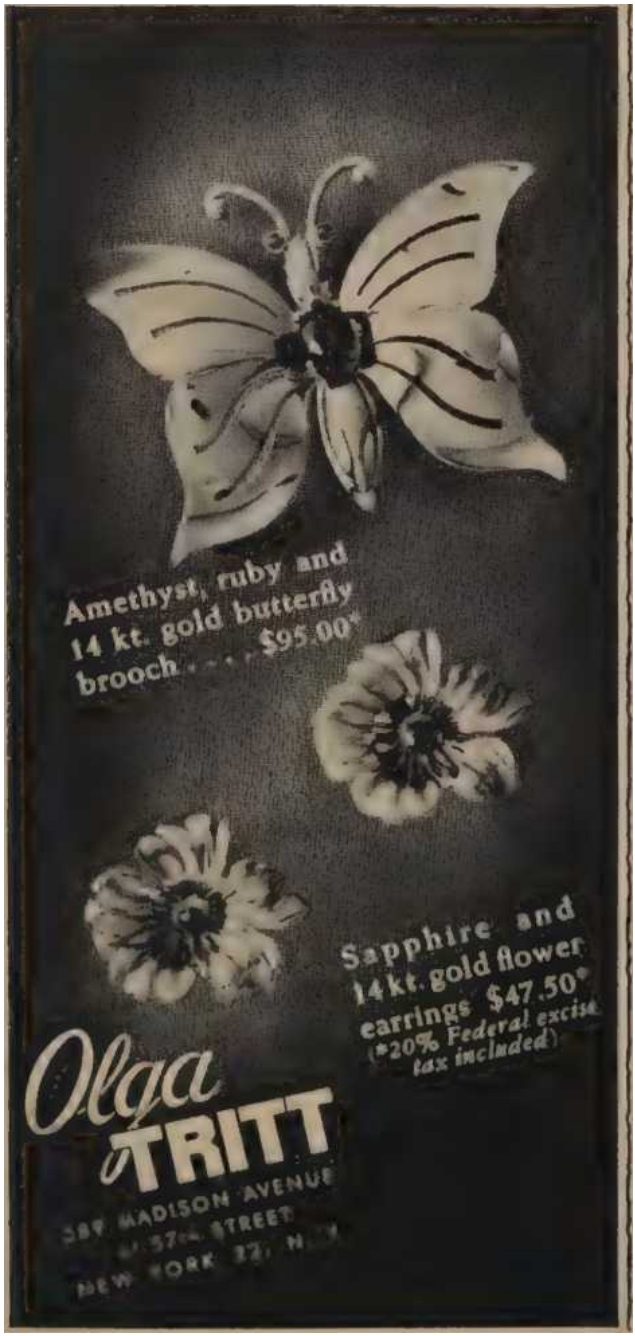

high court. But once, when Laval turned, with the Vichy Dauphin

smile, to say something nice about the old man, the Vichy chief of state lifted his white hand in an almost imperceptible-contemptuous, familiar gesture of greeting. It was their unofficial rencontre at their treason trial. —Genet

POESY DEPARTMENT

[From the Grove {Okla.) Sun]

DELAWARE COUNTY HOME DEMONSTRATION CLUB COUNCIL MEETING

(By Mrs. Thomas Blevins.)

Mrs. Abernathy asked me if I would do this in verse. Here it is:

To try to tell it I could do worse,

I had rather in my rocker sit, Why not let George do it?

She has asked me to do this bit of work, I will do what 1 can and will not shirk. So as I did my dishes on Sunday morn, The request stuck in my mind like a thorn. As I stacked the plates and washed the pans,

I wrote this down with soapy hands.

All day we could view the iris display, There was n colorful, gorgeous array. Mrs. Coppedge has iris that blooms from May to September,

Baby Dutch was one, the others I don't remember.

They ranged in color from purple to blue, There were many others brought iris, too. Silver, gold, maroon, bronze and white. In vases and baskets were a lovely sight. When Miss Diehl stepped on the floor, We knew we would come away knowing more.

She talked of a flower garden she once knew,

My mind's eye went back to a flower garden, too.

It was a flower garden of my mother’s, With pinks, larkspur, roses and many others.

I could see those flowers plain as day, And could scarcely keep the tears away.

In the afternoon was a human bingo game Where you filled in with names, such as Sada or Mayme.

If you found your names all in a row, You called out Bingo—

You couldn’t sit ’round and look forlorn, With a game going on called Jenny Crack Corn.

We missed the Merrifields smiling face, Miss b lood was there to fill her place.

She judged bonnet, apron and dress, And on the buttonholes laid much stress. They must be made with bar and fan. They are hard to make, see if any of you can.

A very interesting thing to see.

Was a young mother and children (3).

A very small boy in a made-over shirt, Scarcely came to the hem of his mother’s skirt.

There were dresses and bonnets and aprons with straps,

A made-over suit and 2 winter wraps.

The dresses were extremely neat.

Some made for work, some for street.

[Editor's Note: Remaining thirty-nine lines deleted because of paper shortage.]

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A McCutcheon exclusive—fine white Supercale with deep appliqued hems of color-fast cotton “giosheen”. Tiny flower print on dusty pink, green, champagne, turquoise, or white grounds.

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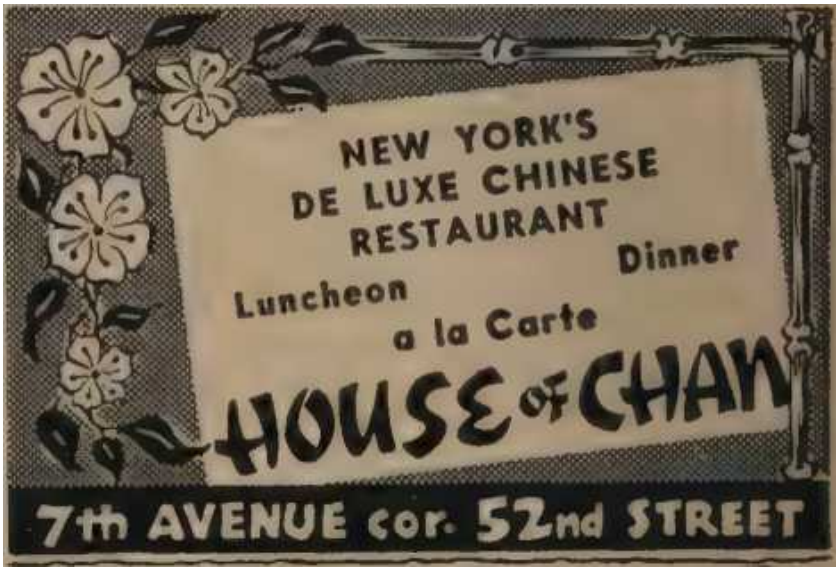

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OF ALL THINGJ

EVERYBODY agrees that the operation that was performed on Germany at Potsdam was an extremely drastic one. It is believed, however, that with a careful diet and a quiet country life, the patient will manage to pull through.

The Japanese home islands are now almost completely blockaded. This unfortunate situation has so touched our aviators that they are trying to help out by dropping millions of leaflets containing food for thought.

It is not easy to determine what effect Laval's testimony at the

Petain trial will have upon the verdict. Still, whatever happens, Laval has had a good rehearsal for the play in which he is to star this fall.

The Japanese have made a rather despondent reply to our charge that they are keeping their prisoners of war in unsafe places. It seems that unsafe places are very nearly the only kind Tokio has left.

•

There have been widespread complaints that Congress has taken no action to prepare industry for a quick return to peacetime production. Some extremists say that one way to begin is by getting our legislators to make a quick return to Washington.

•

Newbold Morris will run for mayor on the No Deal ticket with the blessing of Mayor LaGuardia. This organization looks like a worthy charity, one that should provide a refuge for innumerable homeless New York Republicans.

•

The new jet-propelled Shooting Star made its maiden trip at a speed of five hundred and twenty-six miles an hour. As the Japanese may soon be finding out for themselves, this plane can travel even faster than bad news.

It becomes more and more obvious that the recent election made a complete change in the British way of life. Many of the new rulers have no country estates, no school ties, and no connection with the Duke of Marlborough whatever. —Howard Brubaker

An Ounce of Prevention

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fating to the nose and throat.

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throat—due to smoking

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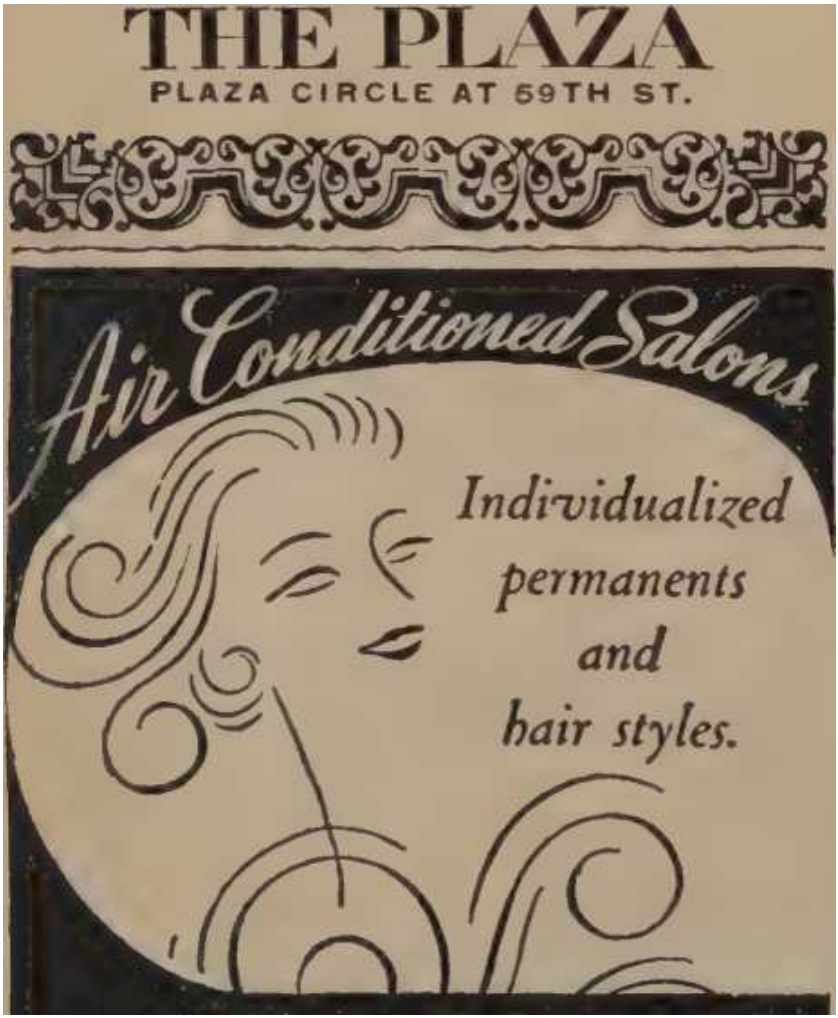


THE CHEAT

IT was seven minutes of nine that morning when Mrs. Lewis parked her dusty sedan in the lot beside the super-market. The line of waiting women extended from the locked door halfway along the glass front of the store. Not bad. The Monday line was never as long as the Friday one. Mrs. Lewis took her place and checked over the red points in her ration books again, to make sure. There were one hundred and two, counting the two red tokens in her coin purse, and ten days to go. Seventy-five for this week wouldn't leave much margin to carry her to the end of the month. But she'd have to use

seventy-five this week, what with the dinner party Thursday.

Another woman joined the line, and Mrs. Lewis wondered if it was an in-

dividual quirk that always made her feel as if a line were getting somewhere as soon as it extended out behind her.

Actually the line was standing still, and the clerks visible behind the locked doors appeared still unaware of the waiting women. Across the street, the A. & P. opened its doors and the customers surged in. More women joined Mrs. Lewis's line, which shifted restlessly.

In front of her, three cheerful young women were gossiping. Now a fourth, a small woman in a blue dress, stopped to speak to one of them.

"Hello," she said. "Bright and early, aren't you?"

"Oh, I'm a lady of leisure now Jerry's in summer camp," the other woman answered.

"I let my maid go," the woman in the blue dress said. "Last night. She's packed up and gone."

Mrs. Lewis watched suspiciously. She felt sure that the woman in the blue dress was going to try to melt into

the line with her acquaintances instead of going back to the end.

"Usually they open the doors here before the A. & P.," the woman behind Mrs. Lewis said, "but they've been in the A. & P. a minute or two now and we're still waiting."

Farther back, a woman in an

untidy snood, a plaid dress, and slippers with run-over heels stepped out of line to get a better look at the door. She moved up a step or two, and Mrs. Lewis moved up and closed the very small gap in the line ahead of her.

“Mrs. Davis, I want you to meet Mrs. Henry and Mrs. Montgomery.”

The woman in the blue dress acknowledged the introduction pleasantly,

and casually but firmly usurped a place in the line. Mrs. Lewis looked at her and hated her. She hated all small women in blue dresses.

Now the shutters were coming down, and a clerk stationed himself just inside the entrance, holding a handful of the numbered cardboard tickets which usually hung on a rack at the meat counter.

“Does Joe give them out now?” Mrs. Lewis asked the woman behind her.

“It’s fairer that way,” the woman said. “So many people were getting hurt running for them, and if you couldn’t use your elbows, you’d get up in the eighties no matter how early you were here.”

The woman in the snood moved

forward with elaborate casualness, as if to look at the door, just as it was opened. She walked in with the first customers

and got Number 15. Mrs. Lewis, in her proper place in line, hated snoods and run-over heels. The woman in the blue dress got Number 40 and laughed about it. I got Number 40," she said to her friend.

Mrs. Lewis, her Number 43 in her left hand, found a basket carrier with wheels that weren't warped and said under her breath, "You got Number 40 by cheating." Saying it made her feel silly but more cheerful. "Women! " she thought. "Women!" She wished she didn't have to belong to the sex of which such things were to be expected.

She chose her staples and vegetables while she waited for the butchers to get to Number 43. There were three rib roasts inside the counter, and this late in the month, when everyone's points were running low, there was a very good chance that one of them would still

be there when her turn came. She wondered if it was quite fair to the children to use the points for a dinner-party roast.

IT was nearly ten o'clock when Mrs. Lewis's number was called. The woman in the snood had finished at the meat counter

and gone; the woman in the blue dress was buying pounds and pounds. Very strange that anyone would have that many points by the twenty-first, Mrs. Lewis thought. Probably she'd kept all the maid's red points when she let her go. After 41 and 42 were taken care of, there was still one rib roast there. Mrs. Lewis bought it, and butter, a soup bone, and a small heart.

"Seventy-three points,'' the butcher said.

Mrs. Lewis hesitated. Seventy-five was her quota for a week. "Bacon this morning? " she asked.

The butcher nodded.

"How many points on it now ? " Mrs. Lewis asked.

“Eight.”

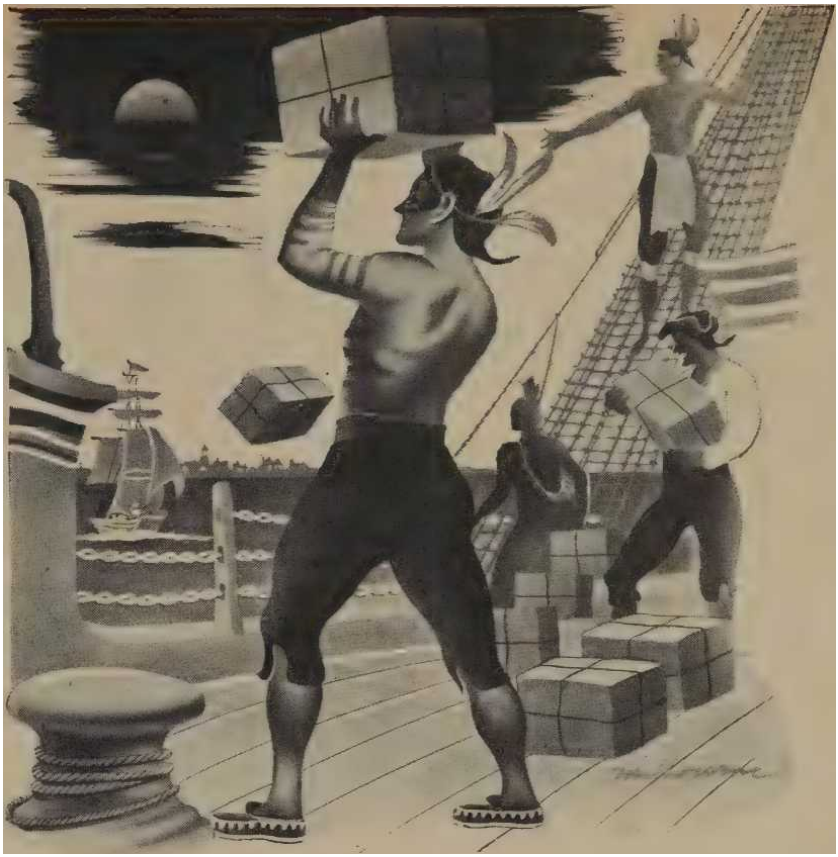
“I’ll take half a pound,” Nirs. Lewis said.

The butcher produced a package of bacon from inside the counter. “Sixty-three and four,” he said. “Sixty-seven points.”

Mrs. Lewis looked at him, startled. He was shoving the packages across the counter toward her, his eyes already on the spindle to see what number he would call next. Mrs. Lewis looked quickly at the women on her right and left. They were staring avidly at the meat on display and paying no attention to her. Mrs. Lewis tore seven stamps out of her book and handed them to the butcher. She held her breath while she waited for him to give her the tokens. “And three is seventy,” he said.

Mrs. Lewis put the tokens in her purse and pushed her way out through the crowd. “It’s because of the children,” she told herself. “I wouldn’t do it for myself.”

Ahead of her, the small woman in the blue dress was waiting her turn in the line at the check stand. Mrs. Lewis experienced no fellow feeling for her at all. —Anna Mary Wells



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FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

Recently I hired a carpenter to make a new set of drawers for the old desk in my study. “Nothing fancy,” I instructed him. “If they fit and don’t fall apart, that’s good enough.”

A few days later I stopped at his workshop to see how he was progressing. He had finished two of the drawers, both precise and beautiful specimens of skilled workmanship, and was working on the back panel of a third. Watching him, one would have thought that his life depended on the perfection of that part alone. “Why take so much trouble with something that won’t be seen?” I asked.

“Who’ll ever know the difference ?”

He straightened in surprise. “Why, I will.”—Paul Churcher in Coronet, May, 1945.

After watching him for some time the Doctor said: “Baxter, why do you spend so much time on that table? Who’s going to know whether or not the last touch has been put on the under side of it?”

Baxter straightened up and looked at the Doctor in surprise.

“Why, I will,” he said.—Fro/n "Adventures in Contentment," by David Grayson, Doubleday, Page, 1907.

Everybody remembers about the Boston Tea Party—how the citizens of Boston masqueraded as Indians and went aboard British ships in Boston harbor throwing overboard some 400 chests of tea . . . Through an odd quirk of history it has been known as The Tea Party, but some say the reason for New England wrath was their preference for American Wine over imported tea, and it really should have been called The Vermouth Party . . . Today such goings on are not necessary. You don't have to dress up like an Indian in order to be sure that your Martini will be made with G & D American Vermouth. All you have to do is ask for it.

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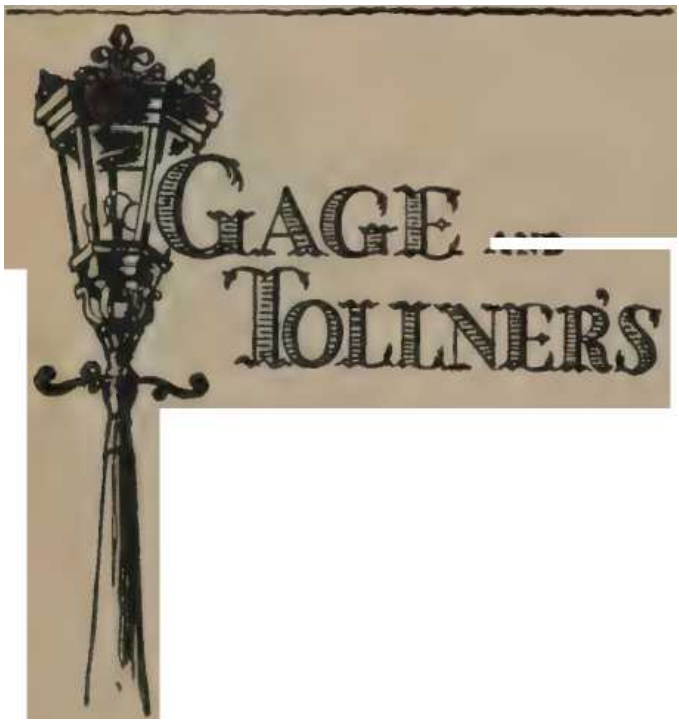

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August 1 (by wireless) O hear the Germans talk, no German ever approved of the Nazi movement or thought that Hitler was anything but a dope. It

therefore comes almost as a surprise to find that a certain number of Germans actually did oppose Hitler and that some of them really did go as far as to try to do him in. In wandering around Germany lately, I have come upon several stories of the resistance to Hitler, particularly of the underground conspiracy to assassinate him, and I pass them along for whatever they're worth.

Twenty years ago, I was a student at Heidelberg, and during a recent visit to Heidelberg, I looked up some of my old acquaintances. One of them was Frau Doktor Jaffe, the widow of a Jewish professor and, in the days before Joseph Goebbels took it upon himself to prescribe what his countrymen could and could not read, D. H. Lawrence's German translator. I had met Lawrence at Frau Jaffe's home. It was not altogether chance that he had chosen her as his translator, for she was the sister of his wife, the famous Frieda. Mrs. Lawrence and Frau Jaffe had been the von Richthofen girls, cousins of the German ace of the first World War and tearing beauties in their dªy*.

My reunion with Frau Jaffe took place in her home, which is in Neuen-heim, a suburb of Heidelberg just a-cross the Neckar. She poured me a cup of ersatz tea and we started to catch up on two decades. We hadn't talked long before in came another old friend, Professor Alfred Weber, a white-haired, white-bearded gentleman of seventy-seven who, even though it was a warm afternoon, was wearing a stiff shirt. Weber is an economist, sociologist, and political scientist; all over the world there are distinguished men who were students of his, and

I remember that during the Republic it was considered an honor just to have flunked one of his courses. Besides beino-a great teacher and scholar, Weber was always what timid or stuffy Germans called ein wilder Dcmokrat. During the rise of National Socialism he wrote and spoke against the movement with ceaseless fervor. When the Machter-

greijung, or seizure of power, came, on January 30, 1933, he was an emeritus and turning sixty-five, but he continued to carry on as he had before, and to the end of the Hitler regime his snorts at the New Order could be heard echoing up and down the Neckar Valley.

Not once in all that time did Weber give, or reply to, a single “Heil Hitler!” If this seems but a picayune triumph of enlightened liberalism, it should be remembered that failure to heil with alacrity and suitable snap was a misdemeanor liable the first time to such a reprimand as a kick in the groin and that a second offense was a felony punishable by penal servitude. Faculty members who joined the Party or collaborated with it regarded Weber with a wormlike awe", and it was a big day in their lives when he deigned to return their effusive greeting with an icy nod. No one in Heidelberg could explain to me why Goebbels had never had him put away, since others as venerable and celebrated as he had been herded off to concentration camps. Alfred Weber’s survival, I gathered, was a piece of incredible luck.

After pouring Weber a cup of tea, Frau Jaffe asked me if I thought Hitler was dead. I told her of a talk I’d had in Berchtesgaden shortly after V-E Day with four men who had been superspeed-shorthand secretaries at Hitler’s G.H.Q. All four were certain that Hitler was dead, and their conviction seemed to me impressive. Three of the four had been with him for nearly five years, and one of those three had been in the same room with him, in July a year before, when some explosives in a black briefcase belonging to Colonel Count Klaus Stauffen-berg went off, wounding or killing a number of people but doing little more to the Fuhrer than tear his pants. T he story goes that, upon hearing the briefcase explode, Stauffenberg went to the

headquarters of the Home Army, the Wehrmacht’s replacement organization, in Berlin and triumphantly, if naively, announced that Hitler was dead. As proof, he pointed out that he had not only planted the briefcase beneath a table over which Hitler was bent, peering at a map, but had heard it go off. One of Stauffenberg’s brother officers,

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These six finalists were chosen from among hundreds of pretty candidates.

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The winner — chosen by all New York with ballots found at all Rheingold Stores and Taverns and dropped into

the ballot boxes there—will win the title worn in the past by such famous beauties as Jinx Falkenburg, Ruth Ownbey, Nancy Drake, Sonia Gover, Jane House, and Pat Boyd, 1945 winner.

She will win $2000 in War Bonds and $1000 in model fees.

She will appear in beautiful, full-color advertising on billboards and car cards, in magazines, in newspapers, and in tavern and store displays all over Greater New York.

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Get Your Friends to Vote

It will be fun to look at your favorite in Rheingold advertising and think, "I helped put her there!"

So vote today—and ask your friends to join you.

While you're at your Store or Tavern, you might order some Rheingold from your dealer, too. You'll enjoy the clean, clear, real-beer flavor of Rheingold — the dry beer.

But in any event, be sure to vote. Help your favorite become Miss Rheingold 1946.

(Contest closes August 31, 1945.)

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who was a Himmler stool pigeon, called Goebbels and said he had just been told that the Fuhrer was dead. Goebbels called Hitler's headquarters, found that the-Fuhrer was thoroughly alive, and speedily set the S. S. to rounding up the conspirators. That night Hitler spoke over the radio. Stauffenberg's being a count gave the Nazis a wonderful opportunity to assure the German people that the plot was entirely aristocratic and reactionary and had no popular support.

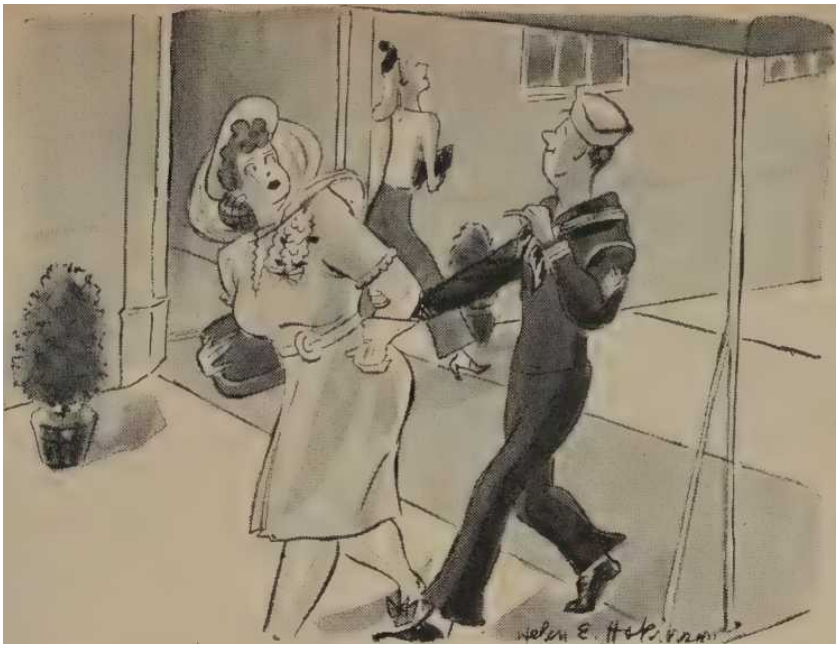
Old Weber assured me that thousands of civilians were involved in the assassination plot. "Literally thousands," be said. "From what I gather, people outside Germany think that it was purely a military putsch. But the Home Army was merely the instrument for carrying out the plan. It was absolutely necessary to use the military, since that was the only possible way of getting at Hitler, but the conspiracy was entirely civilian in origin and direction." Weber told me that at least five thousand civilians were imprisoned for their part in the plot and more than nine hundred of them were executed last February alone. To be sure, aristocratic and conservative groups were involved, but the Social Democrats were heavily mixed up in the proceedings. In fact, representatives of almost every political way of thinking except the Fascist and Communist were in the plot. Even some religious groups, in which Protestants and Catholics worked together, were involved. A few of the conspirators were

rather ingenuous, and they made the grave mistake of drawing up lists of men to hold certain government offices after the Nazis were overthrown. Several of the lists got into the hands of the S. S., thanks to the diligence of spies planted among the conspirators, and these documents were very helpful to Himmler when it came time to round up suspects.

BEFORE I left the house, I told

Frau Jaffe that I was on my way to Munich, and she gave me the names of a few people she thought I might want to look up. One was the widow of Ulrich von Hassell, who was the German ambassador to Rome from 1932 until he was dismissed, in 1938, for emphatically warning his government not to sign any military agreement with the Italians because he felt that in a war they would be a terrible liability. He was hanged last September for his part in the July attempt on Hitler's life.

Frau von Hassell's father was Ad-



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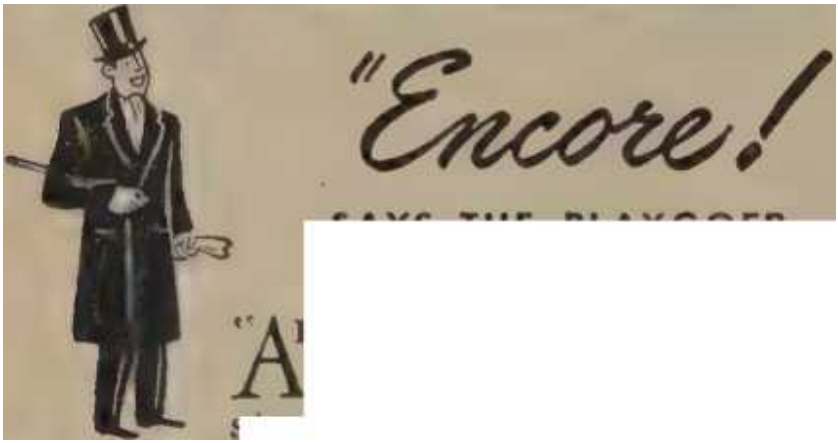

SAYS THE PLAYGOER

fter the theater, a favor-L ite treat of mine is to stop in at some spot that serves Ricciardi French Ice Cream. That smooth, rich flavor almost always calls for seconds!"

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miral of the Fleet von Tirpitz, who commanded the German Navy during the last war and whose astounding whiskers were drawn countless times by American cartoonists of that period. I discovered, when I went to see her, that she was living with one of her two daughters in nicely furnished quarters in a village near Munich. Both women are tall and distinguished-looking, but very thin as a result, I gathered, of what they've been through. They were in mourning. I said that I wanted to find out about what underground opposition there had been to Hitler, and Frau von Hassell, after a few preliminaries, calmly described the role her husband had played in the plot to kill his Fuhrer, a plot that had begun

over six years before the attempted assassination. As she outlined it,

it seemed a fantastically reckless and awkward venture.

After von Hassell lost his diplomatic post, she said, he returned to Berlin, where he had once practiced law, and resumed his profession. He had many friends there, and several of them came to him in alarm over the pogroms throughout Germany in

1938, after the famous murder of Ernst

vom Rath, a member of the Nazis' Paris legation, by the Pole Grynzpan. "They came to him asking what could be done to get rid of the Nazis," Frau von Hassell told me, adding that from then on her husband was a member of the conspiracy.

Four of von Hassell's closest associates in the days that followed, according to the widow, were Johannes Popitz, who had once been finance minister of Prussia; Professor Jens Jessen, of the University of Berlin's economics department; Erwin Planck, who had been an undersecretary of state in the von Schleicher and von Papen governments and was the son of Max Planck, a prominent physicist; and Karl Goerdeler, who had once been O berbiirgermeister of Leipzig. Goerdeler became a price administrator during the war and travelled extensively around Germany with von Hassell, urging friends to join the movement. Colonel General Beck, who had been chief of the General Staff, Field Marshal von Witzleben, who broke the Maginot Line, and Generals Fromm and Olbricht also took

part in what Iran von Hassell re- Streicher pipe down. "We had gone ferred to as "the conversations," but to Italy, and one day, when we were

they didn't join up until after the war with Russia had started.

"These men I have mentioned formed the inner ring of elders, so to speak," said Frau von Hassell, "and each had a large group of his own behind him. Then there was also a younger branch of this conservative section and I remember that some of its group leaders were Helmuth von Moltke, Count Yorck von Wartenburg, and Count von der Schulenburg, the son of our ambassador to Moscow. Trott zu Stolz, a legation councillor, and Count von Schwerin, who was a nephew of von Bethmann-Holl-weg, the chancellor during the last

war, were prominent in the movement, too, and so were the von Haeften

brothers, one of whom was an Army officer and one of whom was in the Foreign Office.

“The original idea of my husband’s group was to seize Hitler and the men around him and put them to formal trial. But as soon as the war broke out, Himmler redoubled his precautions for Hitler’s safety, and this idea, of course, had to be given up. The group then

the fall of . realized that it never could take Hitler alive and would have to kill him.

“Eight days after the attempt on Hitler’s life was made, my daughter and I were arrested by the S. S., so I wrote to Himmler from prison,” Frau von Hassell said evenly, and here I interrupted her. I wanted to get this straight.

“You mean you knew him ? ” I asked. “Or was it a sort of open statement to the authority who had you and your daughter in custody?”

“Of course I knew him,” she replied, and explained how. Back in the middle thirties, she said, Julius Streicher’s newspaper, Der Stiirmer, had attacked Professor Werner Heisenberg, a physicist at the University of Leipzig, on the peculiarly Streicherhke grounds that the scientist was an authority on the quantum theory, that the quantum theory was based on the Einstein Theory, and that therefore Heisenberg was giving aid and comfort to the Jews and should be dismissed. Der Stiirmer bellowed on about it so persistently that at last Heisenberg could stand it no longer and told the von Hassells that he had decided to leave Germany. Von Hassell decided to see what he could do to make

in Rome,” Frau von Hassell said, “my husband told me that Himmler had arrived in town and asked me to have him to tea. I thought he was joking, but, no, he meant it. He said he wanted to do what he could for his friend Heisenberg. So I had Himmler to tea and begged him to get Streicher to stop. I pointed out to him that Heisenberg, who was only in his thirties, was about the last really

great scientist Germany had left, because so many had already fled. Himm-]er wouldn't promise anything, but Streicher's attacks stopped with the next issue and Heisenberg stayed."

At this point, Fraulein von Hassell spoke up. "Himmler used to be a surly little bookkeeper to look at," she said. "I danced with him once." I asked her what sort of dancer Himmler was. "He stepped all over my feet," she said.

Ulrich von Hassell was tried last September in Berlin and, according to his widow, made such a long and eloquent speech in denunciation of Nazism that most of the two hundred people in the courtroom felt that he was the prosecuting attorney. "I worked with my husband from the beginning to the end," Frau von Hassell went on, "and my conscience is clear before God. To me Adolf Hitler and the men around him were less than dirt."

The widow has, or had, two sons. They were arrested by the S. S. and she has had no news of them since, nor has she heard from her other daughter, Fey, who married an anti-Fascist Italian named Pirzio Biroli. It was only when Frau von Hassell spoke of this daughter's two sons—Roberto and Coradino, aged three and four—that her voice faltered. The S. S., it seems, made a practice of holding Stppenhajtlmge, or kin prisoners, and after von Hassell was convicted the two children were taken away. They were not executed, like their grandfather, but, as an exquisite refinement of punishment, they were sent to an institution under new names. So far, their grandmother said, no one had been able to learn what institution it was or under what names the children were registered.
—Joel Sayre

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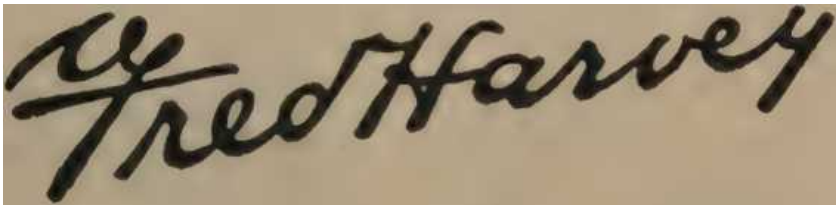
—Crosby Gaige



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BOOK5

New Bottles, Old Wine

Modern Chinese fiction, which began as part of the general reform movement that got under way in

China toward the end of the last century, would seem, with the publication of Lau Shaw's "Rickshaw Boy" (Rey-nal & Hitchcock), to have come of age. Mr. Shaw, whose Chinese name is Shu Sheh-A ii, is one of a group of younger Chinese authors who, under the

influence of Western writers, have abandoned the traditional themes of earlier Chinese fiction to portray their country as it really is. The emphasis, in the work of all these authors, is consistently upon realism, and the gain, as “Rickshaw Boy” all by itself shows, has been almost immeasurable. Traditional Chinese fiction, with its good fairies and bad devils, its wise dragons and foolish demons, had a wonderful grace and charm. It didn’t tell us very much about the Chinese people, however, or about the way in which they lived. We had to depend almost entirely for this knowledge upon the reports of foreign correspondents and upon the rather Biblical panoramas of Mrs. Pearl Buck. It is good, therefore, to have at last a modern novel about China written for the Chinese, of the Chinese, and by a Chinese. Mr. Shaw’s book does not constitute a Chinese literary Declaration of Independence. It gives plain evidence, though, that such a document has been drafted, written, and signed. A few firecrackers are in order. In his book, Mr. Shaw tells the story, in more detail than I have any idea of going into, of an earnest young countryman, full of simplicity and ambition, known as Happy Boy. Arriving in Peking, he has hut one ambition—to own a rickshaw. By working himself to exhaustion and by hoarding every copper possible, he is finally able to buy one, only to have it stolen, and to be kidnapped himself, by a gang of soldiers who are part of a marauding war lord’s army. He is pressed into service by the soldiers, but eventually escapes, taking three camels with him. He sells the camels for thirty dollars (Chinese money) to an old countryman who has an uncontrollable weakness for camels, and makes his way back to Peking, where, still determined to possess his own rickshaw, he starts sweating and slaving all over again. He also gets se

duced by a harsh, resolute, oversexed young woman named Tiger Girl, the daughter of a man who owns a shedful of rickshaws which he rents by the day to rickshaw pullers. Tiger Girl, by pretending she is pregnant, forces Happy Boy to marry her. This marriage brings him enough money to buy a new rickshaw, hut since he has come to hate his wife—three parts tiger and one part girl —his pride of ownership is considerably dulled. Ground down by poverty, seeing the broken bodies and wasted lives of other rickshaw men, Happy Boy begins to question the wisdom of the age-old maxims about industry, thrift, and ambition he has believed in. He also

begins to question, after a conversation with a politically minded student who is riding in his rickshaw, the correctness and justice of the existing social order. Happy Boy, however, unlike the heroes of so many of those extravagant literary exercises that went by the name of proletarian novels some years ago, undergoes no sudden transformation. He keeps on pulling a rickshaw, keeps on wanting to get ahead in the world, and keeps on hating Tiger Girl. At last she dies, in giving birth to a stillborn child, and Happy Boy has to sell his rickshaw to get enough money to bury her. He then discovers that he is in love with a pretty prostitute named Little Lucky One, and the book ends with him kidnapping her from the establishment in which

she is selling herself. “In the mild coolness of the summer evening the burden in his ˆrms stirred slightly, nestling closer to his body as he ran. She was alive. He was alive. They were free.”

This, it must be admitted, isn’t much of a story. It has been told many times before, with only a few minor variations, and its essential design has become almost as fixed and conventional as

that of some of the traditional tales of old China. Reading Mr. Shaw's book, I sometimes felt that all the good fairies and bad devils, the wise dragons and foolish demons, had simply taken on human form. The theme of Mr. Shaw's novel, furthermore, is hardly a new one. It was set down, among various other places, in the introductory sentences of a story called "The Judicial Murder of Tsui Ning," written in either the twelfth or thirteenth century by an anonymous author and included in an anthology called "Traditional Chinese Tales," published last year. "The road of life," this anonymous author wrote, "is a tortuous one and the heart of man is hard to fathom. The great Way has receded further and further from the world and the ways of men have become more and more multifarious. Everyone bustles about for the sake of gain but in his ignorance he often reaps nothing but calamities." The story of Happy Boy is by and large an acting out of these three sentences. He discovers the tor-

ˆLU MARIT

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«

A. What is this rod-like affairˆ

☐ Roller shade Towel rack 3 Effervescent tube

☐ Fluorescent lamp L Flute

F. What do you think Electronic Devices can be made to do?

Count Decide ☐ Remember L Measure

source of light It makes light rebound

B, What is the range of this portable radio telephone— the famous"Handy-Talkie”?

☐ 1-5 miles ☐ 50-100 miles ☐ 500-1000 miles ☐ 2-4 city blocks

G. Why does a fluorescent lamp cast less shadow than an electric light bulb?

L It gives more light L [1] Its light is softer i_i It’s a bigger

H. What does Sylvania Electric make?

☐ Electric light bulbs ☐ Fluorescent lamps, fixtures and accessories 7 Radio

tubes ☐ Cathode ray tubes ☐ Electronic devices

Ml

C What doesF.M. stand for?

☐ Free Meal [Frequently Moderate ☐ Frequency Modulation ☐ Finer Make

D. How many radio tubes are there in a single B-29 bomber?

☐ 78 0 215

☐ 520 DOver 700

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TURN PAGE UPSIDE-DOWN FOR ANSWERS!

E. What would you call this object ’

☐ Steak tenderizer

☐ War club, l Potato masher

☐ Cathode ray tube

•passang AjqBqoad noA sb—jjy *n

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ELEC I RIC

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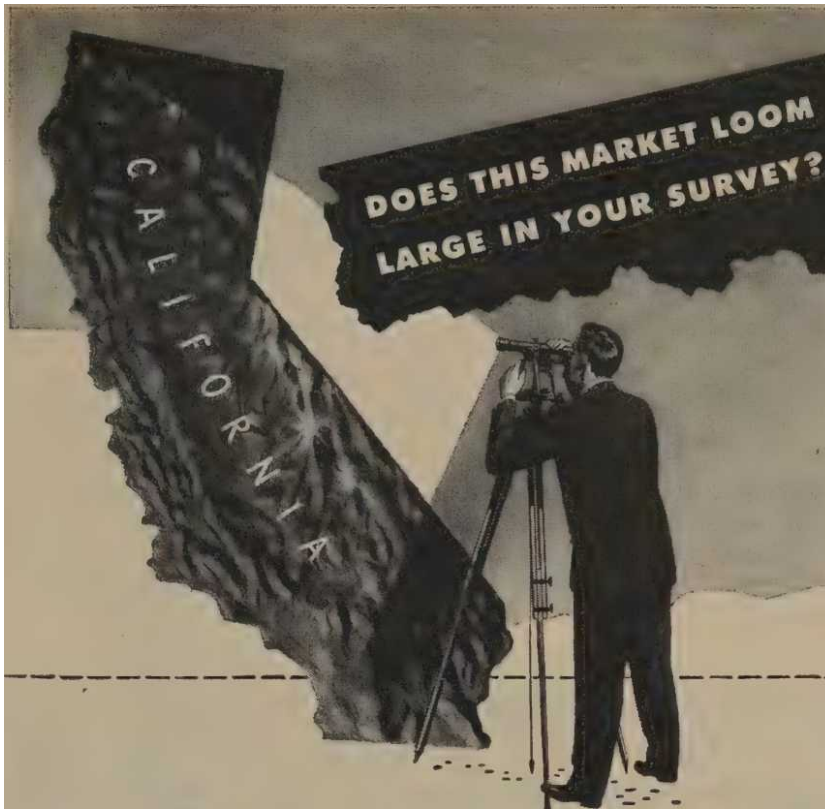
tuousness of the road of life, is lost in the multifarious ways of men, and finally perceives, even as did the far more dim-witted hero of Ernest Hemingway’s energetic little extravaganza called “To Have and Have Not,” that it isn’t a good idea for any man to live for the sake of gain alone. (People who have seen the movie made from “To Have and Have Not” and not read the book will please not tell me how wrong I am.)

There are, of course, not many themes for the novelist. F. Scott Fitzgerald, in one of the incidental jottings in the volume recently put together from his notebooks and other papers, goes so far as to say that there are only two, those of Cinderella and Jack the Giant Killer. “Rickshaw Boy,” like nearly every other realistic novel of the past twenty years about the lot of the poor in a capitalist society, is a disillusioned scrambling of the two themes. Both “Cinderella” and “Jack the Giant Killer,” if looked at twice, turn out to be success stories: Cinderella gets the prince and Jack kills the giant. What happens in the modern realistic novel, in China and out of it, is that Cinderella doesn't get the prince and that Jack, instead of killing the giant (now capitalist society), is ground down by him.

But Mr. Shaw’s book loses nothing by being built around these old stories or by repeating much of the philosophical wisdom that has been current in China for a few centuries or so. It gains, rather. All

of his characters are believable and true, he rarely indulges in the ruinous “Tillie the Toiler” sentimentality that has destroyed more than one well-intentioned book about the poor, and the picture he gives of Peking seems very right and true. Good novels, these days, don’t come often enough for this one to be missed.

CEVERAL more bushels of books G about the international question have come from the presses. I haven’t read all of them, and I would consider myself slightly crazy if I tried to, but, of what I have read, “The Big Three,” by David J. Dallin (Yale), seems the best of the lot. Mr. Dallin, without too much huffing and puffing, says that after the war with Japan is ended it won't be all over but the shouting, and, giving Great Britain something of a brushoff, he spends most of his time analyzing a situation that is entirely new in world affairs—the emergence of the United States and Russia as the two great powers of the world. He traces the past relationships of these two na-



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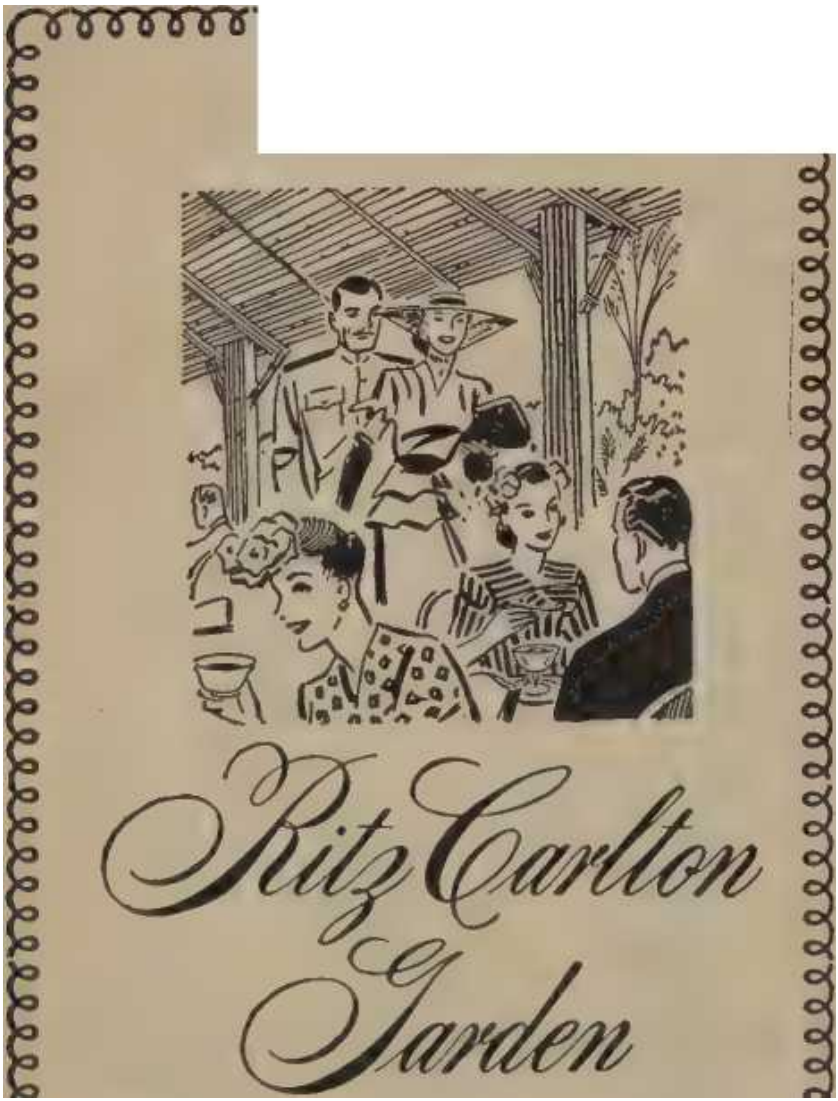

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tions and argues, very simply, that to get along we have to want to get along, which means concessions and the abandonment of a few fixed ideas on both sides. I doubt that anyone who has given international affairs serious attention will find Mr. Dallin's book startling, but this hasn't exactly been a year for startling hooks. Maybe it's the war, mavbe it's the paper shortage, or maybe it's sunspots. —Hamilton Basso

BKIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Facts of Life, by Paul Goodman (Vanguard). A volume of mocking, literate, and often witty short pieces by a nonrealist of extreme virtuosity. The title story, a brief play called "Jonah," and "University in Exile," which is a description of a dinner party for a group of ill-assorted refugees, are the best of the collection and are all, in one way or another, delightful. Even at his best, however, an underlying immaturity shows through the fabric of Mr. Goodman's work, and in the less successful pieces his indefatigable cleverness ends by being a bit weary->n&.

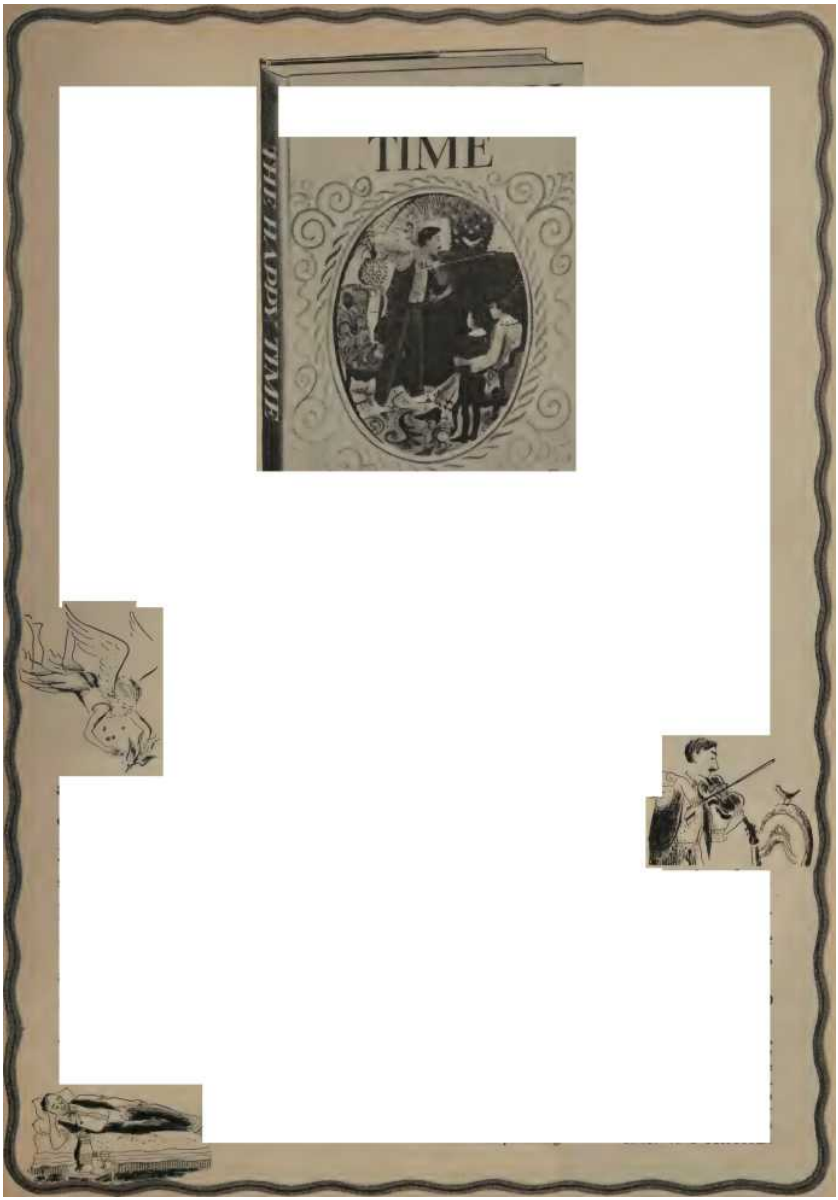
A Son of Normandy, by B. M. Saw-don (Samuel Curl). A serious, well-told first novel about an almost middle-aged French aristocrat, the father of a family, who works his small, un-remunerative farm somewhere in the Calvados. Quite by chance, he becomes deeply

and violently involved in a peculiarly hopeless love affair with a young English girl. Being French, he cannot easily break up his marriage and home; being poor, he has no means of keeping the girl near him except as his wife's guest. Miss Sawdon extricates the unhappy lovers.from this intolerable impasse with a tragedy that seems too easy a solution.

Barington, by Edward Tatum Wallace (Simon & Schuster). Snapshots of horse-and-buggy, church-supper days in a Midwestern village whose life centers around a long-established hardware store and its lovable owner. Readers in whom the record of any tranquil past induces a pleasurable nostalgia will probably like Mr. Wallace's happy reminiscences; those with less taste for retrospection are likely to be gently bored.

GENERAL

America: Partner in World Rule, by William Henry Chamberlin



NOTE: The illustrations on this Page are a few of the many that Roger Duvoisin has drawn for The Happy Time.

I THE HAPPY

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butterfly, and Uncle Felix, the befuddled scientist, and Uncle Desmonde, who is the proud owner of the largest collection of ladies garters in Ottawa,

and finally, the Boy, who watches them all and learns from them all. Like Papa's dark fragrant coffee and cognac, "The Happy Time"

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(Vanguard). Mr. Chamberlin never comes right out with it, but he makes it clear that in world affairs he thinks the United States Jias always been a chump, and he doesn’t see much chance that things will improve, United Nations or no United Nations. “The sober judgment of history,” he writes, summing up the general argument of his book, “will scarcely bear out the inspired, extravagant eulogies of the Crimea Conference. It will more probably bracket this gathering with the Munich Conference as another experiment in appeasing a powerful and well-armed totalitarian dictator. The fruits of Munich are known. Those of Yalta remain to be gathered.” Of course, Mr. Chamberlin could be wrong about the whole thing.

The Killing of the Peace, by Alan Cranston (Viking). A play-by-play account of one of the unhappiest innings in recent American history — the defeat of Woodrow Wilson’s hope to bring this country into an international organization. Mr. Cranston, instead of writing another book about that small group of “willful men,” has put together, in the form of a chronological table, the detailed record of their wrecking activities, in Washington and elsewhere. Such a method of writing would not seem to offer much chance for drama, but the drama is definitely there.

The League of Frightened Philistines, by James T. Farrell (Vanguard). A collection of essays, published during the past twenty years, by the author of “Studs Lonigan.” Mr. Farrell isn’t any more graceful a writer as essayist than he is as novelist, but in these

pieces he shows the same slow-burning intensity, the buffalolike stubbornness, and the uncompromising honesty that made “Studs Lonigan” the book it is. Admirable as these qualities are, they don’t altogether compensate for the fact that Mr. Farrell, as often as not, isn’t an especially brilliant thinker and that he says, along with some things that are both wise and angry, many that are merely angry. Worth reading, nonetheless, particularly for those who would like to get a glimpse of some of the intellectual processes that lie behind Mr. Farrell’s novels.

Saints and Strangers, by George F. Willison (Reynal & Hitchcock). Meet the Pilgrims. Mr. Willison, taking it upon himself to correct a few of the many misconceptions that

have blurred the figures of the small band of brave and pious men and women who played such a big part in American history, tells of their struggles in England, their wanderings, and their settling in the New World. 7 his has been told before, but Mr. Willison, by ignoring all the nonsense that has been written about the Pilgrims and by showing that they were not quite the crowd of crape-draped killjoys they are supposed to have been, has told their story in a new, interesting, and highly readable way. He has managed to get some humor into it, too.

So Far So Good, by Charles Hanson Towne (Messner). A book of lighthearted, good-natured chatter having to do with the town’s literary, theatrical, and social worlds as observed and participated in by one of the town’s most venerable adornments. Mr. Towne’s book is not quite the important social record it might have been, and it isn’t good enough to be of more than passing interest, but it does have a flavor that many people, both old and new guard, ought to enjoy. In the all-star cast you will find John Brisben Walker, one of the forgotten founding fathers of modern American journalism; Lillian Russell, Sarah Bernhardt, Richard Le Gallienne, Walter Hampden, Geraldine Farrar, Fannie Hurst, Booth Tarkington, and Sinclair Lewis. Quite a crowd. Illustrated.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Bedelia, by Vera Caspary (Houghton Mifflin). More good, creepy atmosphere by the author of “Laura.” A Connecticut architect,

Charlie Horst, brings home a bride in 1913 and settles down into the cosiest kind of domesticity. Gradually, through hints thrown out by a young artist living in the neighborhood, Charlie begins to realize that Bedelia is a good deal more than just the pretty young widow he met while vacationing in Colorado, and from there on things build up in splendid shape to a terrifying climax. Especially for admirers of the psvchological-horror story.

To the Editor of The Post-Standard:

I read your article on daylight saving (June 25) and think it should never have been started. Dewey L. Woodall

—Letter to the Syracuse Post-Standard.

There are plenty of articles like that.

Dinner Dress by Saks Fifth Avenue

Never before —such life-like tone from a radio-phonograph

You'll never enjoy the full beauty of recorded music until you hear it on this superb new radio-phonograph — the Musaphonic. Yours at last are all the rich harmonies on recordings — the delicate shadings, the full range of glorious tones and overtones.

Z Their thrilling beauty is recreated r by an exciting General Electric development— a revolutionary electronic system of tone reproduction. It reveals, for the first time, amazing new richness and delicacy of tone — even on your most familiar and best loved records.

> On the Musaphonic you hear radio programs, too, with breath-taking realism in glorious "natural color" tone. And they reach you incredibly free from static, fading, and station interference. X This magnificent electronic instru-. merit, in beautiful cabinets designed and built by master craftsmen, will be featured after the war in the leading stores. Prices will range upwards from $300. Look forward to the Musaphonic — the radio-phonograph which brings you all of the glowing beauty—the rich inspiration music was meant to give.

FREE: A fascinating booklet, "YOUR COMING RADIO." 28 pages profusely illustrated in full color. Previews the revolutionary, new General Electric Radio and Television sets. For your free copy mail a postcard request to Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.

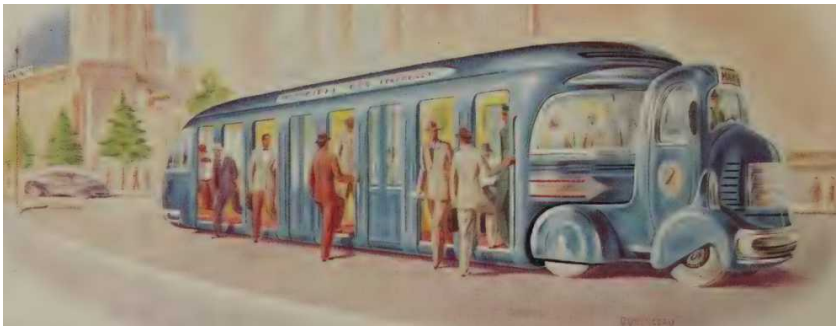
Hear the G-E radio programs : "The World Today," News, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., EWT, CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10p. m., EWT, NBC. "The G-E House Forty," Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., EWT, CBS.

GENERAL @ ELECTRIC*

Coming! Luxurious, Practical City Buses

by Men Who Plan

beyond Tomorrow!



Sketch in circle shows entrance aisle and seating

o

plan of the coach.

n heavy traffic main routes of municipal bus lines, these modern two-man coaches of the future will speed your journey in greater comfort.

Doors which open all along the side eliminate jamming at entrance or exit ...a wide aisle and three-place facing seats accommodate up to 50 riders... the coach, separate from the cab. is free of engine noise and fumes.

> *~ City planning will speed vehicular traffic with “bays” at bus stops on principal streets, so that following auto traffic is not held up while bus loads or unloads passengers.

IX years have seen America’s city bus systems nearly trebled . . . have seen LaGuardia Field, world’s largest airport, out-grown and soon to be dwarfed by the Idlewild air terminal. It’s interesting, too, that six years ago Seagram’s foresight laid aw ay the whiskies that you enjoy today m Seagram's V. 0. Canadian. But it’s far more interesting that these whiskies were so fine when they were chosen for leisurely mellowing —to bring you the clean-tastin light Seagram’s V. 0. of today.

Six Years Old —86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

Seagram*

V.O.

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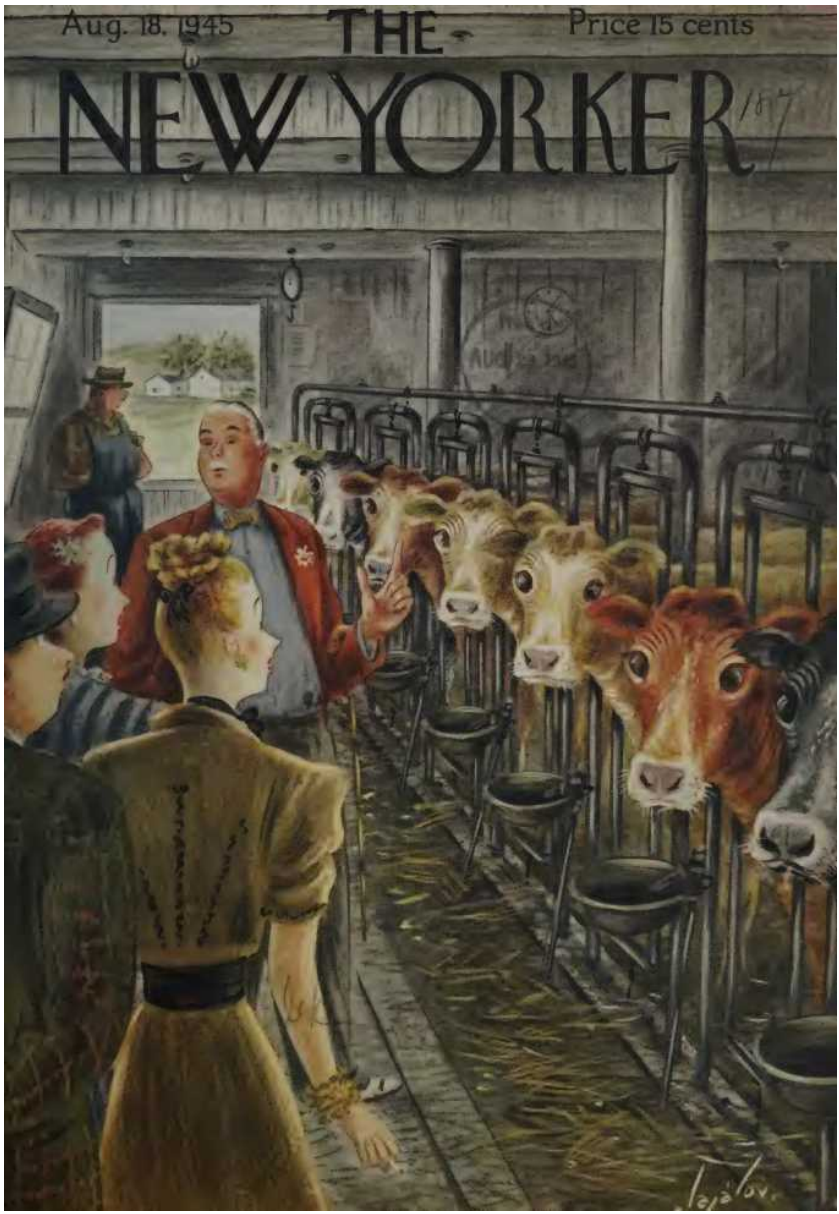
Seagrams VO. Canadian

CANADIAN WHISKY-A BLEND....OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES



Bright and Light

as a

Sunny Morning

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You taste it at once ... this extra, this special measure of flavor that's rich and fine, yet light, mellow . . . like a sunny morning. We think you'll agree it's not matched in any other whiskey! Try Schenley' Reserve * it comes ol a great tradition for fine whiskies ... the most widely enjoyed whiskey in America today!

BLENDED WHISKEY 86 proof 60% grain neutral spirits

RESERVE

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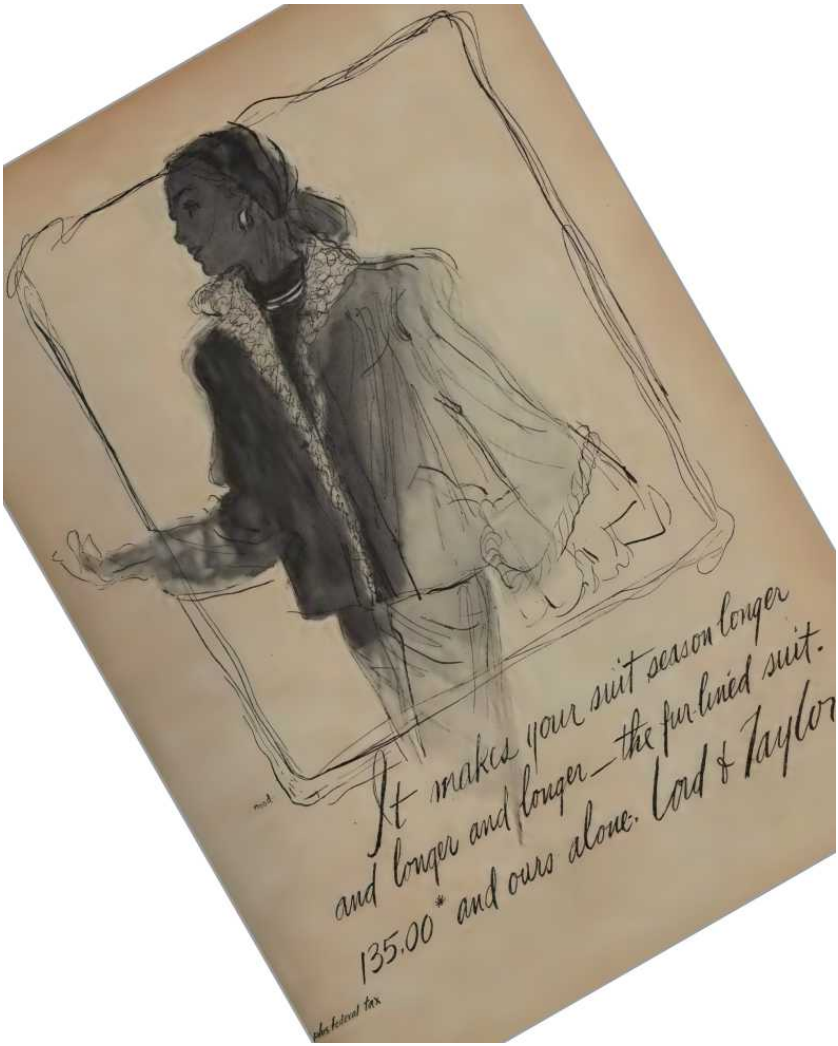

GOING5 ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that

made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2140.)

A Bell for Aoano—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March makes up for the play's rather patronizing air with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075.

.Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. With Augusta Dabney and Lenore Lonergan. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2 :40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 140.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Frances Heflin and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers.

(Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-46J6. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 :4c.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, which includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rou-ben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Marinka—A summer entertainment based on the Mayerling story. The music is rather agreeable; the book is just a nuisance. With Joan Roberts, Harry Stockwell, Romo Vincent, and Luba Malina. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musictfl version of “Green Grow the Lilacs,” contrived by Richard Rodgers

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR. OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 25.

and Oscar Hammerstein II and produced by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4662. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8140. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2 130.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances devised by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Broadway, B'way at S3- CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves, at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:4O and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING (Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed entirely or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.) Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WT 2-1000)—Jules

DEPARTMENT 5 IN THI5 I5JUE

Page

THE NEV YORKER

23 VEST 4 3RD JTREEL TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING ' SUBSCRIPTION!. BRYANT 9-6300 EDITORIAL OFFICER. BRYANT 9-8200

Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this cool, subterranean cavern.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—This old favorite has at least one eye open again. Car-dini (one of our more expert magicians), a dance team, and Henry King's orchestra. On Thurs., Aug. 23, Bob Grant's band replaces the King band.

CafE Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737) —Imogene

Coca making intelligent fun of almost anything, jazz piano by Cliff Jackson and Mary Lou Williams, and music by John Kirby's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Where Joe D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band supply the music and the customers supply the scenery.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Rustle, bustle, and hustle in the Hollywood manner. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band, Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the ingenious mind-reader, a dance team, and Stanley Melba's agile orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays id the Cafe Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Jimmy Savo, coming completely apart every evening in the Persian Room. Garwood Van's orchestra is on the stand. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just about as peaceful and pleasant as nighttime cn a rooftop can be. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing. , -
I

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Cafe Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by the lush dance music of London' Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's ma rimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A handy refuge for the eternal sophomore and his young lady Eric Correa's orchestra and Alberto Linno' rumba band are on hand at night.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Jan Pickens singing (with gestures) at suppertini on the Starlight Roof. George Olsen's orchestra provides dance music through the evening and Mischa Borr's orchestra alternates with it at supper. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the coo rouge, 65 E. 56 (PL 1 8887) : Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing in a highly decorative setting. . H 1-2-3 club, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearni providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk; no dancing. . . . casino russe, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the cotelerte a la Kiev than for the goings on in the floor show; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . spivy's roof, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Carter and Bowie dispensing their special brand of piano duets, and now and then Spivy herself, singing about her special brand of world-weariness; no dancing. ...Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a retrospective show, made up of bits of eight million earlier Versailles shows, with Dick Smart and a collection of delectable if incoherent girls; Joe Ricardel's orchestra. . . . el chico, 8o Grove, I Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): semi-Spanish, with some strolling singers and a fine rumba band.... Copacabana, io E. 60 (PL 8-1060): the conventional Copacabana show, which at the moment includes Mitzi Green. Joel Herron's orchestra. . . . astor roof, B'way at 44 (CI 6-60.00): Gene Krupa and his orchestra on this large, cool rooftop, playing for what look very much like jitterbugs. . . . Essex house, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. 1 NEW YORKER hotel, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Chuck Foster's orchestra and an ice show. . J PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Woody Herman's orchestra. . . . Roosevelt, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.]

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its open-air deck and that colossal view of the harbor, now has supper dancing Fri. and Sat,

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At nick's, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-0' i, <): Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and their helpmeets scorching the midnight air. . . . village vanguard, 178 7 Ave. S., at II (CH 3-9355): a small but comfortable cave, equipped with Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C.

L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXI, No. 27, August 18, 1945. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1945. by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

Lady, in that coat

anything you want is yours, from a barouche in the Park to a handful of diamonds. See that line — the deep, easy sleeves, the fiddlestring waist, the elegant, flat Persian lamb collar — that's something, no? Plus angled red buttonholes and cuff-bands, on sooty black wool , . < we lahv it. Yours for 89.95.

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THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 25.

trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; also. Don Frye as solo pianist and the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . onyx, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): the stertorous Hot Lips Page leading his new band, and Stuff Smith at work on his electric violin. ... downbeat, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Benny Morton trying out his new squad of sharpshooters; also, Al Casey and his new trio, and the moody Billie Holiday; dancing. ... jimmy ryan's, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing.

Ai Fresco—The claremont inn, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2 8600): just for the fine view of the Hudson; dance music by a couple of small orchestras. . . . tavern-on-the-green, Central Pk. W. at 67 (RH 4-4700): a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then.

A few sidewalk cafes: brevoort, 5 Ave. at 8; fifth avenue hotel, 5 Ave. at 9; longchamfs, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

Groups—At the a.c.a., 63 E. 57; sixty water colors and drawings from the Maritime Union’s art classes. Weekdays 10:30 a.m. to 5:3° p.m.; through Sat., Aug. 25. ... babcock, 38 E. 57: new paintings by members of the gallery’s group; also, a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . contemporary arts, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Daily to a.m. to 5 p.m..; through Fri., Aug. 17. . . . ferargil, 63 E. 57: oils and water colors from Thomas Eakins to the present. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to

5:30 p.m.; through Aug. 31. ...kootz, 15 E. 57: the gallery's group, including such artists as William Baziotes, Fernand Leger, and Byron Browne. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . kraushaar, 32 E. 57: a summer show by Louis Bouche, Russell Cowles, Iver Rose, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; through Aug. 31. . . . midtown, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; through Aug. 31. ...milch, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and others. Mon. through Fri,, 9 a.m. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15. ... o'connor, 640 Madison, at 59: a miscellaneous group of European and American artists, including Velasquez, Ghislandi, Rosa Bonheur, and George Luks. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 6 pm.; through Aug. 31. . . . passedoit, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, Jose de Creeft, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; through Aug. 31 peris, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 p.m.; through Sept. 8. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57: nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—The development of Greek art, with examples from the museum's Greek collection; also, prints and drawings by Goya; and (through Sept. 3), paintings and drawings of the war in the Pacific. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Fourteen paintings by van Gogh, owned by the artist's nephew (through Aug. 26); also, a large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of paintings and sculpture (through Nov. 4). Weekdays 12 noon-to 7 p.m. ; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues, through Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 p.m.; through Sept. 15.

SPORTS

Baseball—At the polo grounds; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs., Aug. 16, at 8:45 p.m., and Fri.

and Sat., Aug. 17-18, at 2:30 p.m.; Giants vs. Chicago, Sun., Aug. 19 (doubleheader), at 2:05 p.m., Mon., Aug. 20. at 8:45 p m., and Tues., Aug. 21, at 2:30 p.m.; Giants vs. Dodgers, Thurs., Aug. 23, at 8:45 p.m. . . . Yankee stadium: Yankees vs. Washington, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 24-25, at 2:30 p.m, ... emets field: Dodgers vs. Chicago, through Sat., Aug. 18, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Sun., Aug. 19 (doubleheader), at 2 ;o« p.m., and Mon. and Tues., Aug. 20-21, at 2:30 p.m.; Dodgers vs. Giants, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 24-25, at 2 :3O p.m.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Johnny Greco vs. Tony Janiro, welterweights, 8 rounds, Fri., Aug. 17; Freddie Cochrane vs. Rocky Graziano, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Aug. 24. (Preliminaries at 8:30 p.m.; main bouts at 10 p.m.) Golf—L.I.G.A. Mixed Foursomes Championship, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I., Thurs., Aug. 16. . . . Metropolitan G.A. Amateur Championship Finals, Garden City G.C., Garden City, L.I., Sun., Aug. 19. . . . L.I.G.A. Father and Son Championship, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, L.I., Wed., Aug. 22. . . . L.I.G.A. Junior Championship, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, L.I., Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 23-24.

Racing—Saratoga meet at Belmont, weekdays at 1:15 p.m., through Sept. 1. (Alabama Stakes, Aug. 16; the Saratoga Special, and Saratoga Handicap, Aug. 18; Spinaway Stakes, Aug. 23; Grand Union Hotel Stakes, and the Saratoga Cup, Aug. 25.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 AM- and 1:10 p.m. and Sat. oetween 10:45 A-M- and 12:49 P.M.

Tennis—Southampton Invitation Tournament, Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I., starting Mon., Aug. 20. . . . East Hampton Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I., starting Wed., Aug. 22.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, I. I weekdays at 8:40 p.m., through Sept. 22. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 p.m.,.. Saratoga, N.Y., weekdays at 8:15 p.m., through Aug. 25.)

Yachting-—Championship regattas on the Sound: Stamford Y.C., Sun., Aug. 19, at about 2 p.m. . Star Class, Stamford Y.C., Sun. through Sat., Aug. 19-25.

OTHER EVENTS

Housing—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other lead[1] ing architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 p.m.; Sun., 1 to ? p.m.; through Sept. 30.

Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104— Prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built some of New York's early omnibuses, horsecars, subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in documents, photographs, and uniform equipment: Tues, through Sat., ic a.m. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m.; through Sept. 30.

Planetarium—"A Trip to the Moon" is the title of the August lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 8t Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat at 11 a.m. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 p.m.; Sun. al 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 p.m.

ON THE AIR

Music—Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat. Aug. 18 and 25, at 5 p.m., WJZ.

Sports—Boxing: Johnny Greco vs. Tony Janiro Fri., Aug. 17; Freddie Cochrane vs. Rocky Gra ziano, Fri., Aug. 24; at 10 p.m., WOR. . . . Rac ing: Saratoga Handicap, Sat., Aug. 18; the Sara toga Cup, Sat., Aug. 25; at 4:15 p.m., WEAF

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., an Fri., at 8 p.m., WOR. ... Janet Flanner (fron Paris), Wed. at 10:45 p.m., WJZ.... Quine; Howe, nightly, except Thurs, and Sun., at 6 p.m. WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues, through Sat

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GOING f ON ABOUT TOWN

at 10:30 p.m., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 p.m., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from Europe), Sun. at 1:45 p.m., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Sat. at 6 p.m., WOR. ...Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11.15 P.M., WEAF. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5 145 p.m., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45

p.m., WHN. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 p.m., WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

Along Came Jones—-A burlesque Western that is periodically pretty diverting. With Gary Cooper, Loretta Young, and Dan Duryea. (Palace, B'way at 47.)

Junior Miss—Peggy Ann Garner in a very engaging screen version of the play by Sally Benson, Jerome Chodorov, and Joseph Fields. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Fri., Aug. 24.)

Rhapsody in Blue—This musical biography of George Gershwin contains all the songs from "Swanee" to "Porgy and Bess," but the story was largely made up in Hollywood. It is also slightly confused by the fact that some characters, like Oscar Levant, Paul Whiteman, and Al Jolson, are played by themselves. (Hollywood, B'way at 5I-)

The Way Ahead—Excellent British import about how a group of young British civilians were conditioned for the army. With David Niven. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 17-18. .. . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Mon., Aug. 20.)

Woncer Man—Danny Kaye as twins in a stylish ghost story with incidental music. Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, and Allen Jenkins are in the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

REVIVALS

The Baker's Wife (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Wed., Aug. 22.)

Chapayev (1935)—Russian melodrama about a minor revolutionary hero. In Russian. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., Aug. 21.)

The Garden of Z.llah (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues, through Thurs., Aug. 21-23.)

Go Wesy (1941)—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Marx Brothers. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 19-20.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan (1941)—About a prizefighter who get<s mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and James Gleason. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Aug. 16. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 17-20. . . . Trans-I.ux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 19-21. . . . Carlton, B'way at too; Tues, through Thurs., Aug. 21-23.)

The Impatient Years (1944)—Comedy about a'hasty war marriage. Jean Arthur, Lee Bowman, and Charles Coburn. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 19-20.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Wed., Aug. 22.)

Pepe le Mono (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. With Jean Gabin. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., Aug. 21.)

The Song of Bernadette (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 16.)

They Shall Have Music (1939)—Now called "Ragged Angels." Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 19-20.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues, through Thurs., Aug. 21-23.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 17-19.)

To Have ano Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Wed., Aug. 22.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53.

> - is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 p.m. on the following schedule—thurs., aug. it: “Susan I tox, Her Fall and Rise” (1931), with Greta G rbo. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., AUG. 17-IT: “Wild Boys of the Road” (1933), directed by William Wellman. . . . mon. through thurs., aug. 20-n: “Enni und die Detektive” (1933), German film. ... from fri aug m: “A Nous la Liberte” (1932), with Henri Marchand.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—wonder man, Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—"Anchors Aweigh," Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—"Bewitched," Phyllis Thaxter, Edmund Gwenn.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)-—"The Great John L.," Greg McClure, Linda Darnell.

Gotham, B'way at 47 (Cl 5-9516)—"Why Girls Leave Home," Pamela Blake, Lola Lane.

Holltwood, B'way at 51 (CI 7-5545)—rhapsody in blue, Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, Alexis Smith.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—along came jones, Loretta Young, Gary Cooper.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (BR 9-8738)—"Incendiary Blonde," Betty Hutton, Arturo de Cordova.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)— "Over 21," Irene Dunne, Alexander Knox, Charles Coburn.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—junior miss, Peggy Ann Garner, Allyn Joslyn.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—"Captain Eddie," Fred MacMurray.

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)-—Through Wed., Aug. 22: "The

Valley of Decision," Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, Donald Crisp.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—"Christmas in Connecticut," Dennis Morgan, Barbara Stanwyck, Sydney Greenstreet.

Victoria, B'way at 46 (CI 6-7429)-—Through Fri., Aug. 17: "Don Juan Quilligan," Joan Blondel!, William Bendix. ... From Sat., Aug. 18: "The Caribbean Mystery," James Dunn, Sheila Ryan.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Alden, B'way at 67 (SU 7-6280)—Revivals— Through Sat., Aug. 18: "Johnny Eager," Lana Turner, Robert Taylor; also "Ice-Capades Revue," Ellen Drew, Richard Denning, Jerry Colonna. ... Sun. and Mon., Aug. 19-20: the impatient years, Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn; also go west, the Marx Brothers. . . . Tues, and Wed., Aug. 21-22: "Destroyer," Edward G. Robinson, Marguerite Chapman; also "Beyond Tomorrow," Maria Ouspenskaya, Charles Winninger.

Peverly, 3 Ave. at 50 (EL 5-8790)—Through Fri., Aug. 17: "A Song to Remember," Merle Oberon, Paul Muni. ... Sat. through Mon., Aug. 18-20: "Pillow to Post," Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet; also "Escape in the Desert," Philip Dorn, Helmut Dantine. . . . Tues, and Wed., Aug. 2122: "Heaven Can Wait," revival, Gene Tierney, Don Ameche; also "Tin Canterville Ghost," revival, Charles Laughton, Margaret O'Brien, Robert Young.

5th At enue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (GR 5-9738)— Revivals— Through Tues., Aug. 21: Chapayev (in Russian); also "Marseillaise" (in French), Pierre Renoir, Louis Jouvet. . . . From Wed., Aug. 22: Heart of Paris" (in French), Raimu;

' also "Pension Mimosas" (in French), Franˆoise Rosay.

55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55 (CO 5-9438)— Revivals— Through Tues., Aug. 21: pepe le moko (in French), revival, Jean Gabin; also "Volga-Volga," Russian musical film. . . . From Wed., Aug. 22: mayerling (in French), Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux; also the baker's wife (in French), Raimu.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)—"Half-wav House,"

Franˆoise Rosay, Mervyn Johns.

Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41 (WI 7-9686)—“Military Secret” (in Russian).

Thalia B’way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Thurs., Aug. 16: “Waterloo Bridge,” revival, Vivien Leigh, Robert Taylor; also “The Stars Look Down,” revival, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave. . . . Fri. through Sun., Aug. 17-19: thunder rock, revival, Michael Redgrave, Barbara Mullen; also "Jeannie,” revival, Michael Redgrave. . . . From Tues., Aug. 21: “A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,” Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, Peggy Ann Garner.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Through Wed., Aug. 22: “Where Do We Go from Here?,” June Haver, Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)— Through Sat., Aug. 18: “Pillow to Post,” Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet; also “Escape in the Desert,” Philip Dorn, Helmut Dantine. . . . Sun. through Tues., Aug. 19-21: "This Man’s Navy,” Wallace Beery; also “Counter-Attack,” Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman. . . . From Wed., Aug. 22: “The Horn Blows at Midnight,” Jack Benny, Alexis Smith; also “Flame ot Barbary Coast,” Ann Dvorak, John Wayne.

Loew’s 42no Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)-— Through Sat., Aug, 18: “Bring On the Girls,” Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, Eddie Bracken; also “Ministry of Fear,” Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds. . . . Smi. and Mon., Aug. 19-＞0 Where Do We Gd from Here?,” June Haver, Fred MacMurray, j_u;-\ Leslie; also “The Call of the Wild,” revival. Clark Gable, Loretta Young. . . . Tues, and Wed.. Aug. 212:; “The Frozen Ghost,” Lon Chaney, Jr.; also “Jungle Captive,” Otto Kruger.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Wed., Aug. 22: “Thrill of a Romance,” Esther Williams, Van Johnson; also “The Woman in Green,” Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PI, 3-2434) —Thurs., Aug. 16: “Till We Meet Again,” re-v.val, Barbara Britton, Ray Milland. . . . Fri.

AT THE MOVIE HOU5E5

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 7, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

and Sat., Aug. 17-18: the way ahead, David Niven. ... Sun. through Tues., Aug. 19-21: “Quiet, Please, Murder,” revival, G-ail Patrick, George Sanders. ... From Wed., Aug. 22: “Practically Yours,” Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., Aug. 16: “The Clock,” Judy Garland, Robert Walker. . . . Fri. through Sun., Aug. 17-19: “They Met in the Dark,” Joyce Howard, James Mason. ... Mon. and Tues., Aug. 20-21: “The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall. . . . From Wed., Aug. 22: “The Fallen Sparrow,” revival, Maureen O’Hara, John Garfield.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Revivals— Thurs., Aug. 16 here comes mr. jordan, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains. . . . Fri. through Mon., Aug. 17-20: “My Favorite Blonde,” Madeleine Carroll, Bob Hope. ... From Tues., Aug. 21: “Song of Russia,” Robert Taylor, Susan Peters, Robert Benchley.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)— Through Sun., Aug. 19: “Salome, Where She Danced,” Yvonne de Carlo, Rod Cameron; also “Within These Walls,” Mary Anderson, Thomas Mitchell. . . . Alon, through Wed., Aug. 20-22: “Imitation of Life,” revival,

Claudette Colbert, Warren William; also “East Side of Heaven,” revival, Bing Crosby, Joan Biondell.

Plaza. 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Sat., Aug. 18: “Where Do We Go from Here?,” June Haver, Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie. . . . Sun. through Tues., Aug. 19-21: “Son of Lassie,” Peter Lawford, Donald Crisp. . . . From Wed., Aug. 22: “Counter-Attack,” Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman.

4B’h Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)— Through Sun., Aug. 19: “The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbert Marshall. . . . From Alon., Aug. 20: the way ahead, David Niven.

Loew’s 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222) — Through Wed., Aug. 22: “Thrill of a Romance,” Esther Williams, Van Johnson; also “The . Woman in Green,” Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce. -

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., Aug. 16: "The Enchanted Cottage,” Robert Young, Dorothy McGuire, Herbft Marshall; also “The Brighton Strangler,” June Duprez, John Loder. . . . Fri. and Sat., Aug. 17-18: “Destination, Tokio,” revival, Cary Grant, John Gar field; also “What a Woman!,” revival, Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne. . . . Sun. through Tues., Aug. 19-21: here comes mr. jordan, revival, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains; also “You’ll Never Get Rich,” revival, Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth. . . . From Wed., Aug. 22: "Pillow to Post,” Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet; also “Escape in the Desert,” Philip Dorn, Helmut Dantine.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Aladison at 85 (BU 8-3180) —Through Sat., Aug. 18: "Practically Yours,” Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray. . . . Sun. through Tues., Aug. 19-21: here comes mr. jordan, revival, Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains. ...From Wed., Aug. 22: "You’ll Never Get Rich,” revival. Fred -Astaire, Rita Hayworth.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900) — Through Sun., Aug. 19: "Salome, Where She Danced,” Yvonne de Carlo. Rod Cameron; also “Within These W ills,” Alary Anderson, Thomas Alitchell. . . . Mon. through Wed.. Aug. 20-22: “Imitation of L.fe.” revival, Claudette Colbert, Warren William; also “East Side of Heaven,” revival, Bing Crosby, Joan Biondell.

Loews 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566) — Through Fri., Aug. 17: “Where Do We* Go from Here?,” June Haver, Fred MacMurray, Joan Leslie; also “The Call of the* Wild,” revival, Clark Gable, Loretta Young. . . . Sat. through Tues., Aug. 18-21 : “Son of Lassie,” Peter Lawford, Donald Crisp; also "It’s in the Bag,” Fred Allen Jack Benny. ... Wed.. -Aug. 22: “Road to Alcatraz,” June Storey, Robert Lowery; also “One Body Too Alany,” Jack Haley, Jean Parker, Bela Lugosi.

Orrheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)— Through Mon., Aug. 20: “Bring On the Girls,” Veronica J-ake, Sonny Tufts, Eddie Bracken; also “Min

istry of Fear,” Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds. ... Tues. and Wed., Aug 21-22: “The Frozen Ghost,” Lon Chaney, Jr.; also "Jungle Captive,” Otto Kruger.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3 (CH 3-9019)—Through Fri., I Aug. 17: “This Alan’s Navy,” Wallace Beery; I also “Counter-Attack,” Paul Muni, Alarguerite Chapman. . . . Sat. through Alon., Aug. 18-20: -“Pillow to Post,” Ida Lupino, Sydney Green- I street; also “Escape in the Desert,” Philip I Dorn, Helmut Dantine. . . . From Tues., Aug. I 21: “Son of Lassie,” Peter Lawford, Donald Crisp; also “It’s in the Bag,” Fred Allen, Jack Benny.

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)— Through Sat., Aug. 18: “The Horn Blows at Alidnight,” Jack Benny, Alexis Smith. . . . Sun. 1 and Mon., Aug. 19-20: they shall have music (now | called “Ragged Angels”), revival, Jascha Heifetz. I . . . From Tues., Aug. 21: “Son of Lassie,” Peter Lawford, Donald Crisp.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through 1 Alon., Aug. 20: “Bring On the Girls,” Veronica Lake, Sonny Tufts, Eddie Bracken; also “Ministry of Fear,” Ray Alilland, Marjorie Reynolds. ... Tues. and Wed., Aug. 21-22: “The Frozen Ghost,” Lon Chaney, Jr.; also “Jungle Captive,” Otto Kruger.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—■ Thurs., Aug. 16 the song of Bernadette, revival, Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price. . . .

Fri. through Alon., Aug. 17-20: “Pillow to Post,” Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet; also “Escape in the Desert,” Philip Dorn, Helmut Dantine. . . . From Tues., Aug. 21: the garden of Allah, revival, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer; also the a» steps, revival, Aladeleine Carroll, Robert Donat.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)— Through Sun., Aug. 19: “Salome, Where She Danced,” Yvonne de Carlo, Rod Cameron; also “Within These Walls,” Alary Anderson, Thomas Alitchell. ... Mon. through Wed., Aug. 20-22: “Imitation of Life,” revival, Claudette Colbert, Warren William; also "East Side of Heaven,” revival, Bing Crosby, Joan Biondell.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., Aug. 18: “This Man’s Navy,” Wallace Beery; also "Counter-Attack,” Paul Aluni, Marguerite Chapman. ... Sun. and Alon. Aug. 19-20: “The Fallen Sparrow,” revival, Alaureen O’Hara, □ John Garfield; also “Seven Days’ Leave,” re- \ vival, Lucille Ball, Victor Alature. . . . From 1 Tues., Aug. 21: “Son of Lassie,” Peter Law- I ford, Donald Crisp; also “It’s in the Bag,” Fred Allen, Jack Benny.

77th Street, B’way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through : Wed., Aug. 22: "Where Do We Go from i Here?,” June Haver, Fred AlacAIurray, Joan ■ Leslie; also “The Call of the Wild,” revival, Clark Gable, Loretta Young.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B’way at 81 (TR 7-6160)— Through Sun., Aug. 19: “Salome, Where She □ Danced,” Yvonne de Carlo, Rod Cameron; also “Within These Walls,” Mary Anderson, Thomas Alitchell. ... Alon, through Wed.. Aug. 20-22: “Imitation of Life,” revival, Claudette Colbert, Warren William; also “East Side of Heaven,” revival, Bing Crosby, Joan Blondel!.

Loew’s 83rd Street, B’way at 83 (TR 7-3190)— Through Wed., Aug. 22: “Thrill of a Romance,” Esther Williams, Van Johnson; also “The Woman in Green,” Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce.

Stoddard, B’way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Tues., Aug. 21: “Son of Lassie,” Peter Lawford, Donald Crisp; also “It’s in the Bag,” Fred Allen, Jack Benny. . . . From Wed., Aug. 22: to have and have not, revival, Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Walter Brennan; also

“Something for the Boys,” revival, Carmen Miranda, Alichael O’Shea. p

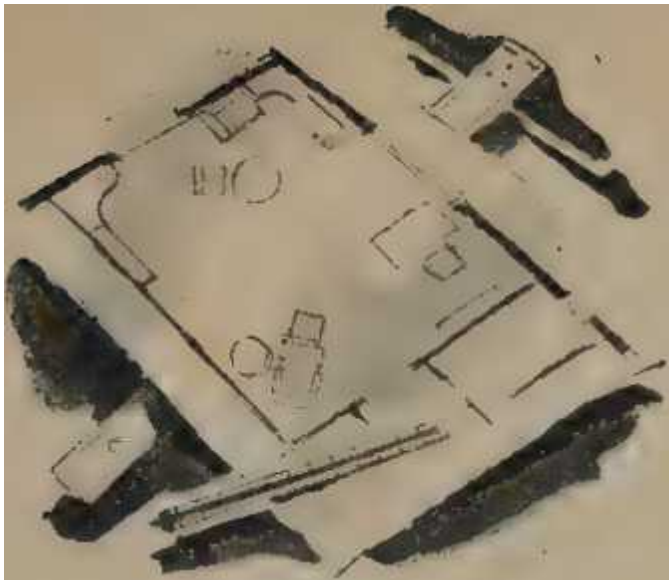
Carlton, B’way at 100 (AC 2-3862)—Thurs., Aug. 16: “Sudan,” Maria Alontez, Jon Hall; also “That’s the Spirit.” Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie. ...Fri. through Alon., Aug. 17-20: “Pillow to Post,” Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet; , also “Escape in the Desert,” Philip Dorn, Helmut Dantine. . . . From Tues., Aug. 21: here comes mr. jordan, revival, Robert Alont-gomery, Claude Rains; also “You’ll Never Get Rich,” revival, Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth.

Olympia, B’way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Tnrough Wed., Aug. 22: “Thrill of a Rimance,” Esther Williams, Van Johnson; als< “The YVoman in Green,” Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce.

Nemo, B’way at no (AC 2-9406)- Through Sun., Aug. 19: “Salome, Where She Danced,” Yvonne de Carlo. Rod Cameron; also "Within These Walls,” Mary Anderson, Thomas Alitchell. . . . Alon, through Wed., -Aug. 20-22: “Imitation of Life,” revival, Claudette Colbert, Warren William; also "East Side of Heaven,” revival, Bing Crosby, Joan Biondell.

Loew’s 175th Street, B’way at 175 (WA 7-5200) — Through Wed., Aug. 22: "Thrill of a Romance,” Esther Williams, Van Johnson also "The YY’oman in Green,” Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce.

Coliseum, B’way at 181 (WA 7-7200) — Through Sun., Aug. 19: “Salome Where She Danced.” Yvonne de Carlo, Rod Cameron; also “Within These Walls,” Mary Anderson, Thomas Al itch- I ell. . . . Alon, through Wed., Aug. 20-22: “Imitation of Life,” revival, Cl udette Colbert, Warren William; also “East Side of Heaven,” revival, Bing Crosby, Joan Blondel!.



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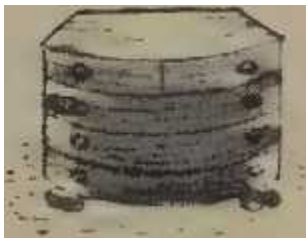

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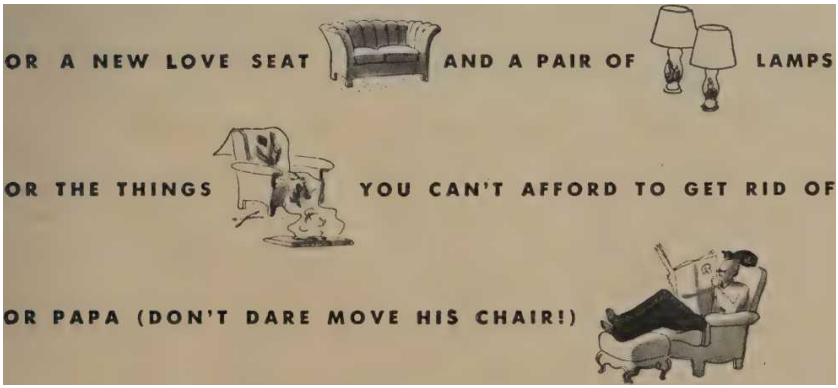

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE were in the kitchen putting up string beans when the news came that Japan was trying to surrender. It was a warm, bright morning and our little old-fashioned Sears Roebuck Kook-Kwick Canner was boiling cheerfully along under ten pounds' pressure. With a pot holder in each hand, we had settled down for a thirty-five-minute tour of duty, solemnly vowing that whether Japan quit or not we would keep at least one household in the American homeland from blowing up.

Tending a pressure canner is man's work, not because men understand steam gauges any better than women do or because they can endure heat more easily but because a man finds it impossible to keep his hands off anything that seems to call for special knowledge and because he is drawn toward any infernal machine. The radio was going under its own head of steam in the dining room, and two commentators, ad-libbing, were quarrelling loudly over the prerogatives of the Emperor. Their voices filled the air and made the kitchen operation seem more desperate. With our eye glued to the gauge, as we now and again shifted the canner toward or away from the hot part of the stove to keep the pressure from fluctuating, we were thinking how out-of-date we were,

canning beans instead of freezing them. Just then a small female relative of ours who was born during the Civil War came through the kitchen and paused to survey the awesome scene with an amused and friendly gaze. “It’s always like this putting things up!” she shouted. “Preserving always coincides with some great event. I remember making currant jelly one sizzling Fourth of July, giant firecrackers exploding all up and down the block, and the kitchen about a hundred degrees. And now you’ve got this stove all whooped up while they’re trying to finish off Japan with those awful bombs. I never knew

it to fail. Human beings don’t change. And thank God for that.”

DURING our vigil with the beans, we thought back over the whole long war, trying to remember the terrible distances and the terrible decisions, the setbacks, the filth and the horror, the bugs, the open wounds, the fellows on the flight decks and on the beaches and in the huts and holes, the resolution and the extra'bravery—and all for what? Why, for liberty. “Liberty, the first of blessings, the aspiration of every human soul . . . every abridgment of it demands an excuse, and the only good excuse is the necessity of preserving it. Whatever tends to preserve this is right, all else is wrong.” And we tried to imagine what it will mean to a soldier, having gone out to fight a war to preserve the world as he knew it, now to return to a world he never dreamt about, a world of atomic designs and portents. Some say this is the beginning of a great time of peace and plenty, because atomic energy is so fearsome no nation will dare unleash it. The argument is fragile. One nation (our own) has already dared take the atom off its leash, has dared crowd its luck, and not for the purpose of conquering the world, A merely to preserve liberty.

IN England the other day a philosopher and a crystallographer held a debate. The (

question was whether a halt should be called on science. The discussion was academic, since there is no possibility of doing any such thing. Nevertheless, it was a nice debate. Professor Bernal, the crystallographer, argued that children should be allowed to play with dangerous toys in order that they may learn to use them properly. Joad, the philosopher, said no—science changes our environment faster than we have the ability to adjust ourselves to

it.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a blind girl in Albuquerque,

noticing a strange brightness in the room, looked up and said, “What was that? ” A bomb had exploded a hundred and twenty miles away in the New Mexican desert. And people all over the world were soon to be adjusting themselves to their new environment. For the first time in our lives, we can feel the disturbing vibrations of complete human readjustment. Usually the vibrations are so faint as to go unnoticed. This time, they are so strong that even the ending of a war is overshadowed. Today it is not so much the fact of the end of a war which engages us. It is the limitless power of the victor. The quest for a substitute for God ended suddenly. The substitute turned up. And who do you suppose it was? It was man himself, stealing God’s stuff.

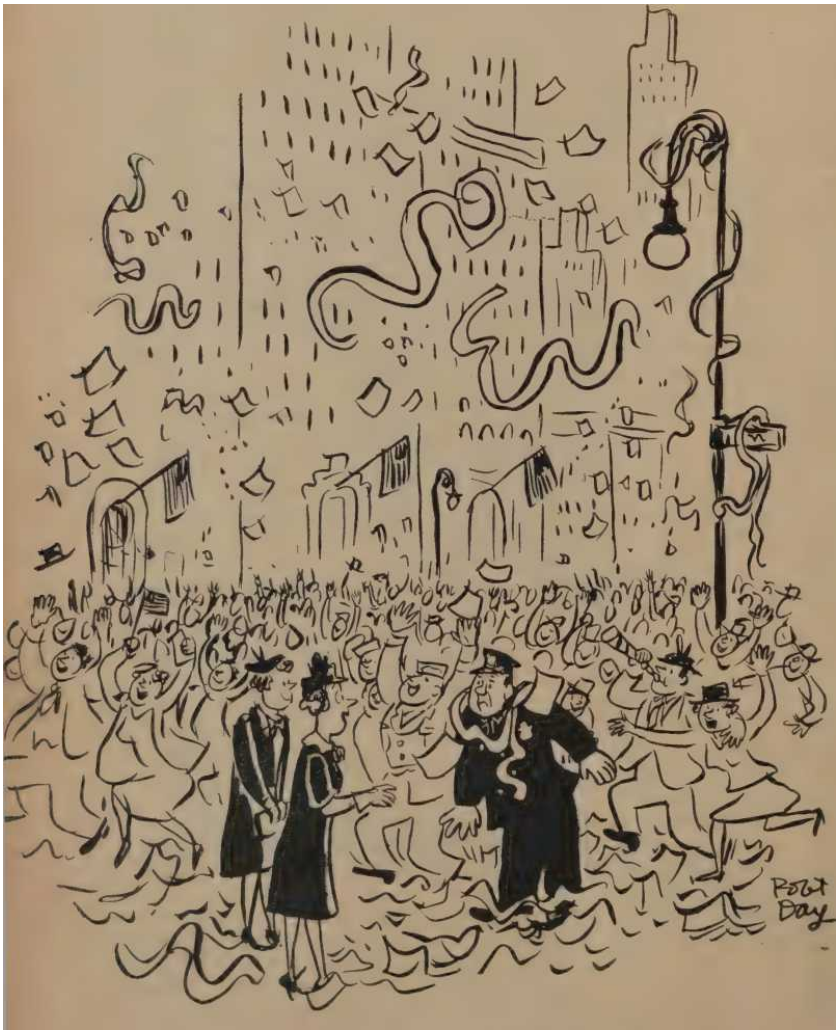
WE have often complained on this page that the political plans for the new world, as shaped by statesmen, are not fantastic enough. We repeat the complaint. The only conceivable way to catch up with atomic energy is with political energy directed to a universal structure. The preparations made at San Francisco for a security league of sovereign nations to prevent aggression now seem like the preparations some little “girls might make for a lawn party as a thunderhead gathers just beyond the garden gate. The lemonade will be spiked by lightning. The little ˆ girls will be dispersed.

Nuclear energy and foreign policy cannot coexist on the planet. The more deep the secret, the greater the determination of every nation to discover and exploit it. Nuclear energy insists on global government, on law, on order, and on the willingness of the community to take the responsibility for the acts of the individual. And to what end? Why, for liberty, first of blessings. Soldier, we await you, and if the place looks unfamiliar, forgive us. We shall try to restore certain characteristics we all

love. Please bear in mind that there is a brightness in the room. Even the blind can detect it.

XCEPT in a nostalgic poem or two, the Japanese haven't called

their emperor the Mikado for hundreds of years. Mikado means "Honorable Door," which is roughly equivalent to calling President Truman Mr. White House. To the Japanese the emperor is Tenshi (Son of Heaven), Tenno (Heaven King), or, occasionally, Aramikami (Incarnate God). Up to 1872, it was improper for ordinary people to pronounce the name of the living emperor, and when they wrote it they were careful to leave



“Pardon me, is this celebration officials

a stroke out of each of the characters.

Each Japanese emperor chooses a name for his reign. Hirohito chose Showa, or Light and Peace. 7 he first article of the Japanese constitution, adopted in 1890, says flatly, “The Empire of Japan shall be ruled over by emperors of the dynasty which has reigned in an unbroken line of descent for ages past.” Occidental historians are inclined to credit an assist to concubines and adopted sons, but the

idea that the dynasty is of sacred descent has such a hold on the Japanese that, though emperors have committed suicide, been put in prison, and assassinated, no one who is not of imperial blood has ever tried to grab the throne for himself.

The first emperor of the dynasty was a fellow named Jimmu Tenno,

whose great-grandfather, Prince Rice-Plenty, was the last man to come down to Japan on a floating bridge from heaven. Rice-Plenty brought with him, presumably along with plenty of rice, three sacred treasures—an eight-sided mirror, a sword, and a stone necklace, which continue to be worshipped almost as enthusiastically as the emperor. Jimmu, the great-grandson, sailed from Kyushu, where the dynasty was founded, to the main Japanese island of Honshu, where he won a non-mechanized war with the help of an eight-handed crow and a kite with golden plumes sent down to him by his great-great-grandmother, the Sun Goddess Amateresu, who, despite her age, apparently took an active interest in current events. Some of the best people in Japan trace their

ancestry back to that eight-handed crow.

Jimmu founded the Empire February 1 1, 660 B.C., on, we assume, a damp, drizzly dav. February 11th is the most important holiday in Japan and recent emperors have spent it going from shrine to shrine in their palaces and worshipping about a hundred and twenty of their ancestors. These ancestors knew a good thing when they saw it, and the imperial family is said to be the richest family in the world. Upton Close once asked the palace business manager for an estimate of the Emperor's wealth. "No such ques-tion has ever been asked before," he was told. "The curiosity of Westerners who think so much of money must remain forever unappeased." Nevertheless, it is known that the imperial family owns all the forest lands in Japan, such non-taxable Tokio real estate as the sites of the Imperial Hotel and Imperial Theatre, and large blocks of shares in the more profitable corporations.

Though it is in the center of Tokio, the Emperor's palace manages, because of its* triple moats and high walls crowned with cedars, to seem remote and slightly rural. The palace building dates from the eighteen-eighties. Occidentals who have been inside it are

impressed chiefly by its simplicity. It is a sort of big bungalow, decorated with panelling and flowers instead of ornaments and pictures, and in the grounds around it are a nine-hole golf course, bridle paths, ’

and a number of artificial lakes and pagodas. Foreign diplomats used to be invited to an annual cherry-picking party in the garden. Promptly at five-thirty, the Emperor, followed at ten paces by the Empress, would appear, silently greet each guest, and return to the palace. Then everyone would be handed a bamboo fishing rod and, after repeated warnings to stand per-fectly still and not disturb the fish, repair for an hour to the balconies of small pavilions built over the lakes. No one ever caught much of anything.

Since no one may look down on the Emperor, there are no high buildings near the palace. No one may ride a white horse, because the Emperor rides one. Every house in Japan has a special niche called the Emperor’s seat, where nothing but a work of art is ever placed; the dream of every family is, or should be, that the Emperor will someday walk in and sit down in the niche. When the fireflies appear in Kyushu every year, they are gathered up by the children on the island and sent to Tokio by plane to light up the palace grounds. This sounds like a pretty, if ineffectual, method of illumination, and it probably has given the Emperor no trouble. On the other hand, his clothes are always badly cut because no one is allowed to touch him, and the royal tailor must get his measurements from photographs.

Hirohito early in life abandoned a few old family traditions. Though none of his ancestors was ever supposed to touch the ground, he took to touching it. He married for love and arranged for his wife to sit on a level with him during the coronation ceremonies; as things turned out, she was pregnant and couldn’t come. He insisted on going abroad after the last war and allowed himself to be photographed by newsreels during the trip. He adopted the policy of speaking to his advisers without hiding behind a screen. He went to plays and looked straight at the stage instead of turning his profile to it, as his ancestors had done. He took up golf, and once played nine holes with the Prince of Wales. Since it was unthinkable for either one to have won, the score card

((You remeuiber Trixie, don't you, Freddie?”

was torn up after the game. Elevenyear-old Crown Prince Akihito seems to prefer baseball to golf.

Fateful Night

IT W'as cold and windy on the night of January 25, 1939, when Dr. John R. Dunning, the physicist, split the uranium atom at Columbia University and realized that it was possible to release atomic energy. A gale was ripping across the Hudson and rattling the bare vines on the walls of the university buildings. That morning, students taking their mid-year examinations had moved in and out of the Pupin Physics. Laboratories, heavily muffled, concerned about their fate in Physics 213 (Thermodynamics) and other such courses. That morning, too, Dr. Enrico Fermi, his colleague, had called on Dr. Dunning in his office on the first floor and the two had gossiped of science and scientists. An instructor had just returned-from Princeton with the news that physicists there were talking about a report brought from Europe by the Danish physicist, Dr. Niels Bohr. Before sailing, Dr. Bohr had heard that, in Berlin, Dr. Otto Hahn had discovered barium and apparently other elements of a medium atomic weight in the debris of uranium disintegrated by neutron rays from radioactive material. Dr. Hahn was quoted as

having said, “As a chemist, I recognize barium when

I see it. As a physicist, I don’t know what this means.” What it meant was that the heaviest of elements had been split into elements of lighter weight, with a consequent release of atomic energy. That sounds simple enough now, after six years and two billion dollars. At that time it was a completely new hint as to the structure of matter.

Dunning and Fermi were deeply interested in the question of atomic energy. They had a machine that would measure such energy, and they discussed the question of whether liquid, solid, or gaseous uranium would be best to experiment with. They went to lunch at the Faculty Club and continued to talk about this. They hadn’t made up their minds when Dr. Fermi had to leave to catch a train for Washington, where he was to attend a scientific conference. Dunning spent the afternoon in his office, pondering the question. He had arrived at no conclusion when he went out into the wind at six o’clock. He dined with his wife in their apartment, on Claremont Avenue. Toward the end of the meal he decided that solid uranium would be best. He went back, through the wind, to his office. He left his hat and coat there and then went to the research laboratory in the basement. It was a little after seven o’clock. He started preparing his machine, which is fairly simple, as we will describe it: it consists of a holder for radioactive bombarding material, a chamber for the

substance to be bombarded, and an indicator called an oscilloscope, which registers on a screen by dots and lines the amount of energy given off by whatever substance is under fire. (Ordinary radioactive rays given off by uranium not under bombardment cause only dots.) Dr. Dunning put a thin sheet of solid uranium in the chamber and a beryl-lium-radium mixture in the holder for the radioactive agent, and, after check- . ing things over, was ready to start. Two other scientists were in the laboratory— Drs. Eugene T. Booth of Columbia and F. G. Slack of Vanderbilt University. They wore long white coats, because they were busy cleaning an apparatus used in some experiments they had been making in nuclear physics. Dunning wore a plain brown suit. AH three men felt that the experiment Dunning was about to make would fail. However, as he

moved the radium holder to the proper position for bombardment, great wavy green lines showed up on the screen of the oscilloscope, almost seeming to leap off the surface. Dunning had never seen such a thing before, nor had any other scientist on the face of the earth. “God!” he said. “This looks like the real thing.” Booth and Slack came over to his apparatus and both grew highly excited when they saw the amazing lines. Then Dunning became skeptical. He said there might be something wrong with the machine. Booth and Slack argued with him. “You’ve worked this machine for months!” Booth shouted. “You know it’s right.” “It’s never failed you! ” cried Slack. To test the apparatus, the three men decided to insert a sheet of cadmium in the path of the rays. Cadmium is heavily resistant to neutron rays. When they shot the rays at it, there

were practically no lines on the oscillo- - the witticism of the preceding jokespert,

scope screen. The men made every other test they could think of, and by nine o’clock Dunning agreed, in awe, that the release of atomic energy was almost certainly a reality.

The three men pledged themselves to secrecy off the campus until other members of the faculty had had an opportunity to corroborate what they had seen. Dunning went back to his office alone and, as the gale howled outside, spent nearly three hours making an estimate of the force of the energy he had succeeded in releasing from a single atom of uranium. His conclusion was that that night he had released between a hundred and twenty and two hundred million volts of energy. Man had never known any force like that before.

(When a carbon atom in coal or petroleum changes form through the process of burning, it releases from one to five volts of energy.) A few minutes before midnight, Dr. Dunning put aside his calculations and went home, leaning soberly against the wind.

Gags Away

AGAINST the possibility that this ˆ Page W > P ˆe microfilmed and filed in an air-conditioned vault by the National Archives for the benefit of future social historians, we record a sampling of gags activated in local radio and night-club circles by the dropping of the world's first combat atomic bombs. One Broadway hot-spot wag observed that the Japanese were suffering from atomic ache. A C.B.S. press representative is credited with telling another C.B.S. press representative that the atomizer would put radio where it belonged. This approach was also the happy coincidental inspiration of Mr. Harry Hershfield, who, as one of the "jokesperts" in a WOR radio show called "Can You Top This?," ad-libbed of the bomb, "Why not call it an aerial atomizer?" Mr. Hershfield's jest was uncorked toward the end of a dialogue punctuated earlier by another Hershfield mot: "Speaking of women; it took a woman to discover this tremendous explosion." Joe Laurie, Jr., another jokespert, was right back at him with "Oh, you mean Atom and Eve," and Senator Ford, still another you-know, was right on top of them both with "They should call that bomb Up and Atom; when it blew up and the smoke cleared away, the Russians were at 'em." The object of the WOR program is for each jokespert to try to top

and you can see what a crescendo was achieved.

Bob Hall, known as “That Extemporaneous Chap,” at the Diamond Horseshoe, was, we are told, the first nightclub entertainer to work news of the bomb into his routine, with the following improvised lyric:

Atomic, Atomic, it had to be, But just what it is is a mystery; For years they’ve heard it, Atom they knew Not until today Did they realize

What it could do.

Next night Mr. Hall produced another seven-line poem, of a patriotic nature, on the subject, but we will omit it in the interest of brevity, among other things,

with the notation that the two pocmˆ strung together do not constitute a sonnet.

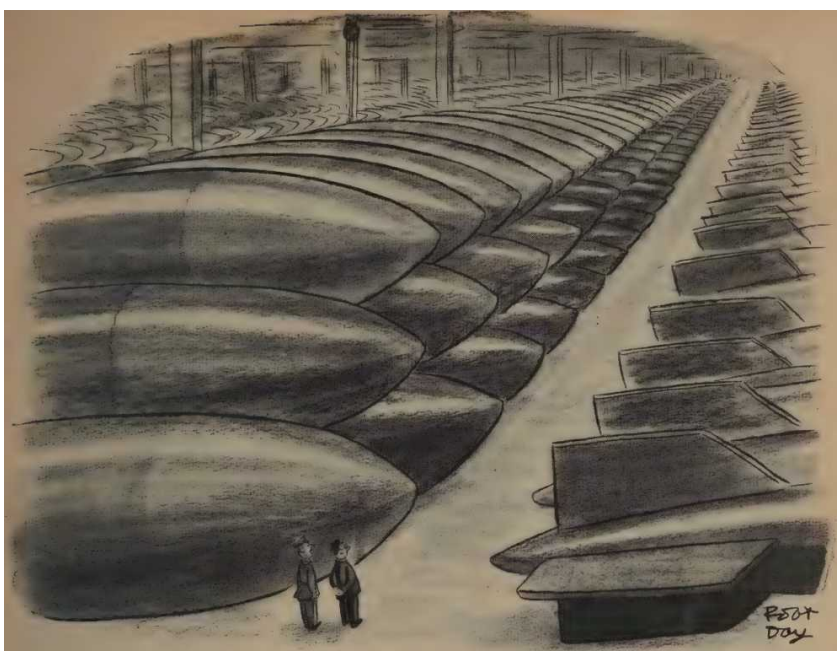
Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, and Bob Hope were off the air—a great blessing to all. Milton Berle was vacationing upstate. He told someone on the telephone that he had no atomic-bomb gags, no plans to collect any, and considered it a poor subject for drollery. We wish him a good vacation.

Vigil on Broadway

WE called on Leon Goldstein, vice-president of news and special features at WMCA, Monday, and found him desperately whacking at a typewriter. “This thing is enough to drive you nuts,” he said. “Sunday we hear King Gustav of Sweden is going to be intermediary. Ten minutes later there’s word that he broke his back slipping in his bathtub. We didn’t get caught on that false U.P. flash, though.” We asked Mr. Goldstein if we could have a W'ord with one of the Times announcers, and he said that David Leeds, who was then on, would be out in a minute. Mr. Leeds almost immediately bounced in, wearing the most formidable tortoiseshell glasses we’d ever seen. He said he was just back from a four-day vacation and that he’d handled eight of the nine Tinies broadcasts on his shift that day. He and two other announcers take care of the news at WMCA, for the Times as well as for the station. We asked him if he got weary of the sameness of the news on that kind of

day, a suspense day. “Just a job,” said Mr. Leeds. “Of course,” he added hastily, “the job is stimulating, but if you thought about hot flashes all the time, you’d go mad.” We learned from Mr. Leeds that the copy for the Times broadcasts comes to WMCA from the 'Times offices via ticker just before each broadcast. Presently he announced that copy from the l imes was beginning to come in, and asked us to wait for him in Studio 8. While idling there, we fumbled through a basket of discarded sheets of earlier broadcasts.

“According to Washington dispatches,” said the 11 a.m. broadcast, “the Japanese may have one more hour to reply to the Allied surrender demands.” At noon the Times informed its listeners that “American bombers are hammering the enemy homeland as the Japanese continue silent on their decision whether to surrender or continue .waging a suicidal war.” By one, the limes asserted belligerently that “the great American air offensive continues



“... and then the next thingy some general comes out and says the first atom bomb is obsolete!”

to hit Japan as the enemy tries to decide whether to fight on or give

up the hopeless struggle." By two, the Times, plainly weary of it all, swallowed and said, "There is still no indication from Tokio of the Japanese Government's attitude ..." We were admiring the Times* ingenuity in recasting the same item so well when Mr. Leeds entered the studio. He looked calm, poised, and untroubled. Nodding to us, he picked up a direct telephone to the Times and began to alter the copy he had in his hand according to last-second instructions from the home office. He then cleared his throat, waggled his head to loosen his neck muscles, and pressed a button that rang the familiar gong. In a voice full of dignity, he began, "American air power continues to hit Japan as the world waits for the Japanese leaders to . . . When Mr. Leeds finished, he (rang his gong again and said to us, "You ! know, in moments of crisis we keep the «phone to our ear through the whole

three minutes." He added that even without the phone the Times could interrupt him for anything hot—such as the end of a war—with a red light of warning. The station would then give him the flash.

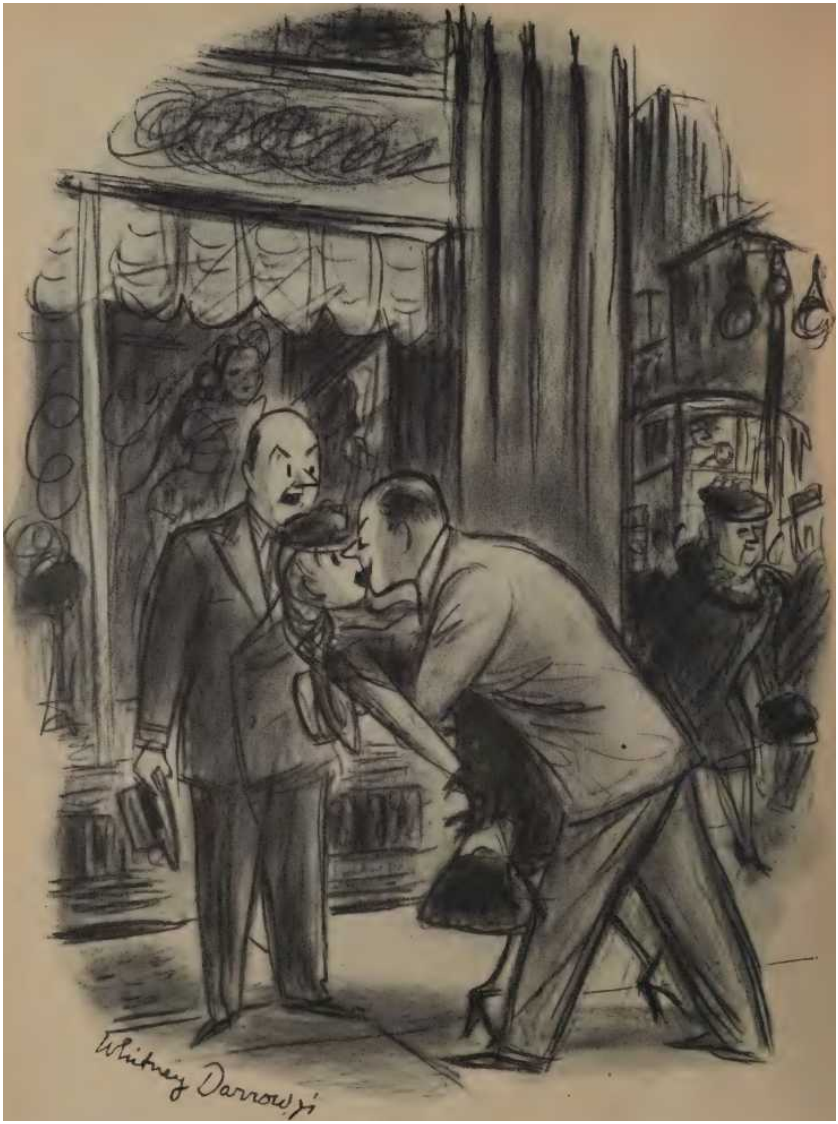
Mr. Leeds' nerves were obviously in the pink, but we learned from a studio executive we met on our way out that some men who have handled war news for the Times have grown pretty high-strung. "Had a fellow named Callan, a marvellous announcer," he told us. "He got to broadcasting in his sleep. One night he gave a full take on Churchill chasing Hitler down the Wilhelmstrasse and wound up with a late bulletin just in from the wires of the Associated Press to the effect that Marshall Field had captured Okinawa singlehanded. Callan wasn't worried, though. He said his wife figured he'd talked exactly two minutes and fifty-nine seconds and that if he'd had a gong it would have sounded just like the

Times. He's in the Navy now, and I'm sorry. I'd like to hear what he'd dream about Hirohito's horse."

Adjustmcnt

NO matter about grownups; the children are already at home in the atomic world. For years the playground in Washington Square has resounded to the high-strung anh-anh-anh of machine guns and the long-drawn-out whine of high-velocity shells. Last Sunday morning

a great advance was made. We watched a military man of seven or eight climb onto a seesaw, gather a number of his staff officers around him, and explain the changed situation. “Look,” he said. “I’m an atomic bomb. I just go ‘boom.’ Once. Like this.” He raised his arms, puffed out his cheeks, jumped down from the seesaw, and went “Boom!” Then he led his army away, leaving Manhattan in ruins behind him.



“Damn it, Mason, you don't kiss a bride every time you meet her."

THE DEVIL HAT THE MOON

IT was a summer evening and the cool air which at this hour sweeps down from the Himalayas smelled pleasant to Mr. Sanderson, the Eurasian tutor, when he stepped from his room onto the gravel terrace before the house and gazed down at the lake, which lay pale and unruffled between dark-green hills. The nasal song of a Pahari on the road that skirted the lake was borne to Mr. Sanderson’s ears, adding to his sense of well-being. He had just finished dining with the family, his employers; now they had dispersed to their rooms and he was free for the first time today. Free, but rather lonely. He was a sociable person and would have liked to be invited by his charges, or by their parents, for a chat or a smoke before bedtime, but these little intimacies were not encouraged. The Strongs were kind to him, he was well treated and well paid, but they were English and he was Eurasian and neither he nor they could ever quite forget it. When not under the eyes of their parents, his pupils, Hilda, aged eleven, and Ric]^^ aged eight, often took cruel a . of him. They had early extreme sensitivity and upon it, alternately e?) terical laughter and di Mr. Sanderson was tv. he would have liked the children as an they would not acc< he decided, incapa they were not eve> did for them, st: j day to lift them ■ rance in which tl encountered chil study.

Mr. Strong w : who kept talking England to die bu who seemed in no dying. When he 1 derson as tutor f< said, “For God cation into then school for two learned a thing, prayers.” ’ “Teach the had begged h; dren but was i

• anything exce 1 dolin, which * j igably.

“Mathe-had no her: its impor

bear them

matics, Sanderson. Why, Richard is eight and he can’t do the simplest sum! ”

Mr. Sanderson had applied himself to his duties with enthusiasm; after six months the results of his perseverance were beginning to appear, and he basked in the gratitude of the parents if not in that of the children, for they knew that whatever knowledge they acquired was due to the merest luck; both had formidable memories for w hat they wished to retain and could be as fluent as parrots when in the mood. Appearances, they knew, were what actually

counted—the appearance of knowledge, the appearance of good breeding. Every day, seated at the study table in the big, glassed-in balcony, they observed their tutor with sly, amused eyes.

One morning, Hilda, bored with syntax, had said, “Ram Lal is dying. He is dying of pneumonia down there in the room above his shop.” Ram Lal was the merchant from whom the Strongs bought their groceries.

All hi[c] relations have arrived,” said

Hilda. “Then we can watch it from the path behind the house.”

“You have such gristly ideas,” Richard complained sanctimoniously. “Hasn’t she, Mr. Sanderson?”

“Grisly, Richard, grisly! And now let us please continue.”

Ram Lal did not die. Instead, he committed the sacrilege of recovering after the family priest had pronounced him extinct, and thereby became an out-caste. His business suffered because now only the lowest castes and the few Europeans in the place would deal with him. The tormented man sometimes trudged up the hill to the Strongs to seek advice. Mr. Strong advised him to become a Christian, and when he recoiled from the idea, Mr. Sanderson suggested that he embrace Islam. “Obviously,” said the Eurasian, “you might as well become something, since your own people won’t have you, now that you’re supposed to be dead.”

Ram Lal beat his forehead with his hands. “I should have died!” he moaned. “Yes, it would have been better for everyone if I had died.”

Discussing the situation later with his pupils, Mr. Sanderson had shrugged and smiled. “Such superstition! ” he said.

Jaat is superstition?” asked Rich-utor explained as well as he then, glancing at their M, “I think one might say [L] ■ is a kind of superstition

?judice ? ”

’ -;ht mean a number of wing that one person is pier person.” He w'ould ■ >n the subject, but det n he saw the faint smile ben Hilda and Richard.

?ool summer evening, id on the terrace, Mr.

iscious of a rare peace u’ldren had been un-naved all day, Mrs.

ratulated him on his a, and Mr. Strong had in pay. True, no one to come in for a chat ore going to bed, but was foolish to expect it. t ve everything, he re £-philosophically.

: boomed on the hillside song died away, but d in Mr. Sanderson’s nmed its curious nasal in a minor key, unrecollected himself and g a glance at the house,

shouting, and a noise of drums and the bleating of trumpets. From the balcony came the laughter of Mrs. Strong. “Oh, the idiots!” she said. “They really believe it!”

“But is it truer ” demanded Richard. “Has the devil really got hold of the moon? ”

“Richard!” exclaimed Mr. Sander-

son, aghast. “After what I was telling you only this afternoon!”

The boy stirred uneasily, his eyes fixed on the blemish, his ears filled with the hubbub of the mob down in the bazaar, where every voice was hurling imprecations at the sky and every pot and pan in creation seemed to be banging in unison.

“Let’s go down and watch them!” cried Hilda suddenly.

“Very well,” said Mr. Sanderson. “You asked me once what was the meaning of superstition. This will be an object lesson for you. Come.”

“Better put cotton wool in your ears,” advised Mr. Strong from the balcony.

“Don’t let the children out of your sight, Mr. Sanderson,” said Mrs. Strong.

The young man held out a hand to each child. “Come,” he said authoritatively, and a thrill went through him as their young, moist fingers clutched his. Usually, if he ventured a slight caress, he was promptly rebuffed. But tonight was different, tonight he was master of ceremonies, dispenser of favors. Holding their hands, he led them down the stony path toward the bazaar, and as they

drew near, the uproar became truly deafening. “Goodness!” said Hilda, giggling.

“Imbeciles!” said Mr. Sanderson. “Idiots!” His white-trousered. legs glittered in the eerie light of the Eclipse, and beside them skipped the pale, bare legs of the children; their faces were luminous on either side of him.

JUST above the bazaar the path widened into a sort of rough terrace, and here they came to a halt, staring at the scene below them. The narrow street seethed with humanity—men, women,

and children, all clutching bits of metal which they banged and rattled in unremitting frenzy. Their voices were lifted in screeching

denunciation of the evil one who held the moon in his grip, and every eye rolled in wrath and terror toward the captive, hanging bloodily in the dark-blue sky.

“Chhor do! Chhor do! Chhor do!”

Trumpets brayed. A stone, hurled by some optimist, whizzed past Mr. Sanderson’s head. Richard began to laugh on a curious, helpless note. “They’re throwing stones at the devil! ” he exclaimed. “Sandy, did you see that? They’re throwing stones at the devil!”

“Oh, look!” cried Hilda, pointing. I hey looked and saw the slight, agile figure of Govind, the forest ranger, pushing his way forward, carrying an ancient carbine.

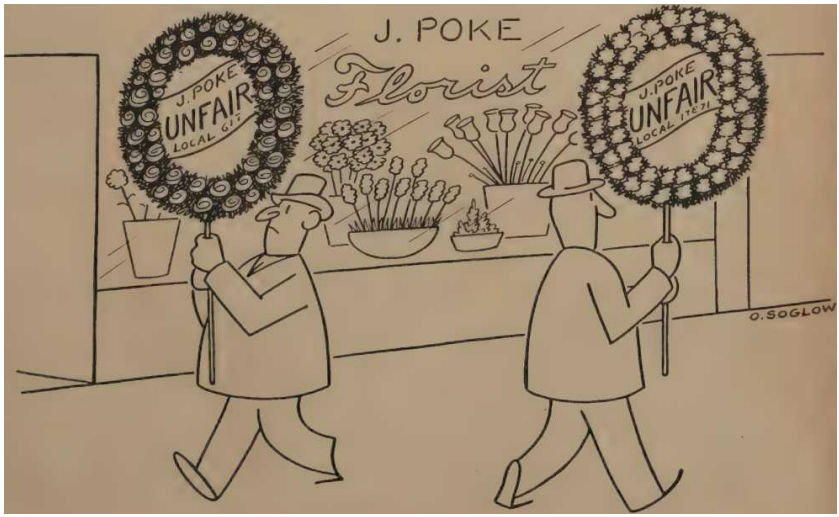
“Make way for Govind!” shouted someone. “Make way, make way!”

“What will Govind do?” asked Hilda. She was clinging to Mr. Sanderson’s hand and he could feel the excitement running through her.

“He’s probably going to take a pot shot at the devil,” said Mr. Sanderson. Gently he caressed her hand.

“Look!” she cried again. “Look, Sandy! ” Govind brought the carbine to his shoulder, aiming at the moon. The mighty explosion was followed by an instant’s lull and a smell of gunpowder. Govind stood with the smoking carbine in one hand, the other rubbing his shoulder, which ached from the recoil.

“He missed!” cried Richard. “He missed the devil!” Then, in shrill Hin-



dustani, he yelled, “Chhor do! Chhor do!”

It was the signal for the crowd to renew its howls, and Richard, tearing his hand free of Mr. Sanderson’s, plunged down the hillside toward the street, followed by Hilda, both of them shrieking blue murder.

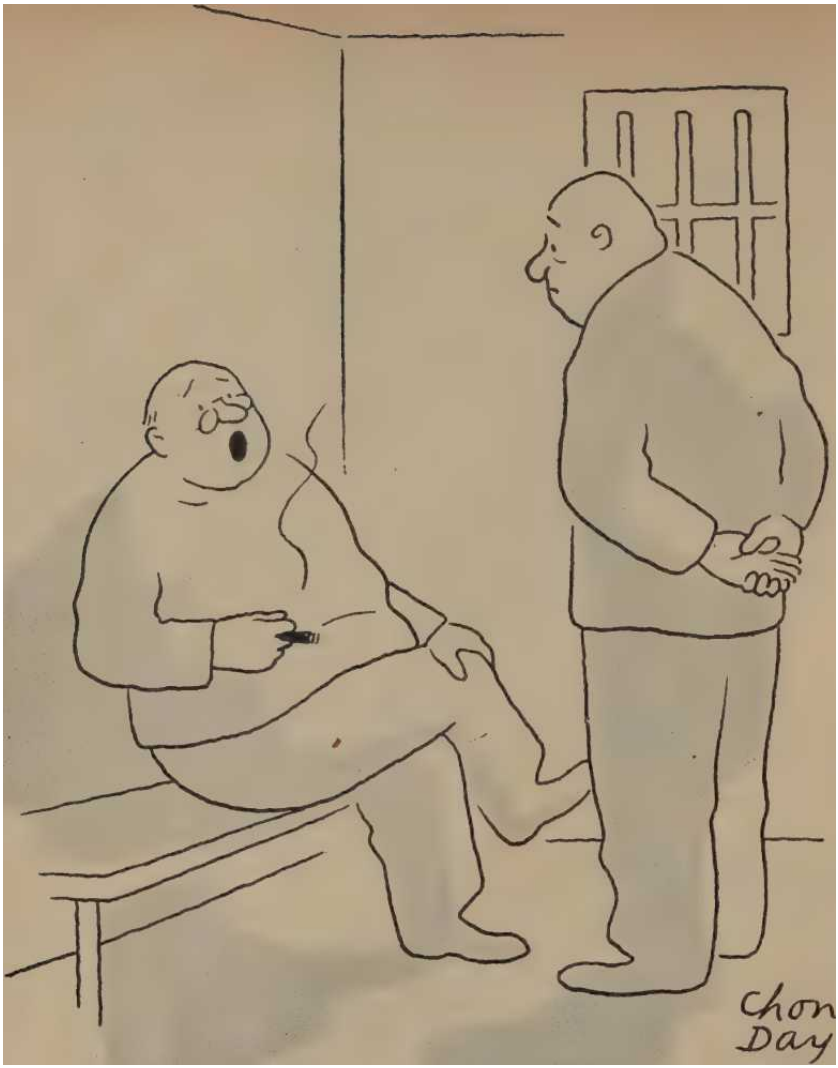
“Children!” wailed Mr. Sanderson.

“Hilda! Richard! Come back this instant! I command you! I forbid you!”

His voice was lost in the babble, and in despair he followed them down the hillside into the mob of milling, half-naked bodies. No one paid any attention to him. Sweaty limbs pummelled his immaculate clothes, bare feet tramped on his shoes. Of the children there was no sign; the mob had swallowed them. Mr. Sanderson found himself standing beside Govind, the forest ranger. “Where are the children?” the tutor demanded, his voice heavily charged with the English intonation. “Tell me at once! Don’t stand there yelling, you bloody fool!”

But Govind didn’t hear him. His face pale with fright, he was frantically trying to reload the carbine for another shot. Mr. Sanderson began once more to push and claw his way through the

crowd. His white suit lost its starch, sweat poured down his face, his glossy, jet-black hair hung lank over his forehead. At last he caught up with his charges. They were wedged between Ram Lal and his family, who had provided them with brass pots, which they were banging together as they yelled with the others. Mr. Sanderson peered



[a]I took the ease because it presented some interesting legal problems, and of course the fee was exceptionally generous."

at them in horror. “Are you mad? Drop those things! Come away at once!”

Hilda paused long enough to say, “Ram Lal told us that if we don’t make the devil let go the moon, he will put out its light forever. Then it will get pitch dark and we shall all be at his mercy.”

“What on earth are you talking about?”

“About Shaitan, the devil!” She brought two brass pots together with a sickening clang. Richard, flanked by Ram Lal’s grandsons, bellowed passion-•ately, “Chhor do, you beast, you fiend! Chhor do!”

Mr. Sanderson felt strangely helpless. He was almost suffocated by the press of bodies, his ears were numb, his eyes smarted. Another shot from Govind’s carbine was followed by another mo

ment of silence, then a renewal of the yells, screams, groans. Someone thrust a pewter tray and a heavy iron ladle into Mr. Sanderson’s hands. Hilda stared at him, her face colorless, her eyes blazing. “Beat it, Sandy,” she commanded hoarsely. “Do you want us all to be killed?”

With a slight, sardonic smile, he obeyed, thumping the tray with the ladle, wincing at the added discord. The smile faded, his teeth clenched, and he beat harder and harder, the percussion sending white-hot tremors up his arms. He found himself whispering, then shouting with the others, half in mockery and half in despair. Suddenly he noticed that tears were pouring down the children’s faces; between sobs Hilda cried, “Why doesn’t the devil let go? Why doesn’t he? Make him let go,

somebody! Sandv, make the devil let go!” She dropped her brass pots and cast herself on the ground, twisting and moaning while the crowd howled on.

Mr. Sanderson saw the crumpled figure, its golden pigtail writhing in the dust. Swiftly he bent and lifted her. Then he seized Richard by an arm, and somehow, by pushing and kicking, he got the two children away from the crowd and back onto the path above the

bazaar. There, for a minute, they stood with heaving chests, sobs falling away inside them, their aching eyes moving from the crowd below to the discolored and impassive orb above.

Gradually the children's hysteria subsided. Mr. Sanderson produced a handkerchief and wiped Hilda's face, then Richard's, then his own. He smoothed his hair and pulled his necktie into place. "Hilda," he said abruptly, "let me see your hands." He had noticed that she had been furtively licking them, and suspected that she might have cut them when she threw herself on the ground.

"They're all right," she said, and put them behind her back.

"Well, see that vou put iodine on them before you go to bed, unless you want to get tetanus."

Richard asked, "Is tetanus the same as hydrophobia?"

"No," said Mr. Sanderson. They turned and made their way slowly up the hill toward the house, where the lighted windows shone against the dark hillside. The children did not offer to take their tutor's hands, and he did not suggest that they do so. He felt utterly dispirited. Behind him the noise from the bazaar went on and on; it would, he knew, continue unabated till the shadow of the earth had passed from the moon's face, leaving it clear and unclouded once more, and he wondered briefly what charm or what logic might serve to drive away another shadow from men's minds and from their hearts.

—Christine Weston

The Attorney General desires to speak, to all the employees of the Department in the Great Hall on Thursday afternoon, June 28 at 4 o'clock, on the advent of his departure from the Department.

It would be very nice if e> erybody would be present to help make his leavetaking a memorable one.

S. A. Andretta

Executive Assistant

to the Attorney General

—Memorandum from the Office of the Attorney General of the United States.

Farewell and hail!

MR. HOON AND THE EVERLASTING YEA

Mr. 1 wing was as nearly in tears as it is possible for a rather conventional New Yorker to be when he is standing in a crowded elevator, surrounded by the businessmen and stenographers in whose brisk society he spends each working day. Behind Mr. Ewing's forehead all kinds of hell had broken loose, and in the vicinity of his cheekbones the pain was equally excruciating. Although it was Mr. F wing's belief that something set him apart from other victims of sinusitis, his nose specialist had cheerfully dismissed the ailment as "merely a thickened membrane in the left antrum." (The nose specialist was a newcomer to New A ork, and his own left antrum had not yet begun to fight.) As the elevator came to a halt at the ground floor, Mr. Ewing's head seemed to split apart.

It was Saturday noon. The midsummer heat was oppressive, but the babble of voices around Mr. Ewing indicated that everyone had plans—golf, shampoos, shopping, Rockaway, gardening, Long Beach, sewing, sleeping, the Red Cross blood-donor center, and Loew's Pitkin. Surging from the elevator, the crowd swept Mr. Ewing through the lobby and out into the hot, dead air of Church Street. He, too, had a commitment for the weekend, but it was one that he viewed with horror, row that his left antrum was behaving so badlv. Mr. Ewing knew that it would be useless to mention sinusitis as an excuse to Mr. and Mrs. Floyd L. Stryker of "Misty Meadows," Westport, Connecticut. Mr. and Mrs. Stryker were the sort of people who proudly explain that Westport can cure anything.

Suddenly Mr. Ewing discox ered an empty cab. He climbed into it, grateful for an opportunity to let someone else solve his most immediate problem. "Grand Central, please," he said. Then he leaned back against the shabby leather and closed his eyes.

“Yes, sir!” a buoyant voice cried. “You want to go to the Grand Central, and I’m going to take you there! That’s exactly where I’m going to take you! ”

Mr. Ewing’s left antrum was peculiarly sensitive to noise, and this particular voice assaulted it brutally.

“People get into my cab and I take ’em where they want to go because that’s what my business is. Like the fellow in the newspaper who says, ‘New York is my beat.’ Winter and summer. Yes, sir!”

Mr. Ewing shuddered. He opened his eyes about an eighth of an inch and saw a great bull neck, creased by rolls of fat. It was red and moist. Mr. Ewing closed his eyes again, as if by doing so he could silence the genial bellowing. It mystified him that anyone could be so hearty in such weather. He waited. The foolish little trick was succeeding. Apparently as long as he kept his eyes closed, he could ensure peace.

The pain ebbed somewhat.

“We’re going to swing over to Foley Square,” the voice announced, with the dreadful brightness of someone taking a child to the dentist, “and we’re going to go Lafayette Street, Fourth Avenue, and Park. Yes, sir! That’s the best way to go, and that’s the way we’re going ’

Mr. Ewing opened his eyes—all the way this time. The photograph on the driver’s identification card revealed a face that was at once sanctimonious, bovine, and playful. The driver’s name was Albert Hoon. .

“See that shoe store over there?” Mr. Hoon said. “I like that chain of stores. I really do. That’s where I like to patronize. They understand about service, and I’m all for service. I say it’s an art that we in this country have got to learn if we’re going to get anywhere and not lapse into revolution. Good service is good business, isn’t it? And after all, what is good service ex

cept understanding a customer's little foibles and making him happy? That's the kind of service I'm trying to give you, and it's the kind I try to give everybody!"

"Oh, God!" Mr. Ewing groaned. He applied the pressure of a finger to his frontal bone and massaged it slow-

"Pardon—I didn't quite catch that," Mr. Hoon said with a certain stiffness. But his overpowering affability soon returned. "I guess maybe you aren't an enthusiast about the heat. I like the heat. You see, I got a theory that the more you sweat out all the little impurities in your system, the healthier you're going to be when you wake up the next day. So when I'm riding along, and all my passengers are feeling the heat, you never hear 'me complain. I just sit back and enjoy myself, thinking about all the impurities I'm sweating out."

It occurred to Mr. Ewing that not since he had attended a play

called “Pollyanna” had he encountered anyone who was so relentlessly glad about everything.

A traffic snarl obliged Mr. Hoon to halt his cab on Lafayette Street. Another cab drew up alongside, and Mr. Ewing noted that the other driver glanced at Mr. Hoon with considerable distaste.

“Hello, louse,” the other driver said. It was not so much a greeting as a simple statement of fact.

Mr. Hoon chose to ignore his colleague, but presently, when the traffic got unsnarled, he turned his head slightly and remarked to Mr. Ewing, “Rudeness never pays, in wr opinion.” Mr. Ewing noticed that in profile .Mr. Hoon bore a startling resemblance to Elsie, the Borden cow, in one of her more complacent poses.

AFTER permitting his pas-d- senger to enjoy an entire minute of quiet, Mr. Hoon inquired, with gracious condescension, “Married, by anj’ chance?”

Mr. Ewing said shortly that he wasn’t.

“Neither am I,” said Mr. Hoon. “I guess I’ve never been able to find just the right person.” His tone implied that the search for someone sufficiently worthy had been taxing in the extreme. “But Pm not complaining. I’ve got my little apartment on Joralemon

Street, and I've got my Plymouth Church connections. When I get home at night and turn on some program or other like 'Can You Top This?' and settle down with a glass o£ Cocomalt, I realize that I'm perfectly satisfied."

Mr. Ewing moodily watched the little impurities trickle down the back of Air. Hoon's neck. As he did, he remembered with increased respect the general run of taxi drivers he had ridden with in the past—morose, ferretlike men who, if they spoke at all, delivered New Yorkese in machine-gun bursts without bothering to turn their heads. Most of them drove too fast to suit Mr. Ewing's taste, but their attitude toward the world in general was skeptical or bitter rather than sanctimonious, and often was highly entertaining. Suddenly the word "bran" penetrated Mr. Ewing's consciousness, and he realized that for some reason Mr.* Hoon was being glad about bran.

". . . who refuse to eat a nutritious breakfast for love or money," Mr. Hoon was saying. "Now, I always eat a nutritious breakfast, and I always include at least one of the things I've been telling you about." Mr. Hoon cleared his throat and added modestly, " I hat's why I'm so regular." He waved an arm to the left. "I like Wanamaker's, don't you?"

By means of a hastily devised expedient, Mr. Ewing achieved a temporary escape. He took out his wallet and was able to lose himself briefly in small computations. I he next words he heard were ". . . walk through their silver department. I always think silver makes the perfect gift. Of course, I only have one or two really good pieces myself. Oh!"

For the first time Mr. Hoon stopped

sounding glad. The policeman at the Fourteenth Street intersection was giving him hell. "Anybody ever tell you a green light means 'Go'?" the policeman asked savagely after certain colorful preliminaries. "It don't mean 'Go to sleep for a coupla hours,' and it don't mean 'Sit still here till Mama comes and gets you.' You hear me? Now step on it! "

Mr. Hoon stepped on it. And as the cab started up Fourth Avenue, Mr. Ewing thought cordially of the policeman, who had hit on the most annoying feature of Mr. Hoon's driving technique. Other taxi drivers had whisked Mr. Ewing around New York with lighthearted abandon, but they generally had done so with an eerie skill; Mr. Hoon drove slowly, but in a manner so pompous and inexpert that

the result was terrifying in a rather special way. For example, he haughtily ignored the warning blasts of other automobiles as he drove along, thereby subjecting his passenger to a form of torture that bordered on the Japanese. The leisurely speed, Mr. Ewing supposed, was attributable to the opportunities for conversation that it afforded.

EXCEPT for a second “Oh! ” which

Air. Hoon breathed with contempt and fury, nothing was said about the episode with the policeman.

Air. Ewing resumed the dreary occupation of massaging his forehead, and Mr. Hoon, triumphantly slowing down, took occasion to demonstrate that he was capable of the utmost social poise in trying circumstances. “The Corn Exchange Bank is such a good bank,” he said, indicating a building on the right. “I use the Brooklyn branch, but all the branches are good. Every

once in a while I buy a little bit of stock, and they just take the usual commission. And when I overdraw, there’s ' just a small charge and no unpleasant words at all. I’m not a very good businessman, so what I like is a friendly bank.”

Many blocks ahead, Grand Central Terminal rose above the heat haze like a beautiful palace in a child’s storybook. It waited for Mr. Ewing, promising deliverance. Westport and Air. and Airs. Floyd L. Stryker had begun to look very good indeed to him.

“Can you go a little faster?” Air. Ewing asked.

“You aren’t trying to catch a train, are you?” Air. Hoon asked solicitously.

“A’es,” Air. Ewing said.

“I had no idea you were trying to catch a train. What time does it go?”

“I—er—I don’t know,” Air. Ewing said. “All I remember is, I was barely allowing myself enough time. It goes around—er—around one.”

“Thirteen hundred, as we used to say in the Army,” Air. Hoon remarked brightly, somewhat to Air. Ewing’s astonishment. “You have loads of time. You have time to burn. I like a long ride like this, don’t you? Have you been in the Army, by the way?”

“I was in the last war,” Air. Ewing snapped.

“Oh, that,” Air. Hoon said gaily. “I didn’t mean that. That’s ancient history. You needn’t worry, we’ll get to the Grand Central in no time at all.”

In the mission of trying to understand his customer’s little foibles and make him happy, Air. Hoon had failed. Air. Ewing longed for a Alills bomb.

“Thirty-seventh Street,” Mr. Hoon sang happily. Then, as the cab crawled

uptown, “Thirty-eighth Street. Thirtyninth Street. Fortieth Street.”

“Just let me out when you get to the corner of Forty-second,” Mr. Ewing said, with a desperate fear that Mr. Hoon would go around a block or two in an effort to approach the Terminal with dignity and effect.

“The reason I like a long ride is that you get to know people,” Mr. Hoon said cozily. “You’d be surprised how many people get into my cab are really very uninteresting. I mean they just want to go somewhere in a hurry. I mean they don’t like to visit.”

Mr. Ewing sat on the edge of the seat, his eyes on the meter and money in his hand.

“Here we are, all safe and sound,” Mr. Hoon crooned horribly as he came to a stop at the corner of Forty-second.

The cab had negotiated the last block like an old-fashioned electric. “That was a ver-y en-joy-a-ble ride. Yes, sir!” Thrusting the money at Mr. Hoon, Mr. Ewing muttered, “Keep the change,” and got out as fast as he could. The tip was enormous, but Mr. Ewing was more interested in freedom than in economy. Even as Mr. Hoon began to utter fulsome thanks, a Marine grasped the handle of the still-open door.

“You free?” he asked, and Mr. Hoon cut short his paean of thanksgiving to admit that he was free.

“Barbizon Hotel,” the Marine said, and he got into the cab.

A happy' impulse led Mr. Ewing to wait for a moment before hurrying across to the station.

“Something tells me we’re going to call on a young ladj ,” Mr. Hoon de

clared jocosely. “Yes, sir! That’s what something tells me!”

The Marine’s lower lip protruded ominously.

“Furthermore, something tells me that the young lady in question is

very, ver-y pretty! ”

The Marine clenched his fists, and, as the cab drove off, Mr. Ewing’s pulse quickened with a wild and glorious hope. —James Reid Parker

THE HUNGRY CRITICS

[Dilys Powell in the London Sunday Tinies]

The Lunts are no mean players; but if Tracy and Hepburn in the film of “Without Love” don’t wipe the floor with Lunt and Fontanne in the film of “The Guardsman,” I’ll eat anybody’s current bowler hat.

William L. Laurence

ON Monday fourteen weeks ago, William L. Laurence, who since 1930 has been a science reporter on the New York Times, dissolved into thin air very much as if he had 'been hit by an atomic bomb. As a matter of fact, that is just about what happened to him. Up to the summer of 1943, when censorship forbade any mention of the subject of atom-smashing, the progress of what is probably the greatest single discovery of our civilization had been reported on more thoroughly by Laurence, in the Times and other publications, than by any other American journalist. The news that the day of the

atomic bomb was near and that the explosive force of a few pounds of split atoms would equal that of the bomb load of thousands of planes was presented to the general public for the first time by Laurence, on Page 1 of the Times of May 5, 1940. (The general public took it calmly.) In the same article, he explained in some detail how the split atom, if it became the source of power he and others expected, would revolutionize the world. Then, in September of that year, Laurence, in an article for the Saturday Evening Post, told its readers precisely what U-235 was, how it had been isolated, how its atoms could be split, and what would happen as soon as the energy released by splitting them could be harnessed. He said, furthermore, that the explosive power of a pound of the new substance would be equal to fifteen thousand tons of T.N.T. and that German and American laboratories were engaged in a race to find a method for isolating and splitting it and controlling its power; he recommended that our government spend more money on research, lest the Germans win the race; and he glibly mentioned important names in atomic

research, such as Dr. Lise Meitner, Dr. Enrico Fermi, Dr. Alfred O. Neir, and Dr. Neils Bohr, that are only now, in these later, dramatic days, becoming as familiar to newspaper readers as the names of movie actors and baseball players. Some months ago, when the War Department believed that the atomic bomb was on the verge of being perfected and had decided to try it out on Japan, it selected Laurence as the person to explain to the public in layman's language, when the time came, what was going on. In this work he was among old friends, such as Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence, the Nobel Prize winner who invented the cyclotron, and Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the director of the government's atomic laboratory in New Mexico. It is ironical that Dr. Oppenheimer, famous for a theory that attempted to explain the creation of matter out of nonmaterial rays, should be a leader in the atomic reversal of the process. In December, 1933, in the Times, Laurence said that Oppenheimer's theory was "an intellectual 'bridge' linking the material and the nonmaterial, and explains how something

possessing no dimensions may assume three-dimensional existence" and went on to describe an experiment in which nonmaterial gamma rays from thorium C, fired at terrific speed at the heart of an atom, somehow disappeared and pairs of material particles, each composed of a positive and negative electron, came flying out in their place. This may have been the first time that matter had been created out of energy by man, but newspaper readers were not as taken with this news as they were later with the news that atomic energy could be created out of matter; i.e., that a large city could be vaporized by a few young men in a plane.

On that Monday fourteen weeksago, Laurence simply didn't show up at his office in the Times. Except for the War Department, no one but his wife and Edwin L. James, managing editor of the Times, knew that he had been hustled away on a top-secret Army assignment, and not even they knew what it was. What it was, of course, was the biggest news story in the history of the world. At various points west of Manhattan, he was set to work by the War Department forehandedly writing releases that were to be the background material for the millions of

words that are at the moment educating, fascinating, bewildering, and scaring the hell out of the country.

ONE of the notable aspects of twentieth-century journalism is the tendency of solvent metropolitan newspaper publishers to put more and more specialists on their reportorial staffs. The conventional news gatherers are covering a territory that is more and more limited, and the general reporter is fast becoming as rare as the general store. Practically every subject is now dealt with by specialized chroniclers, and the tendency has spread so grotesquely that dogged readers now find their daily resumes of Elsa Maxwell's protean hospitality hanging ponderously from the byline of the lady herself. It is therefore not surprising that in the physical sciences, a phase of contemporary life that is one of the most important if least publicized of all, there exists, in Laurence, the perfect example of a reporter inseparably fused with his special field of coverage. It is not unlikely that someday he will be chiefly remembered not as a reporter but as a scientist; in fact, he has already achieved a status a good deal like that of Sir Wilmott H. Lewis, who came to

Washington many years ago as a reporter for the London Times and is now regarded as a quotable elder statesman of the British Empire.

The daily press used to be both ignorant and suspicious of science, and generally avoided having to cope with it by ignoring it. Even the most significant scientific developments were slighted. The invention of the telegraph left the newspapers, which were later so heavily to depend on it, editorially bored, and when the telephone came along it evoked such comment as that of the Dallas Nezus, which said smugly, “We must admit our incredulity is put to rather a strong test.” Not a single reporter was present at the Wright brothers’ first flight; the Chicago Tribune, showing even in 1903 a wondrous talent for steering a straight course of reaction, declined even to mention the preposterous goings on at Kitty Hawk. Newspapers touched on science only when they found a chance to poke fun at the absent-mindedness of its professors or to hint at strange new discoveries in the field of sex. Not until the last war broke out and the effectiveness of its weapons became evi-

dent did scientists get any respectful treatment, and even then relations between them and the press were not cordial, because nine-tenths of the time interviewers had no idea what their interviewees were talking about. Laurence is one of the men who have brought science and the newspapers together. Since 1926, when he began reporting science for the Worlds he has absorbed so much of it, and so rapidly, that he occasionally has to talk down to a scientist to put him at his ease.

Even up to ten days ago, many newspaper editors still thought science was a news source only when a laboratory blew up or an eminent scholar made a fool of himself trying to repair his grandson’s electric train. Albert Einstein miscounting his change was better journalistic material than Albert Einstein expanding the universe. The movies did a little toward impressing the public with the usefulness of laboratory experiment, but then they had the advantage of being able to show Don Ameche puttering around in a smock. However, despite all the professional handicaps, Laurence persuaded his employers to print a great many important scoops, scoops that might have seemed more spectacular to the reading public if it had not been so jaded by futuristic comic strips and

wildeyed Sunday supplement stories that it couldn't accept merely sensational fact as a substitute for absolutely staggering fancy. The announcement of the atomic bomb has probably given science a bit more prestige with both the press and the public, and if there should be another war, he and journalists like him may replace old-school military experts who are accustomed to thinking about destruction in terms of such puny weapons as B-29s, V-2s, jet-propelled fighters, and sixteen-inch guns.

Laurence operates on a lofty professional level. In 1940, when he was being awarded a fellowship of the American Institute of the City of New York for "a long-sustained preeminent record of reporting brilliantly to the daily press the achievements of science and technology," someone said of him that man ranks fourth among the subjects he covers on his newspaper beat. Man, in his estimate, was preceded by the atom, the star, and the earth, in that order. Laurence has nevertheless managed to write about such enormous subjects in understandable journalistic language, and now and then, in the role of interpreter, he has aroused men of science to a fuller comprehension of the meaning of their own data. Early in 1934, as a matter of routine, he covered

a lecture delivered here before the American Physical Society by Dr. Vladimir K. Zworykin, inventor of the iconoscope and then engaged in research for the Radio Corporation of America. Dr. Zworykin outlined a new system of television in which the iconoscope would be an important part. Laurence, who had reported on Dr. Zworykin's scheme in the Times eight months before, got him aside after the meeting and asked for a little up-to-date iconoscopic intelligence. Dr. Zworykin casually mentioned an idea he had for a television super-microscope, capable of magnifying an object a hundred thousand times. Laurence happily wrote about it for the Tinies. The story appeared on a Sunday, and on Monday Dr. Zworykin was

“. . . and cut it into small cubes. If you can’t get beef, then try lamb or veal. Then take butter, but if you can’t get butter use oleomargaˆ rine, and if you can’t get oleomargarine, 'peanut oil will do. Then take the butter or the oleomargarine or the peanut oil and put it in a large pot. Add salt and pepper and a half cup of sugar. If you can’t get sugar use a cup of corn syrup. If you can’t. . .”

summoned before some of the officials of R.C.A., who wanted to know why, while working for them, he had withheld from them a valuable invention that was being splashed all over the papers. Dr. Zworykin protested that he had told the company all about the super-microscope months earlier, and some checking up revealed

that he had. No one, it seems, had realized what he was talking about. Laurence's simplified exposition set the officials straight. Apologies were offered, appropriations for further research were voted, and just four years later the finished instrument was ready. Laurence described it, with modest objectivity, on the front page of the Times.

Laurence, whose readable contribu-

tions to science won him a share of the Pulitzer Prize for reporting in 1936, has the faculty of being able to explain almost anything. In a lengthy twentiethanniversary report to his classmates of the Harvard class of 1912, many of whom he tutored through college, he permitted himself to write subjectively on his career. "I have been covering news in the realm of science, from astronomy to zoology and intermediate points," he said, inclusively. "The infinitesimal and the infinite, from metagalaxies to microbes, constitute my present domain. I report news about the Einstein relativity and unified field theories, quantum mechanics, the cosmic ray, and the nucleus of the atom. I annihilate the universe with Eddington and Jeans and put it together again with Millikan. If you want to know about genes and chromosomes, enzymes, hormones, vitamins, electrons, protons, photons, neutrons, and morons," he wound up collegiately, "read the New York Times."

Laurence is a small, dark man of

J fifty-seven with a flattened nose and a wild shock of hair. He lives with his wife and a dachshund named Einstein in a five-room apartment on the fifth floor of an apartment house on Seventy-second Street, close to the East River. He has an unbridled passion for rivers and has taken full advantage of his proximity to one. Only two of his rooms overlook the water, but all of the rest have windows from which it is visible. To multiply his favorite view, he has installed a series of scientifically arranged mirrors all through the premises. No matter where you are in his house and no matter in which direction you look, you see the river. Laurence has a large collection of books, among them autographed first editions of all the works of James Joyce, who concealed the names of some five hundred rivers in "Finnegans Wake." There are naturally many scientific works, too, most of them suitably inscribed by authors

who know a good reader when they see one. “To a man who took the trouble and did have the intelligence to understand and see the implications of the new approach in the research of the mind, with admiration and greetings,” Dr. Manfred Sakel, the author of “ The Pharmacological Shock Treatment of Schizophrenia,” affectionately scribbled on the flyleaf of his book.

Perhaps the most splendid of all Laurence’s possessions is a portrait of himself by Leo Katz, an Austrian, now teaching art at Brooklyn Col-

HOMECOMING

Lost in the vastness of the void Pacific, My thousand days of exile, pain, Bid me farewell. Gone is the Southern Cross To her own sky, fallen a continent Under the wave, dissolved the bitterest isles In their salt element, And here upon the deck the mist encloses My smile that would light up all darkness And ask forgiveness of the things that thrust Shame and all death on millions and on me.

We bring no raw materials from the East But green-skinned men in blue-lit holds And lunatics impounded between-decks; The mighty ghoul ship that we ride exhales The sickly sweet stench of humiliation, And even the majority, untouched by steel Or psychoneurosis, stare with eyes in rut, Their hands a rabble to snatch the riches Of glittering shops and girls.

Because I am angry at the kindness, which Is both habitual and contradictory To the life of armies, now I stand alone And hate the swarms of khaki men that crawl Like lice upon the wrinkled hide of earth, Infesting ships as well. Not otherwise Could I lean outward, piercing fog, to find Our sacred bridge of exile and return. My tears are psychological, not poems To the United States; my smile is prayer.

Gnawing the thin slops of anxiety, Escorted by the ground swell and by gulls, In silence and with mystery we enter The territorial waters. Not till then Does that convulsive terrible joy, more sudden And brilliant than the explosion of a ship, Shatter the tensions of the heaven and sea To crush a hundred thousand skulls And liberate in that high burst of love The imprisoned souls of soldiers and of

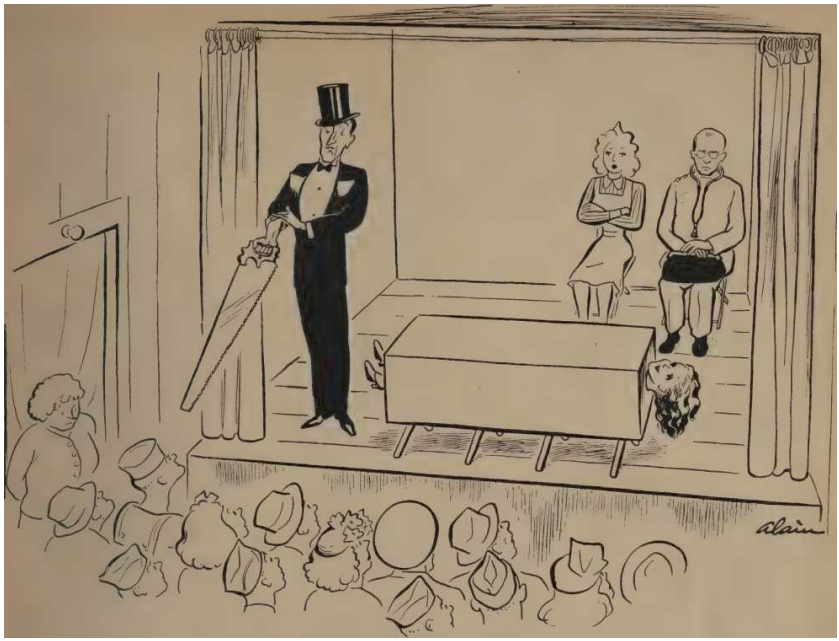
me.

—Karl Shapiro

lege, who came to this country some years ago at the invitation of Frank Vanderlip to paint the banker's family, and, having finished that agreeable task along conventional lines, ventured into somewhat more symbolical portraiture. He depicted Laurence, for instance, as the universal mind. A large, ennobled likeness of the reporter extends high into a bright-blue sky. An art critic who is an acquaintance of Laurence's once essayed to catalogue

some of the other interesting details of the portrait. "On the forehead plays a light meant to represent thought," he wrote. "The eyes are serene, and an attempt has been made to give them the wisdom of Spinoza and the philosopher's confidence that intellect eventually will triumph. To the right of the head are mathematical symbols representing the three great concepts of the universe that summarize all intellectual progress in the time that man has existed on earth: Einstein's formula for matter, energy, and time; Planck's constant; and Heisenberg's principle of uncertainty."

Laurence is fond of gadgets, and among those that clutter up his apartment is an intellectually unclassifiable



alarm clock that, instead of merely ringing or buzzing, breaks shudderingly into “Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning.” This morbid sound arouses him at eight-thirty every morning, and from then on he follows a ritual. He takes a bath in which he starts off in hot water and ends up in cold. Next he prepares his breakfast: a mixture of the juices of half a grapefruit, one lemon, one lime, and three teaspoonfuls of bottled apple juice, which is followed by two cups of black, sugarless coffee. He tops this off with a Vitamin B complex tablet, a hundred-milligram tablet of ascorbic acid (Vitamin C), two codliver concentrate tablets (Vitamins A and D), and a hundred-milligram tablet of paraminobenzoic acid, an antigray-hair vitamin he says has kept his gray-flecked brown hair from getting grayer. At one-thirty, before going to work for the Times, he has another scientific little meal: two raw eggs beaten up with milk and slightly salted, followed by another course of assorted vitamins. His only other meal of the day is late at night—vegetables, very rare meat, raw fruit, and vitamins. He never eats pas

try or pie. The diet is high in proteins and low in carbohydrates, and practically none of it gets cooked. “No one knows what

happens to proteins when they are cooked," he says darkly.

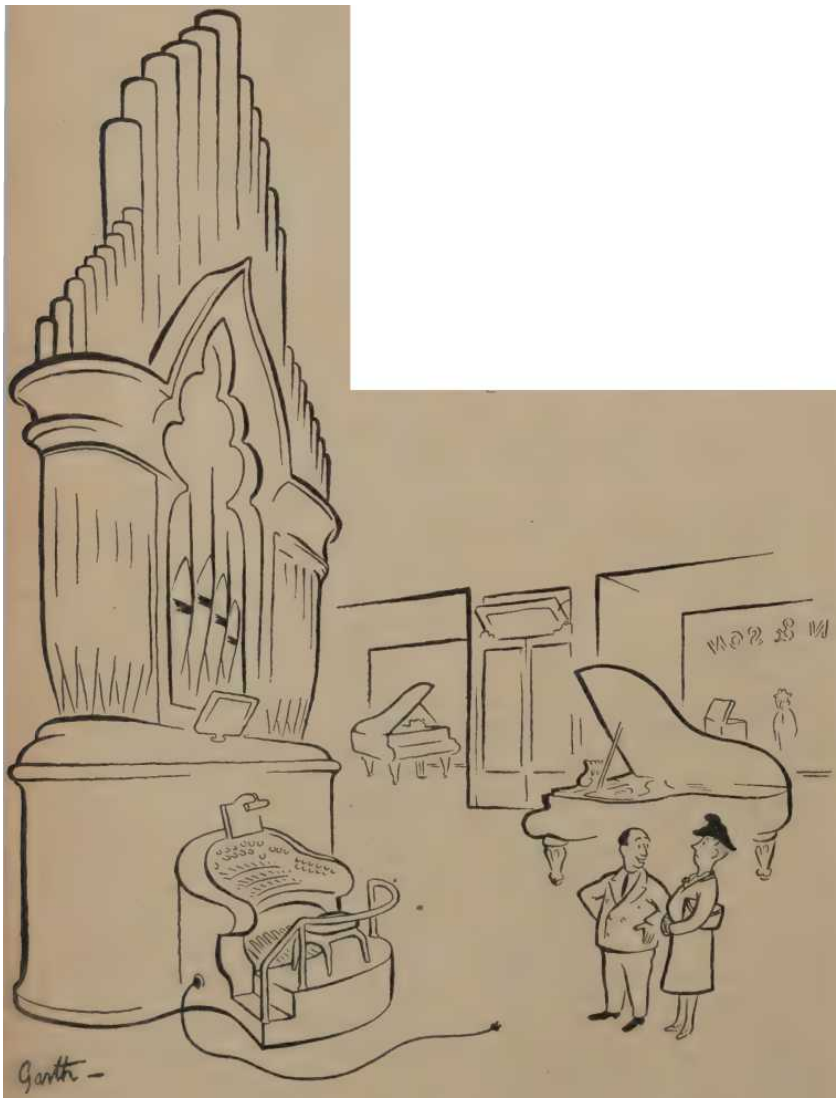
Reluctantly leaving the river, Laurence walks to the Times office after his second helping of pills and sits down behind a deskful of scientific and technological journals. He rarely gets specific assignments from the editors, perhaps because they don't dare decide what to assign him to. Waldemar Kaempffert, the science expert who writes a column for the Sunday Times and has the title of science editor, works quite independently of him. Laurence attends most of the important scientific meetings in New York and around the country in search of material. When he has no meetings to go to, he pores over the publications on his desk, searching for leads. One of his best is the lettˆrs-to-the-editor column .of the Physical Review. Through this mediuni, scientists who think they are on the brink of something hot frequently present their theories, as a sort of informal and professionally respected way of taking out

a patent, months in advance of announcing detailed findings that have been confirmed by tests. Laurence reads these letters carefully and has been rewarded by many exclusive stories. A few lines in a 1940 number of the Review, about the successful efforts to isolate Uranium 235, set him on the track of the story of the actual splitting of its atom and led to his historic article in the May 5, 1940 Times, in which he was able to announce, "A natural substance found abundantly in many parts of the earth, now separated for the first time in pure form, has been found in pioneer experiments at the Physics department of Columbia University to be capable of yielding such energy that one pound of it is equal in power out-ptti i." 5,000,000 pounds of coal or 3,000,000 pounds of gasoline, it became known yesterday." It was in this article, too, that Laurence illustratively tossed in the prediction that "a chunk of five to ten pounds of the new substance, a close relative of uranium and known as U-235, would drive an ocean liner for an indefinite period around the oceans without refueling." This is

only one of several such predictions made by Laurence that in the past week have been hauled out by feature writers, rehashed, and turned into the first cliches of the Atomic Aˆe.

Iaurence was born in 1888, in Salan-

■ˆ tai, Lithuania, then (as it now is .again) a part of Russia, to parents who bore the family name of Siew. They were devout orthodox lews, but their son, showing an early intellectual independence, became a vigorous freethinker at the age of ten. A couple of years later, a friend gave him a book that speculated on the possibility of a civilization on Mars, and young Siew was so impressed that he decided to go to the United States when he was old enough, because from there, he rather



arbitrarily thought, he might most easily be able to establish contact with that planet. His opportunity to leave Russia ca'me suddenly, when he was seventeen. It was, in fact, thrust upon him; a political purge forced him to leave Salantai. He began his emigration concealed in a hogshead on the back of a cart. He stopped briefly in Berlin. There, an observation he chanced to make on the shape of the Kaiser's mustache was overheard by some patriots, who ushered him firmly to the Swiss border.

After a comparatively peaceful stay in Switzerland, he came on to the United States. He landed in Hoboken in 1905 with only fifty cents in his pockets. He worked in a Brooklyn tex-'tile factory until he had train fare to Boston, which had been famous even in Lithuania as an intellectual center. There he was engaged by a florist, who commissioned him to deliver a funeral wreath to Cambridge. This brief errand across the Charles River had, everything considered, a more profound effect upon his life than all his earlier travels. Entwined in the wreath, he came upon Harvard University, and before he had progressed past it, he had resolved to study there. This decision was responsible not only for his enrollment but for his residence on Laurence Street, a placid, elm-lined Cambridge thoroughfare after which he later renamed

aY ou just plug it in anywhere."

himself, and for practically everything else that has happened to him since. He entered Harvard in 1908. It was seven years before he was graduated; he had to take time off to earn some money after two years. During his career at Harvard, he got himself naturalized, in 1913. Toward the end of his seventh year, he began to acquire both money and scholarly fame when a couple of football players who had admired his diligence in a philosophy course through which they had dozed the whole semester asked him to refresh their memories a couple of nights before an examination. Laurence, who stood in awe of athletes, was flattered and agreeable. When his two pupils arrived, they brought along forty-eight husky comrades. Laurence grouped them on the lawn beneath his window and delivered an inspiring lecture that lasted for six hours. The four dozen football players were overwhelmed by his knowledge; they insisted on paying him five dollars apiece and making another date

for the next night. A man who could so profitably command the attention of such normally uncooperative minds could not remain unknown for long. Right after his commencement, Laurence was approached by the Roxbury School, which proposed opening a Cambridge branch and appointing him director. He accepted. He tutored chiefly in philosophy, psychology, and the history of Russian literature, and he engaged several of the brighter undergraduate minds at Harvard to help out in other fields. One of the minds was that of James Bryant[7] Conant, a promising chemistry student. The Laurence branch was highly successful, but it ceased operations in 1917 when he enlisted in the Army.

Laurence went to France with the 301st Field Signal Battalion, where he was set to work intercepting and deciphering German wireless code messages. He also engaged in some modest psychological warfare, composing invitations to the Germans to surrender and partake of lavish repasts. These bids to the enemy contained rather imaginative menus and were dropped over the lines by airplanes. After the armistice, he received fleeting attention when he went A.W.O.L., informally liberated the city of Metz, and occupied it for five days, until Marshal Petain arrived to relieve him. Then he went to school for a while, at government expense, in France. He returned to this country in the summer of 1919, and went back to Cambridge, where he collected his soldier's bonus from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and with it founded

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another institution of learning adjoining Harvard, the Mt. Auburn Tutoring School. It was an instant success, and the impression got around that he was duplicating the curriculum next door, all except

the nonessentials. In 1921, Harvard, showing signs of strain and morally bolstered in its attitude by rumors that bootleg whiskey was flowing through Mt. Auburn's halls of learning, indicated its displeasure with its rival. Laurence gallantly closed his school and enrolled in Harvard as a law student.

Before long Laurence transferred to Boston University. He got his degree in law in 1925, passed his state bar examination, then

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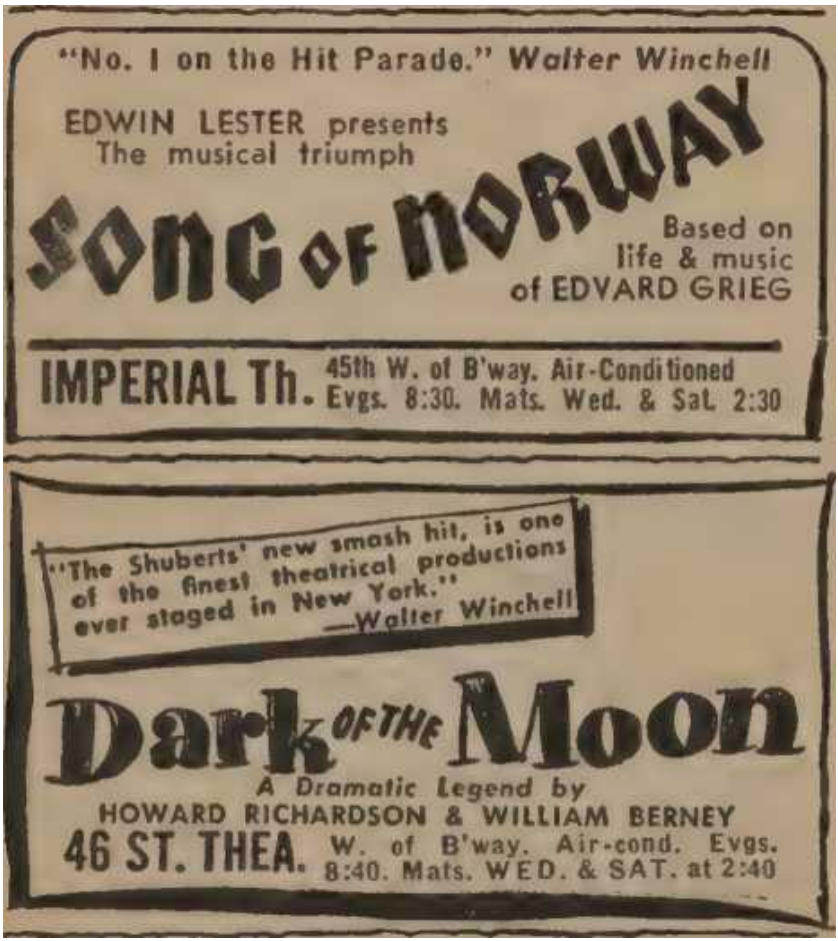
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decided he didn’t want to be a lawyer and set out for New York, where he checked in at the Mills Hotel, broke. TheHarvard football captain wired him there that he was needed in Cambridge to ensure the eligibility of several philos-ophy-of-religion students against Yale, but he declined to return. While staying at the Mills, Laurence read in the society column of a newspaper he had borrowed from the sole of a neighbor’s shoe that one of his New York ex-students had married a young lady of social renown. Laurence, who, after all, was a Harvard man, automatically telephoned his congratulations. The bridegroom insisted on sending a Rolls-Royce to the Mills to pick Laurence and his baggage up and bring them to his home. He was driven, Cinderella-like, straight to a party attended by Harold S. Vanderbilt, a cluster of Whitneys, and Herbert Bayard Swope, then editor of the World. Swope invited the whole company to adjourn to his home at Sands Point, where Laurence, confused by champagne and intoxicated by the excitement, found himself simultaneously chatting with Ethel Barrymore and involved in a question-and-answer game of the kind his host was celebrated for winning. Several of the contestants complained pettishly that Laurence was paying more attention to the actress than to the mental competition, but when the scores were tabulated, it was discovered that Swope had finished second and Laurence first. Swope came up and hovered over him. “Who arc you,” he demanded, “and why?” Laurence, deftly blending apology with autobiography, mentioned, in the course of his answer, the fact that he was unemployed, and Swope, perhaps feeling that such a prodigy should not roam unchecked, hired him as a reporter for the World.

Laurence's journalistic career began unpromisingly. Mr. Swope turned him over to the city editor, who, not having hired him and not having participated in the question-and-answer game, re-ceived him without enthusiasm. Other members of the editorial staff soon began to circulate the base rumor that he had been a Harvard professor, a species then as little loved by World men as it was later by Republicans. Most of his early assignments involved finding needles in haystacks. He was told to track down an obscure Russian spy and annoyed his editor by escorting the fellow into the city room an hour and a half later. It seemed that a former stu

dent of his was an F.B.I. official. He was told to find out why Maurice Heck-scher, the philanthropist's son, had a black eye, and he did so with equally exasperating dispatch. It seemed that a former student of his was a close friend of young Heckscher's. And so it went. Laurence's assignments, however, were unsatisfying to him because they were no more scientific than a Coney Island sideshow and his journalistic ambitions already led in the direction of science. The question of when he was to take the road he wanted to take was settled for him fortuitously when Ralph Renaud, managing editor of the World, met Percy MacKaye, the poet, at the Players Club one evening at dinner time and heard that Percy's brother, James MacKaye, a Dartmouth professor, was to appear before the American Philosophical Association at Columbia University the next day and read a paper that would, Percy said, explode the Einstein theory. Renaud decided to make an effort to have the demolition suitably reported. He assigned Laurence to the story in the conviction that, whereas no one else on the paper could conceivably understand the subject, Laurence's erudition might give him a chance. Professor MacKaye's thesis, an involved excursion into higher mathematics, thoroughly bewildered Laurence, but, questioning the scholar for a couple of hours after the lecture, he got the idea and wrote an impressive story, which appeared the next day in the World. He thought no further of the episode until several months afterward, when, wearying of the World, he arranged an interview with Frederick T. Birchall, then acting managing editor of the Times, and presented that gentleman with a batch of his clippings. The science story caught Birchall's attention. He remembered that the

Times, which felt that it had discovered Einstein, had been miserably scooped on the MacKaye lecture because no one on the staff was qualified to make it fit to print. He hired Laurence as a science reporter. That was fifteen years ago, and Laurence hasn't covered a nonscientific story since.

MANY of our leading scientists, immersed in interminable experiments, are often far too preoccupied to hear much about what is going on outside their laboratories. The result is that they frequently don't let fellowworkers know about some important discovery they may have made while searching for something else. Laurence does what he can to make up for their thoughtlessness. He has a prodigious memory for scientific detail, and may remember that a man of learning he talked to years before was seeking a certain bit of knowledge that another professor has just stumbled on. Laurence tries to relate all new discoveries to the general advance of the physical sciences. He recalls that the art of printing kicked around for centuries without getting anywhere, because nobody had bothered to publicize it, and perhaps his greatest contribution to human welfare is his reduction of the time lag between scientific discoveries and their useful application. His ability quickly to understand new developments enabled him to write the first daily-press stories about penicillin and many of the sulfa drugs, and a modest hint of his to the Squibb Company led to the experiments that produced sulfadiazine. His interpretive skill has enabled him to compose thoughtful articles which appeared under headlines that would have been laughed off as fantasy in lesser journals—"Life Is Generated in Scientist's Tube," for instance, or "Life Is Created Without Parents." Journalists with a narrower point of view might be inclined to relate such themes merely to the pattern of human behavior, but Laurence thinks of them in broader terms—such as, say, their effect on animal breeding and thus, in turn, the world's food supply.

Laurence once composed a sedate article that the Times ran under the headline "Chemist Sees Age of Methuselahs." To the extent that an increase in man's span of life depends on the progress of medical science, Laurence himself stands a good chance of producing those Methuselahs. His chief achievement as a scientific theorist came about as the result of a conference on cancer so dull that he could

not work

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M>OO in JOHN van DRUTEN'S «

up even a routine story out of it. After it had adjourned, he walked home with a surgeon who told him about some seemingly incurable sufferers from cancer who had recovered after contracting erysipelas. He later learned that some years before a doctor who was curious about this apparent neutralization of cancer by a much milder disease had decided to experiment on a few hopeless cancer cases by injecting erysipelas toxins into the sufferers. The experiment was inconclusive. Laurence, who has the scientist's virtue of patience, brooded on and off about both incidents for seven years. One morning in 1941, while he was shaving, a few uncoordinated facts clicked together in his mind. He recalled a story he had written about biotin, the most powerful growth-promoting vitamin in the human body and in other organisms, including bacteria. Biotin is also the growth element in the yolk of an egg. The effect of biotin in a normal egg is balanced by the effect of avidin, an antivitamin substance found, logically enough, in the whites of eggs. Rats injected with avidin, Laurence recalled, had

broken out with an eczema a good deal like erysipelas. Putting two and about fourteen together, he concluded that diseases such as cancer and erysipelas were perhaps nourished by biotin, that cancer could be starved out if erysipelas ate the biotin in the body, and that, rather than infect cancer patients with erysipelas or some other dangerous competing disease, they might be injected with enough avidin to more than counteract the biotin on which their cancer had been murderously feeding. By that time, the lather had dried on his face and he had to start shaving all over again.

This theory, tentatively set forth bv Laurence in the professional journal Science under the restrained title of "Induced Biotin Deficiency as a Possible Explanation of Observed Spontaneous Recessions in Malignancy," induced one of his wealthier friends to contribute three thousand dollars for experiments on the subject in a New York hospital. Several hopeless cancer patients were fed large quantities of egg white, with remarkably encouraging results. Laurence's theory has aroused considerable enthusiasm among medical men, and a more conclusive test now merely awaits the discovery of a practical means of providing patients with avidin in sufficient quantities. It has been estimated that to stop the growth of cancer, a man would have to take a hundred egg whites a day, since no method has been found for producing avidin syn-

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thetically and egg whites cannot be concentrated without destroying the effectiveness of the avidin.

The net result of Laurence's speculation on this matter is that, in an age practically dedicated to the vitamin, it may turn out that an antivitamin, after all, has enormous potentialities as a restorative of health. Laurence sees human life as a struggle between biotin and avidin, a struggle in which health is the perfect balance between these conflicting substances. In advocating this theory as a scientist, Laurence did not forget his obligations as a reporter. In June of 1941, a month before his argument appeared in Science, he presented some of it, in lay language, to his Times readers under the headline " 'Gyroscope' Held to Balance Life by Stabilizing Body's Mechanics." The story was long and full of information on research in biotin and avidin. Not until near the end of it did he get around to mentioning his hypothesis— fir which he took no credit —that a possible cure for cancer lay in artificial alterations of the balance between the two powerful substances.'

ON the evening of Monday, August 6, 1945, after thirteen weeks of silence, the Times, without realizing it, finally heard from Laurence. There arrived in the office the long, fantastic War Department release, anonymously written by-Laurence and others, that described the first test of the atomic bomb and that began, "Mankind's successful transition to a new age, the Atomic Age, was ushered in July 16, 1945, before the eyes of a tense group of renowned scientists and military men gathered in the desert lands of New Mexico to witness the first results of their $2,000,000,000 effort." These were significant words, and no one could have been more aware than Laurence of exactly what they signified for the future, or non-future, of the human race. —Robert Simpson

Threading Central Park—Cleopatra's Needle

1f You Should Outlive Methuselah...

M«h

And you spent every happy day in the spicy company of epicures, you'd hardly meet with a dish more delightful than Campbell's Black Bean Soup. Smooth as a chef's dream and seasoned to a delicate perfection, it's a soup to start spoons ... and compliments ... every time it comes to table. Better make a note now, you who delight in fine food. Plan to try this smart soup soon. Your grocer is headquarters for it.

Campbells

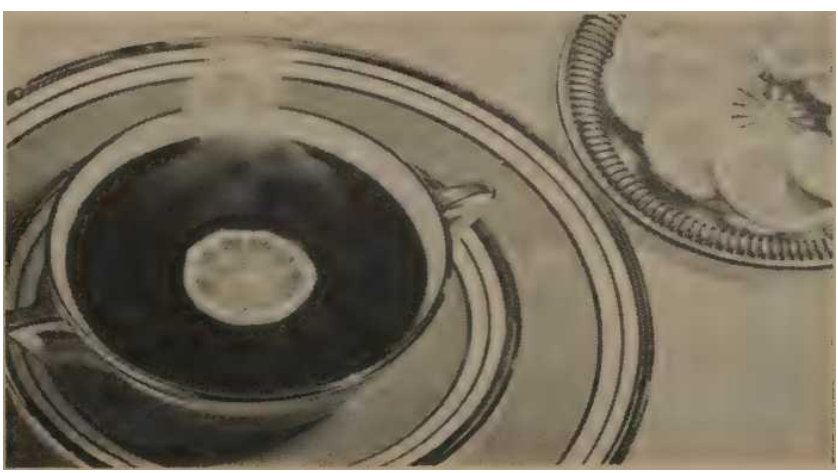
BLACK BEAN SOUP

ONCE A LADY ALWAYS A LADY DEPARTMENT

[Fʳom "The B ine of San Lorenzo," by Herbert Gorman]

She began to disrobe in the most casual manner, dropping her red skirt and tattered petticoat and pulling the white chemisette over her head. For a moment rhe stood clad solely in India cotton kneelength drawers, and then, leaning against the stone, she drew them off. When she walked down to the water and dabbled a foot in the shallow stream he knew that she was not naked. She was nude.

P. S. Some like to float a slice of lemon on it.



EXCURSION

WE drove across Ninety-sixth Street and up on Henry Hudson Parkway, heading north. J here were four of us in the borrowed Buick, my wife and I and a couple named Stern, and we were on our way to Stamford to see the Congresswoman from Connecticut in "Candida," a queer, risky business both on her part and our own. The clouds were piling up, purple on black, in the west as we sped along—past Grant's Tomb and Claremont Inn and the frail, suspended beauty of the bridge, out of the city through Fieldston and Riverdale, skirting Yonkers and Bronxville. A little rain began to fall at Mamaroneck and the light was thin and yellow on the

trees and flat ponds along Merritt Parkway. Once, a small, nervous car, nosing out of a side road, took fright at our furious approach and turned around and scuttled back.

Don't you want me to drive, dear? " asked Mrs. Stern politely from the back seat.

"What for? " her husband asked, and on we roared, through the damp, suburban gloom, past Harrison and Rye. M e crossed the state line a little beyond Port Chester, and now it was Connecticut, the Luce country, fertile and strictly landscaped. At Long Ridge Road, we turned off the Parkway and stopped for dinner at a place called Chimney Corner Inn. There were hand-hewn beams along the ceiling and other symptoms of educated taste, but the unexpected steaks were tender and haunting.

"Can you tell me how to get to the Strand Theatre?" I asked a young

woman who might or might not have been in Colonial costume.

"I suppose you came up to see Clare Luce," she said, after giving us directions. "I was there myself last night." She had a sweet, fixed smile, apparently permanent, rather like Billie Burke's. It was hard

to say just what was on her mind.

There were policemen and a few local residents standing in the rain outside the theatre, but no visible celebrities, for they'd all come the night before. A

matron sidled up to a young woman standing proud and alone in the lobby.

"Pardon me, but aren't you Bette Davis?" she asked.

"My God, no," said the young woman, with horror.

The auditorium was narrow and incredibly long, and from Row P, where we sat, the stage looked very small and far away, a ray of hope at the end of a dark tunnel. The light was dim and the column of fine type in the program that touched on the highlights of the star's astonishing career ("Bombs dropped within yards of her" when she was a war correspondent) was rather hard to read. "Thus," it ended, "August 6th, 1945, marking Mrs. Luce's first appearance in the title role of George Bernard Shaw's famous comedy, becomes an important date to followers of the theatre everywhere."

"That atom bomb just barely nosed her out," said Mr. Stern.

A phonograph, no more than a murmur back in P, played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the distant curtain rose. Prossy and the curate, Morell and Mr. Burgess began their familiar lines.

"I can't hear a single word they're saying," whispered a lady behind me helplessly.

"Just take it easy," her escort said.

At nine-thirteen— for we were a little late in starting—Mrs. Luce appeared, as advertised, and there was a polite ruffle of applause. She moved somehow as if she were on wires, like a marionette, as if at any moment she might sail up

and away into the flies. Her delivery was tranquil and monotonous, the lines clear but not seeming to mean anything in particular.

Compared with those of Paul McGrath, Brenda Forbes, and Aubrey Mather, her accent seemed very American; the word “said” came out in two syllables—“sayad.” She was letter-perfect, though, and once, when Mr. McGrath fumbled a line, she glanced at him sharply. She looked very beautiful, even so small, so terribly far away.

In the intermission, the crowd in the lobby seemed bored and restless.

“When I saw Katharine Cornell ...” a girl began.

“You can have Cornell, too,” her companion said.

“She’s certainly a great little head patter,” remarked Mr. Stern to his wife.

“That’s probably because of the notices,” she explained. “They said she was cold.”

“I wonder if Shaw realizes what the hell is going on up here,” a thoughtful voice observed. “She keeps making these gestures like she was trying to scoop up something.”

A man who might have worked on Time was leaning against the box-office window. “All I know is they couldn’t find Kronenberger,” he said. “Maybe Luce is writing it himself.”

The second act was very like the first. Mrs. Luce and Dean Harens, as Marchbanks, offered an interesting-contrast in acting technique—she underplaying, or perhaps not playing at all but simply a lady reading, with pretty reverence, from the works of Bernard Shaw; he putting all he had into his performance, a mad poet working out in Stillman’s Gym. Mr. McGrath’s courteous Morell had a somewhat sardonic air. The play itself struck me for the first time as almost unbearably tedious and quaint; the audience laughed dutifully at the sorry, recurring joke about the madness of everybody in the cast, but it was clear that somebody had made a serious mistake. There was anticlimax in the rustling dark.

We left at the end of the second act. It had stopped raining and the

long drive home was sleepy and pleasant. At 125th Street, when the marching lights at Palisades Park spelled out that it was then ten fifty-three, somebody suggested a possible analogy between Mrs. Luce's active personal life and the part she had just been playing on the stage. Morell might be said to represent a career of public service, of dedication •and sacrifice; Marchbanks would be the theatre, bewildered and importunate but really sure and arrogant at heart. It was clear, of course, that her country's call must always take first place.

"Well, that would be O.K.," said Mr. Stern, and darted past a lumbering truck. —Wolcott Gibbs

•

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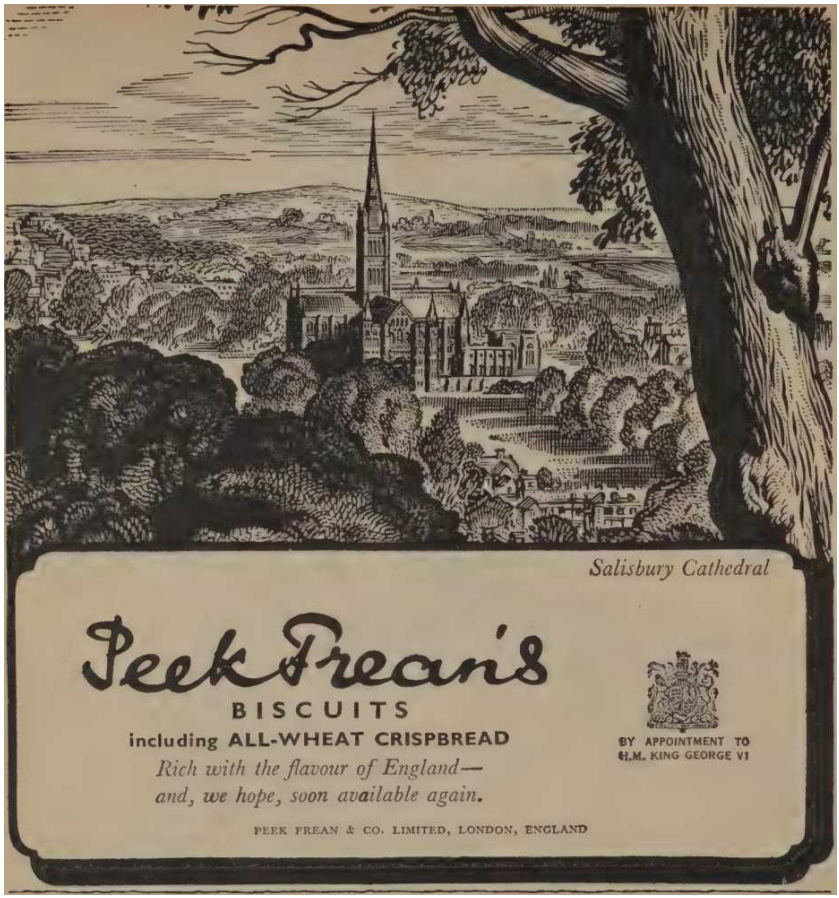

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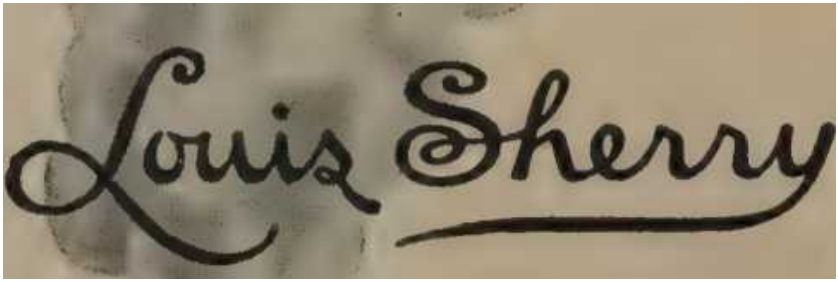

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OF ALL THINGS

EVERYBODY" is praying that men intelligent enough to invent the atomic bomb will have sense enough to know how to use it. Otherwise we shall have to admit that the atom was opened by mistake.

Brigadier General Farrell has shown us how quickly history becomes ancient these days. T he bomb that dropped on Nagasaki, he says, was far superior to the old-fashioned Hiroshima model.

It is obvious that the proprietors of the revolutionary weapon do not intend to share it with everybody. Certainly casual acquaintances will not be invited to drop in and split an atom with us.

•

The entrance of Russia into the fight must have convinced any doubtful Japs that they had lost themselves a war. Russia’s move brought Japan’s total of enemies up to thirty-five and its total of friends down to zero.

We are warned that not all the blessings of peace will come immediately after Japan's surrender. However, if the casualty lists can be abolished, the other blessings can wait.

Let us have pity on our unhappy congressmen. They were just beginning to rest up from their war job when they were called back to take up peace work.

•

Senators Wagner and Mead have issued a statement condemning Bilbo's insults to the racial minorities. Like a great many other people, these two statesmen do not seem to enjoy the Mississippian's nutlike flavor.

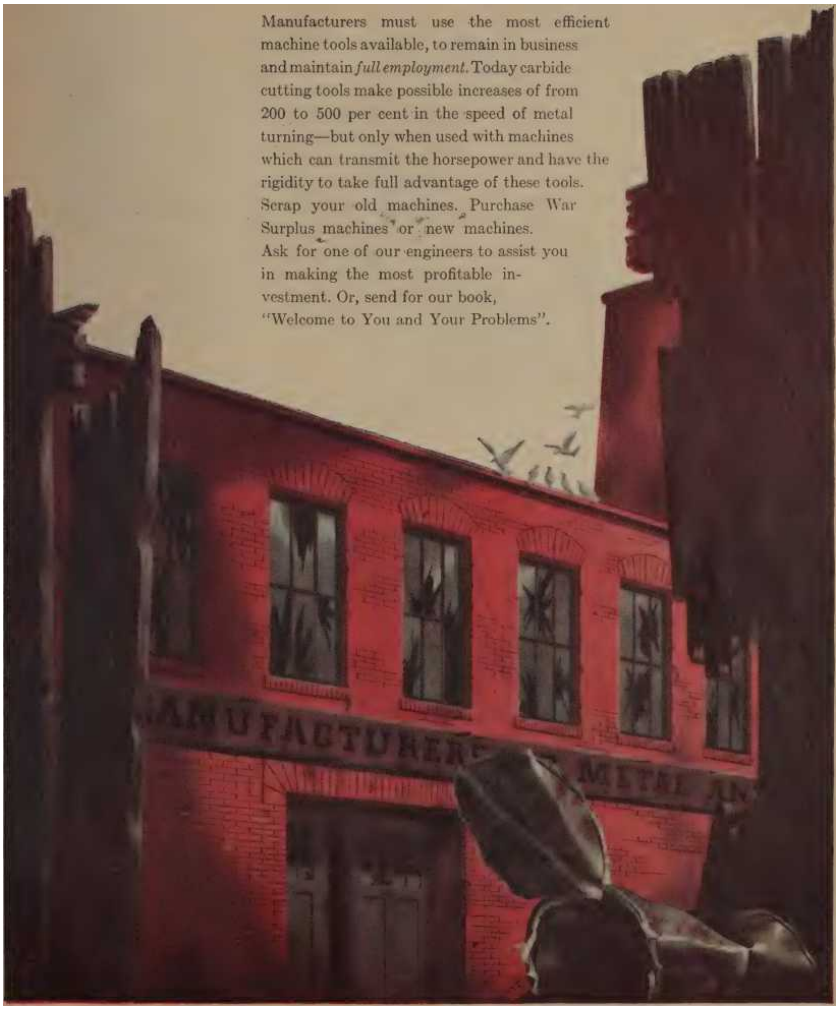
* It seems unlikely that Newbold Morris's candidacy will have any decisive effect upon the New York election. Scoffers say that the No Deal Party is going out on nothing but a pun and a prayer.

«

The Chinese will be very happy to be among those present when the Allies occupy Japan. After all, the Chinese have always wanted to repay the long visit the Japanese made them.

—Howard Brubaker

COSTS WILL MAKE THE DIFFERENCE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A REPORTER AT LARGE

A FEW days ago, in a midtown restaurant, I got talking to a chipper young man I'll call Edward Stone, and he told me what it's like for a discharged veteran to look for a job. Stone, who is twenty-four, had been a pfc in the infantry. He was seated opposite me at lunch in a crowded restaurant, and we started to talk about a headline in a newspaper I was reading that had to do with those sixty million postwar jobs. He said he had had enough trouble just getting one job for himself, which he had recently managed to do after three months of looking. "Not that I couldn't find jobs," he said quick-ly. "It was mostly a matter of getting into the swing of things again." I asked him if he'd mind telling me about his search. He said he'd like to, but he had to be getting back to work pretty soon. "Why don't you come around to my office about five-thirty this afternoon?' he said. "The boss and the others will be gone by then and we can talk."

Stone works for an exporting firm in the West Forties. He was waiting at his desk when I arrived. Stone, who admits to being a fairly self-confident young man—though he doesn't know why he should be—has reddish-brown hair and is occasionally told by admiring girls that he looks just like Mickey Rooney. He was in the Army for four years, was with the Third Division in Italy, and was wounded at Anzio while on a reconnaissance patrol during an enemy counterattack that nearly drove our forces off the beachhead. He was given the Silver Star for what he did on that patrol and the Purple Heart for his wounds. Stone's citation says that he helped to kill fifty German soldiers and capture fifty others and then "crawled fifteen yards, despite his wounds, to deliver vital intelligence to battalion headquarters." In Stone's opinion, this isn't entirely accurate. "I can give you my word of honor," he told me, "that I didn't crawl those fifteen yards just to deliver a message. I needed a doctor." Stone was hit in both legs by shell fragments, which cost him several toes, and suffered an aneurysm— or the permanent dilatation of a blood vessel—in his left ankle. After spending more than a year in hospitals in Italy and the States, he was honorably discharged a little over five months ago. Con-

 sidering what happened to him, he is in fairly good shape now. His legs become tired if he is on his feet long, but he is young and strong and manages to get around quite well.

It felt curious, Stone said, to be wearing a gray suit again and wondering what to do in the way of a civilian career. Overseas, the idea of being a civilian had seemed such a far-off proposition that nearly everyone he knew treated it as a gag. “When the fighting was quiet,” he said, “we’d sit around in foxholes or slit trenches and have a jaw session about jobs. A couple of the fellows I was with had it all doped out for themselves. They were going to run rum between Cuba and Florida. They figured that after a couple of years of that, it would be a cottage by a waterfall for them for the rest of their lives. One of them had a thirty-foot boat to bring the rum over. The other had a Cadillac and he was going to get a trailer to go with it so that when the stuff came ashore he could pick it up and cart it away. They had me cut in on the deal, too. I was going to find outlets for the merchandise in the States.” Stone laughed. “Then there was the jeep fleet,” he said. “A combine of us was going to buy a batch of surplus jeeps after the war and use them for a twenty-four-hour delivery service—liquor, pressed suits, anything. We had plenty of ideas, all right. Radio announcing was another one. Jesus, a lot of the guys—fellows who’d been truck drivers before the war— were going to be radio announcers or writers or painters or anything. They weren’t so sure they’d be any good at it, but they said that was what they’d al

ways felt like being. They said they'd seen too many of their buddies bumped off and they'd decided life was too short and that a fellow ought to be whatever he liked. Also, they were going to bring Americanism to Europe after the war. I mean, they were going to start hot-dog stands over there and teach the Europeans all about ice-cream sodas. When we'd think that maybe we were being a little screwy, we'd tell each other that the G.I. Bill of Rights would take care of us. I don't know how it was with the rear-echelon boys, but up front we had the idea that we'd seen the worst and a job would be a cinch. You go along day after day in combat and you get cocky about yourself and the whole world because the Germans have been shooting at you and haven't been able to hit you. We were cocky about jobs, too."

THE first thing Stone did after his discharge was to give the G.I. Bill of Rights a try. His education had stopped with evening high school and he wanted to continue it by studying business administration at Columbia. He gave up this idea when he discovered that the bill

provides only for tuition and subsistence and that he wouldn't be able to contribute to the family income. His father, a cotton-goods cutter, was ill and unable to work, and an older, married brother was helping out financially. "I wasn't too disappointed about Columbia," Stone told me. "Twenty-four isn't such a good age to start college. You have a couple of things on your mind that you might not have had a few years ago. Getting married, for instance."

So Stone set about looking for a job. The first thing he did was to go to the United States Employment Service, where a consultant told him that, since he was a veteran, he should get into nonessential work, because there were likely to be better and more permanent jobs in that field. "It was a good tip," he said, "but it didn't tell me what to do." He sounded out his parents, but they said they didn't want to tell him what to do because he was a big boy now and must have seen a lot in the war in Itai)'. His mother did suggest that he might have learned something in the Army that would be useful in civilian life. "I thought about that for a minute," Stone said, "and it was true, I had picked up a

Perhaps Los Angeles may never make quite that many, but Los Angeles manufacturers are going to try! Indeed, they have listed hundreds and hundreds of war-inspired inventions they plan to manufacture and sell when peace comes.

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m

HAPPY SHAVERS

couple of pointers in the Army. I'd been a rifleman, worked a bazooka, and could pitch a strike with a grenade. So I said to my mother, 'Ma, how would you like your Edward to be a holdup manr

Stone decided to look in on his old boss, mainly to make his parents think that combat hadn't changed him especially. "You know how older people are," he said. "They think that if you leave something

behind, you ought to go right back to it as soon as you can." He didn't expect much of his visit. "This fellow was a stinker before the war, and I was pretty sure it would take more than a war to change him," he said. "Always underpaying and overworking." The man owned a large millinery-supply house. Stone had worked for him for three years as a combination errand boy, shipping clerk, and occasional salesman. He greeted Stone effusively. "Boy," said Stone, "was he proud of me! Told me that from now on he was my father, not my boss. I told him that I'd like something better than my old job. I told him I was four years older now and, besides, I didn't think my legs would stand up under a full day's work lugging heavy bundles around. I said how about letting me be a salesman. 'Shipping clerks are what I need,' the boss says. 'But how much are you thinking of asking for this salesman job?'

" 'Fifty dollars a week,' I told him. I used to get thirty-two.

" 'You're crazy! ' the boss yells.

" 'But it costs more to live now,' [said. "'You're crazy!' he yells again. 'You don't know what you're talking about. You've got a fever. Go away. Come back when your head's right.'

" 'O.K , Daddy,' I said. 'I guess I'm not going to be your son.' "

Stone said that he didn't get sore, because he'd never felt that he had any future in that firm anyway and didn't really want a job there. "But I couldn't help thinking back on the way my pals and I used to talk about our bosses," he said, smiling. "I never met a poor man in the whole U.S. Army. To hear the guys talk, everybody in it had had wonderful jobs and fat pay envelopes. I used to brag about my boss too." Anyway, his parents were pleased that he had tried.

Stone kept on looking for work. He decided that he was going to hold out for that fifty dollars a week, which he figured would cover his own expenses and enable him to help out a little at home. He was far less clear about

what kind of work he wanted. For one thing, he was dogged by what he called a "security complex," which he says he picked up in the Army. He was continually bewildered by such problems as

ration books, what'tie to wear, and even menus. “You go into a restaurant,” he explained, “and you have to look up and down this Jong piece of paper and make up your mind. . You see that a ham sandwich costs a quarter, but then there’s this veal goulash, which you like better and which costs sixty-five cents. Now, the question is, which should I have? But some people say that a tomato salad is very good for you and I find that if I order a tomato salad to go with the ham sandwich it won’t cost me any more than the goulash, and where do we go from there? In the Army, you ate your three squares a day, and sometimes they were even warm. At the end of the month you got paid and you knew what you or anyone else was drawing. You were told exactly what to do, too. You took orders and shut up ' like a clam. It was all nice and settled ' and mapped out. If a fellow had little bars on his shoulders or three stripes on his sleeves, you knew what your attitude was supposed to be. We had two first sergeants in our outfit. One of them had been a street cleaner before the war and the other was a successful businessman with two secretaries, and both of them could make trouble for you. The only thing that could really go wrong in the Army was that you might get killed.”

Stone thought he wanted a job that would provide the same security, one that would last forever and pay him well, and in which his future would be as predictable as the contents of a C-ration can. He talked over the possibilities of Civil Service with some friends, but a seemingly unimportant detail that one of them happened to mention discouraged him. “This friend,” Stone told me, “said that you had to fill out a lot of long application forms. To hell with that. I had all the red tape I ever want in the Army.” He watched the ads in the papers. One of them led him to a tapioca factory. There didn’t seem to be anything wrong with the job except that Stone thought the company was too large. “Big corporations are something I stay away from,” he said. “The Army was one, and I didn’t get very far in it.”

Stone had been job-hunting for three weeks before he got something that apparently met his rather vague requirements. It was in the office of a toolmanufacturing firm on West Twenty-

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maturity your mirror will reflect a lovelier you. Begin now with

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fifth Street. He had two titles: assistant manager and office manager. As assistant manager, he ordered raw materials, such as plastic for screwdriver handles and tool steel for blades. As office manager, he told two girls who worked in the office what to file and, on occasion, dictated letters to them. The job pot little strain on his legs. He got his fifty dollars a week and was told that raises would follow. The firm was small, young, and successful, and it had plans for expanding after the war. “With a setup like that,” Stone said, “I couldn’t miss if I just hung around.” Soon, however, he decided that his job was too easy. It hardly ever took him more than three hours to do his day’s work, and the rest of the time he just sat around chatting with his girls or reading magazines or pretending to work, not to fool the manager, who dropped in from the plant for a couple of hours a day, but to kill time. “It certainly was the job I’d started out to find,” he said. “I felt a little like a nut, not liking it. But there was no life to it. I’d got used to being on the move and meeting up with new guys all the time and thinking I knew what was going on. Even in the Army hospitals there was a kind of life, with the nurses and doctors fussing over us and the U.S.O. entertainers dropping-in.” After three weeks with the tool company, Stone told the manager that either of the two girls could easily handle liis job and that he wasn’t worth his fifty a week. The manager said he was sorry. “In the Army, where there was nothing but orders, security was O.K.,” Stone said. “Outside, where you were on your own, with your likes and dislikes to go by, I didn’t think it was enough.”

WHEN Stone left the tool firm, he decided that from then on he’d look for work that was interesting; the security of the job would be of secondary importance. He laughed when he told me this. “Know what I tried to be?” he asked. “A radio announcer. Just what we were all going to be when we were sweating out Anzio.” He applied for a job at a broadcasting station and a man obligingly tested his voice. The test didn’t come off too well. “The man tried to let me down easy, but I gathered I was no Eric Sevareid,” Stone told me. Eor a long time, one of his notions had been that he’d like to do advertising layouts. Now he thought he’d give that a try. On a tip from a friend, he went to an advertising agency that needed a

layout man and intro-

duced himself to the head of the proper department, a kindly fellow of about fifty. The man asked what his experience had been. Stone said that he had none but that he thought he might have a talent for layouts. The man looked at him closely and shook his head. “That’s a veteran’s button you’ve got in your lapel, isn’t it?” he asked. Stone nodded. The man said he had two sons overseas in the Army and a daughter who was a Wave. “I like to think some stranger is helping them out, wherever they are,” he said. “I’d like to help you. I can’t hire you, but if you let me, I’ll try to teach you something about this trade. I don’t know how long it will take, but it won’t matter—I won’t charge you a cent.” Stone said that he had to earn money, thanked the man, and left.

Stone didn’t find these turndowns easy to take. “I was sure,” he said, “that those two men—the radio fellow and the advertising one—had tried to be decent to me, but that didn’t keep me from being sore as hell at them. I finally blamed it on the war. That’s been a favorite sport, I know, but I think combat had something to do with my getting peeved. I was expecting too much from civilians. I didn’t mean to, but I was probably remembering shellings and strafings while I was trying for those jobs. You go around with that stuff on your mind and after a while you start wondering why they don’t hand you the moon. It sounds dumb, and it is, but I’m just explaining how you can get. Then I’d tell myself that I’d had to be a soldier and that if I’d been ten years younger or twenty years older or had had heart trouble, I wouldn’t have been drafted.” Stone said that he felt he was lucky that the radio and advertising men had been so courteous to him. “If they hadn’t,” he explained, “I might still be holding onto an anti-civilian gripe.”

Now Stone began to suspect that he was making too much fuss about his problem. “I needed a job, all right, but I could see that I was blowing the whole thing up into something too big,” he said. “Before the war I’d have just gone out and taken the best thing that came along and then I’d have kept looking out for something better. I saw that that was still the only approach for someone like me.” The best thing just then looked like a job with a bakery-supply company down on Bond Street. It turned out to be a near miss. The

owner was a man to whom Stone took an immediate liking. He offered Stone a job as salesman at fifty a week and a generous

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expense account. Stone could see at once that the work, which involved a good deal of travelling, would be hard on his legs. “For some reason,” he told me, “I couldn’t get myself to explain to him about my legs. I just said I’d let him know my answer in a few days.” Stone immediately tried to get a car. He went around to the Veterans Service Center, on East Fortieth Street, to see what his chances were. A friendly official at the Center said that his best bet was to try for one of the surplus cars the Army is turning over to the Treasury Department for resale, and referred him to the automotive-sales branch of the Treasury, in the Empire State Building. There another friendly official at the information desk told him that he could buy a car only if he were a dealer and that even if he were, he would have to bid for it against other dealers. The official said that twenty veterans a day were coming in asking for the same thing and getting nowhere. The two of them got themselves nicely worked up, and Stone indignantly tried to go in and see the head of the bureau, but he was stopped at the door of the man’s private office. “I thought of writing my congressman,” he said to me, “but I’d never done that before and I felt it might be silly. So I wrote the bakery-supply man and said that I’d decided against taking his offer.”

Stone’s next step was to put an ad in the Times:

Situation Wanted: Combat Veteran, 24, Sales, pchsing bckgrnd. Industrious, intelligent.

He let the ad run three days and got a fair-sized batch of replies. “They sure need insurance salesmen in this town,” he told me. A few of the replies, however, weren’t from insurance companies. One of these was from a man who had invented a preparation for removing grease from the backs of seats in movie theatres. When Stone went to see him, he found that the man had crews of school kids demonstrating the stuff to theatre managers and wanted Stone to head up his sales force. Another answer to the ad was from a man in Brooklyn who was working out of two rooms and a kitchenette and claimed that he had invented a hair tonic that was going to revolutionize the tonsorial world. “A wonder product,” Stone said. “Had more vitamins than anything else on the market.”

Today these propositions seem absurd to Stone, but at the time he

gave them fairly serious consideration. It was only the low starting salaries, both around twenty-five a week, less taxes, that kept him from going to work for

B-R-R!

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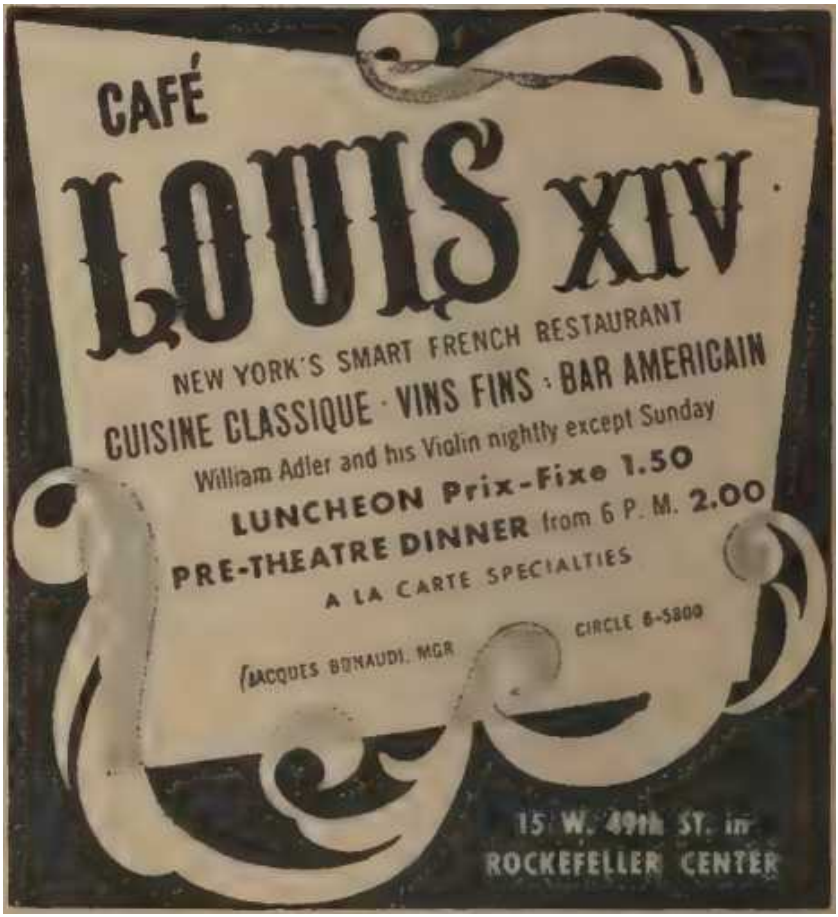
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cither the grease-spot man or the tonic man. “I had the feeling, listening to those two pioneers,” Stone said, “that maybe this was the way I was going to make my fortune, my pot of gold. Maybe it was because nobody in the Army made any promises, or at least not rosy ones. Before, when I’d been a civilian, I could tell a phony from the real thing pretty well. I began to get that knack again as I went along looking for a job.”

TRY as he would, Stone still couldn’t quite bring himself to follow his prewar policy of grabbing the best thing available at the moment. Something was always wrong—low pay, boring work, or too great a strain on his legs. A cloak-and-suiter wanted him to do nothing except butter up customers whose orders couldn’t be filled because of shortages. The owner of a small cosmetics factory offered him a job, for twenty-seven dollars a week, that he said only a man of culture and refinement could fill. It turned out that what the man wanted was a delivery boy. The head of a burglar-alarm service offered him a job handling customer complaints. At this establishment, Stone noticed a lot of signs warning the employees that they must be at work on time and must not leave early or lounge in the washrooms. Stone asked the boss why there wefe so manv of these signs. “I like discipline,” the man said. “I learned all about discipline with the Third Division,” Stone replied, and left. A family friend gave him a lead on a job with the export division of Warner Brothers that would pay extremely well, but it meant going to Europe. Stone’s parents urged him to take it. “I don’t ever want to go to Europe again,” he told them, and that was that.

A few days later, in a fit of anxiety, perhaps because he’d been looking for work six weeks now, he grabbed a thir-ty-dollar-a-week job as New York buyer for a chain of drugstores in the Midwest that wanted a man to scout around the city for items that were scarce—sun glasses, combs, towels, and so on. The job entailed a lot of running around to out-of-the-way wholesalers, which didn’t do Stone’s legs any good, but he kept at it for a month and was rewarded by an experience that had quite an effect on him. One afternoon he was at a wholesaler’s textile supply house, trying to get a rush order of three hundred towels filled and being elbowed by several other would-be buyers. Presently the manager of the place appeared

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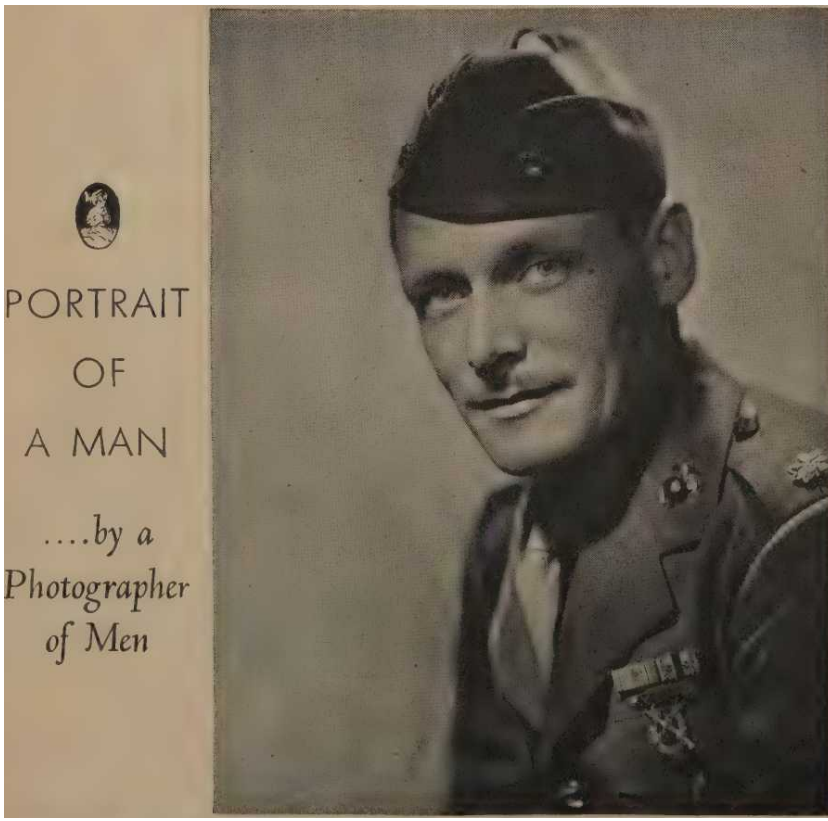

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and announced that there weren't any towels to be had. As the men were leaving the place, one of them nudged Stone and said, "A hell of a note when a veteran can't even get the stuff he needs to keep

himself in business!" Stone noticed that the other fellow was wearing a discharge button too, and asked, "Where'd you get hit?"

"Who got hit?" the man replied.

"Oh, well, how did you get the points?" Stone said.

"What points? Who got hit?" the man replied. "They gave me a medical discharge three months after I got in. But what's it to you? I was ready to risk my life for my country, wasn't I?"

"Sure, sure," Stone said. "You and your draft board."

Stone told me that he had got a kick out of running into this fellow. "There he was," he said, "with his little gold button, exactly like the one I had on. He and I knew the Army difference between ourselves, but we were in civilian life now, and as far as everybody else was concerned we were the same—a couple of veterans. He made me remember the rear-echelon outfits overseas and how browned off I used to get when I'd come out of the line for a few days' rest and see them with their comfortable billets and getting first crack at PX cigarettes. Not that I've anything against them. Dnn't get me wrong. They had a job to do and I might have been one of them myself if the Army had shuffled me differently. Still, I thought to myself, after that afternoon trying to buy towels, when those fellows come out they're going to look exactly the same as that guy at the textile place, and the same as combat veterans—all in civilian clothes, with those little gold buttons. I figured everything was going to be nice and mixed up. After I met that fellow, I saw all over again that there's a deal to everything, whether you're in uniform or out of it. The thing to do is to take care of yourself and make out as well as you can and forget the prima-donna stuff. That towel fellow came in handy for me."

The job was killing Stone's legs, but he was determined to stick to it until something he really liked came along. He did for a month, and then a friend told him of a fairly decent opening with an exporting firm. That's the job he has now. He has been with the firm for nearly three months and thinks he will stay on it for a while. "Sometimes," he said to me, "when I'm looking through the paper, I turn past the sports pages to the want-ad section, thinking that

maybe I'll find something better than what I've got. I probably will someday. I keep wondering and wondering what else I might be doing if I hadn't been in the damn war for four years. It's when I think that I'd be doing a whole lot better than I am that I turn to those want-ad pages." He laughed. "Anyway, I'm making that fifty bucks a week I started out for."

Stone's job is buying stuff to fill orders that foreign firms place with his company. He also arranges for export licenses and figures out the best routings. So far, the work has been rather interesting. "We got an order the other day for some paint from Afghanistan," he said. "And I know for a fact that they're stuck for sewing thread in South Africa. A nice way of travelling without leaving home."

He isn't nearly as bitter toward civilians as he used to be. There are still times, however, particularly when someone from a rival firm beats him out in bidding for a scarce commodity, that he feels like telling his competitor that he hadn't been a combat man just to be given the short end by a home-front patriot. That impulse, he assured me, occurs less and less frequently. He can tell that he is slipping into a civilian routine, because he is writing less to his buddies overseas. "Not that we won't have plenty to talk about when we meet up again," he said.

In a few years, Stone thinks, the sharp line between the people who were in uniform and those who stayed in mufti will disappear. Then, he figures, everybody will be trying in much the same way as everybody else to get what he's always wanted—a decent deal. For example, he says, a postwar depression may be one means—a tragic enough one, to be sure—of driving home the fact that everyone is in the same boat. "Yes, civilians are all right," Stone said vaguely, as though talking to himself. He looked up abruptly and grinned. "Listen to me, will you?" he said. "I wonder who I think I am, talking about them that way."

"Well, who would you say you were?" I asked.

He was silent for a moment and then smiled engagingly. "I'll tell you who I am," he said. "I'm a civilian now, just like yourself."

—Daniel Lang

5—THE BALLAD AND THE SAUCE (Rosamond Lehmann)—From a list on the book page of the Boston Herald.

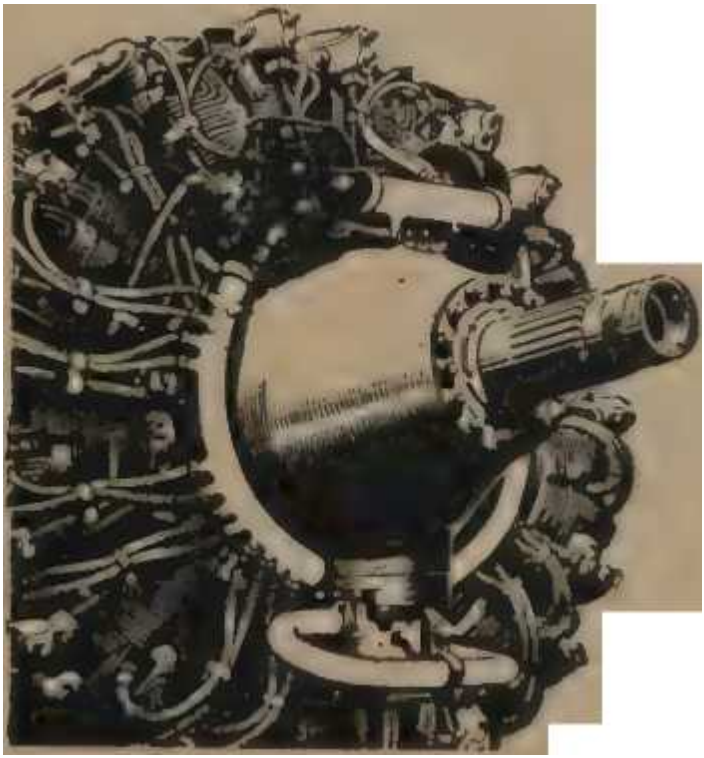
Sounds awfully rich.

After Chicago tried vainly for years to bring the Atlantic to its door via the St. Lawrence Seaway, five men in Washington signed a piece of paper and lifted the Windy City, plus Detroit and Washington, into the class of transatlantic ports.

That paper was a Civil Aeronautics Board decision awarding Atlantic air routes to Pan American, TWA and American Export. It also allowed PAA to fly direct from Chicago, Detroit and Washington, plus three Atlantic port cities. Since TWA and American Export are already tied in with nationwide routes, it may soon be possible to take a Wright Cyclone-powered plane for Europe direct from any spot in the nation, instead of flying to New York to change planes.

The long-awaited decision means two important things: real air transportation that ignores shore lines and American leadership on world air lanes.

In the boom days, American steamship lines had tough competition from foreign ships featuring foreign foods, accents, customs, costumes and concerts. "You were in ”Quaint Old Grau-stark” the minute you stepped aboard. On a fourteen-day crossing, the “old world” atmosphere was played to the hilt to cure boredom.



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Any one of these three airlines will put you in Europe in about 14 hours. Maybe less. And since you have to sleep somewhere, why not

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Atlantic? You land next morning anywhere you wish from Spain to Norway. If it's a vacation, you get fourteen days of real foreign life on a two week's trip. If it's business — most likely for some time— the plane gives you die same 14 full days in Europe.

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Not since American clipper ships ruled the seas a century ago has there been anything like today's trend in transport. For American flight equipment is the world's best. Other nations followed our clipper designs a hundred years ago; today many are seeking American planes. So when you fly world routes, you are likely to be flying in American planes. And most likely they will be powered with Wright Cyclone engines.

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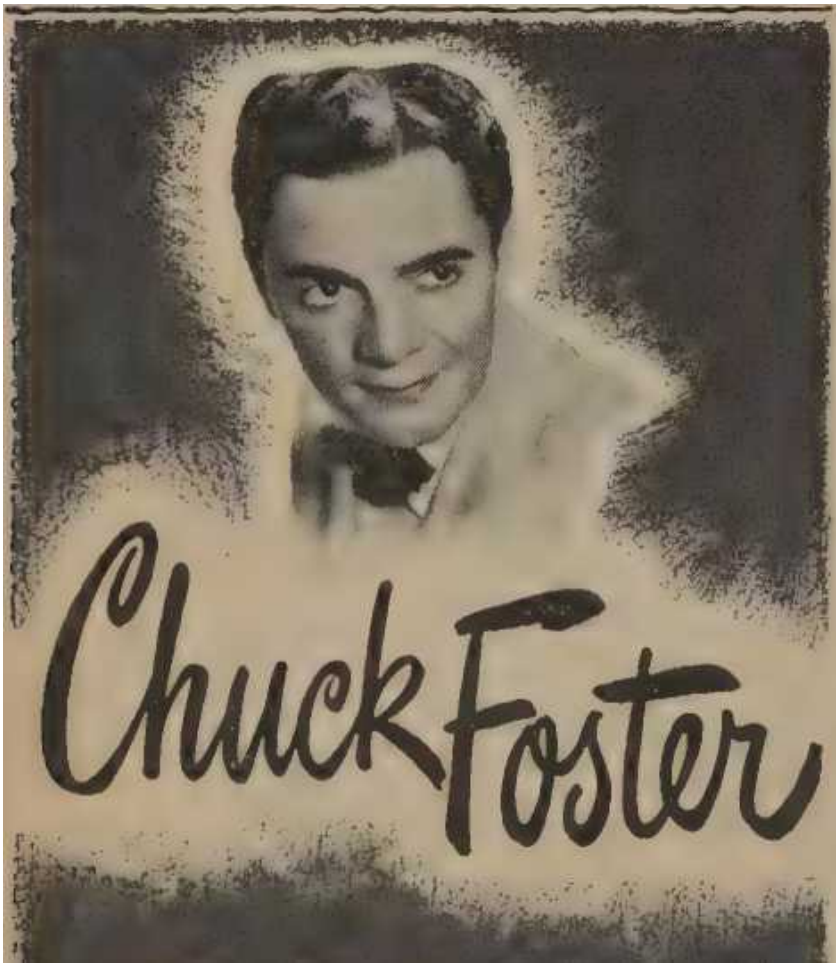

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THE ARRIVAL

WE had not received mail for five months. It was no one's fault; our little Navy ship was on the go so much that the mail just couldn't catch up with her. Every time we got into port, the mail orderly went ashore with the heaving lines, and each time he came walking back toward the ship with a limp sack on his shoulder. As the months went by with no word from home, I could see that the strain was beginning to show on all of us. There were forty-eight of us aboard, and inevitably the lapse of mail had caught a few of us in some crisis in our lives. The chief boatswain's mate's wife was about to have a baby when he left. By now, if everything had gone all right, the baby must be almost five months old and, as the chief once told me bitterly, must be either a boy or a girl. His attitude had changed a lot during the five months. When he had come aboard, he had talked almost continually about his forthcoming issue. As the days went by, he mentioned the subject less and less, and during the fifth month he did not talk about it at all.

The quartermaster had been having trouble with his wife and was afraid that she would divorce him. I think he loved his wife and was very much worried. He told me once that he had had no business marrying above his station in life. All his wife's male relations were officers, he said, except her brother, who was a private in the Army. In the last letter he had received from her, she had said that she was considering leaving him.

The quartermaster and the chief boatswain's mate were the two whom the lack of mail hurt most. Then there were five or six newly married youngsters who were in the sort of continual emotional crisis that a barely consummated marriage brings and that only a steady stream of letters can soothe. The rest of us just wanted mail the way a man in a strange land wants to see a familiar face.

It was, therefore, quite an event when, after five months, the mail

orderly came running down to the ship at a port we had put into and said that not only was there mail but it would be necessary to arrange for a truck to bring it down to us. As commanding officer, I went myself to telephone Transportation, but I was told that no truck was available. Just as I was coming back to the ship to tell the crew that they would have to wait a little longer, the port director arrived in his jeep with some official messages. When I ex-

OF THE MAIL plained the situation to him, he agreed not only to let us use his jeep as a mail truck but to drive it himself. With the help of two seamen, we took the top down, and the director set off. Within an hour the jeep returned, so loaded down with sacks of mail that it looked like a hay wagon.

The whole crew turned out to hustle the mail aboard. I had expected to see a great deal of boisterousness and gaiety, and I was surprised to find that an almost worried silence prevailed. The men formed a line and passed the mail sacks aboard with the care, hurry, and perturbed lack of comment that they might have displayed if they were passing full buckets of water to a fire. It seemed to me that the wardroom was the best place to sort the mail, so I ordered it piled there. When all the sacks had been stacked around the wardroom table, there was barely room for the yeoman and me to sit down and do the sorting. The crew jammed the passageway outside and a few even pushed into the wardroom. They kept their caps on, but it was not, I felt, a moment to insist upon the refinements of military discipline. A machinist's mate appeared with a pair of pliers to tear off the wire-and-lead seal at the neck of every bag. The yeoman and I waited while he opened the first one. The wire on it was tough, and he had to twist it many times before it broke. Then he pulled open the mouth of the bag, lifted the bag over the table, and spilled out in front of us a cascade of brightly colored air-mail envelopes. I looked up and saw that the door to the wardroom was jammed with men's heads. There were the heads of people kneeling, people crouching, and people standing, so many heads at so many levels that no bodies could be seen. The effect was rather weird. Everyone's eyes were searching the letters on the table. No one put his hand out toward the letters, but there was in the eyes . of the men a look one sees in the eyes of a well-trained dog looking at a forbidden piece of meat.

The yeoman and I quickly sorted the mail, one pile for the deck force, one for the black gang, and one for the smaller departments. Each pile was given to a chief petty officer, who, followed by his men, retired to the deck to conduct a routine mail call. After that, as each sack was sorted, we handed the petty officers further piles of mail. It seemed more reasonable not to make the men wait until we had been through all the bags and sorted everything, in-

eluding the official mail. The result was that many small mail calls were held, and there was a good deal of confusion and suspense as the men opened their letters out of the sequence in which they had been written. If a man didn't get a letter in one mail call, he had only to wait five minutes for another.

AT last all the mail sacks were empty T* and I went to my cabin to read my own letters. When, half an hour later, I went on deck, I found the crew dispersed all over the ship. Each man was sitting alone, with a pile of letters beside him. The desire for privacy was so great that men were sitting in out-of-the-way places. I saw men in a lifeboat and on the gun platform, and one man had retired with his letters to the crow's nest. For the better part of an hour there was no conversation. Looking at the intent faces of the readers, I realized that, to promote a mutiny, all I would have to do would be to call the men to cleaning stations at that moment.

At the end of an hour the tenseness bad lessened, and the men began to forsake their isolated spots. Friends drifted together. It surprised me to see the politeness with which each man examined any photograph handed to him. Almost everyone had received a photograph of some member of his family. One little seaman was walking around the deck, stopping everyone who came along to show him a picture of his wife. "Very nice," I heard a bearded gunner's mate say to him. "She sure is pretty." There was also a great deal of reading aloud from letters. From what I could hear, most of the quotations were not very startling or witty, but the)' were all accorded a respectful attention. This atmosphere of brotherhood and peace lasted the rest of the day, and it was a long while before I heard the customary language of the deck.

I went back to the office to have a look at some of the official mail. While I was tearing open the envelopes, the chief boatswain's mate

came in and told me that he was the father of “a daughter who’s going to grow up to be the prettiest girl in Pennsylvania—and the hardest to get! ” •

I didn’t hear from the quartermaster till next day. Then he came to mv cabin to ask about legal aid. There had been no letter from his wife for him, but the divorce papers, with a short note from her lawyer, had come in his mail. “Well,” he said, “it’s nice to be certain, anyway. Those five months not knowing what was happening were tough.”

—Sloan Wilson

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FA5HION5

THAT neat and feminine college girl I've been hearing about for years and years seems

at last to have reached the campus. Perhaps women's military training has something to do with it. Or perhaps the designers and the shops have finally put the idea across. Certainly the College Shops in the big stores are doing more than their share to win girls

away from Sloppy Joe sweaters and baggy skirts.

Lord & Taylor would like them to wear a close-fitting, button-down-the-back, long-sleeved turtleneck blouse of wool jersey (a Lana Turner figure would be a help for this) and a wool skirt that has fullness somewhere and is topped with a leather or fur belt at least two inches wide, cinched tight to make a wasp waistline. Sometimes this fullness is achieved with soft, unpressed pleats smack down the front of a skirt; sometimes it is done with pockets that protrude at the hips. A number of the skirts are pleated all the way around. The skirts are of tweed or of lighter wools, cost $14.95, and come in gray, black, ginger, or navy. The blouses run from $9.95 on up and come in the same shades, plus green, which college girls dote on, or at least L. & T. seem to think so. Over these j'ou should add, they tell me, one of their wine- or cocoacolored tweed doublets—a nice change, but not too drastic a one, from the perpetual pinafore dress. And/or on nippy days, you may further add a ginger-toned fleece little-boy's jacket with a Peter Pan collar and a cheerful canary-yellow cotton lining; $35. You can, in fact, work out all sorts of chameleon changes, assumin you think that a chameleon is the thing to be nowadays. For extra-special dates, you might prefer to top the works with a more formal black tweed waistlength monkey jacket; $19.95. If you are an old diehard and deviation from convention troubles you, you can fall back on the wonderful assortment of regulation Scotch sweaters. Further news; this place now has kilts in neutral tweeds, in addition, of course, to the usual

can offer you the very best sort of tailored dresses, many of which, with a change of accessories, could be worn from the schoolroom right out to dinner. A classic brown-and-white checked ray-on-and-wool fly-front affair has, as its sole adornment, a narrow leather belt that, in the course of its journey, runs through the top of the dress's solitary, and huge, pocket. A lime-green wool-and-rabbit's-hair number has, for its distinguishing characteristic, lanternshaped short sleeves. A two-piece one, of the same fabric, has a powder-blue tuck-in top, deep armholes, rounded shoulders, and three-quarter sleeves. (This sleeve business, by the way, is the momentary fad for women of all ages.) The full dirndl skirt is made of vertical powder-blue, raspberry, white, mulberry, and lavender strips sewn

together. Beautiful! Prices, $29.95 to $39.95.

Saks-Fifth Avenue's Seventh

Heaven for College and Career Shop is on, ingeniously enough, the seventh floor. Saks seems fond of multistriped wool jersey blouses with a gray, pink, or aqua ground. These may have no collars and sleeves, or else have

standing collars, deep armholes, and three-quarter sleeves, or else have long sleeves, turtle necks, and pleats at the shoulders, to make you look broad on the top deck even if you weren't born that way. All are $14.95 or $17.95. They are to be either tucked inside of or worn outside of the high-waisted black, brown, gray, or gold wool skirts that this establishment provides, at $14.95, to go with them. The com- * bination looks awfully good. Saks thinks highly of a two-piece dress made of a rayon gabardine that is supposed to be almost uncrushable. It has a blouse with graceful pleats down both sides of the back and a skirt with a contrasting four-inch-wide knitted waistband that gives a nice trim look. Each piece is $11.95.

Perhaps the people here were simply I feeling the heat when they thought up the colors, which are, so help Saks, Dawn Patrol beige, Sky-Flier gray, Shangri-La chamois, and Algiers red. But don’t let it bother you; the dress is a humdinger.

Saks also has a fine group of mascu-linely tailored worsted suits at $39.95, and you must know how hard it is to ' find good ones. The single-breasted

tartans.

Lord & Taylor, as always,

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Macys

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With this gold-buttoned,

winter bioride wool jersey dress. Miss Carnegie recommends Amur," her cream face powder with a pink lone glow to warm its pale purity.

IMMEDIATE WEAR SALON ^^ 42 EAST 49th STREET, NEW YORK 17

jackets have various necklines and are done in solid colors, stripes, plaids, or checks. For women from their teens on up. Wool gabardine suits trimmed with hand-stitching are the same price. There are equally good topcoats here, among them a honey of a hound's-tooth check affair with a wide collar, pointed lapels, and a belt across the back. I thought it was particularly nice in green-and-white, but it comes in several other shades, all at $55. I don't believe I'd ever seen a heather-colored covert-cloth coat until I bumped into one at Saks. It's severely tailored, handsome, and $69.95.

Peck & Peck have always been the college girl's friend, though they have no department dedicated to or even named for her. Even their classic suits have a skillful and novel trick or two about them. A red-and-green plaid tweed cardigan, at $18.50, has a green tweed skirt with plaid inserts beneath the kick pleats, at $9.95. This skirt shows a nice flash of color when you're walking. A maroon, green, or brown flannel suit has a jacket with a one-button fastening and gray flannel trimming the keyhole neckline; $19.95. With this goes a skirt that matches either the jacket or the trimming. As for other tricks, Messrs. P. & P. have a brand-new black wool and rayon gabardine raincoat that you can wear hindside before, I forget why. It has a standing collar, sloping shoulders, a yoke with gathers beneath, and a self belt. When buttoned down the back it looks very much like a dress; even the pockets are placed correctly. I can't think that it's intended only for backward girls. It's $29.95, and it can be worn in any kind of weather. If you are thinking ahead to cooler days—and you are, all right—you might take a peek at the Peck fleece Balmacaan topcoats. The wool is so warm, I hear, that an interlining is unnecessary.

P. & P. are proud of their just-above-knee-length shorts, which they say lots of colleges will let students wear to class. You can get them in plaid wool or in gray flannel, for $8.95. The management here

would like to see them worn with a dark-green unpiped blazer. Oh, yes, I nearly forgot; there are plaid wool shirts, for $12.95, and slacks, for $19.95, that are just about perfection. The material is so soft it feels the way wool used to feel in our woolier days.

IT was inevitable, I guess, that adaptations of General Eisenhower's battle jacket would spring up around town almost before he had departed. Macy's

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colorfully embroidered os the daisies on these exquisitely sheer Swiss beauties. .And in a

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and Saturdays; S? Womaato Uniform

Tht Waldorf-Astoria

natural-color poplin raincoat, which is $10.29, is one of the nicest versions I've found, because it is attractive enough to be worn in good weather too. ■ Traditional double-breasted greatcoats in natural poplin, and untraditional R.A.F. blue and navy poplin, all at $35, now have separate brown alpaca-and-mohair button-in linings, which are $14.95. Handy for the nastiest winter day.

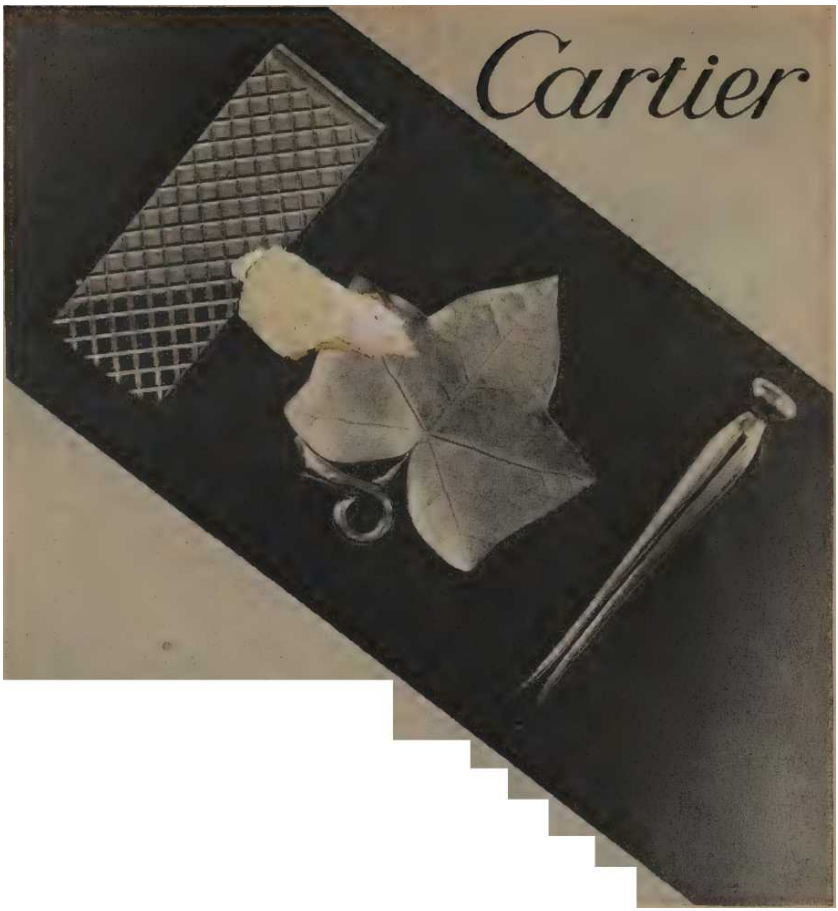
Next, a double-breasted short bath' robe that looks like a raincoat—well, this is the summer for talking about raincoatsˆ isn't it?—has one enormous patch pocket big enough to hold all sorts of clutter; $8.39, in white, coral, aqua, or navy rayon.

IT seems as though Altman expects all girls to end up on the stage, for many of the clothes in its College Shop make you think of ballet costumes. Fven the juke box there plays ballet music. It can't just be a coincidence. The dinner and evening clothes in this group are real charmers. Short, but not too short, dresses have black rayon velvet bodices and gay plaid rayon surah skirts. They are accompanied by the briefest possible rayon velvet jacket, v/hich you could wear to tea and then shed when you go out dancing. Two-piece dresses have a black wool jersey tailored shirt with a straight-across neck and long, tight sleeves and either a short or long Roman-striped rayon taffeta skirt. For real parties, Altman has black or white marquisette long dresses, with tiny shoulder straps and billowing skirts stiffened at the sides to give you a nice little waistline. They are thoroughly enchanting. Only $15.95 to $22.95 f>r all this grandeur.

Ballet exercise clothes are the theme for college lounging outfits.

(Altman has the bit in its teeth for fair.) Bright red wool jersey overblouses with deep, square armholes, long sleeves, and split, turnover collars are supposed to be worn with red-and-white striped wool jersey shorts that look to me like men's nineteenth-century bathing trunks. A black wool jersey shirt with a high cowl neckline is accompanied by long tights ("id a hip-length yellow tweed apron that ties around the waist. All of these are $39.95—but how could a girl keep her mind on her studies?

Bloomingdale goes on year after year showing the nicest longsleeved shirts. This time they appear in Tattertooth rayon flannel (a happy combination of the two checks, in case j uu were wondering, and a not so hap-



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leaf clip, $152 Prices include 20% Federal Tax.

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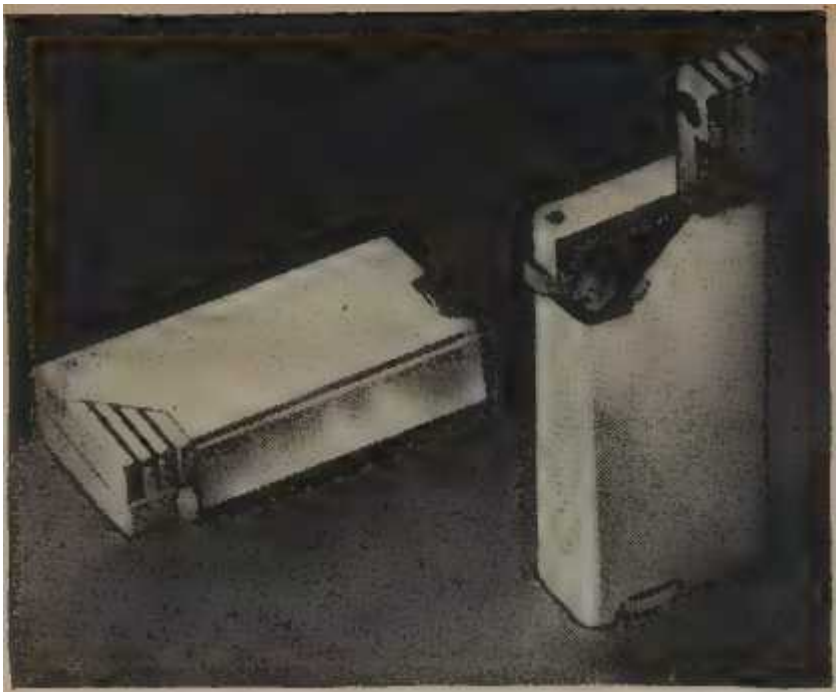

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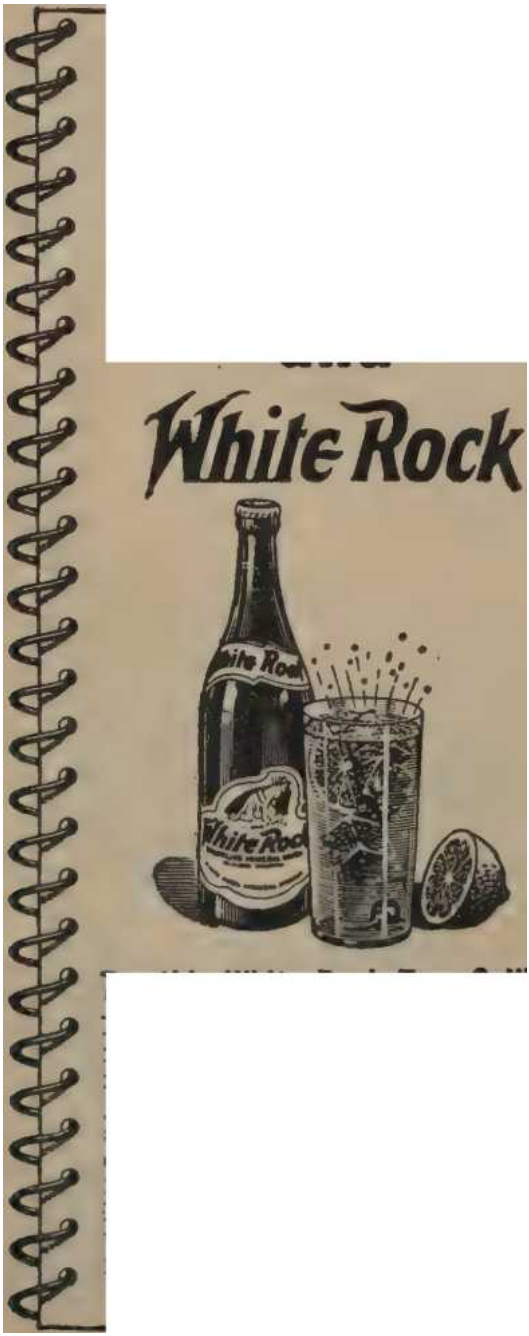

Try this White Rock Tom Collins!

Put 1 level tablespoonful of sugar in a tall glass. Dissolve thoroughly in a little White Rock wate . Add juice of 1 lemon (or 2 small limes) and stir. Add cracked ice (or ice cubes) then 1% jiggers of gin— 2 oz. plus. Fill glass with White Rock Sparkling Mineral Water— the tangy mixer that improves flavor. Stir slightly, and drink. Um-m-m!

py combination of their names) or in Kelly green, red, maize, and pink ray-on-and-Aralac fabric. The last color, strangely, is one of the 'most popular shades, according to Bloomingdale, who may very well know. That feminine trend I have been hearing about, no doubt. Both varieties of shirt are $4.95. Wool ones in practically the same colors are $5.95. Bloomingdale is also a place to find inexpensive wool sweaters that look hand-made. These are in black as well as colors and begin at $5.50. The Eisenhower battle jacket has resulted here in a gray flannel suit. It is so modified, though, that you would probably never recognize it unless it bit you. The jacket is collarless and has a. double row of small silver-metal buttons going primly down the front, and the skirt has a kick pleat; $29.95. The matching bonnet flaunts a flippant feather.

Best has breezed in with as splendid date dresses as I have laid my eyes on in quite a while, at from $15.95 to $35. There is a two-piece blue-gray wool dress that looks like a suit, rigged out with two heart-shaped brown lapin pockets. A fancier one, in black rayon velvet, has a high neckline demurely banded with ermine, whose tails form a short jabot. The wide, round neck and the cape sleeves of a one-piece black rayon velvet dress are edged with diminutive scalloped braid. Nor is there anything that suggests the schoolroom about natural-color rabbit's hair-and-wool jersey tailored dresses, especially when their collarless necklines are studded with fine gold nailheads and when jet trims the self buttons and tailored belt of a beige fly-front number. Of course, who wants to suggest the schoolroom? —M. M.

•

Among those questioned by Sergeant McCann was Joseph ("Gunboat") Mastropole, 33, of Fair Lawn, the lower part of whose body was recovered from the Hudson River at Edgewater last week.

—Passaic {N.J.) Herald-News.

Well, if a man is going to be questioned, it’s nice to have everything complete.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[Louella Parsons in the Journal-American}

Doris Stein, Frances Goldwyn, and Virginia Zanuck all wore especially attractive gowns. Ann Warner’s new hairdo was much admired. Cary Grant seemed to be having an awfully good time. He came alone.

We beg to nix a maxim

Maxims and capsule-sayings are fine and estimable things.

But every so often, one of them turns out to have a pink note in it. Like this one: "Expectation is always better than Realization.”

We found a hole in

this fine maxim years ago. We came upon this aperture through a cheese, of all things. This particular cheese is called "Liederkranz,” after a famous old New York

State singing society. And what a cheese!

Words can’t convey its superb, golden, well-roimded flavor. You

have to try it yourself—after which Expectation can go stand in the corner.

For Liederkranz is utterly distinct from all other cheeses! However good you expect it to be—ifs better! It's mel

low as the note of a silver flute. It's robust and velvety-smooth and ... what's the use?

Words to describe Liederkranz are not yet minted. Try mouth

watering Liederkranz — and perhaps you'll come up with them!

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THE CIMKENT CINEMA

Dowi 'with Nothing

“HpHE Southerner,” a moving I picture that seems to have stirred up a minor critical tempest in Dixie teapots, actually tells, in a romantic and disinfected way, just about the same story as “Tobacco Road,” with a succession of melodramatic disasters substituted for the economic forces that destroyed the Lesters and a hearty sort of com-edv, usually based on somebody throwing something, for the shocking humor of

a people so used up and degraded that ˆhey were no more than parodies of hu-ipan beings. The hero and heroine are what Jeeter and his wife conceivably might have been before a surfeit of turnips and a houseful of eccentric relatives had addled them beyond repair. There is the same tendency, though tempered by the Hays Office, to reason with God about the farm problem; the same trick of proclaiming a spiritual identity with the soil bv letting a handful of it trickle through the fingers; the same sardonic understatement in the face of calamity (“This place could stand considerable tidying up,” the hero remarks on finding himself in a house with only half a roof); and, in spite of a contrary note of hope at the end, the same impression that the tenant farmer is an anachronism with no particular future in our American economy.

Zachary Scott and Betty Field are certainly more comely than their theatrical prototypes—Mr. Scott wears his rags like a king and has a certain noble fixity of expression, while Miss Field, her nose and accent only becomingly smudged with dust, wears neat dungarees and a sporty felt hat that Peck & Peck would surely endorse for an afternoon in the cotton fields. They are, however, Lesters in embryo, or Lesters cleaned up for a medium that can imagine

practically everything about poverty except its sour smell, and a good many of their associates first appeared in Erskine Caldwell, too—Grandma, a terrible bundle of old rags, this time unfortunately vocal; a half-witted boy who is Dude Lester all over again; a tough, hardheaded landowner who replaces the Bank as a symbol of exploitation; and a child with pellagra, vaguely the equivalent of Ellie Mae and her harelip.

While the picture owes its basic design to Mr. Caldwell's play, the forces arrayed against its hero are not an exhausted soil or the irresistible invasion

of money and machinery or even hereditary debility. It is much simpler and more exciting than that. An irascible neighbor tries to destroy Mr. Scott's vegetable garden and then to carve him up with a jackknife (they are reconciled by a common enthusiasm for fishing, which seems fortunate) ; his son falls -ill and, taking him to a doctor in town, he is involved in a fine, murderous brawl in a saloon; and a storm wipes out his crop, and in the course of it

he rescues his best friend from a raging torrent. Since "The Southerner" apparently attacks nothing except the local climate (if there is a sneer at the sharecropping system, it's almost imperceptible), it is hard to see how it could upset anybody politicallv, even Senator Bilbo. Its aesthetic effect, of course, is something else.

Captain Eddie," a semi-official biography of Eddie Rickenbacker, starring Fred MacMurray, ought to contain material for an interesting picture, since the subject has led an active, crowded life. The unfortunate fact, however, is that it is quite a dull one. There are the inevitable shots of racing cars plunging from the speedway at Indianapolis and dogfights with von Richthofen's Circus and interminable ones of Rickenbacker and his seven companions adrift on rubber rafts in the Pacific, but most of the time we are just asked to consider the hero's courtship and marriage, which seem to have been amiable though somewhat routine. He danced the one-step with her to the tune of "The International Rag" and took her driving in primitive automobiles which had a disconcerting habit of blowing up and frightening the horses. The humor of this special period has been explored too often to provide any particular

surprises, but it is pleasant enough in a broad, familiar way. The film industry being primarily dedicated to entertainment, it was obviously considered wiser not to go into Mr. Rickenbacker's ideas about labor. That may have been a mistake, because they are kind of funny too. —W. G.

♦

The Atomic Bomb could mean, among other things, that this is the last Saratoga meeting at Belmont. —The Post.

IP hat other things, for Heaven's sake?

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LETTER FROM VENICE

August 4 (by wireless) GREAT little town, in its day, for wars of its own, Venice has survived this latest war, at least

physically, with a minimum amount of change. Even the Germans seem to have sensed that whoever destroyed Venice—master race or no master race —would destroy something of himself. Of course, they reverted to form at the very end and threatened to blast the place from its pilings unless the Partisans on the near-by Lido would

agree to withhold their fire and let them surrender to the Allies instead. Because they loved Venice, the Partisans re-luctantly agreed. The day the Allies took over, thousands of Venetians, impelled by some ancient and mystic sense of kinship with their city, surged spontaneously into the Piazza San Marco and, without any apparent direction from anybody, began removing the sandbags protecting the marhle-and-mosaic fagade of St. Mark's and the Palace of the Doges. "Merely a matter of Venice once again becoming Venice," a man who participated told me quietly. But things are not quite the same. The Germans mined the port and its approaches, and although the work of spotting and clearing away the mines is practically completed—with the help, incidentally, of a U.S. Navy blimp— only last week a ferryboat hit a mine and was blown up. Sixty people were killed. Some mines have drifted into the canals, but so far no gondolas have been blown up. Evidently the Germans expected an Allied invasion from the Adriatic, for they turned the Lido into a strongly defended place, cutting down rows of trees along the road running parallel to the sea, installing concrete bunkers all over the island, destroying a pavilion to ensure better observation, and strewing the beach with barbed wire and other paraphernalia of seaside war. Today, freshly painted green, blue, and yellow cabanas stretch along the beach once again. The island has become a rest center for Allied troops, who can lie in the sun as long as they want but are earnestly requested not to swim beyond the hundred-yard mark. Mines.

THERE were not many Germans in Venice, but it had become a refuge for innumerable southern Italian Fascists and their families,

who fled

there after the fall of the Mussolini government. “The bastards felt perfectly secure,” a British Military Government official told me. “They were so utterly confident we would never touch a hair of Venice’s head that during our several bombardments of shipping in the harbor they stood on rooftops all over town and watched the show.” The Partisans picked off quite a few of the Fascists the day before the Allies arrived and subsequently celebrated their victory by racing through the canals in

speedboats, exuberantly taking pot shots at the windows of suspected enemies.

1 he Germans, during their stay, neither ate the pigeons in the Piazza San Marco nor looted any of the great public buildings. The Venetians took all the pictures off the walls of the Palace, as they did.in the last war, and stored them in the basement. More than half of them are once more in place, and Tintoretto’s “Paradise,” perhaps the biggest oil painting in the world, is about to be put back in the Flail of the Great Council. Along with the four bronze horses from the fagade of St. Mark’s, the winged lion and the statue of St. Theodore, which had crowned the two columns that stand near the water’s edge of the Piaz-zetta, now share the Palace’s courtyard.

Prices are high enough here, but they’re low in comparison with those in Rome. A man’s shirt that sells for the equivalent of thirteen dollars here would cost at least forty there. Public utilities are functioning, but there is an acute shortage of food, mostly because of the lack of transportation on the mainland. Gondolas are the gondoliers’ sole livelihood, so none of them have been requisitioned by the Allies, who do all their official travelling by buffalo, duck, and the more orthodox motor launches. Today’s traffic signs say: “Speed limit eight miles per hour on Grand Canal, all other canals five miles per hour.” “Ducks allowed on Grand Canal on local details only.” Launches creating excessive wash will be impounded.”

Naturally, the gondoliers, whose at-titude toward life is roughly that of a Brooklyn-born cab driver, have been a problem, though

not a serious one, to Allied authorities. They appear to have lost their heads when we arrived, for they began charging completely un-

reasonable rates. After one high-ranking British official was given the choice of paying seventeen dollars for having himself and baggage moved down a short stretch of the Grand Canal or of sv imming for it, the authorities announced a price ceiling of forty cents from the Piazzale Roma, where the causeway from the mainland ends, to any point in town. Before long they cut this price in half. Then the gon-dr liers, who have a strong union, went on strike for three days. One fink gondolier was summarily brought into line; bis colleagues sank his boat and hit him over the head with an oar. Happily for the gondoliers, the price ceiling is not always observed. Fascinated by the gondolas and in a holiday mood, Allied troops lavishly overpay both gondoliers and ganger, the madmen who stand on shore with boat hooks and, screeching like parakeets, abusively help land the craft.

WHAT the Fitzpatrick travelogues would call “the magic potion of ever-changing, never-changing Venice” has had its effect on visiting Allied troops. I realized this the other evening while gliding with a group of them down the Grand Canal at sunset. The conducting officer in charge of our party was a brisk and dapper American major who had been stationed in Venice for some weeks. Back home he had done some sort of publicity business and had escorted the healthiest family in Utah to the New York World’s Fair. “Well, folks,” he said to us, “I’m going to give you the forty-five-cent tour! I’ve been in Naples, I’ve been in Rome, but Venice beats them all. I knew it was different the minute I saw the place.” We barely missed colliding with a buffalo. “Sound your horn!” cried the major. “Well, I arrived in my jeep at the Piazzale Roma and asked an M.P. how to reach the Hotel Europa. ‘Sir,’ he said, ‘you’re at the end of the line. P rom here on this city is built entirely on water.’ Yes, sir, entirely on water. Note that church now—just like a neighborhood church.” We slid past Santa Maria della Salute. “Every home a palace,” said the major. “Some of the chandeliers contain as many as three hundred separate pieces of glass. . . . Note air-raid shelter in that square. Damned thing’s above ground l < ccause there’s nothing but water below! It says "ll Rieovero/ but it means ‘Run for cover.’.. .

Wish you folks could have been here the other night. Never saw anything like it in my life —a solid mass of gondolas, a solid

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mass. And in the mornings this place is exactly like Fourteenth Street, New York, with everybody bustling andshout-ing and those shops on the bridge jam-packed with cash customers and that fish market just teeming—a solid mass. And with all this business

activity, it's still a beautiful city and there's something unbusinesslike about it. Tell you what's been worrying me lately. In the States, I gulped down my breakfast, rushed downtown, and worked all day worrying about a dollar. Never any time out. Never any time to look around. Now, you take these Italian people. I got aggravated at first, because they'll keep you waiting for days or they'll drop off into one of those siestas. But you know something funny?—maybe they're right. I'm beginning to think maybe we rush around too much. No time to look around. It's been worrying me lately. Hey, duck, move over!" —Philip Hamburger

ICHTHYOLOGICAL NOTE

Till recently I thought of fish As just an incidental dish, Something that always went, perforce, With dinner, as an extra course. Accompanied by sauce bearnaise, A dab of salmon couldn't faze An appetite well centered on Roast capon or filet mignon.

People who favored sole or cod Struck me as being slightly odd; Seafood was pretty much a bore Served minus the Long Island shore. As first-rate fare, I never had Much faith in mackerel, bass, or shad. Well, I confess I'm up to date On ichthyology of late, From reading menus that provide An all too comprehensive guide For those of us'who daily keep Au courant with the Briny Deep.

Poached, broiled, or baked, I guess I've run

The gamut, sampled every one.

Only Leviathan's resisted— Perhaps tomorrow he'll be listed.

—Leslie Nelson Jennings

Usted (plur. ustedes) represents the conventional English you under all circumstances. It is the universal address of society, and the only one the foreigner is ever likely to employ or hear addressed to him, unless he marries a native or does something similar.—From "A Textbook of Modern Spanish,' by Marathon Montrose Ramsey.

Such as?

THE RACE TRACK

Surprise Packages

TO put the tote before the horse, $4,035,465 was wagered at Belmont last Saturday, an all-time high for the pari-mutuels anywhere. With this kind of loose change kicking about, race-track managements believe that a five-million day, once just a golden dream, is now inevitable. That's as may be. I can tell you this much, though; I never saw longer queues in front of the $100 windows. The shortest lines were in front of the $5

ones. The betting was all right with me, however, because the track's profit of around $135,000 went to war charities.

The Saratoga Association, with the help of a few isobars and isotherms, has done everything it can to make horseplayers who miss the Spa feel at home at Belmont. There is the same sort of weather, for one thing, and there are more upsets than the meeting, which is famous for such things, ever had on its home grounds. Even more of a surprise than Assault, who brought off a 70—1 chance in the Flash Stakes on the opening day, was the victory of Adonis at 25—1 in the Travers last weekend. The Travers was an exciting race. Pavot took the lead almost at once and, despite top weight of 126 pounds, did the first six furlongs in 1:10ˆ5 and the mile in 1:36ˆ. Then, quite naturally, he ran out of breath, and Adonis, Burning Dream, and Sir Francis passed him in the final quarter of a mile. Curmudgeonly critics thought that Snider, who rode Pavot, gave a very good imitation of the Headless Horseman in sending his mount along at such a breakneck pace. After the race the boy said that he knew he was going fast but that there didn't

seem to be anything he could do about it. Wildlife, who won the Shevlin and the Dwyer at Aqueduct, couldn't have been more of a disappointment in the Travers. He was last most of the way.

Adonis, who won only once last year and hadn't got into the money in five tries this season, is owned by William Helis. Helis thought so little of his horse's chances that he wasn't at Belmont. He was at Garden State Park, expecting to see his Olympic Zenith win the Quaker City Handicap. Instead of being grateful, Olympic Zenith finished second to something named Hasteville. If Helis hadn't been at Garden State, he still wouldn't have been at Belmont. He would have been at Suffolk Downs to

see his Rounders run for the $50,000 Massachusetts Handicap, which First Fiddle won for the second time. Rounders was out of the money.

AS nearly as my paddock observers ■ˆ can figure out, the two-year-old colt of the week is Crispin Oglebay's Air Hero, who beat Mist o' Gold in the United States Hotel Stakes. Although he had won his last three starts at Garden State, Air Hero didn't receive

ON THE AIR-CONDITIONED

ˆstoZ TboF

the attention he deserved in the betting. One reason, no doubt, was the distracting tip on Colonel C. V. Whitney's Blue Falcon, who, the bush telegraph had it, was the best thing in the stable. I daresay he may be when he settles down, but right now he's an obstreperous fellow. He tangled up his groom and trainer, tossed his jockey, nearly bolted out of the walking ring, and wore himself out generally before the race. It wasn't a very lucky week for the Whitney horses. After Mush Mush and Matruh had failed in the Flash Stakes, Boojie, Vapor Trail, and Mush Mush started at odds-on in the Schuylerville, and only Boojie managed to get into the money. This was a helter-skelter race, with an animal named Red Shoes zigzagging all over the place and eventually winning by a head from Bonnie Beryl. Diogenes Checkpoints reports that Red Shoes was stung by a bee in the saddling paddock. It was probably just what she needed.

C*CRIBBLES ON AN Old RACE Card:

William Helis paid the top price of the Meadow Brook sales, $35,000 for a colt by Blue Larkspur and Gallant Lady, and immediately named him Atomic. . . . Steeplechasing is looking up; fourteen jumpers started one afternoon last week at Belmont and only two fell. . . . Colonel Martingale says he would like to run the Emperor of Japan's horse in one of those hurdles races at Aqueduct. He's sure it would finish third and pay $2.90.

—Audax Minor

R X. Christenberry, Pres id en t

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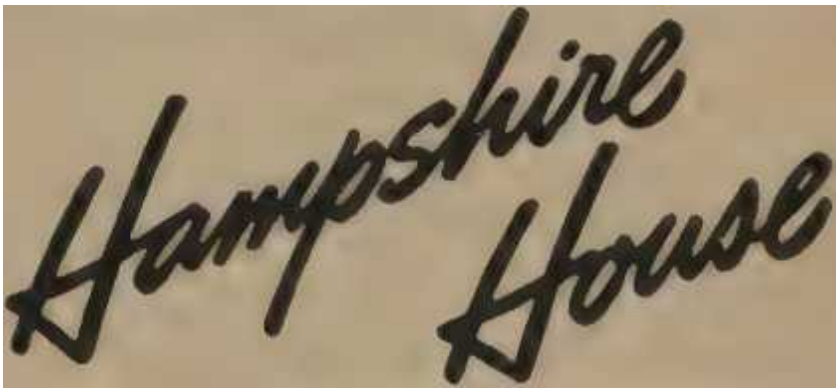

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Robert J. Casey - laughs the loudest and sleeps the deepest of any man in the reporting business. When he

chooses to stay awake, which he frequently does at unusual hours, nobody else can sleep within four miles of him

in any direction. But when he chooses to sleep, nobody can wake him up, even by sitting on his stomach and playing a mouth organ, an experiment I have seen attempted. Incidentally, it is quite a climb onto Casey's stomach, for Casey, erect, follows his belt buckle at a distance of two paces. Before Casey laughs, he opens his gray eyes until they are as round as portholes. He then drops his chin forward onto where his waistline begins, which is one inch below his collar button, and shouts, "Ha!" The effect is almost irresistible; even people who understand no English laugh at his jokes. When he cries, which is often enough, for he is a sentimental man, he rubs his nose with the back of his right hand, and when he gets angry he crowds forward like a baseball umpire about to hit a player on the skull with a mask. Casey, however, does not wear a chest protector. He only looks as if he does. He fights with all his friends at least three times a day, and

this means that he has a great many fights. All these traits help to make up a good reporter of what is sometimes

called the old school, who must be pugnacious and sensitive and ingratiating and impressive and, above all, vigorous. Casey is in his middle fifties, but his

legs and wind are sound.

Nobody who knows Casey would be surprised at his writing two books at once. A captain of artillery in the Other War, he probably is capable of writing in salvos. But there is a less prodigious reason for the simultaneous publication of "Battle Below" and "I his Is

Where I Came In," both put out by Bobbs-Merrill. Casey wrote "Battle Below," which is a book about American submarines, in the spring of 1943, but the Navy censorship refused to release it until June of this year. In the interim he had writ-

ten only two other books. The first of these, "Such Interesting People," which appeared in the fall of 1943, has no place in this discussion. The second, "This Is Where I Came In," was finished just in time to share a publication date with "Battle Below." T he explanation of Casey's low production in

the interval is that in addition to writing books he was covering the last phase of the European war. He was, in fact, more than covering it. He was swarming all over it.

Casey was in France as a correspondent for the Chicago Daily News in September, 1939, when it looked as if General Gamelin had half a mind to invade Germany. He was still in France when the German Panzer divisions infiltrated the French defenses at Longwy, near the Luxembourg frontier, in May, 1940. In September of 1944, Casey once more stood on a hill near Longwy and saw German tanks leaving France in a great hurry, as part of a whipped army. That is how he got the title for "This Is Where I Came In." Between Longwy and Longwy, he had reported on, as he says in this book, "the retreat out of Paris, the endless bombing of London, the repetitious slaughter of the Malta convoys, Libya, Ethiopia, Crete, Pearl Harbor, the

Coral Sea, Midway, Guadalcanal, New Guinea, the Solomons, Tarawa, the Aleutians, the Philippines, North Africa,

Sicily, the buzz bombs, the air war over Germany, the destruction of the Luftwaffe, the miracle of D Day, the hecatomb of the hedgerows, the scientific

massacre of von Rundstedt's Seventh Army." The Pacific regions in this list are covered in other Casey volumes. This one is just about Europe. The hecatomb phrase, by the way, is a good sample of Casey taking it big. I like him better when he is taking it smaller, which is most of the time.

There are two extreme positions among journalists writing about the war. One is that of the writers who know everything, because that witty girl Madame Chiang Kai-shek told them years ago what would happen (I forget her first name, but they never do), or Winnie did, or Ike or Gen. "Gen" is short for General de Gaulle. In a related group are the writers who didn't even have to bother to look at the war, because, like the fellow who didn't go to "Oklahoma!," they knew what it would be like—had known, in fact, since the repression of the Austrian Social Democrats in 1927, or Britain's failure to cry halt to the Japanese in 193 1 (or write your own ticket; almost any past event will do). At the other end are the resolutely na'ive, or oh-gawd-ain't-it-awful boys, who are always finding themselves in the midst of colossal, stark, meaningless

slaughter while cold sweat and lice run dead heats

on their spines and they long for the smell of tenderized ham frying in Granny's neat white kitchen in a town where

there is a good afternoon newspaper. Casey belongs in neither of these categories. He sometimes boasts that he never wrote a "think piece" in his life.

In the days when he was working up to big assignments on the Chicago Daily News, reporters were supposed to be knowing but not omniscient. He would be justly insulted, however, if you called him simple. He understands much about the part of war he can see and he is constantly trying to learn more, just as if he were working on the story of a gang massacre or a four-alarm fire. For this reason, I think, he risks being underrated. There is no one truth about war: a battle is different for every man engaged

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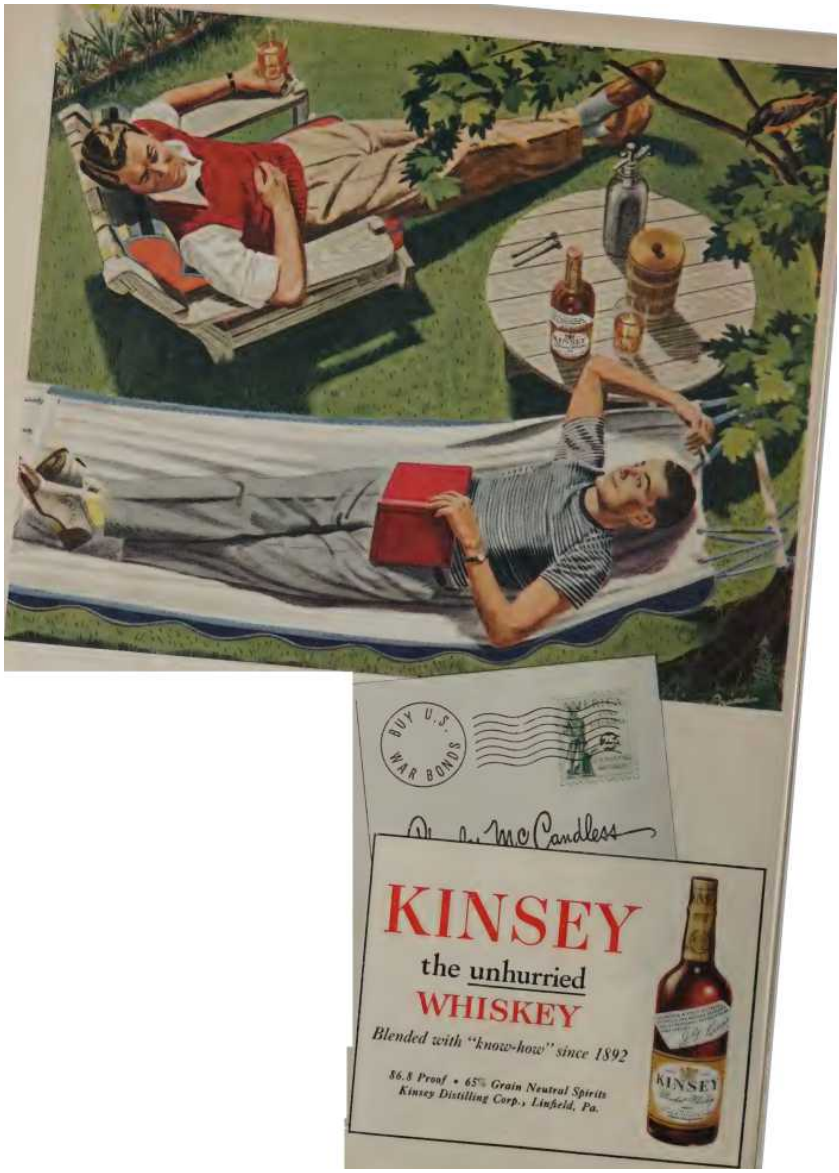

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iii or watching it. Casey's version is neither ugly enough nor sufficiently cerebral to please "serious" critics. But if you went to a war you might think Casey was right.

Ernie Pyle hated war. Casey is fascinated by it. This does not mean that he likes war, any more than he liked the gang killings or the fires. But he prides himself on odd bits of information he has collected about it. If you happen to be in the open with Casey during an air raid, for example, you must never say, "Let's get out of the way of the shrapnel." He will tell you that there is no such thing. "Hasn't been

since the Civil War," he will say. "You mean shell fragments." Meanwhile, the stuff will be clunking down all around you. Approaching a crossroads under artillery fire, he will order his jeep shopped and gravely regard his wrist watch while he listens to the enemy artillery. "Firing three-gun salvos at regular fifteen-second intervals," he will say, "resting one gun each time." If you believe him and start across the road in the "safe" fifteen seconds, you are likely to wind up in a basket. His specialized lore shows to the reader's advantage, however, in a description, in "Battle Below," of

episodes like the British destroyer's depth-charge hunt for a German submarine off the coast of Portugal in the fall of 1943. Casey was on the destroyer, but he could visualize the scene aboard the submarine, because he has submarined, too. He could also imagine the terror and puzzlement of the fishermen who lived along the shore, running down to the sands to strain their eyes for some hint of what was going on. "It must have sounded to them like an important naval battle," he writes. "And it would be difficult for them to figure out why they could not see the flashes of heavy guns." Casey could picture that because he had gone through similar nights on the Dover Cliffs, when every untoward noise out in the Channel might be a presage of an invasion.

For a couple of months last summer, Pyle and Casey and about forty other correspondents, including myself, lived in the press camp at Vouilly, near Isigny. Casey lived in Tent No. 1 and Pjle in No. 2. Every day these two would go their different ways and come back with their different stories, and both of them were right in their different ways. The difference between them was physiological, for one thing. The Elizabethans would have said Pyle was of a cold, dry humor. Casey was of a hot, moist one. Also, Casey, who was ten years older than Pyle, worked

within an older convention. In the period of American reporting when stars like Irvin Cobb and Frank Ward O'Malley and Edwin C. Hill and Lindsay Denison were models for the new men, a disaster was the archetype of the Big Story. Star reporters worked almost exclusively on murders, earthquakes, floods, cyclones, railroad collisions, and conflagrations (a fire that was less than a conflagration was covered by ordinary hired help). Disaster reporting has a convention as rigid as bullfighting. First you get the essential facts and plant them square in the middle of the

i

picture, slapping on a good bright coat of description so the reader will know it damn well is a disaster. Then you squiggle human interest along all the margins. The human interest is what marks the expert. It is the human interest that, in school-of-journalism terms, "makes the reader remember the story." It is the reporter's signature. Just as there are good, bad, and indifferent bullfighters,

all bound by the protocol of the ring, there are good and bad disaster reporters. There are, though, no indifferent ones. Indifferent is one thing a disaster reporter cannot be. He must be excited all the time and keep the readers excited. Casey is one of the very best, and he reports the war as if it were the Triangle fire with a dash of the St. Valentine's Day massacre.

If Casey had covered the story of the airplane that hit the Empire State Building, he not only would have done a good straight story but he would have found a man who had walked down sixty flights of stairs and then had had to run right back up again because he had left in his desk drawer the wedding ring with which he was to be married in the Municipal Building that afternoon. And the story would turn out to be true. Casey never fakes; he finds. I was with him the day the Eighth Division took a French town called La Haye du Pints. He lifted some photographs out of a dead German's pocket, arranged them in what was clearly chronological sequence, and made a fine story out of them—the development of a Nazi officer almost from the egg. "The earliest [photograph] showed him as a rather obnoxious-looking kid in a sort of Boy Scout costume. The evidence of the pay book showed he had been thirteen years old." The last snapshot in the series "displayed him in the trim uniform of a lieutenant, apparently on the day of 1 his graduation from an officers' school. That apparently had been the great day 1 of his life. He was smiling." And Casey's

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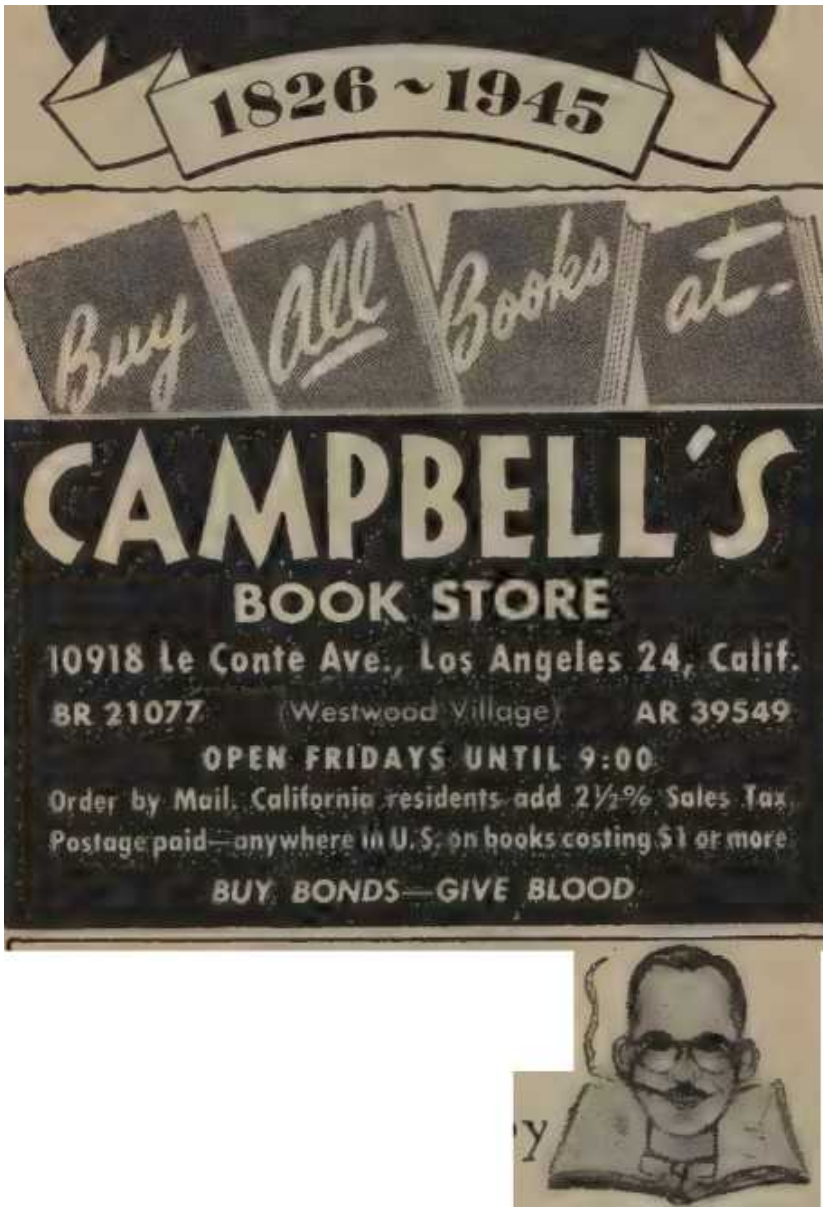
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story ends, “I put the photographs back . . . Franz Ritter continued to stare up into the wet gray sky.” All I could find to do in the town was talk to a Chinese private from Pell Street and cop a couple of cognac glasses. But I have since read a long piece, by someone else, about the taking of La Haye du Puits which indicates that it was pretty horrifying. It also illustrates what I meant about a battle’s looking different to different people. Casey’s palette, I think, is a trifle strong and bright. But he uses it as honestly as any correspondent I know.

WHEN a star reporter writes a book, a third element goes into it, along with the central catastrophes and the marginal human interest. He can tell what he did and how he felt while he worked on the story. I think that is the most important element of Bob Casey’s “This Is Where I Came In,” because he comes through clearly—shrewd, sentimental, crotchety, and full of odd tags of information. It is the element that is missing in “Battle Below,” and its absence makes it, to my taste, a less attractive book. “Battle Below” is full of exposition about submarines, but I never liked Popular Mechanics, or even Jules Verne. It is also full of good stories about the deeds of American submarine crews, but they are good stories at second hand. Casey didn’t share the adventures he here recounts. It would, of course, have been impossible for any one man to have lived through them all. Casey did manage to make twenty-five dives on submarines and went on practice runs with them, so he has his background down well, but for my money Casey is best at sea level, where he can let off steam.

—A. J. Liebling

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Beneath the Stoner by George Tabori (Houghton Mifflin). One of those intelligent thrillers full of quiet, highly civilized horrors, with an unexpected denouement. A young Englishman on a mission parachutes into a Nazi-occupied part of the Balkans and falls into the hands of a neurotic German officer and a sadistic member of the Gestapo who has devoted years to collecting incriminating evidence against his prisoner. The piecing together of the facts in the Englishman's dossier, done with a toneless objectivity, makes an almost unbearably painful

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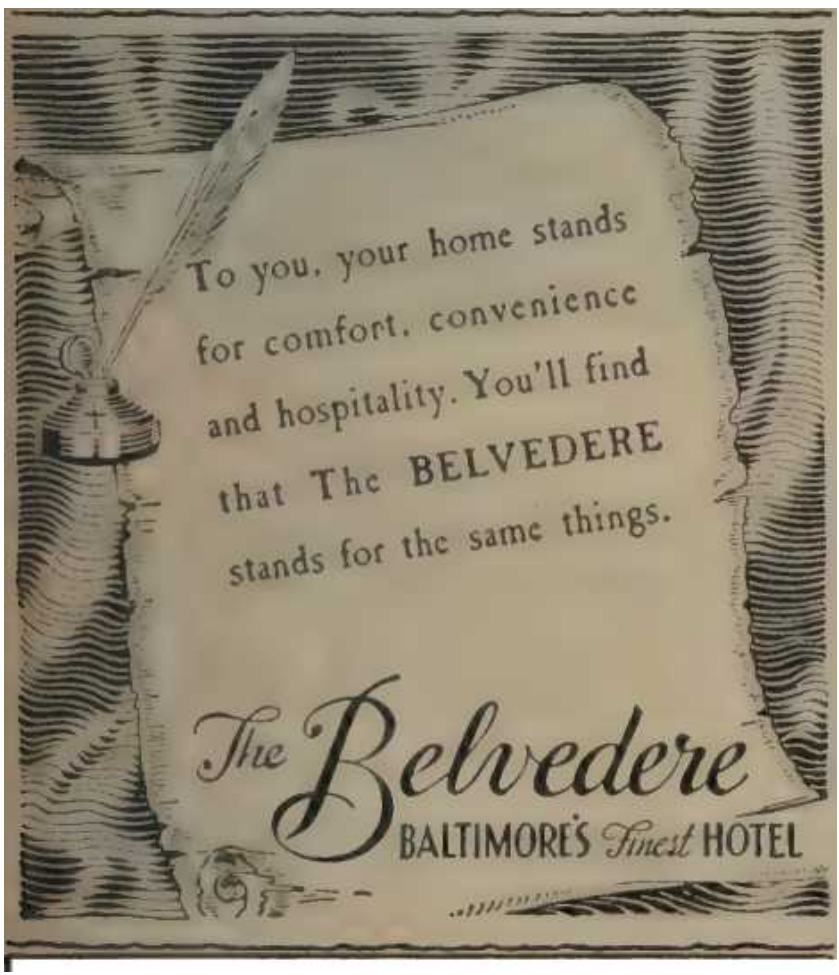

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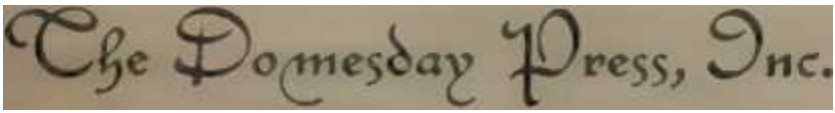

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story, which, however, is too padded to he completely effective.

With Sirens Screaming, by Ernest Booth (Doubleday). As a straight chronicle of a merciless legal system, this story of an unwitting mistake that tears apart the lives of two decent young lovers and lands the man in prison for life will probably hold your interest to the end. Mr. Booth, who the jacket blurb says is himself a pardoned lifer, has a nervous, lively style and the good taste to stick to his narrative without pointing any obvious moral.

Children of the Covenant, by Richard Scowcroft (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Scowcroft might have written quite a novel if he had seriously probed the before-the-war dilemma of a young Mormon elder who returns from abroad to his home in Utah full of the zeal of his fighting, pioneering forebears and finds nothing to fight or pioneer about. As it is, the author never gets to the root of the ill-educated, sex-bewildered brother's confusion and the novel turns out to be no more than a painstaking genre picture of a particularly unlovely small community.

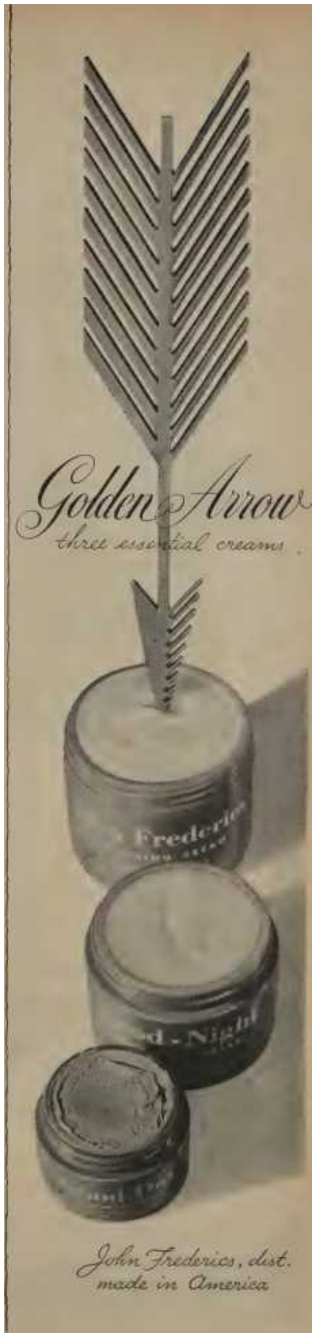
"E" Company, by Frank O'Rourke (Simon & Schuster). A sentimental chronicle, mostly on the sunny side, of a company of fine young Americans, first in training at an Alabama camp and later fighting in North Africa. Although it wrings the heart to speak ill of a wod of such earnest patriotism, this is, unfortunately, a foolish little book.

There Was a Lady, by Sarah Litsey (Bobbs-Merrill). What is called summer reading should, as everyone knows, be well insulated from the disturbing world of ideas, but this week must establish some sort of record. "There Was a Lady" probably offers as little intrusive tax on the intelligence as any of the crop. Mrs. Litsey's pastel story

is about a beautiful, mysterious stranger, no longer young, who comes to a small Kentucky town and by her kindness and goodness affects everybody's life in one way or another. It will not be easy to avoid gagging over the sentimentality of this familiar talc.

GENERAL

Silversides, by Robert Trumbull (Holt), and U.S.S. Seawolf, by Gerold Frank and James D. Horgan, with the assistance of J. M. Eck-berg (Putnam). Now that the story, or part of the story, of our subma-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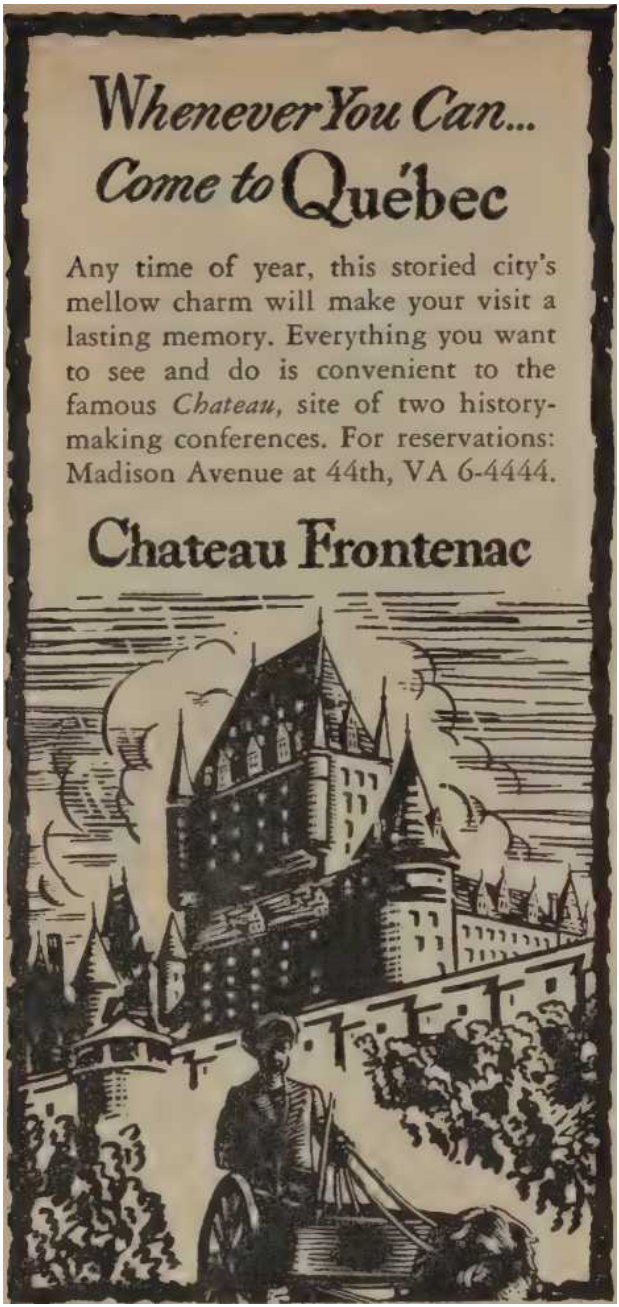
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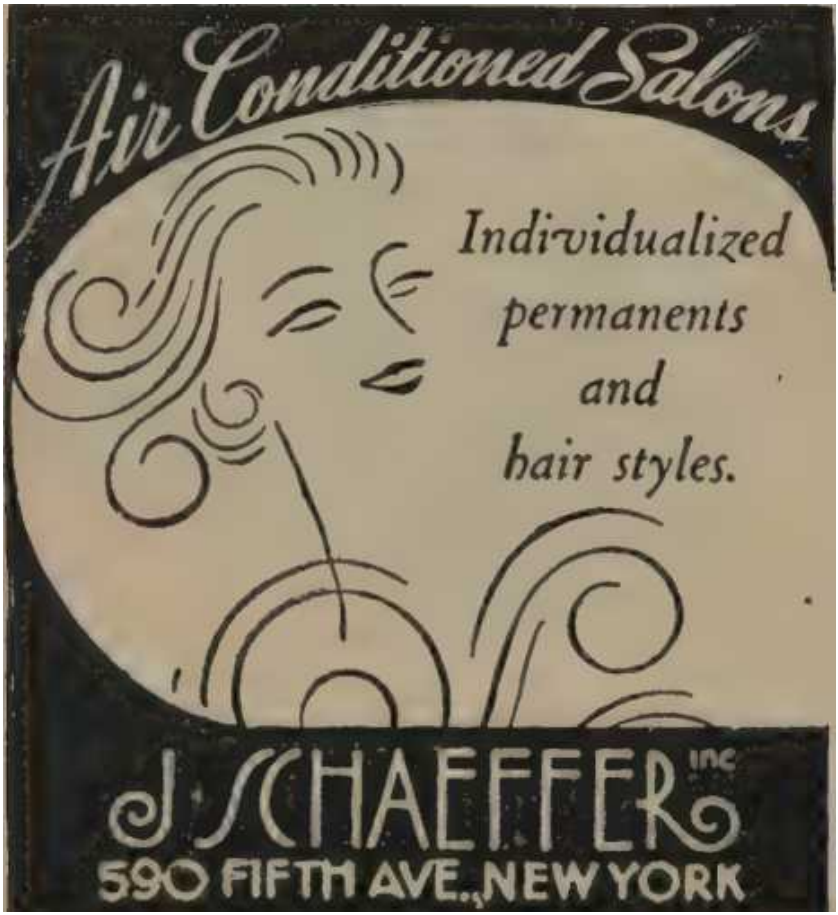

vine warfare can finally be told, it is certainly being told. It's quite a story, and, since it hasn't yet been rubbed thin by constant retelling, both these books contain all the drama, tension, and excitement any reader who likes drama, tension, and excitement could want. Some readers might want better writing, on the theory that a heroic exploit is no less heroic for being told in literate prose, but perhaps they should just be considered unreasonable. Anyway, the underwater fleet is in.

Bass Fishing, by Jim Gasque (Knopf). The author, who has spent thirty years at the sport, treats both the large- and small-mouth varieties of bass in a full and respectful manner. Besides the usual tips on tackle and when and how to fish, he takes up such special subjects as inducing the growth of fish food in bodies of water as a

means of increasing the underwater population, and how to get close to a watchful and farsighted bass. Color plates and photographs.

MY5TERY AND CRIME

The Lost Caesar, by Ruth Fenisong (Doubleday). The New York police tackle the somewhat trying problems of Mrs. Robert Ivors, a handsome woman who is having trouble with her business, with Mr. Ivors, who is a nasty type, and with the corpse of a blonde in a bedroom. A former fiance, who comes along apparently just to complicate things further, gets involved in the confusion. The loose ends are finally tied up, and very plausibly, but you may wonder whether it was worth all the effort.

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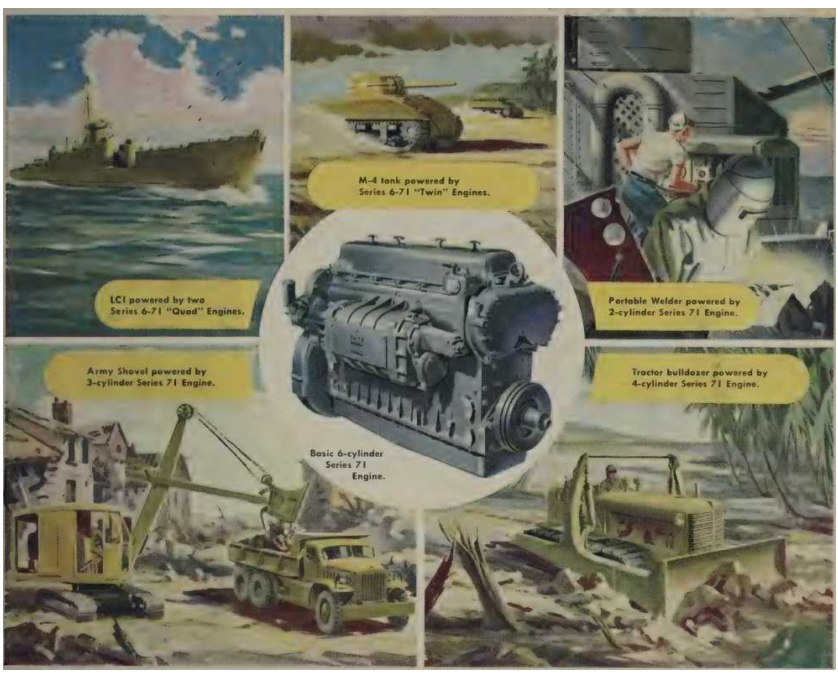
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